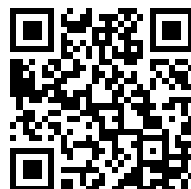

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Ballou's monthly magazine



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BALLOU'S
MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXXI. .

FROM JANUARY TO JUNE, 1870.



BOSTON:

OFFICE AMERICAN UNION, FLAG OF OUR UNION, AND NOVELETTE.

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BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 1. JANUARY, 1870. WHOLE No. 181.

THE SEWING CIRCLE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.



Never was pleasanter scene nor time,
Told in story, or sung in rhyme,
Than the Sewing Circle, that common thing,
Where glad amenities grow and spring,
Neath Charity's light and loving sway,
And the magic of joy is felt alway.

Spirits of good, in concert sweet,
Mingle therein on noiseless feet,
And speak from warm lips rosy-bright,
And smile from eyes of beaming light,
And gleam along the subtle wires
With feeling that the scene inspires.

Ah, grand the circle thus combined,
For usefulness and pleasure joined!
And, gathering from life's passing hours,
A handful of its cheerful flowers,
They feel, the while, the blessed sense
Of genuine benevolence.

The nimble fingers deftly stray
Over their task in busy way,
While the glad tongue and brimming heart
Take in the busy scene a part;
But there, beside the active show,
Another scene occurs, I trow.

For unseen fingers dextrous move,
In industry and tender love,
To weave, in texture of the soul,
Those stitches wrought in generous dole,
To form a garb the ones to bless
Who labor in unselfishness.

Thus every thought that's given the poor
Shall to the thinker's good inure;
For every tear of pity shed,
A gem shall reappear instead;
And every stitch that's woven in love,
A triple bond of grace shall prove.

We all "build better than we know,"
And though things humble seem and slow,
They all may bear a good immense
In the grand scheme of Providence;
And e'en a simple heart-blest stitch
May be endowed with province rich.

Toil, stitchers, then, in cheerful task;
The poor will in your kindness bask.
Ye little know the blessing wrought
Upon the loom of loving thought,
And this fair scene to pity given
May prove an antepast of heaven.

THE NEW VOLUME.

The present number commences the 31st volume of *BALLOU'S MONTHLY*, on the rising tide of success, and with the promise of a continuance of public favor that is truly encouraging. Press and people have combined to give our Magazine the most hearty approval; and with this endorsement, backed by substantial evidence of sincerity, the publishers meet their friends at the threshold of a new year with assurances of thankfulness and hope. *BALLOU* is undoubtedly the cheapest magazine published, and it would not be complimentary to its readers to intimate for a moment that it was not the best. This, however, we leave for our eighty thousand patrons to say, endeavoring, in the meantime, by our earnest exertion to make it all that they or we could hope or wish. The same contributors, as far as possible, have been secured, and the closest editorial supervision will be exerted to render its pages instructive and entertaining, in harmony with the better spirit of the time, avoiding the mawkishly sentimental and the ultra sensational, and endeavoring for a healthful and substantial literature, that shall elevate the reader by its perusal. Under circumstances so favorable, our Magazine commences its thirty-first volume with ability and will to redeem its promises, and with every assurance of popular approval.

We present another series of pictures representing the ancient modes of arranging the hair, that are curious and interesting to our lady readers, showing to what a ridiculous extent fashion will lead its votaries, and likewise intimating what, perhaps, some magazinist in the far future may do in depicting their own peculiarity. Her hair is the glory of a woman, and to enhance its beauty

is her study, though the study run to extremes. Custom softens the hideousness of any fashion, and the mind runs through the phrases that Pope imputes to the contemplation of vice; at first hideous, but, familiar grown, we endure, pity and embrace. Long hair was greatly valued in the early days, by Britons and Anglo-Saxons. The Saxons themselves had beautiful hair. France was anciently called "Long-haired Gaul," for the reason of the long and luxuriant hair of her females. It was considered in those days a degradation to have the hair shorn off, except as evidence, on entering a nunnery, of abjuration of the vanity of the world, and its loss by sickness was regarded as a great calamity. We occasionally, indeed frequently, at the present day, see heads that have been shorn of their pride, but it is to secure greater in a more healthy growth; and the effect is not bad, the feminine glory vindicating itself very speedily, cropping out in a natural form as graceful as one of studied art.

During the tenth century in France, ladies wore their hair arranged in very good taste, and in a manner which probably they had borrowed from the Romans, who had conquered and colonized Germany, Gaul, Spain and Britain. Illustrations of these fashions (Figs. 10 and 11) will give some notion of the style of the times. The second head is that of the Queen Tredegonde. Another, and simpler way of arranging the hair than that frequently adopted, was the still popular and constantly recurring "Empress" style—the hair merely rolled back from the face without artificial aid, and at the back of the head wound into a knot.

Bertha, Queen of Kent, the first Christian queen in England, lies buried in a small

church at Canterbury, about a mile's walk from the cathedral, and erected on the side of the original church raised in her memory over her tomb. This queen, who lived at the end of the sixth and beginning of the seventh century, must have arranged her hair in one

used to cover the head, and the former was often ornamented with borders of different colors. A later introduction was the cap we have already noticed, and which is illustrated in Fig. 12. It was made of velvet, surrounded by a coronet for state occasions, and is the



of the two simple but dignified fashions which continued in vogue until the thirteenth century. One of these was to leave the hair hanging loose behind, straight or waving as it inclined by nature, or to weave it in two long thick plaits which hung over each shoulder, nearly to the feet, and were adorned at the ends by pendant jewels. A veil or hood was

same cap still retained by nobles in their armorial bearings.

In pictured coronets, the cap is represented as of loose velvet, and more in the style of that worn by gentlemen in the reign of Henry the Eighth. At this period it seems to have been firmly blocked. This cap was worn higher on the head than it appears in Fig 12

and just permitted the parting on the brow of the fair owner to remain visible. The veil attached behind was usually of a fine white gauze-like tissue—at least, amongst the French ladies, and latterly with the English. The Saxons were not partial to white, or to garments of one color, but preferred gay mixtures, and in these the great people indulged, leaving less gay clothing to their inferiors. Many of the caps were adorned with ostrich feathers.

The mode of arranging hair in two long plaits requires special notice. It is equally distinctive, and still more general than the "Empress" rolls and knot at the back of the head. The origin of plaits seems to have been Oriental. Chinese maidens at the present day wear a single plait at the back of the head, which reaches to the ground. The Turkish ladies wear the two plaits precisely as we have described them as worn from the tenth to the thirteenth century. They also wear in winter a thick cap of velvet, embroidered with pearls, not altogether unlike the cap we described above, which is changed in summer for a similar one made of silver tissue. The difference is that it is placed on one side of the head, towards the back; the veil also floats from it; on the opposite side, a plume of feathers, or a group of flowers, is tastefully adjusted. The favorite Turkish ornament is a bouquet of flowers, imitated in precious stones of the natural colors. At a recent banker's ball in Paris, the most remarkable ornaments of the evening, in an assembly where the rarest jewels were seen in utmost profusion, was a wreath of flowers represented in their natural colors by jewels.

About the thirteenth century, bands of ermine or fur were used around the caps shown in Fig. 12, having the crown only of velvet. Matrons and maidens assumed veils and bands of linen, such as nuns wear. Some of the young damsels wore their hair loose, and garlanded with flowers, or covered with veils for walking. Coronets remained in reserve for such occasions, and fur caps for full dress.

Nets were introduced in England and France during the thirteenth century by Beatrice de Bourgoigne. It is supposed that the Crusaders had brought them from the East, where they had long been in requisition. They were worn in very early times by the Jews and the Assyrians. At the period of the Crusades they were common among the Saracens. Greeks and Romans, however, had

made use of them. The Hindoos had worn them, and continue so to do at the present day; and with Italians and Spaniards they have long been a national ornament. The nets worn in the thirteenth century were sometimes placed simply over the hair; at other times (as in Fig. 13) they were woven of gold thread, and lined with silk. The plait across the face was not of hair, but of gold wire, solid and stiff. The fur caps continued more in fashion than ever, and were frequently tied under the chin by a band of linen placed over them.

In the fourteenth century good taste was entirely ignored, and the hair was concealed by a variety of headdresses of the most ridiculous and preposterous kind. One of these resembled in form a dunce's cap. It was made of colored velvet; the *revers* was of ermine. The back sometimes continued in a flat square piece over the shoulders, and was cut in three stripes or tails by way of termination. Fig. 14 illustrates a kind of bonnet of the period, where breadth instead of altitude is the aim.

In the fifteenth century bad taste continued in the ascendant. Moon-shaped headdresses, with veils suspended across their great projecting horns (Fig. 15), were thought exceedingly stylish. To vie with them in eccentricity, a cap like an ordinary extinguisher came into vogue, and rose at least two feet in height (Fig. 16). A short veil of black, lined with yellow or other colors, rested across the head, and a fine veil of muslin or lace hung from the point of the cap nearly to the ground. Another curious tire, depicted in Fig. 17, was brought into use by Isabeau de Baviere. Several varieties of ugly headdresses of similar form made their appearance, and the hair was concealed by most of them. The consequence was a general alteration of doorways, which had to be raised in height to admit the ladies.

The hair was still very generally covered in the sixteenth century. The ridiculous headgear of the last epoch was abandoned. Ugly modes and caprices of fashion rarely last long; they die out of themselves a natural death. Still there was no true exercise of taste. The hair was most perfectly hidden, and the head ornaments were not particularly becoming, with the exception of the Marie Stuart bonnet, so well known, and supported by tresses rolled back over pads, as in Fig. 18. Before the introduction of this style, hoods were in general requisition, such as were

worn by Elizabeth of York, queen of Henry the Seventh, at the close of the previous century, and afterwards by Anne Boleyn and Lady Jane Grey. These hoods were very simple, neat and modest-looking; but other fashions less desirable prevailed in Elizabeth's reign.

In the days of "Good Queen Bess," the hair was drawn from the face in front in a way that all who are familiar with pictures of the virgin queen will readily call to mind. At the back of the head the hair was similarly drawn up. It was supported all round over a cushion, depressed in the centre, so as

to give it the shape of a royal crown. A string of gems, studded with medallions, encircled the mass of distorted tresses, and the ruff spread its well-starched folds jealously round the fair throat. Fig. 19 is not an exaggeration, but a fair outline of the appearance of the back of a lady contemporary with the courtly Leicester. We smile upon the quaint and ungraceful fashion as we look at it now, but had our ladies lived in those days, and possessed the entree to elite society, that is undoubtedly how they would have attired themselves, and regarded the whole thing as *comme il faut*.

ALPINE SCENES.



LA MER DE GLACE, VALLEY OF CHAMOUNI.

The reader can readily find the geographical position of the Alps (White Mountains) of Central Europe, and needs no description beyond the fact that they are in three divisions—Low, Middle and High. In the first are included all from 2000 to 5500 feet high, in the second those from 5500 to 8000 feet, where the snow line commences, and in the third those from 8000 to 15,000 feet, whose summits are covered with perpetual snow. The Alps are divided into ten great ranges, dividing and distinguishing many of the European States. The Pennine Alps include the highest peaks of all the ranges, Mt. Blanc 15,782 feet, Monte Rosa 15,152 feet, and Mont Cervin or Matterhorn, 14,837 feet. On this range, also, are found the greatest glaciers in Europe. One of these, La Mer de

Glace (Sea of Ice), in the valley of Chamouni, is a source of perpetual curiosity and of interest. Glaciers consist of masses of snow-ice, formed in valleys above the lines of perpetual congelation, whose prolongations extend to those lower down, reaching frequently to the borders of cultivation. They present the appearance of a frozen torrent, frequently several miles in length—the Mer de Glace being seven miles—traversed by deep rents called crevasses, and are composed of snow melted by solar heat, and frozen into granular ice, constituting a compound of ice and water, more or less yielding according to the state of wetness or infiltration. Glaciers are subject to the laws of fluids, and are not stationary, except during the winter, the motion of Mer de Glace being about 18.24

inches in twenty-four hours, though the speed may differ in cases where the glacier is nearer horizontal. They bear on their surface down to the valleys, immense stones, confirming the glacier theory of modern science regarding the world's history. Glaciers at times unite, like streams, and merge in one. In thickness, glaciers vary from a few feet to several hundred feet, lessening in summer and increasing in winter. In the winter of 1818-19, some Swiss glaciers increased so greatly, and came so far down into the lower valleys, as to sweep away whole villages. During the heat of summer their upper surface is melted, and the waters tumble down the crevasses and mingle with waters below, formed by the melting of the under-surface



THE GRIMSEL PASS.

glacier, in consequence of the higher temperature of earth on which it rests. These waters flow to the lower end of the glacier, where they form an arch and escape, in a muddy stream, owing to the weight of ice grinding the limestone over which it passes. Such an arch is to be seen at the termination of the *Mer de Glace*, in the valley of Chamouni. This glacier is the easiest of access of any in the Alps, and is the most visited. It seldom extends two-thirds of a mile in width, and is often less. Its last slope into the valley has a vertical height of 1800 feet, and, in appearance, it is as if an enormous cataract or rapid had been suddenly congealed. The barrenness and sterile grandeur presented by this glacier fills one with awe to look upon it. The combination of ice, pile upon pile, as it rises up the valley, flanked by green pastures, beautiful flowering plants, lofty snowy peaks, and enormous bare monoliths with perpendicular sides many thousands of feet high, forms the

most striking panorama of contrasts imaginable. In the valleys above the glaciers deep lakes are sometimes formed, which, at times bursting their barriers, rush down the gorge and lower valleys with destructive fury.

The passes of the Alps, or depressions, are the roads by which communications are effected between different sections of the Alpine regions. These passes are for carriages, single horses and mules, and foot-passengers. Some of these, as at Mont Cenis—which is now about to have another and more extensive tunnel—are cut, as galleries, through the solid rock, and have been executed at great expense and trouble. While some of these galleries are of great extent, and present to the traveller pictures of savage wildness and sublime grandeur, others are little more than simple archways of rock, forming highly picturesque features in the route. Of this class is the gallery of Isella, the last but one on the Italian side. The Stelvio, which is a military road constructed by the Austrian government, completed in 1824, is the highest pass in Europe practicable for carriages, being 3174 feet above the level of the sea, and is a remarkable specimen of human industry and skill. This road is seldom passable except from June to October, owing to the fearful ravages committed by storms and avalanches. The passes for pedestrians and single horses are of various kinds. Some of these are cut along ledges of rock, having enormous cliffs above and yawning gulfs beneath; or they are in the form of rough stairs, to the unpractised eye, apparently more suitable to be climbed by monkeys than by four-footed animals. Such passes are always picturesque and seldom dangerous, though those unaccustomed to them are at times apt to have their nerves severely tried when wending their way along the giddy brink of a huge precipice. Of this description of pass the accompanying cut gives a good idea. Of the third class there are many, a large part of which are known to only natives, never to be travelled except in the summer season, and some are not passable for years. Those least frequented are used by contraband traders and outlaws. Some of them rise far above the line of perpetual congelation, ascending the valley of torrents, and crossing ravines hundreds of feet deep.

The traveller in the Alps is frequently exposed to dangers of no ordinary description. The electric currents, attracted and moved in every direction by the innumerable lofty peaks,

which render the winds at once fickle and violent, the melting of the snow, or its accumulation upon declivities, or on the edge of precipices which do not allow of its resting, all contribute to the perils that beset him; besides which, his progress is often interrupted by the tempests called *tourmentes* by the French, and *guxen* by the Germans, and the still more destructive *avalanche*. The former arise suddenly and with great violence, often accompanied by thunder and lightning, and tossing the snow in eddy clouds around the traveller, blinding his eyes, irritating his skin, and compelling him to seek shelter. The avalanches sometimes accompany the *tourmentes*, to which, in that case, they owe their formation; but they occur, also, at different seasons, unaccompanied by tempests. They may, in general, be described as enormous masses of snow, which, detached by various causes from their original position, roll with tremendous noise and force over rock and precipice, down to the plains below, overwhelming man and beast, forest and dwelling, in one common destruction. A touch of the foot, or the slightest motion of the air, even that produced by the sound of a small bell or other instrument, is often sufficient to set the avalanche in motion; firearms are sometimes used to ascertain the distance or nearness of such danger. The most destructive are those which are composed of hardened snow, and which, rolling or sliding down from the mountains, carry all before them. From the frequent occurrence of avalanches, some parts of the Alps are entirely uninhabited; and in others, large patches of the tallest and strongest trees are left standing. In order to arrest their progress, houses are built under the shelter of rocks, and all other available means adopted, to avoid the effects of these destructive visitants. A friend of ours, the last year, journeying through the Alps, was greatly disturbed by the frequent occurrence of these avalanches, some of which came unpleasantly near him, one of immense size dashing across the path immediately in front of him, and then rolled, and thundered, and crashed down into the valley below.

The climate of the Alps is varied, every mile in the ascent showing changes in vegetation until it dies out in the snowy region. At different altitudes are to be met the vine, the walnut, the chestnut; of flowers, the rhododendron, the campanula, the salix, succeeding which are heaths and rich pas-

tures up to the snow line, 8000 feet above the sea. But lichens are found much above this, on the highest rocks, and specimens of the saxifrage, on Mt. Cervin, at 11,500 feet. At this great elevation are found two species of quadrupeds, the bouquetin or wild goat, and the chamois, which delights in heights inaccessible to man. The bouquetin, which has become very rare, scales the most elevated peaks, while the chamois is generally found rather lower, but is never seen in the plains. In summer, the high mountain pastures are covered with large flocks of cattle, sheep and goats, which are, in winter, removed to a lower and warmer level. The marmot and



THE GALLERY OF ISELLA.

white or Alpine hare inhabit both the snowy and the woody regions. Lower down are found the mole, the wild cat, the fox, the lynx, the bear and the wolf; but the last two are now extremely rare. The vulture, eagle, and other birds of prey, frequent the rugged Alpine rocks, and the "snowy ptarmigan" seeks food and shelter among the diminutive plants that border upon the snow line. Other kinds of game, including the moorfowl, woodcock and partridge, abound in their usual localities, from the upper limit of the wood to the more level and habitable parts below. Several kinds of water fowl frequent the higher lakes, where excellent trout and other fish are found; but those situated at the greatest elevation are, from their low temperature, entirely destitute of fish.

A MAIDEN'S WOOING.



A maiden sat at her window wide,
 Pretty enough for a prince's bride,
 Yet nobody came to claim her;
 She sat like a beautiful picture there,
 With pretty blue-bells and roses fair,
 And jasmine leaves to frame her.
 And why she sat there nobody knows,
 But thus she sang as she plucked a rose,
 The leaves around her strewing,
 "I've time to lose and power to choose,
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"



A lover came riding by awhile,
 A wealthy lover was he, whose smile
 Some maids would value greatly.
 A formal lover, who bowed and bent
 With many a high-flown compliment,
 And cold demeanor stately:
 "You've still," said she, to her suitor stern,
 "The 'prentice work of your craft to learn,
 If thus you come a-wooing.
 I've time to lose and power to choose,
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"



A second lover came ambling by,
 A timid lad with a frightened eye
 And a color mantling highly.
 He muttered the errand on which he'd come,
 Then, only chuckled and bit his thumb,
 And simpered, simpered shyly.
 "No," said the maiden, "go your way,
 You dare but think what a man would say,
 Yet dare to come a-sueing!
 I've time to lose and power to choose,
 'Tis not so much the gallant who woos
 As the gallant's way of wooing!"



A third rode up at a startling pace
A suitor poor, with a homely face,
No doubts appeared to bind him.
He kissed her lips, and he pressed her waist,
And off he rode with the maiden placed
On a pillion safe behind him.
And she heard the suitor bold confide
This golden hint to the priest who tied
The knot there's no undoing:
"With pretty young maidens who can choose,
'Tis not so much the gallant who wooes
As the gallant's way of wooing!"

NEW LIFE-SAVING APPARATUS.



In the September number of our Magazine, we gave our readers an illustration of a life-preserving apparatus. It excited much comment among our seafaring people, and we received numerous letters commending the

apparatus, and only one or two condemning it. We take an interest in everything that is calculated to save life, and thus render a sailor's profession less hazardous than it now really is; therefore we indulge some pride in

presenting to our readers an engraving representing a new contrivance for saving people from drowning. This is an American invention, and has attracted a great deal of attention in this country and Europe. It is believed to be nearly perfect, and so safe that even a lady can don the uniform and battle with the waves as bravely as a strong man.

The inventor is Captain I. B. Stoner of New York, a gentleman of independent fortune, who served throughout the late war, and his object, it is said, is not to make money, but to perform a truly philanthropic work. Two Americans—a gentleman and his wife—have been commissioned to explain the nature of the apparatus; and the way in which they are obliged to do so is certainly novel and interesting. They first slip their arms through cork jackets, and then insert their persons in a loose India rubber overcoat, which covers the whole of the body, except the hands and face, around which it is tightly secured. India rubber weights are then attached to the shoes, so as to enable the wearers to maintain a perpendicular position and perfect equilibrium, and being thus equipped they jump into the water. They carry with them a tin case, in shape somewhat like a buoy. This article is divided into compartments, and in the upper one they manage to pack biscuits, a flask of brandy, a revolver, Bengala lights, Roman candles, and some Liebig's sausages. The lower compartment of the case contains about six quarts of water, which is drunk through an India rubber tube, closed by a metal screw top.

In the river Thames the experiments were quite successful, but the inventor desired to give further proofs of the efficacy of the apparatus. He wanted to astonish France, and he succeeded most effectually. On board of a steamer, about nine miles from Havre, Mr. Stoner and three friends appeared in the safety costume, and without a moment's hesitation flung themselves into the waves, the steamer going at full speed. The passengers on board were a little uneasy, as they were soon out of sight of the adventurers, and the vessel gave no symptom of turning, or of sending a boat to their assistance. They could see a small dark point on the waves, however, and on this they fixed their eyes until the steamer steered towards it, when they discovered—first, that there were four black spots; and, secondly, that they represented the amphibious party comfortably eating their lunch from a floating buoy, surmounted by a flag, which served as their celaret and sideboard. About an hour of this calm and not unpleasant occupation sufficed to show the complete efficacy of the safety costume, which it was the object of the excursion to commend to public notice. After concluding their marine lunch, the gentlemen drew from their convenient receptacles paper and tobacco, of which they formed cigarettes, and enjoyed a tranquil smoke.

The price for each suit is about \$37 in gold, but no doubt the apparatus can be manufactured much cheaper, so that it can be placed in the hands of every one who desires it.

THE MAORIES.

"Maori," meaning "native," is the distinctive name of the New Zealander, whose title, however, to original growth on the soil is doubted. It is said that the Maories are Polynesians, though they themselves allege that they are Tahitians, who, within historic ages, sailed down, island by island, in their war canoes, massacring the inhabitants, and, finally landing in New Zealand, found a numerous horde of blacks of the Australian race living in the forests of the South Island. Favored by a year of exceptionable drought, they set fire to the forests, and burned to the last man, or drove into the sea, the aboriginal possessors of the soil. Some ethnologists believe that this account is in the main correct,

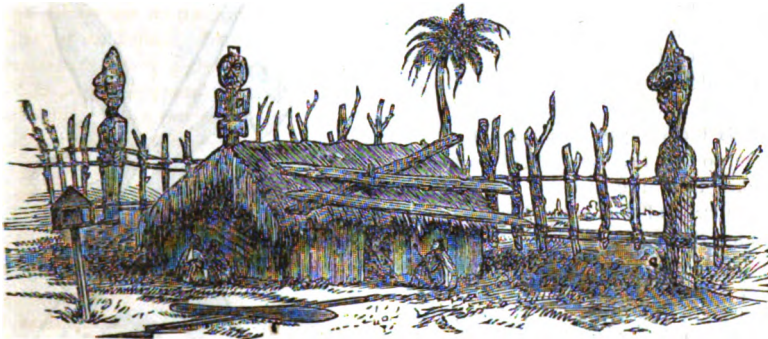
but hold that the Maori race is Malay; others have tried to show that the conflict between blacks and browns was not confined to these two peoples, but raged throughout the whole of Polynesia; and that it was terminated in New Zealand itself, not by the destruction of the blacks, but by the amalgamation of the opposing races. The legends allege war as the cause for the flight to New Zealand. The accounts of some of the migrations are circumstantial in the extreme, and describe the fine planting of the yams, the astonishment of the people at the new flowers and trees of the islands, and many such details of the landing. The names of the chiefs and of the canoes are given in a sort of catalogue of

ships, and the wars of the settlers are narrated at length, with the heroic exaggeration common to the legends of all lands, some of which is still preserved:

"Welcome at last to this fair land—a resting-place; Spirit of the Earth, to thee, we, coming from afar, present our hearts for good."

The fact that the Maories are Polynesians is proved by identity of language and similarity of customs. Their huts are the same, the names of their deities, their arts. This fact established, then, according to Dilk, our North American Indians are distant relations of the Maori race, as from their personal habits, the form of their altars, and other peculiarities, the former were probably from Polynesia. There is great likeness, he says, between the legend of Maui, the Maori hero, and that of Hiawatha, especially in the history

legs shorter than those of Englishmen, though their heads are smaller. The tattoo, as a mark of distinction or taste, is frequent. The Maories readily embrace the Christian religion, and have long since abandoned cannibalism, though some of the aged ones confess love for the relish of the old regime. They are kinder to their women than is usual among barbarians, and are hospitable, though mercenary. They have a literature, and are witty and smart, but not deeply intellectual—the reasoning faculty being deficient. One half of the adults read and write and two-thirds of them belong to Christian churches. They are generally clothed in civilized costumes, and possess flocks, herds, furniture, houses and cultivated land. The English hold these people in subjection, having taken possession by the right of discovery, and the late rebellion was an attempt to recover their independence.



A MAORI VILLAGE.

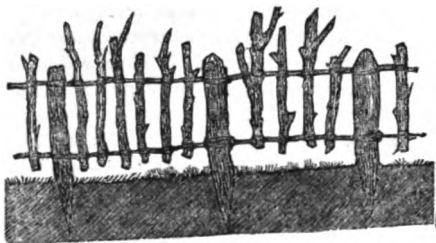
of how the sun was noosed, and made to move more slowly through the skies, so as to give men long days for toil. The resemblance, also, of the Maori "runanga," or assembly for debate, to the Indian council, is exceedingly close, and throughout America and Polynesia a general blending of poetry and gravity is characteristic of the Malays, whom he assumes to be the origin of the Polynesian race. At all times it has been remarked by ethnologists and acclimatizers that it is easier by far to carry men and beasts from the poles towards the tropics than from the tropics to the colder regions; hence the Malays, in coming to New Zealand, and this country especially, unknowingly broke one of Nature's laws, and their descendants are paying the penalty in extinction.

The Maories are a very good people. Their stature is large, but their forms are peculiar, their bodies and arms being longer and their

This struggle, from a misunderstanding of the Maori people, awakened a sympathy for England, which was not deserved. One peculiarity revealing the chivalric character of the Maories in war is in "proclaiming" the districts in which lies the cause of war as the sole fighting ground, and never touching their enemies, however defenceless, when found elsewhere. Civilized nations might well imitate this.

The Maories do not occupy their lands as the white settlers do in Australia, wide apart, but they draw in sociable proximity and club and live together in *Pas*. A Maori *Pa* corresponds to a European village, for in it the natives dwell, around it each family has its small cultivation whereon potatoes, wheat and maize are all planted. The village is not made for defensive purposes. For this latter there is a fighting *Pa*, on places selected for the purpose. In the dwelling *Pa* the huts—[see

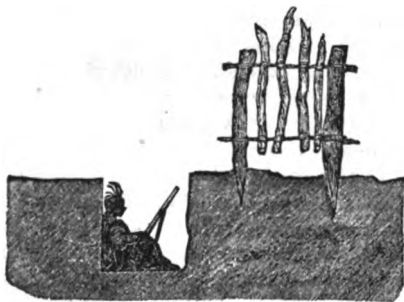
engraving]—are composed of a very light kind of rush called roper, which is cut when green; it is allowed to dry, and is tied to thick posts securely by strings made from the flax



A FIGHTING PA.

plant. In the hut a small opening, about three feet and a half high, forms the door, chimney and window. A number of palisades or rails surround each hut, which is usually ornamented by some carved wooden figures, painted or daubed with a red clay composition.

In the fighting Pa—[see engraving]—the settlement is enclosed by a double row of rails or palisades, along which cross-horizontal pieces are fastened. The upright posts are about six inches apart, and are cut off at the bottom, so that their ends shall be about eight inches from the ground, in order to allow the muzzles of the guns of the defenders to fire under them. Immediately in rear of these rails, rifle pits are dug;—[see engraving]—they consist merely of a number of holes, which, in the strongest fighting Pas, are connected by underground passages, so that the cunning Maori fires his gun from one hole, then pops down and crawls through his narrow rabbit-like way, only to appear again in another direction. These mole-hill constructions are very puzzling and nasty places



A MAORI RIFLE-PIT.

to attack. As the Pas are approached, their inmates always welcome you by calling in a plaintive, whining, pleasing tone of voice, "Here mai, Here mai," (Come here.)

We present in the engraving below a view of the native warlike implements of the Maori soldiery, which are very formidable in a hand-to-hand conflict, though the use of the rifle and musket renders the use of such arms obsolete. They consist of, 1. A Wahaika; 2. A Taiha, having a carved head, and is carried only by chiefs; 3. A Mere. It is made of bone, having a string at one end for passing over the wrist. It is used for hand-to-hand fights; 4. A small short-handled Tomahawk. The Wahaika is a wooden tomahawk with a long sharp handle, carved at one extremity, while from the other is suspended a tuft of parrot's feathers, the object of which is

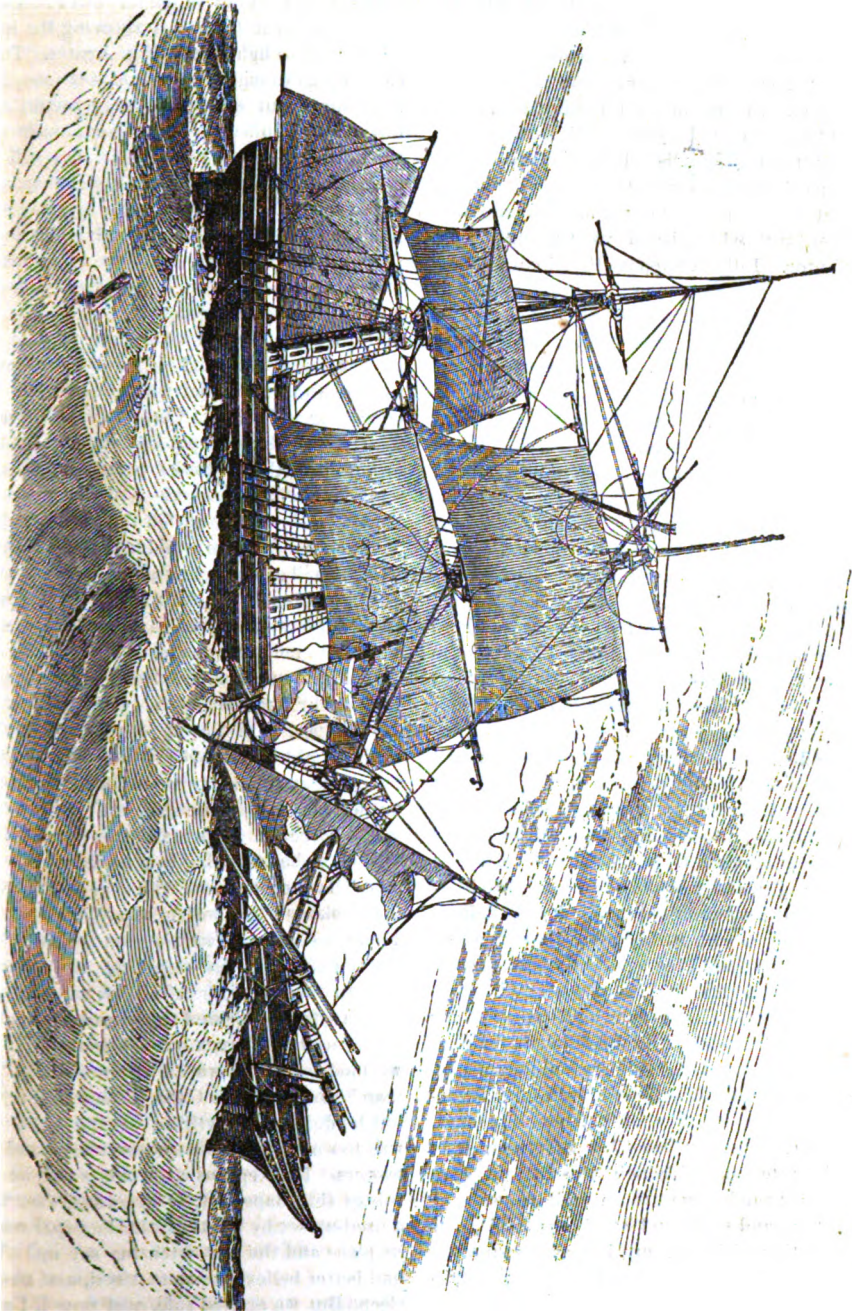


MAORI WEAPONS.

to distract the attention of an enemy in close engagement, by shaking this feathery plume in an indescribably rapid manner, while a fatal dart or thrust is made with the spear end.

The living of the Maories is not of a nature to attract civilized people. They are gluttons and eat with the greatest rapidity. They abjure knives and forks and partake with the primary natural implements and these not overclean. They breakfast very early and dine about noon, at which latter meal water is the chief beverage, but should any rum, or "wai pero," (dirty water,) be offered to the diners, it will not be refused, for drinking is a vice, which tends daily more to their decrease.

A SQUALL AT SEA.



On this page our readers will find a spirited illustration of a squall at sea. The design and narrative were sent to us by a young gentleman at present residing in Melbourne,

Australia, and we will let him tell his story in his own words, for it is rather entertaining to those who know not the terrors of the deep:

I sailed from Boston for Melbourne in the half-clipper ship T—, as one of the crew, rated as an ordinary seaman, at \$18 per month and the right to a discharge in Australia. To tell you the whole truth I had read "The Gold Hunters" and "The Bushrangers," in one of your publications called the "AMERICAN UNION," and afterwards in book form as published by Messrs. Lee & Shepard, and I wanted to see if I could not meet with some of the serious and laughable adventures which befell your versatile contributor. I didn't suppose that I could make money as fast as he and his friends did, but then I had great hopes of finding wealth in the gold fields or in raising stock and selling wool. I have met with a few adventures, but not such as I read in the books alluded to. Once I was robbed near Ballarat and stripped to my shirt and even my revolver taken away (it was loaded at the time), and I couldn't help wondering, while the confounded bushrangers were going through me, how different your author and his gallant friend Jack would have acted under the circumstances. They wouldn't have been robbed. Not much. They would have, (according to their own accounts) shot the ruffians to the right and left and found thousands of dollars worth of gold dust on their persons, which they would have quietly pocketed and continued their journey as though nothing had happened. I didn't manage in that cool and unconcerned manner. I just let the scoundrels take all they wanted, and my teeth chattered in my head when they put their revolvers to my temples and said they had a mind to blow out what little brains I had. I half believe that they meant it, because when I asked them if they had ever heard of your contributor and Jack, and Mr. Murden, they told me to hold my jaw or they would break it for me. I don't think that the fellows ever read "The Gold Hunters." If they had they would have treated an American citizen in a different manner for fear of the consequences. When they said "travel," I left them at a rapid rate, and although the insects were rather troublesome to a fellow without trousers, and shoes and stockings, still I felt quite thankful that my life was spared to meet with other adventures of a more agreeable character.

After the bushrangers had done with me, I stopped at a farmer's, or stockman's house ten miles from where I was robbed, and I had to beg for clothes to cover my nakedness.

At first the owner of the premises took me for a suspicious, or indecent person, and set his dogs on me to drive me off, but I imitated Ulysses, and sat down, not showing the least disposition to fight the savage brutes. They came up as though they would tear me limb from limb, but stopped at a respectful distance and snuffed at me, which made the thick-headed John Bull swear, but still he took a fancy to me and gave me clothes, and I paid for them by looking after his sheep and repairing his clock, which had stopped for the want of cleaning. I didn't know much about the business, but I happened to make a hit the first time trying.

But let me tell you what happened to me on the passage out. I met with an adventure on the water that was startling, as the engraving will show. You see we were near the Cape of Good Hope, and expected to get around it in the course of twenty-four hours, when one afternoon, while we were close-hauled, under single-reefed topsails, with just as much wind as we could stagger under, a white squall came tearing along from the coast of Africa, and struck us like a tornado, although it was all over in ten seconds, so it seemed to me. No one saw the squall coming, and no one made ready for its reception. It took our foremast by the board, with all its top-hamper, carried away the bowsprit close to the night-heads, with bobstays and spritsail yard, and main royal mast and royal yard, but left the rest of the ship uninjured. The whole force of the squall was forward. It seemed to be travelling in a narrow path, not more than ten fathoms wide, so I judged by the looks of the water after it passed us. There was some swearing on board of the ship for the next few minutes, and after we had thus relieved our minds we went to work with a will and cleared the wreck and got up a jurymast, and stuck out a bowsprit. Then we made sail, and we all supposed the "old man" would go into Cape Town and repair, but he didn't do anything of the kind. He was too afraid of the underwriters and his owners. He kept us at work until he got things shipshape, but, O gracious, wasn't we a used-up set by the time the last spar was in its place and the last backstay set up! You had better believe we were tired, and needed sleep. But we arrived safe, and now if I meet with more adventures out here I'll send you an account of them, that is if you would like such things, but you mustn't expect me to rival "The Gold Hunters."

THE ASCOT CUP.

The races at Epsom and Ascot have become British institutions, with all their gross immoralities sustained by government, and nobles join with the rabble in observing them. The recent Ascot races, and the award of the Ascot cup, attract attention to the scene, which is a small village in Berks, within six miles of Windsor Castle on the southwest. Its only importance is derived from its races, which happen every year, its race-course, established by William, Duke of Cumberland, being very superior. There is a distinction made betwixt "royal Ascot" and the more national Derby, at Epsom, the former being especially marked by the proprieties of custom, and patronized more noticeably by the aristocracy, as befitting its royal origin, while at the latter the shopkeeper or the mechanic shoulders the patrician, with rough but not rude familiarity, and there is a tumultuous whirl which affords a lively notion of Babel in its wildest agony. People must have a strong nervous organization to stand more than one Derby in a year.

At Ascot an air of repose, a luxurious languor, seems to hang about the place, and this, coupled with the beautiful scenery that surrounds Windsor Castle, and the brightness and freshness of the landscape, renders a visit very delightful to all who "in populous cities pent," seek for a few sunny hours' relaxation, blended with amusements which are bracing without being riotous. The racing, if not so good as at Epsom, is quite good enough for ninety-nine out of every hundred visitors to races; and though Ascot Heath has the reputation of being less crowded than the Downs, it is fast becoming Derby-like in its proportions.

The recent race for the "cup" that forms the subject for our illustration, was one of much interest. In spite of plenty of dust and crowd, the aspect of elegance which is the rightful attribute of Ascot was not by any means wanting, and the scene presented by the heath during the four days had much of the fashionable picnic air which attaches to it by tradition.

"The weather," writes an enthusiastic spectator, "was lovely beyond description; a cool, fresh breeze blew from early morning, freshening towards afternoon. The drive through the park past the Virginia Water

was, as usual, in the very fullness of its early summer beauty; and that beauty is of a kind which can be matched nowhere save in this pleasant English land. There were any number of carriages which came by road from London, and those who made the expedition had not much dust to complain of; and for persons who could not spare the time to make the long drive down, and yet wished for a fuller glimpse of the woods, and green fields, and commons than may be had from the windows of a railway car, there was the middle course of Ascot *via* Windsor. On the opening day and the cup-day, when the Prince and Princess of Wales attended—formerly the sovereign and royal family used to attend Ascot in semi-state—everything was so bright and gay that the impression left upon the spectator's mind was one of a very kaleidoscope of variegated hues. Every one of the fair company of ladies who filled the galleries of the grand stand, lined the roofs of carriages, and overflowed upon the lawn, where the betting-men plied their trade, seemed to have blossomed forth with the freshest and brightest of light summer dresses. Gray scarves, and fringed parasols, and shot silks were woven all together into a mass of color; and the spectacle, when the royal *cortege* drove up, was, as usual, singularly beautiful. It would, of course, be mere affectation to assert that this princely progress could match in pomp or grandeur with the displays of court splendor familiar to countries where state ceremonial is more attended to than it is with us; but it may be said truly that the view of Ascot, when the royal carriages are passing up the race-course, stands in its own line alone."

Among the "silver prizes" to be awarded to the owner of the fleetest horse, was the so-called "gold cup," the representation of which is herewith given, which was won by Brigantine, the property of Sir Frederick Johnstone, but this is matter of past news.

This piece of plate, which in racing technology is called a cup, but which silversmiths call a *plateau*, as a piece of art and workmanship merits the highest praise. Intended as a centre-piece for the dinner-table, its glossy brightness, and elaborate as well as delicate chasings, are well in keeping with the fruit and flowers it is intended to hold, for the

gratification of those accustomed to dine luxuriously, blending and softening the vigor of feeding with the poetry of sentiment. To the appreciative, who can delight in contrasts, the figure subjects—the Champion's Challenge, a mounted knight in full armor, with

the thickest danger. This knight in silver carries us back to the days of English Hotspurs:

Come, wilt thou see me ride?
And I am o' horseback I will swear
I love thee infinitely.



shield—would recall the poetical pictures we hear of the days of chivalry, when civilization, if in its dawn, was flavored with the brave manhood of men who swore by the "bright eyes of beauty," and for a smile from the ladies of their love would rush madly into

It is an elegant trophy, and though we have no interest in contested fields beyond the mere incident of news, still should we be called to possess so rare an ornament, we should prize it with full as much zeal as though we had won it on the turf.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

PRELIMINARY CHAPTER.

IN the south-easterly part of the Empire State there is a small peninsula, shut in on the west by the Hudson River, and on the east by the waters of Long Island Sound. It is a region which is now thickly settled, being practically a suburb of the great metropolis of our country; but at a date not far from forty years ago, although there were several of the old colonial villages in the area referred to, there was also much wild land, with thousands of acres of forest, and wild hills, and nooks, and corners, which you will not find to-day. In 1880, which is the time now written of, there were some beautiful and productive farms and some stately residences on this peninsula; there was a considerable population, embracing many of the old and wealthy families whose ancestors had fought on the right side in the Revolution, and who were therefore permitted to retain their hereditary estates; and its inhabitants at that time, never dreaming of the astonishing improvements which a few years more began to develop, could never have looked to see this little territory as densely populated as it now is. It was in truth a very different place then; and notwithstanding its neighborhood to the great city, we could trace in it many of the characteristics of our new western country. It was, about the time named, the theatre of curious and startling domestic events, which it is now my privilege to record.

Not many miles below Tarrytown, where the Hudson begins to narrow and to lose the picturesque beauty which attends most of its course, the east bank of the river assumes the form of an abrupt precipice, perhaps seventy feet in height. There is hardly gradation enough in its descent to break the flight through the air of a stone dropped from the top of the cliff; it would probably fall clear of its side, into the water beneath. But the river changes with the lapse of time; and although now it has invaded the shore at this point so that there is a depth of six feet at the very foot of the cliff, yet forty years ago

there was a smooth strip of sand, like what you may see at Coney Island, intervening between the shore and the water. Now, too, trees grow far out on the brow of the cliff, and the highway runs quite close to it, as it did then; but now you might not know of the danger that lurked beneath your feet in approaching the edge of the bank at this point, until you had put aside the interposing boughs. If you did that, you would start back affrighted to find yourself treading so near the jaws of destruction. But part the branches again, cling to the stoutest of them, and look over. The jagged side of the cliff falls beneath you so precipitously that the sight will dizzy you; the river runs seventy feet below, and the stone that you drop falls with a very faint splash in the water.

Such is the Tory's Leap. The place derives its name from a well-authenticated tradition of the Revolution relating to one Simeon Barnwell, a desperate character of the neighborhood, who espoused the cause of King George at the outbreak of the war, and who, after the city was occupied by the British, was put in authority over the country between Tarrytown and Manhattan Island.

Like all base natures when invested with temporary power, he exercised it brutally and rapaciously, making himself the pest and terror of the farmers of the neighborhood who refused to openly avow allegiance to the king. With a band of choice spirits he ravaged the country, plundering, outraging, and burning, until the enemy's power in this quarter was broken and the evacuation of the city left him without allies to support him. Prudence would have dictated flight, at this juncture; but Barnwell, apparently believing that the people were too much in terror of him to molest him, boldly remained at home, setting the country at defiance. It was a false security; the British transports had not cleared the Narrows when Barnwell was surrounded in his house by a crowd of injured and exasperated men who demanded his surrender. His answer was a shot which instantly killed two of them; and then the

infuriated party broke into the house to seize him. He was not found for some minutes, and then the horsemen of the crowd espied him trying to escape from the barn mounted on a fleet brown mare which had often served him well in time of need. Instant pursuit was made and continued for some miles; when the desperate tory, perceiving that the two foremost of his pursuers were fast gaining on him, riding with pistols in their hands, ready to slay him on capture, turned his horse sharp to the river, and urged her off at this cliff! The two fleet horsemen pulled up in time to save themselves; but such had been the desperate energy of the tory's leap that horse and man fell into deep water, and floated down the stream, dead and mutilated.

Such the legend. But other tragic occurrences are connected with this dangerous locality, besides that which gave it name; one in particular, which is directly germane to the incidents that are now to be narrated.

In the spring of 1830 a fisherman upon the river discovered a human body lying on the sand at the foot of the cliff. It could not have lain there long, because he was positive that he rowed inshore and examined this place at nightfall of the previous day, desiring to find a better place to set his lines. There was nothing there then but the sand of the beach; but in the early hours of the following morning, while the mists were still rising from the river, as he came to examine his catch, he was horrified to find a human body on this sand. Beaching his boat, he examined it carefully. The clothes were torn, the neck apparently broken, and there were several bruises on various parts of the body, but no wounds such as would be made by firearms or sharp weapons. The conclusion was irresistible that the unfortunate man had fallen or had been thrown from the summit of the cliff. And it was quite as clear that he must have died instantly. He was unknown to the fisherman; and wisely leaving the body where he had found it, the latter made haste to notify the nearest coroner of his discovery. A jury was summoned, and the inquest was held on the spot. The body was carefully and critically examined, and a surgeon pronounced it free from the marks of any injuries excepting such as must have been received by the fearful fall. The bank above was scrutinized, and no evidences of a struggle were found. The grass appeared to have been somewhat trampled down; but no more than the feet of one man might naturally have

done. Nay, more; there were other evidences discovered which made it plain to the jury that the deed was one of deliberate and premeditated suicide. A gold watch was found, hung by the chain to a bramble between the bank and the road; beside it was a miniature; and the inference was irresistible that these things had been carefully laid away before the fatal plunge into eternity. But no note, no scrap of writing was found to explain the reason of the act, or to indicate what he desired to be done with these objects of his last fond care. The watch bore the inscription on the inner case, "H. L. From his mother. 1827." And there was no difficulty in recognizing the beautiful face in the miniature as that of Mrs. Roesselle, the newly-married wife of the Episcopal minister of the parish.

The majority of the jurors had known the deceased in his lifetime; none of them hesitated to pronounce the body that of Horace Levin; and the facts concerning the young man, as they were generally known in the neighborhood, were enough to furnish a motive for the suicide. He was the only and petted son of a wealthy widow who lived at Albany; but for a year past he had spent most of his time in and about Tarrytown, endeavoring to gain the affections of a very beautiful young girl, an orphan, Helen Westcott by name. It was supposed at first that he was the favored one among her many suitors, and it was known that she had given him the miniature which was found on the bank quite early in their acquaintance; but rumor soon began to whisper that the Rev. Alvin Roesselle, the gifted, young, and handsome clergyman of the country parish, had supplanted Levin; and this appeared to be the truth. The effect upon the latter was noticeable. He lost both appetite and spirits; he thinned and paled, and grew to be only the shadow of his former self. Even after the minister was the well known accepted suitor, and Levin's visits had necessarily been discontinued, the unhappy youth still hung about the neighborhood, often about the house, seemingly unwilling to accept his disappointment as final and irrevocable. And on the wedding-day, when Mr. Roesselle and Helen were married at the church by a minister from the city (a college-mate of the bridegroom), in the presence of a house full of friends and parishioners—even then Horace Levin was seen in the church-porch, dark, miserable, silent, hovering like a cloud upon

the joy of the occasion. Some of the friends of the bride and groom, fearful of intended violence, kept purposely between him and them as they entered and left the church; but there was no necessity for this. Levin watched them with gloomy brow as they came and went; and when the bridal party drove away to the parsonage he disappeared. This happened eight days before the discovery of his dead body on the sands; and it could not be discovered by the coroner that he had been seen more than twice since that morning. Once, three days after, and just at night-fall, a laborer who had been working all day in the parsonage garden, and who knew Mr. Levin quite well, saw him walk slowly and furtively in the twilight, in front of the gate, pause an instant, and look in; and then, when the man addressed him with "good-evening, sir," he started and walked rapidly away, without reply. And half an hour before dark, on the evening before the discovery of the body, some boys to whom the deceased was also well known, and who were driving home their cows along the river-road, saw him loitering along the bank half a mile below the cliff. They said that he took no notice of them, and that he was only occupied with breaking a stick into small pieces and throwing them one by one over the bank as he walked very slowly up the river. And this was all that the coroner could discover.

More to give complete satisfaction to their minds than in the expectation of discovering anything additional in the case, the jury requested that the examination of Mr. and Mrs. Roesselle might be taken. It was fortunately very brief; fortunately, for the circumstances of the case naturally made allusions to it extremely painful to them. But they knew absolutely nothing that could shed any further light upon the motives or the mental condition of the miserable youth. Mr. Roesselle had not seen him since the wedding, and was as surprised to find that he had continued in the neighborhood, as he was horrified to learn of his tragic end. Mrs. Roesselle had met him once in the street at Tarrytown, two days before, when he passed her, looked fixedly into her face, and walked quickly on, without remark. He appeared very much agitated, and she could not help observing a wildness in his eyes, and a general strangeness of his manner, which she had never seen before. She had forbore to say anything to her husband about it, as the subject was an unpleasant one. This was the last she had seen of Mr.

Levin. He had never been to the parsonage; he had never troubled her in any way; and the news of his death was shocking in its suddenness to her. When they laid the miniature before her, and told her where they had found it, she was affected to tears.

"Poor boy—poor, crazy boy!" she said. "I have done him no intentional wrong; I thought he might see that he would be far happier without me than with me; and I am distressed by his death beyond measure. His poor mother—how I pity her! May I keep this, Alvin?" And she held up the miniature to her husband, who gravely bowed.

In view of these facts, the coroner's jury returned their inquisition that the deceased, Horace Levin, had come to his death by his own intentional act, without the aid, furtherance, or act of any other person or persons whomsoever, by jumping from the bank known as the Tory's Leap, on the Hudson River, to the shore below, on the night of the 17th or the morning of the 18th of April, 1830; by means whereof his neck was fractured, and himself instantly killed. The verdict went upon record, and stands to-day as the official evidence of the cause of Levin's death.

The body was taken to Tarrytown, laid out, shrouded, and coffined; and then, by reason of the absence of the minister from the village, it was conveyed to Mr. Roesselle's parsonage, whither the bereaved mother shortly came from Albany. The same church which had witnessed the union of the clergyman and Helen Westcott was filled again to hear the service for the dead read over the corpse of him who had stood gloomily in the porch at the wedding; and where there were then smiles of joy there were now tears and faces of sympathetic grief. The tones of Mr. Roesselle's voice faltered as he read the service, and more than once he seemed almost overpowered with emotion. The body was taken by the stricken mother to her own home, for burial; and then, as time passed on, the remembrance of Horace Levin, his unhappy love, and his dreadful fate, became a thing of the past, and grew faint, with other things of the past, to the inhabitants of the neighborhood.

But fate, or circumstance, call it what you will, works silently and mysteriously while men sleep and months pass; and when Horace Levin met his death at the Tory's Leap, on the night of the 17th or the morning of the 18th of April, 1830, a train of events was started, which, radiating to diverse lives

and leading through different homes, wrought powerfully for good and ill to those whom this narrative concerns.

PART FIRST.—I.

THE GATHERING OF A STORM.

ABOUT midway between Tarrytown and the city, on the direct road, there stood at this time one of the most charming of all the charming cottages that overlook the Hudson. It was built on a gentle rise of ground, ten rods back from the highway; the spacious grounds in front were left in a grassy lawn which was closely shaven in the summer time, and which was overshadowed by four lofty elms, around which were rustic seats. From the back and side windows of the cottage the view embraced a long stretch of the river and its scenery, with passing vessels. The front was covered with a veranda; the spot was always shady in the fierce summer heats, and so high that it caught many of those aggravating breezes which we can see rustling the treetops while not a breath of air stirs below. If quiet amid natural beauty were the wish of the passer's heart, he must often have wished for such a situation as this, as he passed along the dusty road.

There were many visitors at this place in those days; all gentlemen. Those who were familiar with the appearance of the house inside knew that it was plainly but tastily furnished; that while there were no evidences of wealth in or about it, the books, and pictures, and musical instruments showed that it was the home of at least one cultured mind. And those who had the entree of the cottage knew that its mistress was Miss Augusta Traynor, and that she and her domestic were its only occupants.

And there were many, very many, of that neighborhood, who did not know Miss Trayton personally but who knew well what she was and what she had been. There were many who had never seen her, and who knew nothing of her fascinations except by hearsay, who could have told you that Miss Traynor was an orphan, and had lived at the cottage two years; that her father had been one of the most prosperous of the merchant-princes of the city, and that Augusta had been among the foremost of its acknowledged belles, with suitors by the score; that the death of Mrs. Traynor by the upsetting of a pleasure-yacht in the bay, was followed by the bankruptcy

of Mr. Traynor, and that little more was saved from the wreck of his princely fortune than sufficient to purchase this cottage and to furnish it in a humble style; and that the ruined merchant had died of a broken heart very shortly after their removal hither. And it was said that the change in Augusta Traynor's circumstances had by no means deprived her of her lovers, but that no lady in the vicinity had half as many as she.

There was truth in this, and a single day's watch at the cottage would have verified it. There were many in the city who had admired this girl in the days of her bellehood, and had looked upon her as a prize to be won, who now, though they knew her to be shorn of fortune, could not entirely withdraw themselves from her influence, and who therefore came up often from the city to look upon her face and listen to her music, and enjoy the charm of her conversation. A less beautiful woman than she, trained in the society that she had known, and surrounded by her peculiar class of admirers, might have lost them all with the loss of wealth; but men everywhere, all over the world, will pay willing court to the highest types of beauty, and even mercenary fortune-hunters will look admiringly at beauty that is not gilded with wealth, and regret that it is not gilded, before they pass on to worship at other shrines. And thus it was with Augusta Traynor. Chafing under the restraints of her reverses, remembering with sighs of discontent her former triumphs in the parlors of wealth and luxury in the metropolis, she found herself, at the age of thirty, beautiful, because her mirror told her so, ambitious of a grand and advantageous match, because she felt the promptings of the desire in every breath she drew, still sought after, still flattered, and still unmarried. And these are hard circumstances with which to surround any woman. They are apt to be fatal to honesty of purpose; they are more apt to be fatal to the dictates of true love. The sequel proved this true of her.

She stood one afternoon of that summer upon the veranda in front of the house, listening to the farewells of two young gentlemen from the city whom she had been entertaining since morning. She had known them both in the days of her father's affluence; they had often contended for the honor of her hand in the dance, and she knew that in those other days she might have brought either of them to her feet with the offer of his

hand, with but a look. Upon this day they had chatted of theatres and operas, of parties and weddings, and had blown back and forth with her the frothy small-talk of extra-fashionable life; and she had likewise chatted lightly, and smiled emptily, and played for them the trifles of music that they liked. They had far exceeded the time allotted to this call, they said, as the clock chimed three, and they rose to go. But that was not wonderful, one of them added, for who ever did get away from Miss Traynor's presence without a large sacrifice of time? Yes, and a larger sacrifice of heart, the other added; and then both of the exquisites laughed, and bowed, and simpered, and Augusta held the check tighter on her face, and kept down the look of weary disgust that strove to occupy it; and she smiled too, as people sometimes smile at the stake. And then her visitors hoped to be permitted to call again, and really longed to see her in the city again, and thought that if they ever prayed, they would pray that New York might not languish much longer without Miss Traynor; and then they just touched the tips of her fingers with those of their scented kids, and bowed four or five times more; and then, having consumed eight minutes by the clock in making their adieux, they were gone.

"By Jove, what a fine girl!" one of them exclaimed, when just out of earshot down the walk.

"I don't know of anything like her in the city, Ned," was the response.

"But she's poor."

"I suppose."

"And is all out of the set."

"Of course."

"So she wont do for either of us."

"Certainly not."

And with this conclusion the two disappeared from sight. The reader will not regret to know that the needs of our narrative will not require their further appearance.

Their remarks were made beyond the hearing of Augusta Traynor; but had she heard every word she could not have read these young men more thoroughly, nor known what was passing in their minds more perfectly than she did. She stood erect upon the veranda some moments after she had lost sight of them, her queenly head thrown back, her dark eyes kindling, and her thin, sensitive nostril quivering with the strength of her feelings. The cloud grew darker upon her face; it seemed to borrow a shadow from her

raven hair; and presently her thoughts broke out in an impatient stamp of the foot, and bitter words that escaped her as she walked up and down the piazzas.

"Fools! fools!" were the first ungentle words. "How much longer am I to sit here and play my lady to these impudent coxcombs, who, because they have known me in better days, when my favor was a prize, dare to come here to see with their own eyes how well I can bear adversity. What am I to them but a recollection?—what do they care now for me, more than to make me the subject of an idle hour's curiosity? Nothing. With fortune, I was something in their eyes—I was more than all other women; without it, I am become as nothing but an ornament. I am weary, I am sick and tired of such trifling; I will not see them again, or any like them. They shall know that I know why they come here; and they will then begin to save themselves the trouble of coming."

She paused in her walk, and leaned her hand against the pillar of the veranda.

"Yet how are they worse than I?" she queried of herself. "To them, marriage is only the ladder by which they climb to wealth that brings them independence of toil, which confirms them in a life of idle luxury, and which raises them to a higher social plane than they can ever reach alone. Is this not much the same with me? Are not my days and nights given to scheming and planning how I may regain what I have lost? And do I not know that if it is to be done, it can only be by an advantageous marriage?"

Augusta Traynor started at the sound of the last question, as if fancy many of us would be startled could we hear our unspoken thoughts put into speech, and looked hurriedly around her to see that no person had overheard her confession. She sat down upon a seat on the veranda, and putting her hand to her forehead occupied herself seriously with the endeavor to settle decisively in her own mind whether what she had just declared in a question was to be the rule of her actions. Was love to bow to ambition? Was her heart, and its best impulses, to yield to an inordinate craving for the mastery of wealth, for the pride of station, and the brilliancy of a life such as she had lived? She sat with her eyes covered, and thought and wrestled over these questions, until the clock striking four aroused her. Then she started up and looked up the road. There was a glimpse of it to be seen, more than a mile away, between the

elms; and her practised eye discovered a alight rising of dust, even at that distance.

"I told him to come to-day for his answer," she said, gazing fixedly at the dusty spot till it disappeared behind the trees. "Five o'clock was the hour I named. He was always too early; he will be here in a few minutes. I promised him a *final* answer; nay, I gave him reason to hope that it would be such as he desired. What shall I do—my God, what shall I do?"

She was much moved; both hands were over her face, and she swayed herself back and forth in a convulsion of emotion. When she uncovered her face it was rigid and harsh in the darkness of its beauty, and her brow was ruffled by the scowl that came with her contending thoughts.

Her eye fell upon her music-book, which lay at her feet. She took it up, and opening it, drew from between its leaves a square of bristol-board, on which her own cunning fingers had drawn the face of him she loved. It is more than she had ever uttered aloud, but she had confessed the truth to her heart more than once; and now, as her eyes rested on the picture, she again confessed to herself what she would not put into words—"That is the man I love!"

The face was one that many women would have loved. The hand that drew it was wonderfully skilled in the use of the pencil, and it had disposed the light and shade on hair and brow, in the eyes, and over all the face, and brought forth from the paper a picture which only a good artist could make, and therefore a perfect resemblance. There was no color about it; but you knew as well without it as with it that the hair that waved carelessly about the round, full face was brown, that the eyes which sparkled with something of defiance, if not wickedness, were blue, and that the face must be ruddy and fair. It was a handsome face, but not a good face. You felt in looking at it that the strong will which it showed must be kept in constant exertion to repress the evil tendencies that it suggested; that it was a face in which more could be feared than hoped. Augusta Traynor held up the picture before her eyes and gazed long and earnestly at it. The harshness disappeared from her brow, her eyes grew soft and luminous, her lip trembled, and all the gentler part of the woman came to the surface. In one moment she thought of the proud, impulsive, headstrong man whose visits to the cottage she had en-

couraged; of the manly, eager way, in which he had entreated her love; and of her promise, given two days before, that she would answer him once for all at this hour.

"And may I hope for such an answer as I wish?" he had asked. Never had she heard his voice quiver before; it did quiver with those words. And she had smiled in answer, and sent him away strong-hearted, resolved to give up the baser part of life, to live purely and restrain his passions, that he might deserve her love and make her happy.

And did she not love him? The picture was its own sufficient answer. She had drawn every stroke of it from memory, in his absence; and memory never could have so faithfully prompted her hand if the prompting of love had not also been there. Without love, such a performance must have been a miracle; with love, it became possible.

She sat there some moments longer, fighting out with herself the world-old battle in that female heart between ambition and love; and though the struggle was fierce and strong, it ended as such struggles always end in natures such as hers. One tear dropped upon the picture—a precious tear indeed, for it marked the instant when selfishness triumphed forever over love in this woman's heart; and then her face grew proud and stern again. Deliberately she tore the face in two and concealed the pieces in the music-book; and from that instant her decision was fully taken.

"How could I hesitate one moment?" she reflected, impatiently tapping her foot against the trellis. "He has nothing that I want, but love; and that is the least a woman wants! Pshaw—let me forget as fast as may be that I was ever weak enough to think of him. My game goes higher than he, poor fellow, can rise; and I'll bring it to my feet quickly enough."

She had not noticed that during the last few moments of her intense preoccupation of thought a horseman had dismounted at the gate, secured his horse, and walked with eager steps up to the veranda. She did not see him, and she was unconscious of his presence, until he pronounced her name.

"Augusta!"

She started and raised her head; the suddenness of his appearance discomfited her, and the blood flowed all at once into her face. He interpreted the sign as his heart wished, and his arm was quickly thrown about her.

"Augusta—my own dear Augusta!" he

exclaimed, and stooped to kiss her. His breath was hot upon her cheek before she could disengage herself from his arm; and then she started back, and her eyes flashed angrily upon him.

"Don't touch me," she said. "You are crazy. Mr. Maverick—"

"I begin to be afraid I am," he interrupted. "How have I offended you, how have I misunderstood you, Augusta?" He stopped; she was looking him full in the face. It was the face of the picture.

"You came for an answer," she said, with chilling reserve.

"Yes; and I thought from your looks—" he eagerly interrupted; but she stopped him.

"You would do well always to wait for a lady's answer," she said. "Here is mine; I cannot be your wife."

Darkness swept into the florid face of the man as into the summer sky at an eclipse.

"You cannot?" he repeated. She bowed. He ground his boot upon the edge of the step, and then broke out furiously:

"By Heaven, Augusta Traynor, I don't understand it. You have received my visits with favor; you have shewed your preference for me in a dozen ways; you would not tell me 'no' when I asked you two days ago to wed me, but you put me off till now, smiling encouragement on me all the time. Augusta, stop a minute and think. You know me well; you know that such a passion as I have for you can't enter into a man's very life, as it has into mine, and then be uprooted all at once, as you want me to tear this out, without taking away all the good part of that life with it. Now think, woman—think, THINK, I say, before you destroy me!" She quailed before the fury of his aspect, and he made a strong effort, and moderated his tone. "Have you not loved me?"

"Perhaps I have," she replied. Her face was pale; her fingers pulled a rose to pieces; but her voice was steady.

"You may have heard bad reports of me. I have not been a good man—I mean to be, God and Augusta Traynor permitting! If that is the cause—"

"That is not the cause," she interrupted. "I have not been influenced in this way against you."

"Then tell me why you have decided to make me wretched. Tell me why." He sat down in the seat she had vacated, and looked at her with desperate curiosity.

"Let me ask you to end this scene, Mr.

Maverick." She spoke in a light, easy tone; and as she proceeded she fell into a strain of banter. "If I did love you a little—what then? Must a woman marry a man, and every man, whom she loves a little? Mercy on me, what a world we should have then!"

She laughed merrily; a forced laugh, which caused Maverick to grind his teeth with rage.

"No, Mr. Maverick," she went on, "let us put an end to this, and never speak of it again. As I was foolish enough to confess, I have loved you a little; but I have never thought of marrying you. What, will nothing satisfy you? Well, then, if you must know the truth, I have promised my hand to another."

Augustus Maverick could not know that this was untrue, and that she spoke of an intention rather than of an accomplished fact. He clutched the arms of the chair in which he sat, and spoke one hoarse whisper.

"His name?"

She hesitated; and then, looking toward the road started and grew paler. Another horseman had ridden up to the gate, had dismounted, and was traversing the walk with rapid steps.

"It may be as well," she reflected. "If I tell you," she said, aloud, "will you promise to do him no injury, and not to forget that you are in the presence of a lady?"

"Yes," Maverick jerked out.

"He is behind you now."

Maverick faced about, and found himself confronted by a man of his own height, and of similar features, but with darker hair and complexion. The recognition was instant and mutual.

"Oliver?"

"Augustus?"

They were brothers.

The new-comer stood still, regarding the scene with a cold eye, and exhibiting not the least agitation, hardly any surprise, in his hard face. He was apparently the elder of the two by at least ten years. Whatever he may have thought of the presence of his brother here, the feeling was not shown upon his self-contained face, nor expressed in words.

Augusta Traynor was quick of wit; but she was not equal to this emergency. She smiled and banished the tremor from her lips; but she could not upon the instant think how a collision between these two was to be avoided. What accident or freak could have

brought Oliver Maverick here at this hour she could not conjecture; it was not according to her understanding with him, and was at best a frightful *contretemps*. She looked at Augustus; he uttered a low cry, and pressing his hand to his head, staggered back against the lattice. Then he removed his hand, and his eyes seemed to burn and glitter with fury as he looked from one to the other.

"You will remember your promise?" Augusta entreated.

"Yes, yes—I will remember my promise," he bitterly cried. "I was not to injure the man whom you meant to marry; and he is my brother. He knew where my heart lay—none knew it better than he; and he was base enough to supplant me. Well, well—I will not injure him; I will not shoot him, nor cut his throat—but this I will do—I will make him an outcast from his home, and a penniless beggar on the earth! And I will not injure you, Augusta, although you have this day treacherously given me over to the baser part of myself; but I warn you that if you marry this man, his fate shall also be yours. Fools, fools both of you—how clearly do I see through the arguments that he has been base enough to use, and you treacherous enough to accept, for my undoing. Did he tell you he is the old man's favorite, that all Maverick Farm, and all the stocks and mortgages are to be his, and that he will make you richer than you used to be? Ah, you turn red, Miss Traynor; my easy guess was the true one. Yet I tell you both,"—and the speaker raised his hand above his head, and spoke with a terrible earnestness,—"*that though I injure you not in body, though I leave you free to enter into this marriage which rests in treachery, in falsehood, in deceit, and in the selling of the soul of at least one of you for the promise of gold—the price shall never be paid!* Marry, if you dare, I'll be faithful to my word."

He looked at Augusta; she trembled, spite of herself, before his passionate earnestness, and cast down her eyes. So beautiful she looked as she stood there, that the fiery heart of the man was almost touched again; and then he struck his face with his flat hand, and recovered his mood. Without another word he stepped past his brother, and seizing Augusta Traynor in his arms kissed her, once, twice, thrice, upon the lips. The action was so sudden and so unexpected that she neither cried out nor struggled; and when she found

herself released, Augustus Maverick was striding towards the gate, half way down the walk. The two never spoke together again.

Before Oliver Maverick and Augusta Traynor had parted that day, their marriage engagement was consummated. And some weeks afterwards they were married.

There are with some men turning-points of life, when an act done or left undone, or a point lost or won in life's great game influences them forever. It was so with Augustus Maverick. He came upon this day with his heart full of peace and love, to plight his vows to Augusta Traynor, and in receiving her love to enter upon a better life. One word from her would have reclaimed him—nay, one look would have done it. He found himself, instead, proud, hot-blooded man as he was, the victim of a heartless sacrifice, a deliberate deceit, a soulless bargain; and the good aspirations that were rising within him were utterly and forever cast down. And as he mounted his horse and galloped up the road, his tumultuous brain was busy with plans of dreadful import to some of those—it may be to all—who have become and are yet to be actors in this drama of real life.

II.

His love for Augusta Traynor had stopped this man short when he stood upon the threshold of an enormous sin. The treatment which he had just received at her hands, while stifling his good impulses, brought into renewed life the bad; and as he urged his horse into a harder gallop his mind ran riot over designs and projects which had been for months lain aside. One, in particular, rose uppermost; and wherever his thoughts wandered, they continually returned to it. But he did not yield to it at once; he resisted the thought at first, and tried to turn it off; and then, as it pressed more clamorously on him, he succeeded. He stopped his horse by the side of the road, and dismounting, seated himself upon a large stone, while he held the rein.

"Let it be so, then," he moodily muttered. "I would have had it otherwise; but I can't help it. It's an ugly thing to do, and I've been putting it away from me, hoping that I never should have heart for it. If I have the heart for it now, I say it's not my fault. Let the blame be with those who have driven me to the bad."

Conscience was fierce within him, and as he sat there he repeatedly muttered the words, "I don't care; let it be so; the fault will not be mine; let them bear it who deserve it;" as if to fortify himself in his purpose, and to drown all consciousness of wrong within him. The sun had not yet set, though the long summer day was drawing to a close; and as he sat and held the rein, while his horse cropped the grass by the roadside, he looked down the highway over which he had passed, and saw a moving speck descending the hill half a mile back. He knew at once that it was a horse and rider; and though he was not in the mood for company, and would not have endured the companionship of most of the men whom he knew, he waited and looked, rather idly than from any sense of curiosity. The black speck advanced slowly; the horse was evidently coming on a walk or a very deliberate trot. The sun shining from the west had thrown the shadow of the hill over the moving speck, so that it had been indistinct; but the instant it came out into the broad sunlight it was outlined sharply against the hill, and Maverick, as he looked, suddenly jumped to his feet and uttered an exclamation. He was an expert horseman and an enthusiastic lover of the horse; an animal once seen by him was always remembered in its gait and movements, as well as in its form; and he at once recognized the advancing horse as one that he had often seen. That horse never had but one rider, he well knew; and as he leaned upon his own saddle and eagerly looked up the road, his new emotion found vent in words.

"Has the devil thrown that man in my way at this moment?—he, of all other men on earth—lest I should slacken my purpose?"

He paused abruptly, and looked still more eagerly. Horse and rider advanced on a jogging trot, for the animal was old and decrepit; and in a few moments more were within a few rods of the spot where Maverick stood.

"The man himself!" was his whispered soliloquy. "Fate wills it; I only follow. But by Heaven, how I should astonish him!"

He was in the saddle again with the quickness of an expert rider, and held his mettled animal in check by the roadside. The newcomers advanced, and were soon almost abreast of him. The rider was dressed in a suit of black throughout, except the straw hat upon his head, and he sat loosely upon the saddle with his arms down and his head fallen upon his breast in a reverie. He might have

passed Maverick unobserved had not the latter saluted him in a loud voice.

"Good-morning, parson. Which way?"

The rider suddenly raised his head, and exhibited the face of Alvin Roesselle, the clergyman. It was a pale, sallow and rather sad face, with high cheek bones and strongly marked features. He looked like a born student, with his great expanse of forehead, and his sunken, brilliant eyes; but there was, too, beneath his habitual gravity, almost sadness of face, an expression of sweetness which came forth at call. He was startled now at the suddenness of the salutation, breaking in upon his thoughts; and as he looked up and saw by whom he was addressed, he was somewhat puzzled that he should have been addressed at all. About the man before him, he knew nothing more than that he was the second son of old Ezra Maverick, of Maverick Farm, and reputed the hardest drinker, the roughest rider, the most dissolute young man for many miles around. Personally he knew nothing of him; he had never spoken with him; and he remembered that when he called at Maverick House some weeks before, the old man was sick and declined to see him, and that both the sons were away from home. In the parish church there was a great square pew which was the hereditary property of the Mavericks, and he had heard from some of the oldest parishioners that many years before, when Ezra Maverick was young and just married, he had occupied the great pew regularly with his wife, at seasons of worship. It was a practice that had long been discontinued; not once since the death of his wife had Ezra Maverick sat there, and no one had ever seen either of the sons within the walls of the sanctuary. It was therefore with some natural embarrassment that Mr. Roesselle returned the salute.

"Mr. Augustus Maverick, I believe," he said.

The other nodded and wheeled his horse into the road.

"I have waited for you," he said, abruptly. "Not that I expected you," he made haste to add, "but—I saw you coming, and waited."

"I have been over to visit old Norah Adney," said the clergyman. "The poor soul is dying with consumption, and I try to see her at least twice a week."

And then there was a pause of some minutes, while they rode along side by side, Maverick constantly curbing his horse to the pace of the slower one beside him. For twenty

minutes the conversation never went beyond commonplaces about the weather and the news; and then it ceased entirely, and a dead silence prevailed between the two. There was no bond of sympathy between them, and the manner of Maverick was rather repellent than otherwise. This, coupled with the bad character that rumor ascribed to him, constrained the clergyman to silence, when with almost any other stranger his graceful and easy address and conversation would have been charming. He glanced furtively at his companion as they rode on, and Maverick looked over his horse's head, straight up the road. Once, however, he turned his face and looked at the other, and that was when they had approached very near to the spot known as the Tory's Leap. The clergyman had discovered the locality, and a peculiar smile crossed Maverick's face as he observed the shudder that crossed that of his companion.

"A spot of much interest," Maverick said, suddenly checking his horse directly opposite the bank. As he pronounced the words he never removed his eyes from his companion's face, and he saw that sickly shudder cross it again.

"A most horrible place," was the low response.

"Yes, to be sure; in one sense, I suppose that is so," the other rejoined, in a loud voice. "But it is an interesting spot, too. I'll warrant you now, parson, you never went to the edge of the bank and looked over there where that poor devil of a Levin made an end of himself last April. Have you?"

"Never, never—and I shall never wish to. The associations of the place are too awful to allow me to think seriously of such a thing. Let us go on."

Maverick turned his head away, that his companion might not see the exulting smile that ran over it.

"A hard fate—wasn't it, parson?" he asked, never moving to go on.

"Yes, yes—hard enough. But I must ride on."

"Did you know that unhappy young man?" was the next question. The speaker still held his rein tight, and looked full at the face of the clergyman.

"No. I do not think I ever spoke to him. But really, Mr. Maverick, I cannot stay—"

"It would only take a single minute, parson, for you to dismount and look over the edge of the cliff. I will hold your horse."

"God forbid!" The exclamation was uttered

with a very marked agitation of voice and a trembling of hands and face, not a tone nor a motion of which escaped the watchful Maverick.

"Excuse me, sir," the clergyman continued. "This melancholy subject seems to have a strange fascination for you; I frankly confess that it is too unpleasant to me to bear more than a passing reference. You may understand why this should be so; but if you heard none of the gossip which connected the name of Horace Levin with that of Helen Westcott before my marriage—I say if you have heard none of this, then you cannot understand why this subject is extremely painful to me. I must decline to converse any further about it; and as we are near the corner where you will turn off to reach Maverick House, I will bid you good-evening now. I do not wish to be ungracious, sir; I shall be happy to call upon you soon, and renew your acquaintance under more favorable auspices. Good-evening, sir?"

He chirruped to his horse, and the animal, which had been standing as though fastened into the road during this colloquy, resumed his jog-trot. Maverick gave his own horse the rein, and two bounds brought him beside the other. A shadow crept over the clergyman's face; then a faint spot of red shewed upon his cheek, and he looked at his tormentor with impatient inquiry. They had now reached the corner of which Mr. Roselle had just spoken; but Maverick made no motion to turn off. He kept his eyes fixed upon the clergyman's face, coolly, deliberately, evidently with a purpose.

"I suppose I have heard all the gossip you refer to," he said. "I suppose there is no doubt that the lady whom you married, and Horace Levin, were once engaged—or something very near to it. What of it? I fail to see why that circumstance should make you so averse to the mere mention of the place where poor Levin met his end."

The minister's pale face was in an instant flooded with a rash of indignant blood. His hands trembled with excitement so that they could hardly hold the reins; he strove to speak out an indignant protest against this continual impertinence, but he was tongue-tied with the force of his emotions. They rode past the turning, but Maverick still kept his horse by the side of the other.

"Well, parson," he said, with cool bluntness, "no matter now. We'll dismiss the subject, for the present, at least. You spoke

about calling on me at some time not far distant; but the fact is, I have some business that is pressing, and I can't wait for your call. I'll go home with you to-night, if you please."

The clergyman looked uneasily at the speaker.

"I pray you defer your call till to-morrow," he said. "I am weary, and somewhat nervous. I am hardly fit to converse at all."

"I must see you to-night," was the peremptory reply. "My business is brief, and must be done now."

"Then speak it here," was the last desperate appeal of the clergyman, shrinking from the proposition as he shrank from the man. "Excuse me, sir, but I would rather choose the time when you are to come to my humble parsonage. Tell me now and here how I can serve you."

The answer was quick and stern, and admitted of no denial.

"You see it is getting toward evening, parson, and any of these obscure places along this road which we are passing may hold an eavesdropper. What I have to say to you must be said in secret; what you have to promise me must be promised in secret."

They rode on in silence, and soon the gathering twilight hid their faces. Tormented by the strange persistency of Maverick in forcing this disagreeable subject upon him, and believing from his sinister appearance and address that his forced visit boded no good to him, the clergyman rode on, glad at last that he had an opportunity in the obscurity of the hour to compose himself for the coming interview. After riding some distance further, they turned down a lane which led to the parsonage. Daylight had gone when they reached it, so that they could not see the steep roof of Maverick House above the trees, a mile and a half away across the fields.

They dismounted, and Maverick tied his horse.

"Go and put your animal up," he said, to the other; "I will wait here for you."

The clergyman returned in a few minutes, and found Maverick sitting on the steps, but in the shade of the pillars, so that the lamplight from the house could not reach him.

"Take me directly to your study," he said. "Acquaint no one with my presence here."

His tone was that of command. Mr. Roesselle silently led the way through the hall, and was about to open the second door on the left, when the door opposite was flung

open, and the apparition of a lovely young creature in a white muslin dress burst out of the sitting-room upon them. Her arms were about her husband's neck in an instant.

"Why, you naughty Alvin!" she exclaimed. "You are trying to get into the house without letting me know you are here. But my ears are too quick, sir; I heard you, and I—"

The strange expression of the face into which she was looking told her as plainly as words could have spoken it that there was another present; she turned her head and saw Augustus Maverick looking at her. She dropped her arms and retired a few steps, and her husband said:

"This gentleman has a little business with me in the study, Helen, dear. But I will be with you in a few moments."

She hid her confusion by an immediate escape into the dining-room, and the two men passed into the study. It was a small room, filled with Mr. Roesselle's books and desk, and on a small table a lamp was burning faintly. The clergyman raised the wick enough to make a bright light, and handing his visitor one of the two armchairs, sat down in the other. Without a word he leaned his face on his hand, and looked inquiringly at Maverick. The latter seemed in no hurry to be seated. He stood by the chair, his fingers drumming on the back, and carelessly said:

"Mrs. Roesselle is a charming woman."

There was no answer; the clergyman was looking at him to ascertain what the remark might mean.

"You have been married about three months, I believe," was spoken, in the same careless tone.

"More, But, Mr. Maverick, I beg to remind you that you are here against my expressed wish, on your own invitation, for the purpose of transacting some business with me. Is it too much to ask that you will confine yourself to that business?"

Maverick stepped to the door without a word, opened it, and looked into the hall. Then he closed it, turned the key, and took his seat in the chair directly in front of the clergyman, and so near that their knees touched.

"I merely wish to ensure secrecy," he said. The other did not speak—it may be that he could not command his voice—but motioned him to continue.

"I must tell you candidly, parson, in the beginning, that what I have to say relates

entirely, in the first instance, to the death of Horace Levin."

Mr. Roesselle almost sprang from his chair; the blood rushed angrily into his face again, and he had commenced to utter a protest, when Maverick with a strong hand on either shoulder forced him back into the chair, and continued to talk, so rapidly that the other could not interrupt him.

"You need not say a word, sir; not a word. I know all you would say. The subject is unpleasant to you, I am aware; but I cannot help that. You must hear me; if a stronger word is necessary, then I will say, you *shall* hear me. Parson Roesselle, you know that the verdict of the coroner's jury declared that Horace Levin came to his death by his own act. Do you know of any person who dissents from their conclusions, and doubts the correctness of that inquest? You need not answer; I see by your face, that you would tell me that you are surprised that I should suggest any such doubt. Ah sir, let me tell you further, not only do I suggest the doubt, but I have ever believed, and do now believe, that Horace Levin did not die the death of a suicide."

The clergyman started again, and exclaimed, "How could it be otherwise? How—"

"Look at the circumstances," Maverick continued, again forcing him to sit down. "A man is found dead at the foot of a tall cliff, and we will allow that he must have fallen from the top of it, since the marks on his body seem to show it, and since he was seen in the vicinity of the bank above but a few hours previous. He had been disappointed in love—excuse the mention of the well-known fact, sir, but it is necessary; and that, say the jury and the people, is cause enough for the act. Bah, bah!—we all know better. Such things don't happen in America, except in story-books. You are much such a man as was your dead rival, Mr. Roesselle; now would you have killed yourself had you been the disappointed one? Assuredly not; you would laugh at the idea now, if you were not so very sober. But they say that his watch and the picture of his former sweetheart were found carefully put away, and of course by his own hand, at the place of his death, and therefore it must have been a premeditated self-murder. Pish, pish!—that is worse reasoning still. As though a man on the very brink of eternity should think of trinkets or love-tokens! Don't you see the absurdity of the thing? Now, Mr. Parson, I can easily

imagine a way in which this youth may have come to his end. He would not take off the keepsakes that he prized if he was about to kill himself; but I have known young fellows to do just that before a personal conflict. Upon my soul, sir, I believe that there is at least one man alive who can tell the truth about Levin's death; because I think he died in a struggle on the top of that bank. Why could not the fools who examined the spot see that there were footmarks stamped into the ground by *two* pair of boots? Why could they not see that some of the heel-marks showed the print of nail-heads all around the heel, and others had no such marks? I looked for myself, and I found so much with no trouble at all."

The speaker purposely paused, to observe closely the effect that his words produced upon the clergyman. The latter sat nervously working his fingers on the arms of his chair, profoundly agitated, and striving to interrupt the flow of the other's talk. As soon as an opportunity was given him, he exclaimed:

"You talk of this subject in defiance of me; I have told you that it is deeply painful, I have begged you to desist; you will not. If, then, I am compelled to hear what you *will* say, for the sake of my feelings, already pained almost beyond endurance—for my sake, sir, be brief and rapid."

"I want to know what you think of my reasoning—of my conclusion?" Maverick bluntly said.

"I do not wish to converse at all on this topic," was the instant reply. "But if you will have my opinion, I merely say that both your reasoning and your conclusion are absurd, for reasons that I need not state."

"And you think the inquest was right?"

"I think it folly to doubt it. But I am not interested in your groundless suspicions, and I am not the proper person to receive them. I am a minister of the gospel, not an officer of the law."

"Perhaps I may go to a magistrate at Tarrytown with my suspicions," returned Maverick, in a slow and measured tone. "Whether I do or not depends very much on you, Mr. Roesselle."

"Upon me?"

"Upon you. For look you, sir—although you may still pretend that the relation which the lady whom you married once maintained with the man of whom we speak does not and should not interest you to discover all that can be known about the death of

that man—I think otherwise, and I am bound to tell you all I know of that affair. A moment since you heard me say that I believed there was at least one man alive who could tell all about Horace Levin's death; but I can say more than that. I can say with truth, I do say, that there are two men alive who know all about it. And I am one of the two."

"What do you mean?" Roesselle faintly asked.

"I will tell you; and after I have told you, I want you to tell me whether I had better go to Tarrytown and lay my information before the authorities. You see, sir, I insist that you ought to feel an interest in this strange affair, and I insist that the relation in which your wife once stood with this man who is dead, gives me the right to demand your advice. And are not you the clergyman who read the burial service over the corpse? What could be more proper than that you should advise me in this juncture?"

A nervous, impatient motion of the minister's hand told Maverick to go on. He continued, speaking slowly and in a low tone:

"The inquest declared that Levin came to his death on the night of the 17th, or the morning of the 18th of April, 1890. It was, in fact, on the night of the 17th, about nine o'clock. I know the time, because *I was there*, and saw the deed! It was a clear moonlight night, and I had been—no matter where I had been;" and the speaker bit his lip as he remembered that it was the night of his first visit to Augusta Traynor's cottage. "I was riding up the road, when my attention was attracted to a saddle-horse that was tied among some bushes between the road and the bank, and I rode over to see what it meant. I reached the bushes, and thought no more of the horse, for, as I sat in my saddle I looked over their tops, and I saw a scene of which I was the only witness. Two men stood face to face a few feet apart, very near the brow of the cliff, and not more than two rods from me. The light of the moon was strong, and I at once recognized the one farthest from me as Horace Levin. The nearer of the two I did not know immediately; but within the next minute I saw his face and heard his voice, and then I knew him. I sat silently, and neither of them saw me, or had any intimation of my presence.

As I looked, I saw Levin take off his watch and chain and hang them on a bramble, and lay something beside it which he took from his pocket. Then he came toward the other, and shook his fist menacingly in his face. 'I believe you've lied about me,' he said, almost choked with anger. 'Nothing but lies would have done that business.' 'I have not lied about you,' the other replied. 'You have—you have—and you lie when you deny it!' raged Levin. 'You will be ashamed of this, some day,' the other calmly rejoined. 'I'll make you ashamed of your conduct now,' was the next; and Levin shook his fist directly in the other's face. 'There's bad blood between us; I'll fight you now,' Levin cried. 'I have no bad blood with you, and I certainly will not fight,' was the reply. 'Ho, ho! A coward as well as a sneak!' the excited man sneered; and with the words he struck the other a violent blow upon the chest. It staggered him back; but when he recovered his breath and his feet, he had lost all control of himself. He rushed upon Levin like a wild beast, seized him with a strength far beyond his appearance, and hurled him to the ground. Horace Levin fell within a foot of the edge of the cliff, and with the force of the shock that had impelled him there not spent, he rolled over! He threw up his hands and caught some shrubs that grew over the edge, but they yielded, and he disappeared down the cliff. His antagonist ran to the edge, knelt down, and looked over; and when I retired, as silent and unperceived as I came, he was in the same position."

The horror of this revelation bristled in every hair, and distorted every lineament of the listener.

"What!" he gasped, "do you mean that Levin—was—was—"

"Murdered? Yes."

"And you saw it?"

"I saw it."

There was a pause. Roesselle seemed about to ask another question, but his tongue refused him utterance. Augustus Maverick continued:

"I saw it, and I recognized the murderer."

He bent forward, and grasping the arm of the clergyman, he lowered his voice to a thrilling whisper, and pronounced the words:

"And you are the man."

A VISION.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

I closed the book, whose pages weird
 Had held my senses tranced all day;
 What wonder, then, that strange eyes peered
 From out the twilight's shadows gray?

A phantom host stole through my room,
 The shades of heroes long since dead;
 I shuddered in the gathering gloom,
 And awe-struck marked their noiseless tread.

Dark warriors, with their brows deep lined
 By care, in royal pageants passed;
 Vague pictures of the 'wildered mind
 That, fancy-painted, faded fast.

By glamour bound, the silvery swell
 Of music floated to my ear;
 It stirred my soul, a wizard spell,
 & So sweet rung out its throbbings clear.

Kings clad in purple met my gaze,
 Of whose wild splendor I had read;

Mine eyes were dazzled by the blaze
 Of light their gold and jewels shed.

Ah! whence has come this sudden change?
 What is it meets my startled glance?
 Why should the real world look so strange?
 Who woke me from that dreamy trance?

The gas is lit; the embers burn
 With fierce red heat; I sit alone:
 My thoughts from past to present turn,
 And airy phantoms all have flown.

Was there a more heroic age
 Than that wherein we work and wait?
 O, shall we find that history's page
 Can braver deeds than ours relate?

With pulsing throbs the heart of Time
 Beats high, still full of lusty life;
 The present looms up grand, sublime,
 By glory crowned, with greatness rife.

TWO ARROWS AT ONCE.

BY FRANK H. ANGLIER.

ONE pleasant afternoon in June, Mr. Arthur Mortley, having nothing else in particular to do, sat in his office with his feet on the window-sill and looked out into the Park. The dreamy rustling of the trees below him, casting their cool shadows across the pavement before the window, breathing pleasant tales into his willing ears, of country brooks and sunny meadows far away, brought a sweet languor to his brain, and caused Mr. Mortley at that moment to indulge in dreams.

The June term was over. The courts had closed for the long vacation. Mortley's briefs were all stuck into their respective pigeon-holes until the next October, and now there was nothing in particular to prevent him from going to the country for a summer's holiday and rest. Of course he should go to Hertford. That had been decided a year ago, long before he received Tom Trenholm's letter, begging him, if he entertained any regard for his old chum, to come down and help him catch some of those two pound trout that were getting so "sassy." "Bring all your flies and plenty of brown hackles," wrote Tom, "I'll promise you some sport that is

worth coming for." The innocent!—not to know that Hertford held for Mortley something better worth coming for than trout.

If he had not loved her as well as he did, he would have asked her to marry him at once, when he first told her his secret on that golden summer afternoon a year ago. As it was, he had only revealed to her how strong his great love was, and asked her to become his wife some day. Then he was entering an untried profession. He felt that he had no right to invite her to share his fortunes until his position in the great scrub-race of life was more certain and better secured, and it was with no slight satisfaction that his eye, wandering vaguely upward in his reverie, rested now for a moment upon the letters painted across the window-panes, "Blaikie, Fountain & Mortley," and a dream of the future home, radiant with her presence as its mistress, flitted across his mind.

It was not because she was beautiful that Mortley had fallen in love with Eva Trenholm (did I not tell you that her name was Eva?). Neither was it because she was witty, and accomplished, and good, nor yet because

she was Tom's sister. "Confound it!" muttered Arthur, whenever he tried to think of it, "I don't know what it is. I couldn't help it. I would die for her, and she knows it." That was the sum and substance of it. As well ask a daisy why it grows, or a rose why it blooms, as to ask of man or woman their reasons for making targets of themselves for the arrows of Love.

I think that if Eva Trenholm had never seen Arthur Mortley, she never would have loved at all. There is a class of women whose natures are so finely strung, their instincts, passions, tastes and affections so delicately poised and balanced, that they can assimilate with nothing that is not their perfect opposite. There is an instinctive shrinking from all that tends to disturb this natural equilibrium—a quick recoil from whatever is harsh to the inner sense. Let him who would win the affections of women such as these, be wary in his approach. They are the electroscopes of the social world. Their fine perceptions will indicate the presence of a disturbing influence as unerringly as gold foil will reveal the existence of electricity, and the vigilant monitors which hold watch and ward over their hearts will close their doors and bolt them fast.

Eva Trenholm was a woman of this kind. She felt within herself that, as she had never loved but once, so, should this love fail her, she never would love again. She had come to Mortley with her trusting, faithful heart in both her hands, and had said, "Take it; it is yours for all time. I have nothing more to give you." And he had accepted the trust as sacred, as a gift he had not deserved, but for which in his daily prayers he thanked God from his inmost soul.

There seemed no good reason apparent to either of these young people, why the present summer should not witness the consummation of their desires. In one short year Mortley had reached the summit of the weary hill which less fortunate men are often a lifetime in climbing, and found himself in the midst of a successful practice. Now he could return to claim his waiting bride without any pangs of conscience or a distrustful feeling that his eagerness had overbalanced his judgment. There was nothing to prevent his marriage. No doubts or fears had ever come between them. No suspicions of the other's constancy had ever crossed the mind of either. He believed in her as thoroughly as she believed in him, which is more than

one can often say of engaged people in these days of matrimonial plots and counterplots. Therefore it was with a feeling of calm satisfaction that Arthur Mortley sat thinking of these things on that sultry afternoon, with his feet upon the window-sill and his eyes bent upon the rustling trees in the Park.

A week afterward, he met her at the station at Hertford.

"Behold!" she cried, gayly, holding up her riding-whip as she saw him coming across the platform with his carpet-bag; "I've come down for you on horseback, because I knew you would enjoy that better than riding up to the house in the carriage. We can have a good gallop on the way. James will take your luggage."

"Always a thoughtful puss," he said, vaulting lightly into the saddle which the groom vacated for him, and bending tenderly toward her to imprint a kiss upon her lips. "Which way do we go?"

"Through the woods," she said, touching her horse with her whip; "you have no idea how lovely they are, this summer."

"And what news?" he asked.

"Nothing interesting. All I have to offer you will be croquet and driving. Tom adds fishing. The dear boy has gone crazy about trout, and litters the dining-room carpet all over every morning with his feathers and flies. Then Rose is here. She will be company for you whenever I am busy."

"Rose who?" asked Arthur.

"Why, Rose Burnham. Dear little girl! You don't know how she has grown into my heart already."

"Not my cousin Rose?"

"Yes, certainly. Mother became acquainted with her family at the springs last year, so she invited Rose to spend a month with us this summer as company for me. It will be pleasant for you, won't it?"

"I never saw Rose Burnham in my life."

"All the better. I shan't say any more about her then, until you meet her, but you won't see her to-night, for she has gone to the parsonage to tea with Tom, and it will be late when they come home. I refused an invitation because I expected you. It matters nothing. How grandly these trees throw their shadows across the road?"

Rose Burnham at Hertford! If Eva Trenholm only knew how that name had danced like an *ignis fatuus* before the mental vision of her lover in years that were gone! Mortley had heard of his cousin here and there, in

a hundred different places—heard of her as something bright and pretty, a tender blossom among the seedy stalks that clustered about the old Mortley homestead, but never yet had he placed eyes upon her. So invariably had she eluded him, that he had almost doubted whether her avoidance of him were not intentional. If he visited the old farm, she was ever absent. If he went to Newport in the hope of meeting her (for he did take that amount of trouble on two different occasions), she would be gone with her parents to some other spot. In his younger days, in fact, Mortley had searched high and low for this little female jack-o-lantern, until he began to believe her to have but a mythical existence at best. Then a new star dawned upon his world, and nebulae had no longer an interest for him.

And this new star shone so brightly into his life! How its soft and tender light brightened the dark corners and made glad the waste places! She looked so queenly to him as she rode under the shadows of the wood, her yellow hair falling loosely down upon the dark velvet of her riding-habit, and her frank, blue eyes turned ever and anon toward him with some eager question!

She was not one who would pass as beautiful in the eyes of the world. Eva Trenholm was of a type essentially American. Slender and graceful in figure, soft and pliant in outline, almost fragile in the delicacy of her proportions, the contour of her face and form suggested intellectuality rather than beauty. Her eyes were large and blue—twin orbs which held all truth and ingenuousness swimming in their clear depths. Her mouth was small and delicately outlined—a trembling, sensitive mouth, that was wont to betray the presence of every passing emotion. Her carriage was that of a refined superiority, almost of queenly command. If it was beauty at all, it was an imperial beauty, a beauty fit to be given to the mother of a king. Her hand was white and soft, dimpled upon the knuckles, rose-pink upon the palms, much like the hands of other American girls, but firm to clasp, and with something in its touch that indicated resolution and perhaps a certain strength of character—which last quality, I take it, is more easily discoverable through the grasp of a hand than in any other manner, whether it be given by man or woman. But it was not so much the beauty of her face as the beauty of her presence, that grew upon Arthur Mortley. It was the

musical rhythm of her every movement, the grace and harmony of all that she did, that had thrown about him a magnetic and potent spell.

They reached an opening in the wood which looked out upon a rolling landscape, in the midst of which a wreath of blue smoke curled softly upward into the still evening air from behind a little grove of trees.

"*Voilà—the house!*" exclaimed Eva. "I'll try a gallop with you from here to the gate; and tightening her rein, she urged forward her horse, and was soon lost from Mortley's sight in a cloud of dust.

"Well done!" said Arthur, when he had caught her, tossing his whip to the boy who came out to take the horses. "What kind of rider is my cousin Rose?"

"I am not a judge, but I think she rides well. She is a very little girl, you know."

He lifted her lightly from her horse and held her for a moment before letting her go. A look which spoke volumes went out from his eyes into hers as he did so. If she had ever doubted his faith, that quick, sudden flash of intelligence, speeding with the swiftness of thought from his brain to hers, would have banished forever her suspicions. It told her more than all his words had ever done.

The first greeting from the family over, he resigned himself without resistance to the magic of her influence. By a necromantic spell, more wonderful than the arts of Circe, she held him through the evening. To him her very presence by his side was a joy whose full measure he could hardly yet realize. At the piano as he turned her music; at the little game of chess under the evening lamp; in their walk upon the broad piazza in the moonlight before retiring for the night, the whole burden of his grateful thought was, "She is mine! She has promised to be my wife!" And with the short-sightedness of all men in love, he felt to the fullest the burning ardor of his own passion without knowing the real measure of its depth or strength. No hard experience as yet had tried his constancy or purified his heart. Who shall say that even now he was not deceiving himself and her?

The birds were carolling their early matins when Arthur awoke next morning and threw open his window. Below him was a sea of gorgeous blooms, tossing their subtle fragrance into the clear air. The dew hung in crystal drops from the cups of golden blossoms that bent beneath their weight of trem-

bling pendants, and a fresh, earthy smell came up from the damp flower-beds in the garden. Leaning upon the window-sill for a moment, and peering down through the leaves of a vine that partly obstructed his view, Mortley's eyes fell upon a neatly-dressed female figure seated upon the steps of the piazza, and engaged, apparently, in tying together the stems of a bunch of crimson roses. Her face was hidden by the rim of a broad straw hat, which so concealed her head and shoulders as to leave in view for Mortley's edification only a pair of very small, white hands, which seemed just then to be deftly busy. He knew that Eva was an early riser, although he had hardly expected her to be up and stirring so soon as this; but not to be too far behind-hand, he finished dressing himself and descended to the piazza. Without a doubt that it was really Eva before him, he advanced softly toward her and placed both hands upon her shoulders. The wide straw hat was lifted suddenly, and a surprised face, which was not Eva Trenholm's, was turned to meet his gaze. Mortley stepped back in some confusion.

"Halloo!" he said. "I beg your pardon."

She looked at him for a moment as though studying his features well, and then replied:

"Halloo! Who are you?"

The brusqueness of her manner, and the mischievous look in her wide, brown eyes, made Arthur laugh in spite of himself.

"Just what I was about to ask you," he said. "When I saw you from the window, I thought it was Miss Trenholm."

"Well, you see it isn't Miss Trenholm. And what then?"

"Tell me *who*, then, first."

"There goes my best rose, right down in the wet dirt. Pick it up, please?"

Mortley stooped for the flower, and with his knife divested the branch of its thorns before returning it.

"Thorns are bad for the fingers," he said.

"You had better let me doctor the rest of them for you."

"O yes, do," she exclaimed, handing him the whole bunch; "I've pricked my fingers with them awfully, already. Let's see. You were going to tell me your name, you know."

Mortley looked into her eyes and laughed again.

"I believe you know it already," he said.

"I suppose you are Arthur Mortley, aren't you? Well, I am Rose Burnham—your cousin, you know. You can kiss me if you want to."

To this challenge Arthur, nothing loth, at once responded, but, whether it was from nervousness, or over-eagerness, or a miscalculation of their relative heights of stature I cannot say, his lips touched her face at a point some distance above their intended place of junction, and he kissed the tip of her nose.

"O dear!" she said, "that's not the way to kiss a cousin. Here now!"

So, saying, she threw both her arms about his neck, and pressed her ripe, red lips to his, in a burning, sensuous kiss, which tingled through Arthur's memory to his dying day.

"That's the way to kiss cousins," she exclaimed. "Cousins are next to sisters, you know, only a little better. You are going to stay here some time, aren't you? There's no use asking that, though, for I know you are. I did hear you were going to be married before you went home. It's so, isn't it. Hertford is a great place for such things. Would you believe it? I have only been here two weeks, and one of these precious Hertford youths has been down on his knees already. Singular, isn't it?"

She untied the ribbons of her hat and shook out a glorious mass of brown ringlets, which the morning breeze at once seized upon in great delight, as its own appropriate playthings. Was it not somewhat strange that a slight feeling, as of pain, should flit across Mortley's consciousness as she told him this? It was hardly a palpable sensation—only a shadowy, vague impression, but he regretted that the thing had happened, or having happened, that she had spoken of it.

"Very singular," he said,—"that it should have taken him two weeks to do it."

"O nonsense!" she replied, with an impatient gesture; "don't spoil my good opinion of you by making such silly remarks. Here comes Eva. Give me the roses, please. I picked them for her."

She snatched the flowers from Mortley's hand and rose hastily.

"You have dispensed with all need for an introduction, I see," said Eva, stopping upon the threshold of the hall. "I hope you haven't begun to quarrel already."

"O no, we're going to like each other famously—at least," said Rose, innocently; "I am going to like him, and it won't be my fault if he doesn't like me. Here are some roses, dear—Folly's peace-offering to Wisdom. Accept them, do."

She went to her and twined her arm about

Eva's waist as she presented the nosegay, and as the two girls stood there in the doorway—the one so tall and stately, and with frank, blue eyes bent pleasantly toward the *petite* figure at her side, the other laughingly shaking her brown ringlets about, and resting her pink cheek against her companion's shoulder—a recognition of the contrast between them arose involuntarily in Arthur's mind. He did not know that he was contrasting them. He would not have acknowledged that there was the slightest opportunity for comparison, but, nevertheless, he did wonder, as he stepped across the piazza, to take Eva's hand, how it was that Rose seemed so much prettier and more attractive to him, just then, than she.

"Yes, and if he doesn't fall in love with you quite, before you have done with him," said Eva, "it will be because he has greater power of resistance than all the other men have. This little witch is a sad destroyer of hearts, Arthur."

"Now don't, please," exclaimed Rose, turning from pink to crimson. "If they will fall in love with me, how can I help it? I'm sure I don't want them to, and I know Arthur has too much good sense to do anything so foolish. There goes the breakfast-bell, and I'm glad of it, for I'm awfully hungry."

There was something in this little chatoyant, sparkling girl, which to Arthur Mortley was fast proving strangely magnetic. Already she had cast about him the shadow of a spell, in which she was yet to bind him in, still stronger bondage. Not yet did he suspect his thralldom, or begin to feel the potency of her charms. It was still too soon for that, but even now he acknowledged to himself her beauty, her grace, and her overflowing exuberance of spirits—in all of which qualities, it seemed to him, she contrasted favorably with Eva. Her attractiveness was a new sensation for him. She seemed to owe it to a faculty over which she had no control. She affected nothing. Whatever she was, it seemed to be spontaneous and natural, a free growth from a simple, unthinking, girlish heart, too innocent for coquetry or deception. Her freshness interested him, and with a grand confidence that he stood beyond the reach of danger, Arthur Mortley resolved to make a study of her. The fact that he occupied the relation of cousin, and that he was engaged to another woman, would act as an insulator for him, and he could play with her electricity without fear of being scorched.

With characteristic *abandon* he resigned himself to the delights which Hartford had to offer him. Soon there was a whirl of silks and satins in the house of Trenholm, and work was commenced upon Eva's bridal trousseau. Her engagements in these pleasant, exciting preparations left Arthur and Rose much together, and there were many drives to the station for letters, strolls into the wood for mosses, and rambles over the fields for berries, when Eva was not with them, or her restraining influence over them. Even Tom was forgotten. To Arthur the days at first were one long dream of peace. Softly and quietly the hours slipped by—told off like golden beads upon the rosary of life—and happiness slumbered for him in the cool shadows of the woods, in the depths of the clear waters of the river, and in the warm sunlight on the meadows. It drifted over him with the afternoon clouds, and was whispered to him by fragrant winds that came redolent with the breath of hayfields. It was sung to him by the robins in the old orchard, it was rustled softly by the branches of the trees, it was droued by the bees amid the clover—over the same song—"peace, peace—here is perfect peace;" and by the fern-fringed borders of tumbling brooks, by the rambling lines of moss-grown walls, in the pastures, on the hillside, in the fields of waving corn, he heard the same sweet melody ringing out into the summer air—"peace bloometh in the Garden of God, and happiness is our everlasting heritage."

But this feeling of quiet happiness was not destined to last. Through all these days there was being woven about him a web so subtle that he saw it not until he found himself entangled in its meshes. The swift shuttle of Fate, though it carried a silver thread, was none the less twisting a cord which was to bind him fast. Unconsciously, even to herself, this little laughing witch, with her soft brown eyes and clustering curls, was driving a golden wedge into his life which at last had entered his heart. Then the days grew dark, and the stars became pale and thoughtful. Once he was conscious of asking himself this question,—"Is it possible for a man to love two women at once?" Then he cursed himself for an idle fool, and went out into the woods alone to reason with himself.

O, the racking misery of it! Either he loved Eva Trenholm, or he did not. If he did not, was he doing a thing honorable in the sight of God to make her his wife, whatever

such a course might be in the eyes of men? Was this dashing meteor which had flashed into his world worthy of the sacrifice? Was she true and faithful? Did she care for him? All these questions he asked himself while he was trying to grind down his growing love for her, and to trample upon it and beat it out of his heart.

And yet whatever Rose Burnham did she did unconsciously. If she had bewitched this man, she did not know it. That he was more attentive to her wishes than was compatible with the relations which he held to Eva Trenholm, she was, perhaps, vaguely conscious; but then the attentions were agreeable, and it was not in woman's nature, much less a nature like Rose Burnham's, to resist the temptation which was opened thereby for an innocent flirtation. There never dawned upon her mind a suspicion that he might be in earnest. The poor fellow must have amusement, and was she not invited to Hertford to amuse him? If he made a fool of himself, which was not likely, at all events, it was not her fault. And so she accepted his invitations to ride, and boated with him on the river, and played croquet with him upon the lawn, without a thought that she was teaching him the saddest of lessons on the danger of playing with fire.

To him the days, which were to have been so fruitful with tender delights, were full of hopeless misery. With a fierceness which can never be told, Arthur Mortley wrestled with himself. Of the intensity of that struggle, none but himself ever knew. Heroic in little things he might be, but to this fearful test his moral strength was not equal, and with an overwhelming sense of degradation and shame upon him, he allowed himself to be drawn still further into the maelstrom, whose roar even now came to his ears from far over the troubled waters. He could not choose between these two women. If he might have married them both, he would undoubtedly have done so as the easiest mode of escape. Probably, in that case, he would have loved them both through all his life as dearly as he did at present, for there never would have come to him the terrible experience, which afterward taught him that what men fail to discern alone, a Higher Intelligence will sometimes reveal to them.

One day, as he lay under the trees on the river bank, a shadow fell upon him. It was cast by a sunburned, coatless young man in a straw hat, who stopped and leaned upon the

fence for a moment to look at the water.

"Are you Mr. Mortley?" asked the stranger.

"I am," replied Arthur; "very much at your service, I'm sure."

"Then you are the man I have been wanting to see," replied the stranger, cutting a splinter from the fence with his knife, and beginning to whittle it into a toothpick.

"Very well, sir, I am here for your inspection."

"It was about Miss Burnham, that I wished to speak," said the man, hesitatingly. "Are you going to marry the girl?"

"I once had a friend," replied Arthur, raising himself on one elbow and looking at the stranger steadily; "who was a doctor, and on one occasion I was rash enough to ask him what it was that he had given me."

"Well?"

"And then he told me it was none of my business."

"I didn't come here to bandy words," said the man, fiercely. "Perhaps you don't know me. My name is Fairlie—Eben. Fairlie. They do say you are engaged to be married to Squire Trenholm's daughter, and there are those who think, if you care nothing for Rose Burnham, that it would be manly in you to stand aside and give others a chance."

"True," said Mortley, reflectively gazing before him into space.

"Is that all the answer you have for me?" asked the man, sullenly.

"My dear friend," replied Arthur, jumping up and taking him by the hand, "if you will answer for me the question you have asked about this girl, I will be your debtor for life. Do you know whether she cares for me?"

"You are trifling with me," said Fairlie, angrily. "If it hadn't been for your cursed fooling with her, she might have looked at me. I don't lay up any grudge against you, but God forgive you, if you are wronging either her or t'other poor girl. That's all."

Then he shut up the blade of his knife savagely, and walked away.

That night it was late when Mortley returned from his walk. He sauntered wearily into the parlor, and stood for a moment in the middle of the room, trying to penetrate the dusky gloom. The lamps were not yet lighted, and a figure sat in the recess of the deep bay window, its dark outline revealed against the lighter sky without.

"Rose," he exclaimed, "is it you?"

"Yes," she said. "What kept you away

from supper, you truant? Off fishing with Tom?"

"I have been trying to solve a question in metaphysics," he replied, taking a seat upon an ottoman at her feet, "and I think fate has sent you to help me."

"O dear!" said Rose, "I don't know anything about metaphysics."

"Do you believe a man may have two hearts?"

"I don't know," she said. "Men are strange creatures. I know that a woman could not."

"Because I know a man," he continued, "who at this moment cannot decide which of two women is dearest to him."

"He is much to be pitied," said Rose.

"He certainly is."

"Is that the problem you have been studying all the afternoon?"

"I have been studying it much longer than that. Now I come to you for help."

"And if this man does not know himself what he should do?" said Rose; "how can he expect you, who have no interest in the matter, to decide for him?"

"He has left it to me and to Destiny to guide him," returned Mortley, "and Destiny has brought me to you."

"You foolish boy. I know nothing of these abstract questions. They are all riddles to me. How do you expect me to help you?"

"By marrying me!"

"O Arthur!"

He had placed his hand upon hers, but she recoiled from him as though he had stung her. He could see, by looking past her toward the window, that her bosom was heaving tumultuously, and he heard her breath come quick and fast.

"Rose! Rose!" he cried. "You can never know what I have suffered. I have cursed myself for my wretched folly, but I have not had the courage to tell her of this thing, or to leave this unhappy place. God knows, I would do no wrong. It is fate—fate. Had she been here to-night, instead of you, I should have asked her to save me."

She was silent for a moment, while her breath came more easily. Then she bent toward him and with her hand brushed back the hair from his hot forehead.

"Arthur," she said, quietly, "had you never seen me, you would never have doubted your love for her."

"No," he replied. "I never until this moment knew my own heart."

"You do not know it now," said Rose.

"You judge me by the past," he answered.

"Has all this terrible struggle wrought no change in me? Do all these days of helpless misery count for nothing?"

"If I should tell you," said Rose, "that what you ask can never be—that you must go back to her whose happiness you would have me ruin—go back and tell her of the terrible wrong you were so nearly doing her, and ask her forgiveness on your knees—what would you do?"

He buried his face in his hands and was silent. He remained so long in this position without speaking, that Rose at last placed her hand upon his shoulder, to recall him to himself. Then he raised his head and said, in a hoarse whisper:

"I should go."

"Then," she said, "let us forget what has passed between us. Never allow yourself to think, Arthur, of what might have been. I would not be your wife now, even though I did not know that your love for Eva is at this moment far deeper and greater than any feeling you have for me. I think your problem is solved."

She bent her face toward his and kissed him, and then rose from her seat.

"It is not solved," he cried, catching her dress to retain her. "If this had happened sooner—if I had said to you a year ago what I have said to-night—would your answer have been the same?"

She paused a moment before replying. Then she said, very quietly:

"It will do you no good to know that. I cannot tell you."

She loosed her dress from his grasp and glided softly from the room, while Mortley turned to the window and gazed vacantly out at the deepening twilight. He did not see, as he stood there, lost in a bewildered maze of reflection, the movement of a woman's figure, which had sunk down beneath the open window with both hands pressed upon the temples. If he had seen it, the sight would have done little toward calming his emotions, for the figure was that of Eva Tranholm.

After he had betaken himself to bed, his scattered thoughts had an opportunity to arrange themselves. In the stillness and privacy of his own room, he soon recovered from the first stunning effect of his blow, and was able to see the full measure of his folly. But even now he experienced no relief from his self-inflicted torture. Was his love for Rose the

less a true love because its object was unattainable? To him the new hopelessness of his passion for her was only a fresh cause for wretchedness. He did not yet recognize the wide divergence between these two currents of feeling. He had not yet learned that the one was the froth and the other the wine—the one passion and the other love. There is a vast difference between these two, but Mortley had not learned it. It needed a sterner teacher than Rose to reveal it to him. Tossing in feverish restlessness from side to side upon his couch, he lay awake for hours, asking himself what he should do. The terrible problem seemed no nearer a solution now than ever before. And yet, in the silence and stillness of the night, Providence, which took as much care of Arthur Mortley's affairs as it does of other people's, was working out the answer for him.

He had dropped at last into a troubled, broken sleep, from which he suddenly awoke with a nervous start. The room seemed strangely light, and as he lay for a moment trying to collect his yet half-aroused faculties, there came vibrating across his consciousness the distant sound of a bell. A subdued and muffled roar, striking upon his ear like the roll of a far-off sea, awoke in him an indefinable sensation of terror, and he arose and threw open the window. A burst of dense, black smoke flashed into his face as he did so, and took away his breath. A sound of many voices, a hurrying of people to and fro without, a crash of falling timbers and the blinding light which streamed into the room, brought him more completely to himself. Closing the sash again to shut out the clouds of smoke, he hastily donned a few pieces of clothing, and then, dropping to the roof of the piazza, he slipped safely down the water-leads into the arms of the people who were standing below.

The strange, intense light, and its lurid reflection upon the sky, had aroused the country people round about for miles, and already they came running across the fields toward the Trenholm mansion, some with ropes, some with buckets, and some with axes and hatchets. No one seemed to know the origin of the fire, and no one at that crisis of affairs stopped to speculate upon the matter. A line of men, under the leadership of a stalwart man in a dark blue blouse, had formed between the well and the house, and was rapidly passing forward buckets of water to throw upon the flames. The others stood in

a circle at a comfortable distance from the burning building, and stared at the work of destruction in bewildered apathy.

Scarcely had Mortley reached the ground, when there appeared at a window in the north wing of the mansion, a figure, which the crowd at once recognized as Eva Trenholm.

"A ladder—a ladder!" they all cried. "Has no one brought a ladder?"

A dozen men started off across the fields with the speed of men running for their lives. Mortley remembered seeing, some days before, a ladder in the barn. Thither he directed his course, and breaking the lock of the door with one blow of an axe, he seized the object of his search and came striding toward the scene of action. The fire had caught in the main portion of the house. Mr. Trenholm and the servants had escaped without injury before the alarm had been given, but so rapid had been the rush of the destroying element, that all communication with the wings of the building had been almost immediately cut off. The apartment occupied by Eva Trenholm was adjoining that assigned to Rose during her stay, though there was no communication between the two. As Mortley, making gigantic strides over the ground, returned with his burden, a cheer went up from the sea of anxious faces upturned in the red light toward that pale figure in the window, but as he looked upward too, he saw a second figure at the other window, standing back in the shadow of the room. He knew that this was Rose Burnham.

Shall I tell you that at that sight Arthur Mortley's heart stood still? Now, at this awful moment, amid the roar of the flames and the falling of stones and timber, in the terrible glare and heat of fire and amid the crash and terror of destruction, the truth came to him as to which of these two women he really loved. They say that drowning men recall in the one brief moment that is left to them, before Death closes his icy fingers around them, the most trivial incidents of their lives. In that instant there came upon Mortley a recollection, terrible in its distinctness, of the minutest events of the past few weeks, and in one quick second of time he suffered anew the intensified torture of the whole period of his struggle. Yet, though his heart for a moment stopped its pulsations, his feet never once faltered. In that hurried upward glance at those two shadowy figures above him, Arthur Mortley read the solution

of his problem. There was no time to lose. Already the fiery tongues of flame were creeping along the roof of the wing, and in a moment all help would come too late. There could be scarcely time to save them both, and with a steady arm, Mortley planted one end of his ladder on the ground, and lifted the other until it touched the sill of one of the windows. But it was Eva Trenholm's window, and not Rose Burnham's.

A dozen men rushed toward him and offered to ascend to the rescue, but he waved them off, and began to battle his way alone through the smoke that poured down upon him and blinded him. He had turned, when half way up, to wave farewell to the other shadowy figure, which still stood half-concealed behind the curtains of her room. Then a joyful shout came upward to his ears from the crowd below, and another ladder was raised beside him and up against the second window. The man in the blue blouse was springing lightly up it, and looking down upon him, Arthur Mortley's eyes met those of Eben Fairlie.

Cruel as was the lesson of that fearful night, there were at least four persons who thanked God that it had been taught them. When

daylight dawned upon the smoking ruins, and they stood together gazing at the blackened timbers, four silent thanksgivings arose to Him who ruleth all things, that beneath those smouldering ashes no hearts were buried. In Eva Trenholm's mind there existed no self-torturing doubt as to the course she should pursue. Knowing all, as she already did, she could not go to her fate blindly. To her there was no need for better proof of Arthur Mortley's true nature, than the past night had revealed to her. She knew of his sufferings and respected them. She felt the real existence of that silent current of love which had all the time been setting from his heart toward her—which had never for a moment stopped; though turned aside for a period from its gentle purring course, by a single flower which Fate had thrown upon it. And Eva Trenholm, strong in the one virtue in which all women are strong—stronger even in that, perhaps, than some—still held her heart in both her hands; and said to Arthur Mortley as of old, "It is thine for all time." And I do not think that either he or she has ever thought to reproach Cupid for shooting two arrows at once.

FRUSTRATED HOPES.

BY A CORPORAL, OF CO. "Q."

I HAVE just finished reading, with intense interest, Lieutenant Sly's wonderful adventures in Louisiana, as narrated by James Franklin Fitts, in the July and September numbers of your excellent magazine. As a former member of the brave old "411th," I take almost a personal interest in the reminiscences of the lieutenant. That they are truthful, in part at least, I can vouch, from my own memory. I am sure the regiment turned back from the march towards Alexandria, and that we met the adjutant the same day; but the little circumstances of the alligator, and the rescue from Ballie Vinson's guerrillas, have wholly escaped my recollection; probably from the fact that, as a member of "Co. L," I was not with the detachment which came to the rescue at the critical moment, which Captain Fitts so graphically describes. From my knowledge of the adjutant's general reputation for veracity, I am sure the whole account must be true. The

adjutant needs no praise from me. He was a brave soldier, and an excellent officer; and the scars which he will bear through life sufficiently attest his bravery on that terrible 14th of June at Port Hudson, and afterwards in "the valley."

He will not remember the humble corporal of "Co. Q," who used to note with unbounded admiration the soldierly stride, his fearful "Grecian Bend," and his inimitable salute *en quarts*, as he marched to the front, and presented the regiment at dress parade. How we watched, with unutterable anxiety, the growth of his feeble mustache (the only feeble thing about him by the way); and how greatly we rejoiced, when, at length, it became visible to the naked eye as he faced the regiment at regulation distance! Behold, all these things are written in the memory of the veterans of the "411th," but as none possessed the adjutant's descriptive powers, they have never been committed to paper.

Though the adjutant was a gallant son of Mars, he was no less a worshipper at Venus's shrine. There, too, he stood confessedly the first amid a host. He does not tell us of his adventures in love as well as war. Perhaps his natural modesty forbids; but just here secure to say mind an incident which may serve to throw a still brighter halo of glory around his martial brow.

It was on the same march back to Brashear from Alexandria. Our orders were to collect all "contrabands," together with all means of transportation along our line of march, and to convoy them to Brashear, which was to be made a recruiting rendezvous for the new Corps d'Afrique.

Such a medley of sights and sounds as our train presented on that march; was probably seldom witnessed during the war—always excepting the wonderful march to the sea. Negroes, carts, family carriages, mules, darkies of all ages, sizes and complexions, feather beds, stoves, dills and satins, were indiscriminately "mixed" and strewn along the line of march for nearly half a score of miles.

The news of our coming went before us, and at each plantation we would meet crowds of darkies eager to go to "de land of Canaan with Massa Linkum's men;" while shouts of "Glory!" "Bress de Lord!" "Hallelujah!" and "we's gwine wid you all," would fill the air with such a joyful chorus as the cypress woods along Bayou Teche never before echoed.

The "411th," had a weakness for door-yards, and as the evening shadows of the gray-bearded live-oaks began to lengthen across the road, "old Galsim's" "eagle eye" (when not suffused with tears at the recollection of that bottle of claret which his hostess of last night did not produce) would eagerly scan the horizon for plantation door-yards. When one apparently suitable was discovered, Adjutant Sly would boldly ride forward to reconnoitre, and returning, report as to the number and appearance of the young ladies, the prospects for coffee and corn-dodger, and sometimes, if it occurred to him, would mention the size of the door-yard and the chances for wood and water. On this occasion the report was favorable, and soon we camped.

"Colonel Grizzly" and staff were met by a "ladye faire" of middle age and vinegary aspect, who, contrary to custom and expectation, welcomed them warmly; professed the strongest Union sentiments; opened her

parlor and piano; and soon the brave adjutant was soothing the dogs of war with soft, sweet music. A bounteous supper was soon in course of preparation—while, to fill the cup of their happiness, two young ladies of most exorcinatingly lovely forms and smiling faces made their appearance, and the acquaintance of the officers.

Arabella, the elder, whose hair inclined to the auburn tint, but which curled most bewitchingly, attracted probably by the adjutant's resemblance to herself in the capillary line, approached and engaged him in conversation. The hero of Bismarck and the remorseless slaughter of Balfie Vinson (who, alas for romance! still lives, a freight agent in Louisiana,) was soon entranced beyond recall. It was evidently a case of love at first sight. I dare not say how many visions of plantations and cotton bales, negroes and sugar cane, with Arabella into the bargain, all in that paradise of the Attakapas, flitted through his mind.

But outside, we of the musket and knapsack made our fires, boiled our coffee, and discussed the singularity of the fact, that at this plantation there were no darkies to greet us with rows of glittering ivories and shining eyeballs glistening like new constellations in these low latitudes. Beyond a few house servants, who gave us no manifestations of welcome, there were no negroes to be seen about the place. At length, some adventurous soldier in quest of hoe-cake discovered away up in the garret dark faces and woolly heads projecting from a window.

The news spread. A ladder was procured and down came a troop of Africans some thirty in number, whom their mistress fondly believed safely hidden from the prying eyes of the Yankees.

But soon she heard of the discovery, and "O, what a change was there, my countrymen!" Her black eyes snapped; her vinegary face grew still more acid; gone were her welcoming smiles; and with a voice as sweet as fourteen cat-concerts, she eloquently bade the officers, in Southern phrase, to "git."

"Out of this house, you infernal Yankee nigger thieves! you robbers! you desecrators of Southern homes! Ditch, stop the chicken-doin's!"

Arabella's turn-up nose aspired still higher. Bang! went the lids of her piano, and in a tone yet shriller than her mother's she, too, gave orders to "git!" It was whispered that she even seized the adjutant by his flowing

locks with her own fair, musical fingers, and direful would the result have been had not the colonel interfered and saved "Mr. Sly."

Slowly the colonel and staff left the room. Sadly they retreated to the far end of the piazza; sullenly they ordered their servants to bring coffee from the commissary. But no power could drive them from the piazza; that was their citadel; and there they resolved to "do or die."

Alas for visions of Arabella and Attakapas plantations! "Gone like the baseless fabric of a dream."

The shock to his most sensitive feelings was too great. For days after, the adjutant's usually genial countenance wore a look of

gloom that not even rumors of an extra issue of "Commissary" could wholly remove.

The exciting events of the succeeding weeks may have dalled the pain of the wounds which his too susceptible bosom had sustained; but I verily believe that to this day he carries scars upon his heart as lasting as any made by bullets.

To us, who, in the crowded door-yard, heard with terror the shrill voice of the madam, and viewed with affright the officers retreat, the newly emancipated brought hoe-cakes innumerable, and unlike the officers we had reason to rejoice in our "chicken doins."

Truly it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good.

A TRAGEDY.

BY MARY N. ROCKWELL.

WINTER.

No Christmas tree for us, my boys,
Shall bear its magic fruit to-night;
We miss one from our household band
Who long hath shared with us its light.

O, pale and patient little hands,
That toiled so faithfully for me!
God grant that his green tree of life
Shall be to-night my Christmas tree.

SPRING.

Flowers that she watched bloom at her head:
Ay, "gone is gone, and dead is dead!"
Pinks that she loved, pale and sweet,
Plant I here at the weary feet.

Periwinkle, with eyes of blue,
Weave thy green web o'er the heart so true;

Christmas roses, with blossoms red,
Brighten, I charge ye, her lowly bed!

SUMMER.

Roses nodding in misty rain,
Chanting low this sad refrain:
"Only a *lost life* comes not again."
River, hush thy moaning song.
Whispering low of fearful wrong,
Bid me not doubt her hope of heaven—
"To whom loveth much, is not much for-
given!"

AUTUMN.

Autumn, bearing golden sheaves,
Shed o'er her grave thy mantle of leaves;
O'er it thou weepst with chilling rain,
"Only a *lost life* comes not again."

THE VOYAGE OF THE LAPWING.

BY ELIZABETH NIGELOW.

PHEBE sat on the doorstep, with the afternoon sunshine glinting in her hair and playing about the tangle of bright-colored worsteds that lay in her lap. Her forehead was wrinkled up, and her blue, babyish eyes had a perplexed, almost a despairing look in them; for it was a very intricate piece of work that Phebe was engaged upon, and her worsteds were getting hopelessly tangled up together. It was a crocheted tidy, the pattern of which Samantha Staples had brought home with her from Ipswich, where she had been

at school, and whose like had never been seen on the Cape before. At first it had seemed easy enough, and Phebe had worked on gayly, knitting in hopes and fancies brighter than the wools; but now it was so vexing that her face grew really distressed, and she heaved a great sigh from the very bottom of her heart that brought Aunt Jane to the door.

"Umph! when I was young girls didn't waste their time over such foolishness," said Aunt Jane. "Spolling your eyesight and

crooking your back, tea. If you were at the spinning-wheel—"

"But, Aunt Jane, this is so lovely! And—and it's for the cabin of the Lapwing!" And a bright, rosy flush came over Phebe's face as she looked up cannily into her aunt's. "I want it to look just as pretty and homelike as possible, you know."

Aunt Jane sniffed contemptuously, but her puckered-up mouth relaxed a little.

"You had better been a mending your stockings. There's a whole basketful of 'em on the sitting-room table."

"I forgot them, aunty. I'll go and mend them right away," said Phebe.

"O, you needn't hurry, now. I couldn't bear to see them setting there all day—I never did hold with such shiftless ways—so I mended 'em myself."

"What a dear, good, old aunty it is!" said Phebe, throwing her arm around her neck, "and what in the world shall I do without her?"

"There, there, child! don't bag me!" said Aunt Jane, smoothing her rumpled collar. "There's Gilbert coming down the road;" and she vanished into the house.

"Poor Aunt Jane!" said Phebe to herself, with a little sigh. She never minded if Aunt Jane was a little cross, for she knew what a faithful, tender heart she had, and she always remembered the great disappointment of her life, which people said had "soured" her. Long ago, before Phebe was born, Aunt Jane's lover had sailed out of that very harbor that was in sight from the doorway where Phebe sat, and had never come back again. "Ah, what should I do," said Phebe to herself, "if—" and then she *did* give one glance up the road at the tall, manly figure that was coming that way, though before she had kept her eyes coquettishly averted.

It wasn't Gilbert; it wasn't his gait. Phebe saw it with a pang of disappointment, though a moment before you would have thought from her face and attitude that she was perfectly indifferent as to who might be coming down the road.

But who could it be? Such tall, handsome young men were not very plentiful in Rockport. He must be a stranger. "But I have seen him before," said Phebe to herself, and then suddenly remembered when. A ship, bound on a foreign voyage, had put in the harbor for repairs the day before, and one of the village girls had pointed out this young man, whom they had met in the street, as its

captain—Captain Matthews. But what could he be coming there for?

He leaned over the gate and lifted his hat, with a very graceful bow for a sailor.

"This is Miss Hanson?" he said, as Phebe went towards him, with wonder in her eyes.

Phebe made a demure little bow.

"Can I see you alone for a few moments?" he said, in a voice that sounded strange and husky, and impressed Phebe with a sudden fancy that she had, somewhere, heard it before.

Phebe looked back towards the house. Aunt Jane was not in sight; she had gone to the kitchen to make biscuits for tea.

"We are quite alone, sir," said Phebe, with dignity, yet not without a little tremor in her voice, for she was a little afraid of this man whose manner was so strange.

He glanced furtively around him until quite sure that no one was in sight. Then he removed his cap and a wig of jet black hair that had covered his head, next a false mustache and whiskers of the same color, and a fair-haired, smooth-faced young man was revealed.

Phebe grew white, and started back.

"Phebe, don't you remember?" he said, holding his arms out towards her; and his voice was very different. Phebe drew near him again, with her blue eyes fixed like one in a dream. She touched his hand with a sort of curious wonder, as if to discover if it were real flesh and blood.

"O Joe, Joe! I can't believe it is you!" she cried, then, falling into his arms. He folded her tightly to his heart, and kissed her bright hair tenderly. "But, Joe, tell me how you escaped—how it all happened, for I feel as if I were dreaming?" said Phebe.

He cast a quick, cautious glance around again—he was used, evidently, to keeping always on his guard—and put on his false hair and beard.

Phebe started away from him again.

"I don't like to see you with those on. I don't believe that it is you when I see them!" she said.

But he gathered her into his arms again, laughing, and began to talk, low and earnestly, and in her eagerness to hear his explanations Phebe forgot his unnatural look.

As they stood there, his arm around Phebe's waist her hand resting on his shoulder, a young man came around the turn in the road, in full view, though they were too much occupied with each other to see

him. But he saw them, and started at the sight, while a dark flush overspread his handsome, sunburnt face.

He had almost reached her side before Phebe saw him; when she did see him she stepped suddenly away from Captain Matthews, her cheeks flaming.

"Let me introduce you to Captain Drew, Captain Matthews," she said, with an evident struggle for composure. "Captain Matthews is an old friend of mine, Gilbert."

"I should judge so," said Captain Gilbert Drew, shortly, making a little curt bow to Captain Matthews, but ignoring his proffered hand.

He was honest and straightforward, this young sailor, and could not dissemble his anger. He would not shake hands with a man who a moment before had had his arm around his sweetheart's waist.

"I think I may as well bid you good-by, Phebe," said Captain Matthews, and held Phebe's hand in a long and close pressure, bowed profoundly to Gilbert Drew, who regarded him with something very like a scowl, and took his departure.

"Well?" said the irate young captain, looking steadily into Phebe's face.

She was watching the retreating figure with anxious, it seemed to Gilbert Drew with tender eyes, and did not heed his angry tone; but when she caught sight of his stern, set face and flashing eyes a deep flush flickered over her face.

She looked relieved when Aunt Jane uttered a shrill summons to tea.

"You'll come in to tea, Gilbert," she said, coaxingly, laying her hand on his arm. "You like Aunt Jane's biscuit so much, you know, and—and I'll forgive you for being so rude to me just now if you'll come."

"It seems to me, Phebe," said Gilbert, softened, in spite of himself, by the touch of her hand, "that I am not the one who needs forgiveness. I should like an explanation of the scene I witnessed a few moments ago."

"I can't give you any explanation," said Phebe, quickly, dropping her hand from his arm, and her face grew very grave and stern under Gilbert's searching eyes, but did not change color in the least.

The young man looked perplexed. Phebe was always so frank and true, he hardly knew how to doubt her, but then there was the evidence of his own eyes. Phebe looked up in his face very humbly and beseechingly.

"I can't tell you anything more, now, than

that, he is an old friend, and I was so glad and so surprised to see him that perhaps I wasn't quite so—so ceremonious as I should have been."

Gilbert's brow darkened, and Phebe saw plainly that she was not mending matters. She tucked her little white hand inside his large, brown one, and her baby-blue eyes looked pleadingly up into his face.

"Gilbert, won't you trust me?" she said, softly. "There is something that I keep back that I can't tell you now, though sometime I may. But you know, Gilbert, that there is nobody in the wide world that I—" and her eyes dropped, and shy pink blushes chased each other over her face, her voice was very low, and faltering, and sweet—"that I love like you."

It was the first time that Phebe had ever confessed so much, and Gilbert caught her in his arms and kissed her, and drove the last shadow away from his brow, and allowed himself to be led into the house, where Aunt Jane awaited them in a fever of anxiety lest the biscuit were cold.

Gilbert was a great favorite with Aunt Jane. She had always been determined that Phebe should not marry a seafaring man, and then the knowledge that Phebe might have done better, as far as money and position were concerned, harassed her continually. For there was Gerald Bayne, the great man of Rockport, the owner of nobody knew how many ships, and warehouses, and stocks, and lands, who had been in love with Phebe ever since she wore pinafore, and who might have won her. Aunt Jane was continually saying to herself, if it had not been for Gilbert Drew.

Not that Phebe had ever manifested the least liking for Gerald Bayne, but she could not have been insensible to such attractions as his. Aunt Jane was sure, if Gilbert Drew, with his handsome face had not come in the way, and coaxed her into fancying herself in love with him. But Phebe was the apple of her eye, and she hadn't the heart to try to thwart her; perhaps, too, she was conscious that it would not be of much use to try, for Phebe was a determined little thing when she had once made up her mind.

Willfulness was a family trait. Aunt Jane well remembered how being thwarted in his will had been the ruin of one member of it. That was Phebe's brother; from childhood all his dreams had been of the sea, every ship that sailed out of the port he followed with

longing eyes, all his hopes and fancies flew forward to the time when he should be able to go.

But his mother was a widow, and the sea had swallowed up so many of her kindred—her husband among them—that she had a dread and horror of it, and absolutely refused to let the boy go. She kept an unceasing watch over him, and when, in his sixteenth year, he attempted to run away, he was caught and brought back, and sent to the city to work his way up; his mother fondly hoped, to honor and wealth in a mercantile house. But news of his recklessness and ill-conduct came continually, until, at last, three years from the time he left home, the blow came that broke his mother's heart. He had been concerned in an extensive bank robbery and sentenced to a long term of imprisonment, and had committed suicide to escape it.

Poor Mrs. Henson died in three months afterwards, and Phebe was left to Aunt Jane's care; and they had lived together ever since, in that little gray stone house by the sea. And Aunt Jane, remembering her nephew's fate, had an almost morbid dread of crossing Phebe in anything; if it had not been for that it is very unlikely that Gilbert Drew would have been seated so cozily at their tea-table, with Aunt Jane's cherished strawberry preserves put on for his especial benefit. For Aunt Jane was ambitious, and that she was not to see Phebe Mrs. Gerald Bayne was the great disappointment of her life.

But not the slightest of Aunt Jane's biscuit, nor the sweetness of her preserves, nor even Phebe's society, was able to dispel the cloud that still lingered on Gilbert's brow. He had perfect faith in Phebe; he said to himself, over and over again, but still it was not a pleasant sight that he had witnessed. And Phebe seemed so strangely nervous and excited, so unlike herself; she talked perfectly at random, and even when he reminded her that in just three weeks the Lapwing would be ready for sea, she seemed scarcely to hear him, but was listening intently as if for a footstep on the gravel walk, and she started and grew pale at every slight sound. And when Gilbert arose to take his leave, at least an hour earlier than his wont, she did not ask him to stay, but seemed rather relieved at his going. Yet she stood in the door and watched him out of sight, with a wistful, anxious look on her face.

"I'm going to bed," said Aunt Jane, "and you had better go too. What is the matter

between you and Gilbert. Haven't had a falling out, have you?"

"No, no indeed! nothing is the matter," said Phebe, faintly. "Don't wait for me, Aunt Jane. I am not going to bed quite yet."

Aunt Jane was quite sure that everything was not right, but she was too wise to say anything; she went her way up stairs, and left Phebe sitting alone on the doorstep. The village clock struck nine just as the echo of her footsteps died away, and Phebe rose, with a great sigh of relief, wrapped herself in her cloak and drew the hood over her head, ran lightly down the road, climbed the stone wall and crossed the pasture, then sped lightly over the rocks to the seashore.

It was almost as light as day, and the moon made a glittering wake upon the sea in which two or three ships rested, with gleaming sails, like great, white, hovering birds.

A man started up from one of the rocks at the sound of her footsteps—Captain Matthews.

"I am late, I know, Joe, but I couldn't get away before; and now I mustn't stay long, for Aunt Jane may call me, and she would be frightened to death to find I was not in the house."

They sat down together on a rock, his arm around her waist, her eyes looking up into his. Ah! if Gilbert Drew could have seen her then his face would have worn a darker cloud than it did now. He was a fool to have faith in her after what he had seen, you think? Well, he thought so himself afterwards. Only once in their long talk—for Phebe forgot that she ought not to stay—did they mention his name.

"You are going to marry Gilbert Drew?" the young man said.

"Yes," said Phebe, simply.

"Not if he knew, I fancy, Phebe!" And the man's tone was hard and bitter.

"I think sometimes that he must have heard it from some of the village gossips; there are so many who would enjoy telling him," said Phebe. "But of course he cannot know all."

"He never shall know all, Phebe. I have made you wretched enough! You shall never be troubled by me again."

"But I couldn't live without seeing you, Joe," cried Phebe; "and there may yet come a time when we can see each other openly, without fear of disgrace."

The young man shook his head hopelessly.

"We will wait and hope, Joe," she whispered. "Now I must go. No, no, you must not go home with me! You might be seen; it was very dangerous for you to come to-day; and I am not afraid. I shall wait to see you in your boat before I go."

The young man got into a row-boat, whose rope he had fastened to a stone, and was soon rowing away to where his ship, the Winged Rover, lay at anchor, looking like a great, black shadow in the moonlight.

Phebe turned towards the house. There was no light to be seen in any of the windows; it was evident that Aunt Jane was sleeping the sleep of the just, unconscious of her niece's absence. So Phebe walked leisurely along, now and then casting a backward glance at the Winged Rover. But when she came within a few feet of the pasture bars she started back with a low cry of alarm; a man stood leaning over them in a careless attitude, watching her intently.

"Pray don't let me alarm you, Miss Phebe," he said, reassuringly, and as he lifted his hat Phebe recognized Mr. Gerald Bayne.

Never agreeable in its expression, his face now wore a look of malicious triumph that made it positively repulsive to Phebe; she saw at once that he had witnessed her meeting with Captain Matthews; she remembered with a thrill of terror that he might have heard all their conversation.

"Will you allow me to accompany you home? It is not safe for you to be out so late alone," he said, quietly.

Phebe drew herself up haughtily. His tone and manner deceived her. He had not heard, or he would not be so calm, she thought.

"I don't need any escort for so short a distance, thank you," she said, coldly, attempting to pass him.

He stepped before her and whispered a few words in her ear. A low, half-stifled cry broke from her lips, and her face grew white.

"And you listened! I wouldn't have believed that, even of you!" she cried.

"No, I didn't listen. I didn't need to. I knew it before," he answered, coolly.

"And you will use your knowledge? You will bring disgrace and ruin upon him and me?"

"Isn't it my duty?—unless I have my pay for keeping your secret."

Phebe's lip curled contemptuously.

"And your pay?" she asked, haughtily, in spite of her terror.

"Can you ask? Don't you know the one

treasure without which the whole world is valueless to me?" And he took in his one of the hands that hung limp and nerveless at Phebe's side.

"O, how can you be so cruel? What have I ever done to you that you should persecute me so!" cried Phebe, passionately.

"Cruel to you, Phebe? If you could only understand how much more my love is worth to you than Gilbert Drew's, how much happier you must be as my wife! Why, his is only a boy's fancy that he will forget in a twelvemonth, while I will cherish you so tenderly, always, Phebe!"

Phebe drew her hand away.

"I will never be your wife," she said, firmly, emboldened by his softened tone. Surely one who professed to love her so much could never persist in bringing such sorrow upon her as he had threatened!

"As you choose," he replied, "but think a moment! What will Gilbert Drew say when he hears this story? The Drews have always borne an honest, honorable name; they pride themselves upon it."

"I am not afraid of what Gilbert Drew will say," returned the girl, proudly. "It is only for Joe that I care? How can you, what good will it do you to betray him? Will nothing move you to keep our secret?" she cried, desperately.

"Yes, one thing. You will do that, Phebe? Nothing else can move me, not even your tears. Is it yes?"

"O, I don't know, I can't tell! Give me until to-morrow to think."

"Until to-morrow morning. I will come then for my answer."

He walked beside her to the house, but Phebe left him at the door without a word of adieu. But there was a smile of triumph on his face as he went down the lane. And he was not deceived.

Early the next morning Captain Gilbert Drew, who was superintending some arrangements on the Lapwing, was surprised to receive a note from Phebe, sent by the little boy whom she usually employed as a messenger. As he opened it the ring he had given her—a little, golden circle with a blue forget-me-not—rolled out. This is what he read, in Phebe's handwriting, but in wavering, unsteady lines, and with stains on the paper that looked like traces of tears:

"I write to ask you to release me from my engagement to you. I can never be your

wife. You must not ask me why, nor ever try to see me. But God bless you, always, Gilbert!

PHEBE."

Captain Drew crammed the note into his pocket, and seized his hat. He would go to Phebe, at once, and discover the meaning of this strange freak. But then, suddenly, the memory of that scene which he had witnessed the night before, and which Phebe had refused to explain, rushed over him. This was the result. Phebe had cast him off because her old lover had come back!

He went back as hastily as he had come—this impulsive young sailor, set his heel upon the little ring that still lay on the cabin floor where it had fallen, and crushed it to atoms.

The workmen were hurried and driven that day as they had never been before, for the captain had decided that he must sail in a fortnight, at least.

Aunt Jane received the news with the greatest amazement. That Phebe had broken her engagement with Gilbert, and was going to marry Gerald Bayne, of her own accord, was too much to be believed.

"I can't say that I am not pleased," she said, when Phebe told her the simple facts, refusing all explanation, "but it doesn't seem as if you were treating Gilbert just right, since you haven't any reason."

"I have a reason," answered Phebe, quietly. But she went about the house with a pale face, and eyes whose old, glad light seemed quenched forever.

In spite of herself she was disappointed that Gilbert should have obeyed her injunction; to see him only once more would have been such a comfort! But yet it might have made her lot even harder to bear.

Gerald Bayne was constant and open in his devotion, and before a week the change in Phebe's prospects was known all over the village. Of course everybody pitied Gilbert and blamed Phebe, except a few ambitious young ladies who did not see how anybody could be expected to resist the temptation of being mistress of Gerald Bayne's fine house, and being considered the grandest lady in Rockport.

Two weeks passed and Phebe had not seen Gilbert save once at church, when his stern, set face and the cold, contemptuous glance he gave her made her shrink. The Lapwing was to sail on the next day, and as it happened the Winged Rover was to be ready then to proceed on her voyage, and Rockport lads

and lassies, eager to improve every opportunity for a good time, determined to give them a little party by way of farewell. It was to be in the town hall, and the Rockport band had been practising vigorously for a week past in preparation for the great event.

Gerald Bayne was very anxious that Phebe should go, it would be such a fine opportunity to parade his triumph before Gilbert Drew's eyes; but Phebe at first refused, decidedly. But as the time drew near, such an impatient longing came over her to see Gilbert's face once more that she consented to go. It would be more pain than pleasure to see him under such circumstances, she said to herself, over and over again, but still the longing remained too strong to be resisted.

And if she went she must be the gayest of the gay; she must not wear her heart upon her sleeve. There were two who would be there who must never know how great her pain was: Gilbert Drew, because if he knew it he would insist upon an explanation which she could not give him, and because he would forget her more easily and so suffer less pain himself if he believed her fickle and heartless, and Captain Matthews for another reason.

Aunt Jane brought out the white India muslin that was to have been her bridal dress, and insisted upon her wearing that.

"You will have a finer wedding dress than that, now, of course, and it will be just the thing to wear to the party!"

"No, no, I can't wear that! I never will wear that!" cried Phebe, and a great sob shook her voice. Aunt Jane looked at her in wonder and perplexity, then put the dress away without a word.

A week before the party Gerald Bayne sent as a present to his betrothed a dress of pink, Canton crape, the loveliest thing that ever was seen, which he had bought out of a ship that had just come into port. There never was a prettier picture than Phebe made in that dress; the bright pink was just what she needed to brighten her pale cheeks, and in the making of the dress Miss Simpkins, the village dressmaker, had achieved a wonder, having gone to the city on purpose to get patterns; it was be-bowed and be-puffed and be-paniered like any city belle's, and Aunt Jane, surveying Phebe with admiring eyes after she was dressed for the party, said to herself that in the whole State Mr. Gerald Bayne could not have found a fairer or a sweeter bride. And for her—was it not better that her beauty should be splendidly set off,

than that it should be half hidden by its commonplace surroundings, as the wife of Gilbert Drew?

When Phebe entered the hall that night, leaning on Gerald Bayne's arm, the first eyes she met were Gilbert's, not stern nor reproachful, but coldly contemptuous.

He had driven her out of his heart utterly, she thought, with a numb pain at her heart that was like despair. After that she was gay with scarce an effort, so wildly, recklessly gay that everybody stared at her in surprise, and wondered what had changed shy, modest little Phebe Hanson so suddenly into something very like a brilliant, dashing belle.

Only once Gilbert asked her to dance. She felt as if she had hardly strength enough to do it, but there were so many eyes upon her, and it would look so strange for her to refuse! It was a waltz, and at the first notes of the band Phebe remembered the music; they had danced to it before, she and Gilbert, on the night when they had first met, in that very hall. Gilbert looked steadily in her eyes at those first notes.

"You have heard that music before," he said.

"Have I? I don't remember," she answered, carelessly, blushing scarlet, the next moment, at the falsehood.

"Some people forget easily," said Gilbert, bitterly. And after that he said nothing.

Captain Matthews was quite a favorite, especially among the young ladies, yet Gilbert Drew, watching him furtively, saw that it was Phebe whom his eyes followed, it was at her side that he lingered longest. And Gilbert fairly ground his teeth with anger. Not even for Gerald Bayne had he so great a dislike as for this gallant young captain, for he could not help fancying him, in some way, the cause of Phebe's faithlessness. Captain Matthews was evidently desirous of being friendly with him, but Gilbert's replies to all his advances had been so curt that he had at last given up the attempt. But as the gay company separated that night he followed Gilbert down the street.

"Good-by, captain," he said, heartily, holding out his hand. "Our tracks divide again to-morrow; you'll go in the morning, I suppose, and I shan't be ready till afternoon, but unexpected things are always happening in this world—which is a queer craft to sail in, any way—and maybe, in some port or other, we two'll meet again."

"I hope not!" said Gilbert Drew, sharply;

and strode on, disregarding the proffered hand.

It was very rude, certainly, and it was very unlike the brave, young sailor, who had been wont to have a kind, courteous word for everybody. But just before he left the hall he had witnessed a scene the remembrance of which was ranking in his mind at that moment. Captain Matthews was saying good-by to Phebe; they were alone together, in the little ante-room, and Gilbert Drew, pressing by the door, had seen his arm around her waist, her head resting on his shoulder, while her tears were dropping like rain over her white face; and he saw Captain Matthews bend his head and press his lips to hers. Who could blame him for not feeling disposed to be friendly with him?

A dark flash mounted to Captain Matthews's brow as he watched him striking off in the darkness.

"A queer fellow, that," he said to himself. "Not any too amiable. I guess Phebe is well rid of him. But I wish I could make her tell me why she threw him over!"

Early the next morning the *Lapwing*, with a favoring wind and sunshine glittering on her sails, was leaving Rockport far behind her; could he ever get so far away that the echo of Phebe's wedding bells would not reach him? Gilbert Drew wondered. And Phebe, in a sea-ward window, was straining her eyes to catch the last gleam of those sails which were bearing her heart away.

Six months have passed, and this morning there is no sunshine glittering on the *Lapwing's* sails. A darkness like night hangs over the sea, a fierce gale is blowing, and thunderbolts crashing about the brave little ship as she struggles in the black, raging waves. She bears herself gallantly, though her masts have snapped like straws, and at every fresh gust she strains; and grinds, and groans; but there is no hope. Gilbert Drew knows it. The *Lapwing* was a stanch vessel, and she had borne much; all her outward voyage was untroubled, they were vexed by calms one day, and tormented by tempests the next. And now the *Lapwing* will never see the end of the homeward voyage on which she has started, and there is little doubt but that before this tempest has spent itself, captain and crew will have gone on that longer voyage from which there is no home-coming. The hold was filling rapidly.

"We must take to the boats; it is our only

hope, though no boat can live long in such a sea as this," the captain said, hoarsely. He was no coward, but this looking forward to a certain death was terrible to him. Life was so fresh and strong in all his veins, and, though Fate had been very unkind to him, and his dearest hopes had been dashed, it was still precious to him, for,

"Whatever crazy sorrow saith,
No life that breathes with human breath
Has ever truly longed for death."

"It is certain death to take to the boats," the mate said. "Fire the gun once more. There may be a ship near."

"If there were, who would run to certain death for the chance of helping us?" said Gilbert Drew.

But the gun went booming out over the waters, and there they waited for what seemed an eternity, and then, far off and faint, an answer came—or was it only a distant peal of thunder? But there was no time to wait longer. The boats were lowered and quickly filled—more than filled. Gilbert Drew leaned over the vessel's side, after they were all in the boats but him, and looked at the little, crowded boat that awaited him.

"The boat is full enough already; there is no chance for so many," he said. "I shall stand by the ship."

Prayers were of no avail, and they went, at last, and left him, knowing that the Lapwing when she sank would draw them in also. And Gilbert Drew stood, alone, on the vessel's deck, waiting for death.

But, suddenly, in a pause of the wind he heard a shout; with a sudden thrill of hope he answered. A moment after a boat that rode the waves gallantly was beside the Lapwing. There were five or six men in it; one of them was standing up straight and tall, and a sudden flash of lightning showed Gilbert his face—it was Captain Matthews. Just as Gilbert Drew swung himself into the boat a flying spar struck Captain Matthews on the head and knocked him—thank God, not into the sea—but into the boat, white and senseless. Without a word Gilbert took his oar, and they rowed away for life towards the vessel, the Winged Rover, that Gilbert had last seen in the quiet little harbor of Rockport. It was but a short distance, and two boats from his own ship had already reached it, the crews faint and exhausted, but without one man missing. They lifted Captain Matthews over the vessel's side, and laid him

on the deck. A stream of blood was flowing from his mouth, but he opened his eyes and looked up into Gilbert's face as he bent over him.

"I told you we might meet again," he said, faintly.

"You are too weak to talk," said Gilbert.

In spite of himself he had still a feeling of enmity against this man who had saved his life. That life was scarcely a precious gift coming from his hands, he thought.

"No, I am not too weak, but I think I am dying. No matter; your life is worth more than mine. But I had something to do; you must do it for me. You must stop Phebe from marrying that man! Why, you don't know who he is! He is what I am, an escaped convict—only he is a thousand times worse than I ever was," he added, looking up eagerly, as if to see whether his listener believed; "he was the one who led me into evil; if it had not been for him I should never have broken my mother's heart nor brought disgrace upon poor little Phebe. And it is so strange that I shouldn't have known him. But we parted company that night when we got out of jail together, and I had never seen him since then! How was I to think that Mr. Gerald Bayne, the richest and most respectable man in Rockport, was Bill Eckley? I should never have known it—a wig and false whiskers changed him even more than they did me—if I hadn't met John Harrison, he was another of my old comrades in Havana, and he told me where Bill was and what a fine show he made. And now I shall never get there to tell poor little Phebe, and if you should be too late! Promise me that nothing shall hinder you, that you'll see her just as soon as possible;" and he caught at Gilbert's hand, gasping painfully in his eagerness.

"What is she, what is Phebe to you?" cried Gilbert, eagerly, almost fiercely.

"To me? She is my sister. Better for her, poor child, if she hadn't been!" he said.

Gilbert remembered vaguely that he had heard stories from the village gossips of Joe Hanson, who had been a black sheep, a thorn in his mother's side, but he thought he was dead long ago.

"They think in Rockport that I am dead," he said, seeing Gilbert's bewilderment. "You have heard so, I suppose. The jailor got up the story that we had committed suicide, because he was to blame for our getting out so easily, and we were willing enough never to

contradict it. I had a chance to begin the world anew if I could disguise myself so that nobody would recognize me, and I broke away from my old comrades and tried hard to live a better life. I never meant to go back to Rockport at all after my mother died, I had brought disgrace enough on my family; but chance, or fate, or Providence, whatever you please, sent me there, and I couldn't resist the temptation to tell little Phebe who I was, and see if she would turn against me. Nobody knew me there, unless Bill Eckley did. I think sometimes that he did, from glances he gave me; and I think, too, that he may have persuaded Phebe to marry him by threatening to deliver me up. She acted so strangely; she seemed to think so much of you, at first, and she would not tell me any reason why she threw you over."

A light broke in upon Gilbert's bewildered mind—a light by which all the dark past was made clear.

"I understand now, and I know you are right. I know she loved me," he said. "But I—I—you don't know how much I have wronged you! And to think that it is to you that I owe my life!"

"That was nothing. I should have done it for anybody. When that first boat reached the vessel, and the men said they had left their captain on board the sinking ship, I resolved to rescue him, or die in the attempt, for very likely, I said to myself, he is an honest, honorable man, whose life is worth much more to himself and his friends than mine is to me. But when I heard that the vessel was the *Lapwing*, and knew that it must be you, I was more eager to go, for Phebe's sake, for I thought if what I fancied was true, my saving her lover's life might atone in some measure for the trouble I had brought upon her. If you are only in time to save her! if she is not married to that man!"

"But you may live to tell her, yourself," said Gilbert, hopefully.

He shook his head, slowly.

"No, no, I shall never see her again. And it is just as well; I should only bring disgrace upon her. Something or somebody would be sure to betray me, sooner or later. And my life hasn't been so pleasant that I should prize

it highly. It is hard to know that you have no right to breathe the free air, that every man you meet may be a spy sent to watch you. And it is hard to get to going right when you have begun all wrong. But God knows I've tried and—it'll be all right where I'm going," he said, wearily.

Gilbert watched over him unceasingly, but all efforts to save his life were unavailing. He had given it to save Phebe's lover.

The homeward voyage of the *Winged Rover* was a rapid one, but to Gilbert Drew it seemed that ages passed before he reached Rockport. He asked no one of the village people whom he met for news of Phebe. He could not find voice to, but he walked straight to the little stone cottage and entered the parlor unbidden.

A dress of snowy silk and a white bridal veil lay on the sofa, and his lips grew white with dread. But Phebe came into the room. She started back when she saw him, then held out her hands involuntarily, with a little glad cry, drawing them back the next instant and making an effort to greet him quietly and coldly.

"Phebe, you have not worn those?" he said, pointing to the sofa.

"No, I shall wear them to-morrow."

He saw the look of dread, almost of agony, that came over her face, and caught her in his arms.

"My darling, you shall never wear them," he cried; and then he told all his story rapidly, breathlessly. At first Phebe was only able to realize the fact of Joe's death. But joy mingled with her grief when she understood the whole.

Mr. Gerald Bayne, as he called himself, needed no urging to induce him to leave Rockport for parts unknown, after an interview which Gilbert had with him that day. It was better so than to accuse him openly for Phebe's sake, Gilbert thought. Gossips were busy enough with the story as it was.

Two months later the India muslin dress that Phebe had laid carefully away, she thought forever, was brought out again; and when the *Esperanza*, Captain Drew's new ship, sailed out of Rockport harbor, a happy little bride went in her.



THE STAR IN THE EAST.

BY LOUISE DUPRE.

Blow joyfully, O winter wind,
With silver-bell notes in your breath!
A star peers through the darkness blind,
Whose brightness breaks the shadow, death.

Rising above the eastern hills,
Its gleams light all the sad, old earth;
Cast rays of cheer 'cross wintry seas,
Bring gladness to the lowliest hearth.

Its joy fills every pealing bell,
Thrills from the organ's mellow note;
Its praises ring from every tongue,
Swell solemnly from every throat.

Its peace lies deep in every heart,
Hiding all grief, and care, and pain;
This glorious birthnight of our King,
The weary world is young again.

The altar glows with Christmas flowers,
Rich wreaths of incense fill the air;
Snow-white, snow-pure, O Lord, may be
Our altar-flowers of praise and prayer!

The windows blaze with ruddy light,
Palace and cottage share the feast;
On prison roofs and dungeon walls
Fall the glad starbeams from the east.

O wondrous star, whose promise blest
Is all our joy this Christmas night!
Surely our Christ is born, and we
No longer wander without light.

O holy night! in winter's clear
And sparkling coronal the gem;
Since once beneath its purple sky
Was born the babe of Bethlehem.

UNDER SUSPICION.

BY W. H. MACY.

My watchmate Harry Langley and I went on shore one Sunday afternoon, our ship lying moored in the beautiful bay of Papeete, in the island of Tahiti. It was soon after its occupation by the French under the reign of Louis Philippe, and the raising of the protectorate flag over the territory of a people as yet partially unsubdued. Some mountain tribes still held out against the invaders; though the sovereign Pomare had submitted to necessity, retaining an empty title; a crown without a sceptre.

The little shops and *cabarets* which had sprung up under the new *regime* were all open, for Sunday appeared to be the liveliest day of the week. Soldiers in gay uniforms were sauntering idly under the shade of the cocoa-palms, or singing in the little places of resort, hob-nob with sailors in white frocks from La Sirene frigate, moored in the bay. The sons of the soil, for the most part thoughtful and sullen, were also to be met with in considerable numbers; while the native women, their shining black hair encircled with bright-colored wreaths, mingled freely with the Frenchmen, seemingly ready

to hug their chains—and their jailors, as well.

Having disposed of a bottle of *vin ordinaire*, after the fashion of our own country, by perpendicular drinks, instead of spending an hour or two in sipping it, like the soldiers seated at the little tables near by, we started for a stroll, out of town. We intended to return by sundown, as at that hour, the regimental bands, reinforced by the musicians from the frigate, were to begin their evening concert in the park fronting the governor's mansion.

We soon passed out of the stir and bustle of Papeete, and settled into a slow, leisurously walk, occasionally meeting and passing a soldier or two, more rarely a native, stopping frequently to admire the beauty and luxuriance of the scene, or to knock down an orange from its tree, and to suck the refreshing juice. We rambled on further than we had intended at starting, and coming to a retired spot, where the shade was invitingly cool, threw ourselves down for a rest.

I had closed my eyes, and was fast losing my consciousness of surrounding objects, when I was roused by the voice of Langley.

"That young fellow must be practising for the stage," said he.

I raised my head upon my arm, and followed the direction of my friend's glance, down the vista formed by the trees which grew in open order. Some two hundred yards from us, an officer, in the uniform of the "*Infanterie de la Marine*," was pacing back and forth under the trees, with drawn sword, making passes at empty air. Now and then he stopped and struck an attitude, plying his weapon with great skill and spirit, as if fighting an imaginary opponent. He did not appear to be aware of our vicinity, and, with a curiosity quite natural under the circumstances, we rose with one accord for a nearer view.

By dint of Indian tactics, skirmishing in range of the largest trees, we managed to approach within fifty yards or less, and again ensconced ourselves in a position to see without being seen. The officer, a mere stripling, with beardless cheek and slender figure, still continued his performance or rehearsal, or whatever it might be, accompanied by words doubtless suited to the action. But so limited was our knowledge of the French language, that neither of us was much the wiser for this soliloquy.

"Mad as a March hare," I whispered to Langley.

"I hope not," he replied, "for if he should get sight at us, he might give chase. 'Twouldn't be pleasant to look at that shining small-sword over one's shoulder. But I don't believe he is quite a madman—only a Frenchman."

"But here comes another?" said I. "Lie close."

The young soldier put up his sword and advanced to meet the new comer, who was habited in naval uniform, as an *aspirant* or midshipman. He was also a young man, scarcely older than the other, though stouter in frame, and with a deeper tinge of bronze in his cheek.

The two saluted each other politely, though not cordially; and, after exchanging a few words in a low tone, drew and measured swords. They then took their stands, confronting each other, and, as the weapons crossed, the expression in their set faces told the object of their meeting. They were, indeed, Frenchmen; but neither actors nor maniacs.

"It's a duel to the death?" I whispered to my shipmate.

"And we are the only witnesses. Strange

that they should meet without seconds."

"It's a secret affair, of course. They are forbidden to fight, and have stolen away to meet here alone, by appointment."

"Hadn't we better show ourselves, and volunteer to see fair play?"

"No," said I. "If they want to fight, I'm not going to interrupt them. And I must confess, I've a curiosity to see a live duel, though it seems a pity that one, perhaps both, of these fine young fellows may be spitted like a robin, before our eyes, in a very few minutes."

"Hush! they're beginning to play," said Langley. "It's too late to move now, we might be the means of killing one of them, by throwing him off his guard."

By this time we had eyes and ears for nothing but the fight. With suspended breath we watched the agile movements of the combatants, and the flash of their deadly weapons in full play. They appeared to be very equally matched in respect of skill, and after a rapid succession of passes, they fell back for a momentary rest without having drawn blood.

"We might enter on the stage, now," said Langley, "and save a fool's life—perhaps two."

"No," said I. "It's only postponing the matter—they would meet again. Let them fight it out."

For neither my comrade nor I entertained for a moment the idea of turning informer to prevent a second meeting of the fiery youths. Such a course would have been foreign to all the teachings of our seaman's creed. Besides, I must plead guilty to a full share of curiosity to see the result of the duel. I was a victim of that fascination by which all men are more or less affected in similar cases.

Again the ringing sound of steel broke the stillness, as the duellists attacked each other with even greater vigor than before. But the superior strength and endurance of the naval officer now began to tell in his favor. He was also cooler and more wary than his antagonist, who, as he lost wind, also lost caution, and exposed himself to a deadly thrust. Too late I regretted that I had looked passively on to see a fellow-creature slaughtered, when I might have postponed, and perhaps prevented it. I can never forget the sickening feeling I experienced, as I saw the life-blood of the young soldier dyeing the grass, while the sword dropped from his powerful grasp. A swaying motion of the body; a dull thud upon the grass; and the fight was

over. The survivor carefully wiped the traces from his weapon; cast a look more in sorrow than in anger upon his late foe; and disappeared rapidly in the direction of Papeete.

Langley and I, still obeying the fascination which had held us to the spot, approached the body as soon as the midshipman had passed out of sight. With a shudder I looked down into the young face, set in death, and still distorted in angry passion. I stooped over him and opened the breast of his coat, revealing the fatal wound from which the blood was oozing. His own sword lay where it had fallen, partly under his body. My shipmate pulled it out, thickly stained, with the blood of its unfortunate owner only, for his opponent had escaped without a scratch.

We were both so absorbed that we had not observed the approach of a corporal and a file of soldiers, fully armed, as if coming in from some outpost or picket station. They were close upon us before we were aware of their presence, and we were seized, before we could think of either resistance or escape. We were both crouching over the body, I adjusting the coat upon the breast, with one hand inside, as if in the act of rifling the pockets, and Langley overlooking the operation with the bloody sword still in his hand. To explain the matter was out of the question, as they understood even less of our tongue than we did of theirs.

One man was left to guard the body until the proper officers should be sent to examine it, and we two innocent seamen were marched into town, and delivered up at the provost-marshal's headquarters, charged with murder and robbery. We were not even allowed the opportunity of conferring together, but placed in separate cells at the guard-house.

We were arraigned the next morning before a semi-military court of investigation. Our captain was present to see and hear, if not to understand; and an interpreter was provided, to make known to us the charge of which we were accused, as well as to translate our statements in reply to it. The corporal was summoned as the principal witness, and testified to the manner in which he had found the body of the sous-lieutenant Gantier, with the two men stooping over it. He told how he saw me, with my hand, as he supposed, in the breast-pocket of the deceased, and my shipmate, Langley, still holding the bloody weapon with which the deed must have been done. His statement was, of course, fully corroborated by those of his men.

The sword taken from Langley was found to fit the wound. It was identified by the comrades of Gantier as his own, and the opinion was expressed in court that we must have taken it from his side while he was sleeping. It appeared in evidence that his pocket-book and other little matters were found safe on his person; but this was not worth much in our favor. The natural inference was, that we had been surprised and arrested before we had time to complete the robbery.

Langley and I were kept at opposite sides of the room, to prevent the possibility of collusion, and were now called upon, one at a time, for our own statements of the affair. Of course they agreed exactly, inasmuch as each told the whole truth.

"This story may be true," said the presiding officer of the court. "At all events, the prisoners must have every chance to sift it to the bottom, that justice may be done. Could you recognize the man who, as you say, fought this duel with Gantier?" he demanded, addressing me through the interpreter.

I thought I could; and my shipmate, in reply to the same question, was equally confident. A note was written and sent off at once, summoning all the midshipmen of La Sirene to appear in court.

Some five or six came on shore and were confronted with us, but we were obliged to confess, without hesitation, that we had never seen either of them before.

We learned, however, that a boat expedition had been sent away during the night on secret service, and that two midshipmen were among the officers in charge of it. One of these two might, perhaps, be our man; and we were remanded to the guard-house to await their return.

But our captain was allowed to confer with us while in court; and, by a little management on his part, we learned the names of the two absent officers—Delavigne and Rigaud. This was done at Langley's suggestion, though I was at a loss to know of what consequence it could be to him.

"Rigaud is our man," he whispered, as soon as he heard the two names.

"How do you know that?" I asked, in surprise.

"I have something to prove it, but I cannot show it to you here. I am sorry to inform upon him, as he will probably be dismissed the service in disgrace, if he does not meet with any other punishment. But I see

no way to get ourselves out of the scrape unless by getting him into it."

We had no time for further words, but were conducted again to our separate quarters. I was left to wonder at my shipmate's meaning, until another day cleared up the mystery.

My door was thrown open, and, still guarded, I was conducted to the military hospital, where, by a gesture, my attention was directed to a wounded officer stretched upon a couch. A single glance was enough; and I signified to the interpreter that the duellist was before us. I passed on, and Langley, who came directly behind me, also recognized Rigaud at once. He had, it seems, been mortally wounded in a skirmish with a hostile party of natives at Tiarel, while on duty in one of the frigate's boats. He opened his eyes at the noise made by our party, and made some inquiry of the surgeon who stood at his side. When informed of the reason of our being brought to the hospital, he raised himself in his bed, in spite of the surgeon's remonstrance against his making the exertion. He explained the matter in French to all present, then addressing us, somewhat to our surprise, in fluent English, "Boys," said he, "you need not go further to prove your innocence; for, as you suppose, I am the man who killed Lieutenant Gautier. It does not matter to explain to you the cause of quarrel between us, but, under the code of honor, as understood among military men, I could not avoid

fighting him. He insisted upon a duel without seconds or witnesses. I have but a few hours to live, and I am glad to know that you were present and saw the whole affair. It is well that I have fallen honorably in my country's service, and thus escaped disgrace and expulsion. Fortunately, I have lived long enough to establish your innocence of the charge of murder; and I trust you are ready to testify that Gautier was killed in fair fight, standing an equal chance with myself."

The sufferer fell back exhausted upon his bed, from which he never rose again. Almost his last words of consciousness were those addressed to us.

Langley produced a gold ring which he had picked up on the sword by the body of Gautier. Inside the ring was engraved the name "A. Rigaud." He handed this to the dying man, who recognized it and returned it to my comrade, with a sign that he should keep it.

The dying words of the young midshipman, spoken in the hearing of so many witnesses, of course satisfied every one of our innocence. We both signed and swore to a full statement of the circumstances of the duel, and returned to our ship, speculating upon what might have been our fate had Rigaud died before having seen us.

Langley still preserves the marked ring as a memento of this strange incident; and the two young Frenchmen sleep side by side beneath the shade of the cocoa-palms at Papeete.

Tried by Fire.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

WHEN, under the pressure of some sudden or seductive temptation, a man—a strong man, perhaps—goes down, the air is full of reproaches and marvels at his weakness, or wickedness. Every one is sure he could have withstood the temptation, and talks volubly of what he should do in such and such cases, were he in such and such a one's place. Doubtless he is honest in his belief, for very few thoroughly know themselves. In the ordinary course of events, no great temptation arising, they are moral and upright. They get a reputation for goodness, and bear a fair character before the community. By-and-by some insidious temptation rises in their way; they turn away from it, they

struggle against it, they bring all their previous good character to bear upon it, but still it stands in the way and confronts them, and they tremble as they find a hitherto unsuspected element in their nature responding to it. God pity them if they fall!—their fellows will not. All the bitterness of struggle, all the passionate depths of anguish and travail of spirit, and alas! all the fierce after-aching of regret and remorse, are quite lost sight of in the sweeping denunciations of those who *have never been tempted*.

I would not be understood as offering excuse or palliation for wrong doing. Sin cannot be too strongly denounced; but in view of the weakness of human nature, and our

own liability to error, might we not be more lenient towards the sinner, even while condemning his sin? Are the two so closely allied as to be utterly inseparable in our thoughts? Might not the return to virtue and integrity be made easier by a more liberal infusion of Christian charity in the popular heart, and thousands, who have taken the "first false step," saved from the easy, downward way? What is the true course for Christian men and women to take in this matter? Shall they stand aside, rejoicing in their own strength, and purity, and inflexible virtue, thanking God that "they are not as other men are, or even these publicans," or, is there a more tender and Christly way for dealing with the erring?

I beg that none, in their haste to "get at the story," will skip the above because it has the look of sermonizing. They are serious questions, it is true. That they appeal to every community, and touch both the romance and reality of life, is equally true.

I do not imagine Grantley to have been much above the average of New England towns in regard to virtue and religion. It had its scores of pious people who frowned upon all not of their peculiar stamp and superscription; it had also its fair quota of scoffers who lived, like parasites, on the shortcomings of those same pious ones. It had, like other small towns, its petty aristocracy, its middle and lower classes; and, taken altogether, was perhaps a fair sample of the majority of moderate-sized New England towns.

Alfred Lindsey had a good deal to contend with from the start. The class of people are not yet extinct who believe it impossible for any good thing to come out of Nazareth. There were those who believed it the wildest recklessness in James Sherwood in taking a Lindsey into his store, even in the irresponsible situation of errand boy. It had been more a matter of impulse with him, than from any deliberate benevolence he felt towards young Lindsey, or the class he represented.

I do not mean to insinuate that the Lindseys were sinners above other men. Indeed, I rather incline to the opinion that, according to their gifts and opportunities, they were full as good as their betters. To be sure their gifts, peculiarly considered, were exceedingly small, and they were not the sort of people to make opportunities.

Had they been fortunate enough to have been born rich, they would have made good-natured, respectable citizens, but not men

and women of energy and enterprise. There was, perhaps, half a dozen families of them, and all singularly alike in character and disposition. If there be one thing above another a genuine New Englander thoroughly despises, it is shiftlessness and indolence. In a country where every man is expected to invent at least a patent gridiron, or an "improvement" on one already invented, people of the Lindsey pattern are at a sorry discount.

For three generations the Lindseys had been "hewers of wood and drawers of water." Some of them had been offered opportunities of becoming artisans, but so long as they got enough to eat, and an extra shirt in case of emergency, they were content to let well enough alone. They never went to church, and so had no need of fine clothes. They had very little literary taste—the annual Town Report and Farmer's Almanac furnished their year's reading. This again was not particularly expensive. They had no foolish pride of appearance, and old hats and coats, though a trifle less transparent, had the merit of costing less than window glass. They believed in taking the world easy. They fulfilled, literally, the command to "take no thought for the morrow." They worked barely enough to keep them out of the almshouse, yet were forever hovering on its verge. People said it was "no use trying to help them," though I am rather doubtful about the experiment ever having been tried.

Up to his twelfth year Alfred Lindsey had followed in the steps of his predecessors. He had lived principally in the streets, picking up occasional jobs of work and a pretty good knowledge of human nature. No one thought to look under the tattered hat, or they might have seen a pair of brilliant gray eyes looking keenly out at the world—the busy, restless, struggling world, upon which he was only a fungus growth. Some such thoughts crept into his brain, sometimes. A longing to crowd himself into the busy ring and fight his way with the rest sometimes came over him, keeping him awake for hours after his two brothers, George and Ben, were asleep. But these never seemed to be an opening. No one saw him, apparently, and so he waited till one day Fate cleft the way for him.

An unusually heavy fall of snow, solidified by frequent rains falling upon and freezing in it, had distinguished the winter. The streams were already swollen beyond precedent, when a strong south wind, accompanied by a heavy rain, set in. Mr. Sherwood's residence was

situated on a little knoll, below which the river bent abruptly, broadening to a beautiful pond, dotted in summer with snowy lilies, and in winter by gay parties of skaters.

"Papa, isn't the river rising?" Corrie Sherwood asked, pausing at the door, on her way to her chamber.

"A little, I presume; but it won't rise high enough to reach you, little one, if you hurry off to bed," the father answered, smiling at the flushed little face, looking out of a tangle of soft chestnut hair.

"You are quite sure, papa?"

"Sure! Why, Corraline, what puts such absurd thoughts in your usually wise little head? The river never rises half way up the knoll. Go to bed without any fears, my child."

"The river does roar fearfully, James," Mrs. Sherwood said, going to the door and opening it a little way.

"Well, my dear, it's chained fast to its bed, and can't get away," he answered, with the air of a man who is conscious of having said a clever thing.

Mr. Sherwood was the merchant of Grantley. There were several grocers, and simple "store-keepers," but only one Mahomet. The others were respectable citizens, merely—Mr. Sherwood eminent and honored. All the "best" people in Grantley—I use the word in its social, not its moral sense—patronized his house. If he sometimes took advantage of his popularity and respectability, and sold the same quality of goods at a slight advance on the other Grantley dealers, it did not lessen his sales. The prestige of trading at Sherwood's was worth a small percentage.

"I wish you would go to the door and look out before retiring," his wife continued, strangely oblivious of her lord's cleverness.

"You and Corrie are nervous," he said, rising.

Standing on the broad, polished granite steps of his elegant residence, Mr. Sherwood looked down, in a double sense, at the low, tumble-down hovel of Tom Lindsey. It stood at the edge of the pond, in close proximity to the old "grist mill." The light shone out from one of the dilapidated windows, revealing a wild, turbid sea of broken ice and floating boards.

"I shouldn't be surprised if it carried off Tom's hut. I'm sure I hope it will!" Mr. Sherwood said, coming back to his warm, luxurious room. "The pond is full of floating boards, so I suppose Morton has suffered some. But he piled his boards on the river's

edge to save storage. But I'm not afraid of its injuring me, and other people must look out for themselves;" with which quite unheeded-of sentiment Mr. Sherwood, merchant, retired to his virtuous repose.

"Papa, papa, wake up! Allie Lindsey is out here in a boat. Their house is carried away; and O papa, the water is all over the meadow!"

Mr. Sherwood sprang hastily to his feet, thoroughly awake.

"How came you to know about this, Corrie?" he asked, as he hastily dressed.

"Allie woke me, shouting under the windows. I don't think I was sleeping very soundly, papa."

"Where is the boy, now?"

"Gone back with his mother—O, I didn't tell you his father, and George and Ben were carried away in the house. He managed to get into a boat, and took his mother out of the window, but the ice got between them and he couldn't save the rest. Ben jumped out into the water, but just as Alfred was reaching to draw him into the boat, a great piece of ice came crashing against it, carrying down poor Ben, and crushing some of the fingers on Alfred's hand. Then he saw how the water was up round our house, and he rowed clear up here, with that wounded hand, too, to tell us of the danger. Isn't he a real hero, papa?" the bright eyes flashing out their admiration.

"Yes, Corrie," he answered, promptly, "a true hero."

It was hard work, but by daylight the cows, horses and swine had been driven to a place of safety. Had the work been delayed two hours longer three thousand dollars worth of stock would have perished in the waters. The water was nearly five feet deep in front of the house, and the broad, beautiful meadows stretching back to the wood was one broad lake of foamy waters, when the gray light of morning broke over the scene.

Alfred Lindsey completed his bravery by rowing against the current nearly a mile, and procuring men and boats to take away the beleaguered family.

Poor Tom Lindsey and his two boys were washed up on the meadows, crushed almost past recognition by the ice and timber. Only Alfred and his mother, a weak, fair-faced woman utterly devoid of ambition or energy, were left, and they utterly destitute and shelterless.

"I ought to do something for Alf," Mr.

Sherwood said, after the excitement and peril were beginning to subside in Grantley, and he had ventured back to his house again. "I hardly know what is best. Giving to the Lindseys is like pouring water into a sieve."

"Why don't you hire him, papa?" Corrie asked, soberly. "You could pay him more than he earned if you thought it was right, you know."

And this was how it happened that Alfred Lindsey became a clerk—for he was soon promoted from his original post of errand boy—in the highly respectable mercantile establishment of Sherwood & Son.

As I said before, young Lindsey had much to contend against. First came his own long-seated indolence. He had never been confined to labor, and though his resolution was strong to succeed, the flesh was sometimes weak. His mother, grown weak and fretful, grew also selfishly unreasonable, and instead of helping him forward, was a perpetual drag and hindrance to his efforts, by her demands on his time and purse. With their improved finances she had developed a weak vanity for dress, and upbraided Alfred that he could not indulge her in her rapidly increasing wants. Then there were the prejudices of all Grantley to overcome.

The thriftlessness, and indolence, and impotence of a score or more of uncles and cousins was a continual "old man of the sea" about his neck. No one thought to honor him the more because of them, recognizing the merit that had vindicated itself despite untoward circumstances. He was "a Lindsey," and that fact was never lost sight of, but continually urged against him, as in itself something too monstrous for forgiveness. We all know how the stigma of a name will cling to one, particularly in a country town, where every one's antecedents are thoroughly known, and how hard it is for one of a proscribed family to rise above the level, or pass the bounds society and common opinion have set for him.

It argued therefore no ordinary strength of character when at twenty-one Alfred Lindsey had so far overcome and lived down the prejudices of his townsmen as to be admitted—still a little reluctantly, but yet admitted—to be a young man of ability and promise.

From the first Robert Sherwood had been Alfred's firm friend. Five years his senior, with fine natural abilities, and a superior education, it is easy to see the great help he could be to a boy like young Lindsey, if he

chose. He did so choose. He spent his evenings in teaching him those studies which he had himself acquired at great expense, and rejoiced enthusiastically when the pupil's thought sometimes outstripped the teacher's. He braved even his father's displeasure, by recognizing him as his social equal upon every possible occasion, and by his friendship and countenance forced others to.

"If I am anything, it is you who have made me," Alfred said, his lips trembling in spite of him, as Robert Sherwood put a paper in his hand on his twenty-first birthday, declaring him a junior partner in the great house of Sherwood & Son.

"Nonsense! You've earned the compliment—for it's not much more, you have got to put work instead of money into the firm, and I know we shall be the gainers)—fully and faithfully. I hope, of course, it will be better for you, but it's no more than fair to tell you that things don't look just as I wish they did, for your sake, particularly. I'd like to promise you a larger income than I dare."

"I had not thought of the income," he answered, earnestly.

"You are more unselfish than I," he replied, a slight color rising to his forehead. Adding, after a little pause, "I wish I had had the good fortune to have been born poor. The unlimited use of money is little better than a curse to a boy."

"It did not spoil you, at least."

"It entailed a curse that will follow me to my grave!" he said, vehemently. "It has made it a necessity—it has fitted a yoke upon my manhood, and I cannot break it! Well, perhaps it will all come out right—I mean that it shall," he added, earnestly, his fine face a trifle clouded.

"If you are in any sort of trouble—now, or ever—where I can serve you, I will do it gladly, even if it costs me my life, or what is more, my good name," was Lindsey's impulsive answer.

"I hope we shall be reduced to no such desperate strait as that, my dear fellow," he replied, smiling, "but your good-will is just as truly appreciated. By the way, I suppose you received Corrie's note?"

"Yes, but I don't think I had better come," coloring vividly.

"Not come! Why, it is got up expressly in your honor, as I read at once through that transparent little sister of mine. I would like to see you try to settle it with her, if you alighted her invitation."

"I am sorry to say it, because I know it will pain you," Lindsey said, hesitatingly; "but I am quite sure it would be more satisfactory if I absent myself. Don't think I mind it, it is very natural, and I can easily make an excuse that—"

"You mean that it would be more satisfactory to my father, I suppose, Lindsey?" he interrupted, gravely.

"I think so, yea."

"But am I of no account? And Corrie—why the girl would cry herself sick over the disappointment! You are a most wonderful hero in her eyes, Alf. Her worship dates back to the time of the flood—the flood on the Connecticut, I mean," he said, laughing to cover his companion's embarrassment.

"Miss Sherwood has been very kind to remember a poor fellow like me, at all," he replied, just a little stiffly. Then, his face softening, "I won't mind, though, if it will be any pleasure to you to have me come."

"It is not simply my pleasure that I am considering—you know it would be that—but the right of the thing. I do not consider one man's prejudices of birth should stand in another's way, a barrier between him and his rightful position. My father understands that you are to come."

"Very well; it is settled, then," Lindsey replied, turning to his desk.

But all day the thought annoyed and troubled him—the thought that he should not be quite welcome in the house of his wealthy senior. He was not at all blinded by the partnership just conferred on him. He knew quite well whom to thank for that. Besides he was proud, if he was "only a Lindsey." He knew very well that he should receive cool looks and scanty recognition from a portion of the guests. They were too well-bred to be positively rude; but there is the quiet ignoring of one's presence—the grouping together, leaving one quite alone and aside, with a score of other little petty circumstances, that tend to make the prescribed one uncomfortable. He expected to be subject to any or all of these annoyances, but because Robert desired it he would submit to the ordeal. Possibly, too, though I cannot say, considering that he did not himself admit it, the pretty pink-tinted note which Corrie had sent him had some influence in his decision.

Through all the nine years since that night of storm and terror, Corrie Sherwood had been different to him from other girls. He

blushed, even now, at the remembrance of the tearful kiss she had given him when he had lifted her light form out of the boat, in the gray dawn of that wild, frightful February morning. To be sure it was but a childish impulse of gratitude, and neither of them was more than a child, but he had never forgotten! The memory had been, simple as it was, a strong incentive to effort. Not that any presumptive or sentimental passion had grown out of it. He had never dreamed of being in love, in the received sense of the term, with his employer's daughter; yet her smile was brighter than sunshine to him, and her friendship the one thing desirable in life.

Contrary to young Lindsey's expectations, he was cordially received; the fact of his admittance into the firm acting a most potent open sesame into that mystical circle known as "good society." Mr. Sherwood, too, met him more cordially than he had expected, though still with a little stiff, patronizing air, which said, quite as plainly as words, "You are very welcome among us, and under the circumstances have a right here, but I beg you to remember that you are not exactly of us—you understand."

But Robert and Corrie paid him the most flattering attentions, and as he promenaded up and down the long, brilliantly-lighted rooms, with Corrie Sherwood's fair hand resting lightly on his arm, and her beautiful eyes lifted trustingly to his face, he forgot all annoyance and discomfort, and lived only in the enchanted present.

But Fate, which takes a malicious pleasure in making people miserable, dropped a grain of bitterness into this cup of sweetness. It was near the close of the evening's entertainment, and Lindsey had sat down for a moment near the window. The blinds were closed, but the window itself was open. Two gentlemen were talking outside. The first voice he did not at once recognize, only the words sent the blood in a quick wave from his heart to his face.

"Ah, Sherwood," the man said, with a short laugh, "everybody understands the move, as cleverly as it has been done. Of course you are expected to deny it; but any one with half an eye can see where the next partnership is to come in."

"By Heaven! Mordaunt, I'll not listen to such senseless talk," cried a quick, passionate voice, which poor Lindsey knew all too well.

"Ah! is that it?" in a surprised tone. "I thought you understood the turn matters

were taking, and took the young fellow into the firm to take the curse off—pardon me for saying it.”

“Perhaps you will enlighten me a little in regard to this matter,” Mr. Sherwood said, in his haughtiest tone. “It is not possible any one has dared associate my daughter’s name with this—this Lindsey?”

“I am sorry I mentioned it, really,” Mor-daunt said, apologetically. “It has been thought possible and even probable that Lindsey would some day marry Miss Sherwood. You surely are not blind to the fact that they are very intimate—for friends.”

“I would sooner see my daughter lying dead, than married to a Lindsey, Mr. Mor-daunt. You can contradict all such shameful rumors,” Sherwood replied, coldly.

If the allegation had been true, Alfred Lindsey could scarcely have felt worse, and the evening which had passed so delightfully, set in mortification and sorrow. A weary, restless night followed—a night of discouragement and bitter despair. It is no use, the tempter whispered, try as hard as you may, you will never be anything but “a Lindsey.” You might just as well give up the struggle first as last.

The morning found him feverish and nervous. It was later than usual when he went down to the store. Two men were standing on the sidewalk, and when he opened the store followed him in, amusing themselves by sauntering about, looking at the showcases, and apparently making a mental valuation of the contents of the store.

“How long before I could see one of the partners?” one of them asked, sauntering to the door and looking back.

“I am one of the partners,” Alfred answered, in a rather ungracious tone.

“Ah! May I ask if it is not something quite recent?”

“It is, sir.”

The men glanced at each other, and one said in a low tone, “wait.”

“We will come in again. Good-morning, sir,” bowing, and passing out as unceremoniously as possible.

It was perhaps half an hour later when Mr. Sherwood, senior, came in, and passed at once to the office. Two hours wore away; a few straggling customers dropped in, and then came the post-boy bringing rather more than his usual complement of letters. Alfred took them into the office at once. Mr. Sherwood was sitting in a listless attitude, his chin rest-

ing on his hand. He sprang up with a little flash of excitement in his face as Lindsey came up to the desk, and took the letters with a sort of nervous clutch, running them over rapidly in his hand till he came to one superscribed in a coarse, scrawling hand. Tossing the rest on the table he tore this open with hands that trembled visibly. It was very brief, for he crumpled it in his hand almost instantly, and sank back in his chair with a low groan.

“Take me home,” he said, in a hoarse whisper, as Alfred held a glass of water to his white, drawn lips.

A carriage was at once brought to the back entrance, and leaning on Lindsey’s arm, he walked out to it, and was driven speedily homeward, leaving his bewildered junior in a state of doubt and perplexity.

Slowly the hours dragged away, and the bell of the office clock rang out sharply—one sharp, ringing stroke. One o’clock! No word or hint from the great silent house on the knoll—not so much as an open door or blind all that long, long forenoon! Alfred Lindsey grew positively nervous watching it through the restless leaves of the beeches that ran in a slender zone about the soft, velvety knoll. Had some fateful hand fallen upon and paralyzed every living thing? The suspense was becoming intolerable, when the front door opened, and Robert came swiftly down the street. Lindsey stood in the door awaiting his arrival, a strange, overwhelming sense of danger shutting down upon him. He leaned forward eagerly, scanning his face, trying to get some hint of the story he felt lay behind its immobility and pallor.

“Ah, Lindsey! how hungry you look! Don’t devour a fellow so with your eyes, man,” he said, with a laugh, as he came up the steps.

Something in his tone—its lightness, perhaps—jarred upon his highly-strung nerves with such suddenness that it was with difficulty he could repress a cry. A moment, and he had himself in hand, and could laugh at his nervous anxiety.

“I believe I am a little faint,” he said, taking up his hat. “I have no recollection of eating any breakfast,” his face darkening at the remembrance of what it was that had taken away his appetite, and driven sleep from his pillow.

“You need not hurry back, Lindsey,” young Sherwood said, turning over the leaves of a huge ledger, “I am at liberty, and if you

are back by three, the time trade usually sets in, it will be soon enough."

"I have nothing to keep me so long unless I take a row up the river."

"Do, by all means," was the eager answer; "you keep too close indoors. Yes, take a good long row, and don't feel hurried about it."

"Thank you, I believe I should feel better. Do you know," laughing still a little nervously, "I imagined all sorts of terrible things about you up at the house, this forenoon."

"Why?"

The question came sharp and vibrant, and in a voice so strange that Lindsey involuntarily stopped and looked back at the speaker, feeling very much as if he had been hit by some invisible ball. But the face was turned away—it had been all the time—and the leaves of the ledger turned slowly, the white fingers slipping down mechanically. He quite forgot the question for the moment, but presently recollecting, answered:

"Your father was taken ill here this morning, you remember, and I suppose that, added to a sleepless night—"

"You should know nothing of sleepless nights—you who are free from—"

He paused abruptly, and as Alfred did not choose to enlighten him as to the cause of his sleeplessness, there was no more said on the subject, or indeed on any other, for Lindsey went immediately out.

His dinner eaten, he went to the boat-house, but both boats were out. Well, he might as well go back to the store. He would take a stroll down street first, he thought, turning involuntarily in the direction of Mr. Sherwood's. He passed the house, noticing how still everything seemed, and how closely-shut the blinds were. He remembered all at once that he had not asked if Mr. Sherwood was better or worse. He saw Terry Dermott, the gardener, out in the field, and went out to him.

"How is Mr. Sherwood, Terry, better?" he asked, as soon as he could make a break in Terry's oration upon the relative merits of the various fertilizers in the market, and the mode of applying the same.

"Och, and ye must ask somebody else but I," he replied, with a mysterious nod which was very vaguely expressive. "I reckon though he be mighty bad, for there was no dinner ate in the house, only what I ate myself in the pantry, and Miss Corrie's eyes looked as if she had cried a week, when she

came out to ask me to stay about the house—somewhere within call, she said—the afternoon."

"There's something strange about it," Lindsey said, under his breath, the old nervous, uneasy sensation taking possession of him, together with a feeling that he was needed at the store immediately. He had been away scarcely an hour, yet as he walked down the street it was with difficulty he could keep himself from breaking into a run. It seemed as if his feet were made of lead, they dragged so. He had experienced a similar sensation during sleep, but never before in his waking hours.

The store door stood slightly ajar when he came up. He walked directly through to the office. Something told him he would find the door locked, and without trying it he took a duplicate key from his pocket and endeavored to fit it in the lock, but the key on the inside prevented. There was, however, a smothered exclamation, and a sudden rustle of paper, and a voice he scarcely recognized asked, hurriedly:

"Is that you, Lindsey?"

"Yes, open the door, I want to come in," was the quick answer.

"Wait a minute, I am busy."

Lindsey went back to the store, and two ladies coming in, kept him busy perhaps fifteen minutes. At the end of that time, and just as they were passing out, Sherwood came to the door and called him. He was deadly pale and his hands trembled, but there was a firm, hard look about his eyes and mouth which Lindsey had never seen there before.

"I want you to be off for Hartford in the half past five train, Lindsey," he said, in a hurried, nervous way, quite unlike his usual open, calm manner.

"Certainly; but I must know what the trouble is, first. You look like a maniac."

"Do I?" passing his hand hastily across his forehead. "Well, I am not sure but I am—or shall be. You see we are in rather a tight place—if you insist on knowing. A bill for ten thousand dollars worth of goods. It is in the hands of one of the hardest men in existence. He would not hesitate an instant to shut up the store if every dollar was not forthcoming at the precise moment it was due. Five thousand dollars takes every cent of money the firm can command for a week. In this extremity we are obliged to borrow. You are therefore to take this check to

Hartford, get the money, and return immediately."

"Mr. Morrison," Lindsey said, looking at the check.

"Yes; he has accommodated us before, you probably remember."

"I think I once took one of his checks into the bank. A year or more ago, wasn't it?"

"I don't remember. He has helped us several times. I am going down to the house, and will send Terry down with the team. He has got to go down to Windsor Locks, and you can ride down so far with him and take the train from there. I want you to attend to a few small bills that are due. I'll come down to the store again before you leave. By the way," pausing and looking back with his hand on the knob, and speaking cautiously, "I wouldn't say anything to any one, if I were you, about going down to the city."

"Very well," turning and going behind the counter, a troubled, perplexed expression on his face.

Several customers came in, and among them one of the men who had been in to inquire for one of the partners that morning. He said nothing about them, now, however, but bought a pair of gloves, loitering about the store till Terry drove up. Lindsey at once went out, leaving him in the store. Robert had ridden down with Terry, and paused a few moments, giving some additional directions concerning the business at Windsor Locks. Just as he was turning away, the man in the store sauntered leisurely out, bowing coolly to Sherwood as he passed.

"Who is that man?" Lindsey asked. "He came in in company with another man very early this morning and asked to see one of the partners, but he went away without mentioning any business."

"It is Clark Hunter," Sherwood replied, his face darkening.

Lindsey said no more; he understood at once. Clark Hunter had been a former suitor of Miss Austin's, Robert Sherwood's bride elect, and he had heard that there were not very pleasant relations between the rivals.

Terry tried very hard to interest his companion in conversation during the journey to Windsor Locks. At length he hit upon a new topic.

"Some trouble between yourself and the old one?" he asked, insinuatingly.

"Mr. Sherwood, do you mean?" looking up, surprised.

"Yes, the old gentleman. You see I heard

it all last even," looking exceedingly wise. "It was after the company had all gone, and I jist in from the stables, stopped a bit in the kitchen. The doors was open, and I heard the ould chap say, angry like, 'I'll niver have my daughter a-disgracin' herself in such a way, or somethin' like it.'"

"What did Miss Sherwood say?" Lindsey asked, involuntarily, yet despising himself for listening to what was not intended for his ears.

"O," said the garrulous Terry, "she said niver a word, only cried as if her little heart would break. And the ould one, says he, 'Lindsey will not come here again, and I forbid you from meeting him, only in the presence of others—'"

"Stop, Terry!" Lindsey interrupted, suddenly. "I have no right to listen, or you to tell me this private conversation."

"But there wasn't only a bit more, and—"

"Not another word!" was the peremptory answer.

"Och, jist as ye likes, though if a nice, swate young leddy said the likes of me, I wouldn't stay away for as many ould ones as there is stars in the skies." And Terry chuckled inwardly at his smartness in putting the gist of Miss Corrie's answer so cleverly.

The business at Windsor Locks was duly attended to, the journey to Hartford made, the check duly presented, and at once cashed without question. The cashier knew young Lindsey, and had that morning seen among the business notices in the "Courant," the advertisement of the new firm. Mr. Sherwood and Mr. Morrison were both old customers at the bank, and had often accommodated each other, but never to quite so large an amount. Morrison was good, however, for five times that amount, and he dismissed all thought of it from his mind.

The evening train found Alfred Lindsey among its passengers. Just as they were on the point of starting a young lady touched his arm timidly. He looked up, and instantly his face flushed scarlet.

"Mr. Lindsey, pray pardon me, but I am alone, and I suppose you are going to Grantley?" said a soft, hesitating voice.

Alfred arose hastily, and amid a little confusion on both sides—more than there was any apparent cause for—Miss Annie Morrison was seated beside him.

"I was so pleased when I saw you," she said—the faintest bit of an accent on the "you"—"for I'm a perfect coward about

riding alone at night. I missed the other train, and if I had not feared mother would be alarmed about me, should not come to-night at all. I am so glad now that I did!" And she settled herself cosily down beside Lindsey, who most cordially echoed the last sentence.

Ever since Alfred Lindsey could remember, Annie Morrison had been the most beautiful and wonderful of creatures to his fancy. He had never touched her hand, or sat beside her, before—he had never expected so much happiness—and it is no marvel that the moments flew, and all the trouble and perplexity of the day were forgotten in the sweet delirium of the moment.

"I read something in the Hartford papers about you," she said, just before they reached Grantley. "Father said a year ago that Mr. Sherwood ought to take you into the firm. He didn't know it when he went away."

"Your father gone away?" Lindsey exclaimed, so suddenly that she gave a quick start, laying her hand on his arm.

"O Alfred, how you startled me!" she said, withdrawing it with a vivid blush.

"Pray pardon me," he stammered, between two contending emotions, of joy and alarm. "I had not heard your father was away—when did he go?"

"Yesterday morning. I went as far as Hartford with him. He has gone out to Uncle Charles's in Pennsylvania."

A terrible crushing sensation almost took his breath away—how came Robert Sherwood by that check?

A moment's reflection, however, served to allay the fearful suspicion that had forced itself upon him. Knowing of the impending emergency, he had doubtless procured it several days before; but, in spite of this reasoning, he felt uneasy, and the strange illness of Mr. Sherwood, and Robert's subsequent unusual behaviour—the anxiety to get him out of the way, the locked door, the rustle of paper—all combined to fill him with a vague sense of apprehension. Even Annie Morrison's sweet face was for the moment quite forgotten in the fever of emotion.

"Grantley!" called the conductor, putting his head in at the door.

Lindsey sprang up nervously, then colored suddenly as he caught the slightly surprised look in Miss Morrison's face. She followed him out without speaking. The carriage was waiting for her, and Lindsey went with her, and though there was no particular need, as

the coachman was waiting, handed her in, and heard her low "good-night, Alfred," with a vague impression that it was only a beautiful dream—he had heard that voice so often in dreams.

The carriage had barely turned away when there came a nervous grasp on his shoulder. He turned, and by the dim light of the swinging lantern saw Robert Sherwood. Was it fancy, or did the pale rays of the lantern give his face that livid, unnatural look?

"How came you with *her*?" he asked, in a nervous whisper.

"If you mean Miss Morrison, she came from Hartford in the train, and being alone, kindly accepted my escort."

"You said nothing to her about—about *that*?" lowering his voice still more.

"I did not trouble Miss Morrison with business matters," was the rather cool answer.

"Thank you, Alf," in a relieved tone. "I might have known I could depend on your sagacity, but this business has made me nervous, I think. Once clear of this snag, and we'll have smooth sailing again, I hope. You see if it got out that we were so short, every petty creditor would be down on us, and our credit would suffer irretrievably."

"You did not tell me that Mr. Morrison had left town," Lindsey said, as calmly as he could.

"Didn't I? Yes; gone West for a month," he answered, carelessly.

There was no more to be said without revealing his suspicions, and the possibility that they were unjust and unfounded kept him silent. The money was given into Sherwood's hands, and the note duly paid the next day.

Mr. Sherwood still remained ill—at least he was not seen out. Three days had passed—three days of evident anxiety and expectancy on the part of young Sherwood, who now remained almost constantly in the store, watching the mails with feverish eagerness. The morning of the fourth day Lindsey noticed among the letters one with the peculiar scrawling hand he had remarked before—the one had such a remarkable effect on Mr. Sherwood. He observed that Robert grew a trifle pale when he saw it, and that his hands trembled when he tore open the envelop, but he was not prepared for the bitter groan that burst from his white lips as they syllabled the one word, "ruined!"

Lindsey slipped to the door and turned the

key. He would not be interrupted now—he must know all.

“Robert—Mr. Sherwood,” he said, firmly, coming and standing before him, “I have a right to know what this means, and I must.”

“It means that we are all beggars—”

“Yea,” he interrupted, “I understand that, only tell me it is nothing worse. That check of Morrison’s—”

“I meant to pay it, God knows, Lindsey?” he exclaimed, covering his face with his hands. “I expected to have the money to return to the bank long before his return.”

“He did not give you the check, then?”

“We had some of his blank checks, and I—O my God!”

“Enough, I understand,” Lindsey interrupted, strongly moved by his companion’s anguish.

After a while, Sherwood controlled himself enough to tell the story. Some six months before, a friend had induced his father to invest heavily in a new oil company just beginning operations under the most flattering prospects. At the same time, ignorant of his father’s investment, he had himself bought one hundred shares in another company whose promises were even more flattering than the other. This left them very short of funds, and the bill just paid was for goods bought on six months’ credit, contrary to their usual custom, but made necessary by the circumstances. The first three months things looked favorable, and under the prospect of success other debts were incurred. Latterly—say for the last month—rumors of failure in the first-named company had been circulated, and the morning after the party, they had seen in a paper the announcement of the failure, and the flight of the treasurer with what little funds remained over the expenses that had been incurred in what had proved fruitless labor. Still they hoped the story false, as no other had been received from the agent in New York. The morning mail, however, brought one, confirming the newspaper report, and pronouncing it a dead loss to the stockholders. The effect on his father had been such as to nearly deprive him of reason; and his anxiety about Gorham’s bill, so near due, drove him wild, and he declared, in a frenzy of passion, that he would never live to be disgraced by having his store closed, or an attachment put on his property by Gorham, who he knew would not hesitate to do it.

In this strait, his father half-erased, his

mother and sister weeping, and begging him to do something to save them and quiet his father, the temptation to use Morrison’s name came to him. He fought against it until he was himself half-distracted, yielding at last, by comforting his conscience with the assurance that Morrison would gladly accommodate them if he was at home.

“God knows, Lindsey, I had never dreamed of such a possibility as this,” he gasped, in a hoarse whisper. “I had invested ten thousand dollars with the prospect of tripling my money in six months. The six months expired yesterday, and I have scarcely slept an hour this week, I have been in such a fever of expectancy. It is all over now! Bentley writes, the whole thing was an enormous swindle, and the sharp fellows who got it up are already on their way to Europe with the money of their dupes; an old, worn-out oil well, being all that is left for the stockholders. I dare not tell father—and that check—O my God, I shall go wild!” And springing to his feet he paced the floor in an agony of remorse and despair.

“Why not write to Mr. Morrison at once, telling him the story as you have told it to me. I don’t think he would prosecute the case—you could secure him by a mortgage on the store and contents; you say you have accommodated each other.”

“I will do so at once. Heaven bless you, Lindsey; I feel new courage already. I can bear the disgrace of bankruptcy—but crime!” shuddering convulsively.

A rap at the door interrupted them. Lindsey turned the key and looked out. The shop boy stood a little in advance of three men, two of them the same who had visited the store the morning after Corraline Sherwood’s party. He closed the door behind him and walked forward to meet them.

“We would like to see the senior partner,” one of them said, glancing toward the office door.

“Mr. Sherwood is ill at his house, sir,” Lindsey returned, quietly.

“Mr. Robert Sherwood, then.”

“He is busy, just now; if you would inform me of your business,” Alfred began; but the man interrupted him with a short laugh and an expressive shake of the head.

“Call Mr. Sherwood,” Lindsey said, turning to the boy.

Robert came out at once, deadly pale, but calm. He had evidently overheard the conversation, and, knowing the voice of the

speaker, divined at once his business. He bowed quietly, and leaning against a pillar, said, in a steady voice:

"You can proceed with your business, gentlemen; I think I anticipate its nature."

The two men exchanged glances, and then made a sign to the third, who took out and read a writ of attachment upon the store and contents, in behalf of Doyle & Hunter, of Hartford, creditors to the firm of Sherwood & Son, for goods to the value of nine hundred dollars. The business concluded, Messrs. Doyle & Hunter turned to go out, leaving the officer in charge of the store.

"I know whom I have to thank for this, Clark Hunter," Robert said, an angry flush struggling through the dead pallor of his face.

"Thank you," Hunter retorted. "I am sorry I couldn't give you time to draw on your friend Morrison!" And with a low, exultant laugh, he walked away.

The flush faded instantly from Robert Sherwood's face, and a look of despair settled down upon it. With an unsteady hand he opened the office door and went in.

"A bad business, Mr. Lindsey," the officer said, looking sorry.

"Yes," Lindsey answered abruptly, without looking up, a strange expression growing every instant in his face, and his gray eyes darkening to jetty black.

A moment or two more of struggle, and he followed his partner into the office.

"It is too late for what I proposed," he said, speaking hurriedly, like one who had made up his mind to do a thing and is in haste to have it over. "I have come to the conclusion that I signed Morrison's name. I shall be arrested for presenting the check—I shall at once admit that I did it on my own responsibility—"

"And bear the punishment for my guilt! No, I am not such a scoundrel as to suffer that, Lindsey," Sherwood interrupted.

"Hear me, Robert," he cried, laying his hand on his arm. "Think of your parents and Corrie. You can settle all these demands and have a home left for them, at least. You are young and capable, you can soon get into some business that will keep you all comfortably—and, pardon me for alluding to it, permit you to marry Miss Austin."

"We were to have been married in a month," he interrupted, sadly.

"Yes, I heard so. But if she is a true woman she will wait willingly, and sympathize with and encourage you, meanwhile. If

I am anything, or ever might have been, it is your kindness and sympathy that have done it. I ask it as a privilege, my best and truest friend, to bear this burden for you. There is no one dependent on me, now mother is dead, and no one will be pained or unhappy on my account. I am only a Lindsey, you know, and no one will be surprised; beside, I shall not suffer—" he was going to add, "because I have the consciousness of innocence," but checked himself, and substituted, "because I shall have the consciousness of repaying in part the great debt of gratitude I owe you."

Sherwood at first positively refused to listen to such a plan, but he was worn down with care and loss of rest, and mind and body were nearly exhausted in the struggle. He felt the force of Lindsey's reasoning, and at last yielded, weakly, perhaps, but not selfishly, for it was not of himself he thought, only of his father and mother, and Corrie—and possibly of Floy Austin; no man is willingly disgraced in the eyes of his betrothed wife.

Well, the blow had fallen, and all Grantley was confounded. But the bankruptcy, incredible as that seemed, was quite overshadowed by the dreadful turpitude of young Lindsey, though not a few were heard to declare that it was nothing more than was to be expected of a Lindsey, and they were not surprised in the least—in fact, had been expecting some such thing to happen ever since James Sherwood was so quixotic as to take the boy into his store. It seemed the whole trouble from first to last originated in Lindsey's crime, according to the odd logic of the Grantley-ites, though Robert Sherwood took every occasion to declare the true cause of bankruptcy to be an unwise and wild speculation. But this was set down as only another proof of foolish weakness in upholding and countenancing Alfred Lindsey—he had always done so.

Only one person in Grantley (save, of course, Robert Sherwood) believed in the possibility of Lindsey's innocence. Why should they, indeed, since he himself had admitted his guilt at the first? But Annie Morrison was a stubborn little thing when once she made up her mind to anything, and as determined as she was stubborn. It made her angry to see every one so willing—indeed, rather pleased—to believe evil of one who had fought his way up so bravely against the prejudices of his fellow-citizens. She had a natural love of

opposition, and so she espoused his cause, and was in her element. If there was any other reason that influenced her in the matter she did not admit it, even to herself. She managed to see him after his arrest just long enough to say, in a low voice:

"You don't suppose I believe this absurd story, Alfred? No, I *know* better, and I am going to prove it!"

"Miss Morrison, I beg," he began, but she nodded gayly, in a very positive way, and tripped away.

A sharp pang of regret, the first he had felt, shot heavily through his heart. He conquered the feeling after a little struggle. He knew he could never be anything to Annie Morrison—he had always tried to remember it, but a heart is a wayward thing to manage.

"She will never know that I am innocent," he said, a little sadly, "and by-and-by she will come to think like the rest." And yet his heart beat lighter all day for that whispered word.

Before the day of trial came, Annie had nearly succeeded in converting her father to her belief in young Lindsey's innocence. She had a happy faculty of winding that personage round her finger. He had a great deal of faith in his Annie's judgment, and altogether believed her to be a most wonderful little woman.

"You see," said Annie, argumentatively, "it's not at all probable that he would do this when it wasn't going to benefit himself any, only to pay an old debt contracted by the firm six months before he was admitted into it. And, by the way, I think it a shabby trick in the Sherwoods taking any one into such a shaky concern as theirs very evidently was.

"I think they meant well, my dear," her father interposed, mildly.

"Perhaps," was the doubtful answer. "But now, father, does it look reasonable that any one would be so anxious to convict themselves if they were really guilty, as you say Mr. Lindsey was? You say he seemed 'feverishly eager to criminate himself.' Now is that natural, father?"

"Well, not generally, I don't think."

"Of course not. I tell you he is not guilty of this forgery, and if you send him to prison, you will do a very wicked thing," she said, vehemently.

"But, my child, he is in the hands of the law; it will not be as I say," he replied.

"But you can establish some test—see if he can write your hand—it is said that the imi-

tation was perfect—or require him to declare under oath that it was his work—something to get at the truth—for it is my firm belief that he is sacrificing himself to save the Sherwoods."

Mr. Morrison promised to mention these things to a legal friend and get his opinion; he did not know as he could do much more.

The day of the trial came round; it was only a formal one, the accused having confessed his guilt, and requested that no defence be made for him. A counsel had, however, been assigned to him, to sum up the extenuating circumstances, and beg that the court might be as lenient as possible in its sentence—considering the nature of the crime—in view of his youth and his previous good character.

But a new complexion was at once put upon affairs, by Clark Hunter's coming forward at the opening of the court and boldly charging the forgery upon Robert Sherwood. He stated that, knowing the financial affairs of the firm to be in a very ticklish condition, he had, in company with a detective from the city, kept an eye on the Sherwoods for several days previous to the time of the forgery. He knew of their dabbling in speculations, and learned of the failure of the concern perhaps before they did. He was a little surprised to find a new partner in the firm, and did not know but possibly he might have money. He waited to find out. He soon learned that it was only a poor clerk who had long been in their employ. He knew Gorham's note fell due the next day, and he had a natural curiosity to see how they managed to pay it. He was interested, from the fact that the Sherwoods owed their firm quite a sum. He saw Robert Sherwood come down to the store, and almost immediately young Lindsey go away. He looked into the store twice, but saw nothing of Sherwood. He afterward saw Lindsey come down to the store, and a moment after, looking in through the glass door, saw him behind the counter waiting on some ladies. Afterward, from the same position, saw Sherwood open the office door and beckon to Lindsey, who came out from behind the counter and followed him into the office. He then walked away down street, not caring to let Sherwood see him just then.

In a little less than ten minutes Sherwood came out of the store and walked hastily toward home. He then entered the store, several others also coming in. Bought a pair of gloves, and waited further develop-

ments. He had a theory that some means were to be put in operation to procure the money to meet Gorham's bill next day, and thought possibly the store and contents were to be mortgaged.

"Presently the sound of wheels made me lift my eyes," he continued, "and I saw Robert Sherwood, and a fellow whom I judged to be one of their servants drive up in a carriage. Lindsey went hastily out. There was no one in the store, and a strong impulse to open the office door and look in took possession of me. I did so, and the first thing that caught my eye was a piece of crumpled paper lying in front of the desk. I took it, and without looking at it, put it in my pocket and hurried out. Sherwood was still talking with Lindsey, who was seated in the carriage with the Irishman. I walked immediately out, and when at a sufficient distance, smoothed out the paper and read, 'T. D. Morrison' written in half a dozen places, together with the time and place of date. But the date was 'Sept. 11th,' instead of thirteenth as it really was. I was shocked at the suspicion that forced itself upon me. I had letters in Sherwood's hand, and I compared them with the writing on the paper, and saw at once that it was the same, only a little disguised. I had also a letter of Morrison's, and I remembered all at once that I had previously observed that there was a striking similarity between the handwriting of the two men."

"I knew Morrison had gone West. I wrote him immediately, asking if he had loaned Sherwood a sum of money to be drawn from the bank during his absence. He telegraphed back that he had not, and Mr. Dole and myself visited the bank, and found a check for \$5000 had been presented by Lindsey the afternoon of the 13th. We went down at once and put an attachment on the store. Subsequent developments you are familiar with. I demand now that Lindsey give us a proof of his handwriting being the same signed to the check, or that on this piece of paper," producing it and laying it on the table.

Lindsey firmly refused. There was a little excitement, and before it had subsided, Robert Sherwood, his face pale, yet firm, walked into court.

"Stop!" he interrupted. "It is I, who am the culprit—"

"No! no, it is not, gentlemen—O, do not mind what he says!" Lindsey cried, interrupting him. "O Robert! you promised me

you would not interfere," a pleading pathos in his voice.

"Damen and Pythias," sneered Hunter.

Well, of course the entire complexion of the matter was changed, and Robert Sherwood, the handsome, generous, talented son of one of the oldest and most respectable families of Grantley, was condemned to imprisonment for forgery, and Alfred Lindsey's noble conduct was on every tongue. Public opinion, that fickle creature, fell at once to abusing Robert Sherwood, and if it could have had the fixing of the sentence, I am afraid the gallows would have had another victim. By-and-by, however, the excited state of opinion subsided. Lindsey used every effort to soften the feeling against him, and at the end of a year succeeded in getting up a petition, headed by Mr. Morrison, for his pardon. After some delay it was granted, and Robert Sherwood, grown sadly old and altered in a year, came back to Grantley. During his incarceration, Lindsey had acted the part of a son to the poor, broken-down old man, who seemed little enough like the proud merchant of former years. All Grantley prophesied that Lindsey's love for Corrie Sherwood prompted him to this course of labor and sacrifice, as well as being at the bottom of his devotion to Robert. It is so hard for mankind to believe in the unselfishness of their fellows, or to conceive it possible that a warm and tender *friendship* can exist between a man and woman.

Well, as I said, Robert Sherwood came back to Grantley, broken in health and spirits, his good name tarnished, poverty and toil before him, a weak, almost imbecile father, and a helpless mother and sister dependent on him for support. Did his old friends, remembering all his long, upright life, his pure morality, his generous, noble nature, forgive him this one sin, committed under such great excitement and provocation, and not a deliberate wrong; and remembering their own liability to fall in some moment of terrible temptation, gather about him, and with words of encouragement, and kindly proffers of sympathy and assistance, hold up his faltering hands, and strengthen his faltering heart? Did they do this, do you think?

Alas! no. They held aloof from him, they said continually by their conduct, "we are holier than you," and managed in a hundred nameless ways to keep the fact of his disgrace continually before him. There were a

few noble exceptions. Mr. Morrison showed not only his true nobility as a gentleman, but his Christian spirit, in using every effort to make him feel how fully and thoroughly he forgave him, and wished to have it quite forgotten. He also tried bravely to combat the prejudices of his fellow-citizens, but with very indifferent success. Alfred Lindsey, now in business at Windsor Locks, helped and encouraged him in many ways, but his sensitive soul was slowly crushed under the hardness and coldness of his fellow-citizens, and like a tree dying at its core, he gradually lost strength and life, and people saw at last that he was dying, yet not one of them, perhaps, thought that possibly his blood would be required at their hands. There was a little convulsive sympathy then, but it was too late. There was, however, one beautiful ray of brightness that streamed out over his darkened life. Floy Austin had been true to her love for him, though her father had forbidden her to see him after his arrest. But when the story that he was dying came to her ears, she threw aside all parental control, and came to him, and insisted upon being his wife immediately. He objected faintly, but the thought of having her with him to the end, and of calling her at last by the sweet name of wife, was too pleasant to be long resisted, and so in the solemn shadow of death they were united in wedlock, and her hands ministered to his last earthly wants, and her loving faithfulness brightened the valley of shadows.

And so Robert Sherwood was dead—dead in the flush of his young manhood. If he erred and fell in that one terrible moment of bitter temptation, were they quite guiltless who barred the way of his return to honor, and virtue, and usefulness?

After Robert's death, Alfred Lindsey came up and took Mr. and Mrs. Sherwood and Coralline down to Windsor Locks. He knew how desolate and terrible the old place must seem to them now, and he promised Robert to make their grief as easy for them to bear as possible. Grantley people talked about it some, and wondered "why he didn't marry Corrie and done with it—it would certainly look better."

But one, two, three years went by, and both Alfred and Corrie kept on in the even

tenor of their way. There was nothing heard of marriage between them, but that a deep, and tender, and earnest affection existed between them, no one could doubt who knew them. Some people, not understanding pure and tender feeling, laughed, and made sneering remarks and innuendoes, but the poisonous arrows glanced off harmless from their strong armor of purity. But there came a change at last; a change that released Lindsey from his self-imposed life of labor and sacrifice in their behalf. Corrie Sherwood, quite unexpectedly to most people, though not to Alfred, married a wealthy gentleman in Hartford, who at once took her parents home to his house. The day after they left, Lindsey went up to Grantley. He had scarcely been there since Robert Sherwood died. There were reasons why he dared not trust himself to go there much.

Annie Morrison, a little paler and graver than on that autumn morning when she had ridden from Hartford to Grantley with Alfred Lindsey, sat lost in thought before a light fire that flickered through the twilight shadows of a gray October evening. A low rap sounded on the door. Of course it was her father, she was expecting him momentarily; so she said, with a little low laugh:

"Come in, if it's anybody that loves me."

The door opened and a gentleman came forward, pausing where the light fell across his face.

"Annie," he said, tenderly, "I could not stay outside when you said that."

Of course she gave a little feminine start and scream, and protested against his taking her so literally, because, of course, she was only in fun, besides, she was so sure it was her father. But when he told her in earnest, passionate words of his love for her all these years, and how he had not dared to come to her before lest her sweet face should make him forget the path of duty he had marked out for himself; and that now the burden was off his hands, and he was free to seek his own happiness, etc., etc., why, she quite broke down, and admitted between little happy, hysterical sobs, that "she had loved him always;" and when a little later Mr. Morrison really came in, he found his little girl the betrothed wife of Alfred Lindsey, and like a model father, added the paternal blessing.

THE GOLDSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. CAROLINE ORNE.

"You have been so diligent to-day, my good lads, that although half an hour earlier than usual, you may leave off work, and seek whatever diversion may please you, provided you keep within proper bounds, and avoid mingling in the street riots which are getting to be frequent as well as dangerous.

These words were addressed by Godfrey de Coigners, a thriving goldsmith of the city of London, to his two apprentices, the elder of whom sat diligently at work linking together a heavy gold chain for a wealthy citizen, while the other, whose duty it was to wait on customers, was busy in polishing a piece of plate.

Walter Kingsley quietly deposited the chain in a drawer, which he locked, and taking his cap, stood awaiting for his companion.

"Shall I fasten the street door and close the shutters?" inquired Simon Cosin, the younger apprentice, fixing his small, keen eyes upon his master's face.

"Yes, Simon," replied the goldsmith, passing his hand over his face as he spoke, to hide the sudden flush occasioned by the prying looks of his apprentice.

As Simon Cosin turned away to perform his task, a faint smile flickered over his countenance, which Kingsley, quiet and careless as he appeared, failed not to observe. Having performed it as his master had ordered, Cosin adroitly slipped a small key from beneath a bit of canvas, which appeared to be lying carelessly at one end of the shelf, which he held in such a manner as to be concealed by the sleeve of his jacket. The two apprentices now left the shop by a passage which led to the back of the building, which admitted them into a close, dark alley. As soon as the door was closed behind them, the goldsmith secured it on the inside with a heavy bolt. He then, having examined the fastenings of the front entrance and the window shutters, lit a lamp; for though the sun was yet a quarter of an hour high, the light was excluded, except what was admitted through the open door of an inner apartment. He placed the lamp on a table, and crossing this inner room, opened a door which revealed a narrow staircase.

"Alice! Alice!" said he, "come to me a minute, I wish to speak with you."

A door at the head of the staircase was almost immediately swung back, and a beautiful face, evidently dimmed with a shade of sadness, peered from behind it.

"Come down, my daughter," said the goldsmith; "I wish to give you some directions before I go out."

This was said in a somewhat louder voice than was absolutely necessary for one so near as Alice to hear, and was clearly intended for some one in the chamber. As soon as Alice had descended the stairs, her father passed into the workshop and made a sign for her to follow. She was somewhat surprised to find that the apprentices were gone, and that the shop, instead of the lingering gleams of day, was lighted by a lamp.

"Should any person, except Grantham, call and inquire for me," said her father, "say that I shall not be in till eight o'clock. If disposed to wait my return, let it be in the oak parlor, and be careful that neither you nor Dame Gifford have occasion for anything in the shop, or the room adjoining."

"You had better lock the door, then, as soon as I am gone, for though I can promise for myself, it is not unlikely that the good dame may be seized with a sudden desire to see the silver vase and the drinking-cup, set with jewels, you are making for the archbishop. Father," she added, while a deeper shade of sadness stole over her features, "I am haunted with the fear that some evil is hovering over you."

The goldsmith turned quickly round, and said, sharply, "Why do you suffer yourself—" but he checked himself and added, playfully, "if idle fancies disturb you, Alice, it is a sign that you are too much at your embroidery, and too little in the fresh air. Nothing is so good as fresh air to dispel a fit of the vapors."

"I wish it were indeed the vapors which thus trouble me, both for your sake and mine. But it is not so. Will you forgive me, dear father, if I tell you that I know why Walter and Simon were dismissed so early, and why for some weeks past, you have often worked while others have slept?"

"Have you dared," said her father, sternly, "to pry into what you should not know?"

"I have made no attempt to pry into anything. The knowledge of the unwelcome secret, which has ever since preyed upon my spirits, was obtained accidentally."

"In what way?"

"The evening you had the first interview with the stranger you call Grantham, I was present."

"Impossible!"

"It is true. I had entered the shop a minute before, as it seems, without your notice, to ask you about something, and imagining that the stranger might wish to make some purchase which would require only a few minutes, and not caring to be seen by him, I stepped behind the screen which you sometimes place before the table when you are at work, and thus, unintentionally, heard every word that was said. But, father, you have nothing to fear from me, for I will prove to you that a woman can keep a secret."

"I believe you, my child, and since you know what passed between me and the stranger, you shall see the progress I have made in the work he engaged me to do."

Saying thus, he unlocked a writing-desk, and opening a private drawer, took thence a golden coronal.

"An hour's work," said he, as he placed it on the table, "will finish it."

"And this," said Alice, "is intended to crown Robert de Bruce, the rebel, and the enemy of King Edward. O father, why did you consent to do what, if found out, must cost your life?"

"Yes, as you say, should the secret transpire, it will cost me my life. But there is no danger—there can be none. According to my own views of the matter, I have been guilty of no crime. Might is all that can give Edward a right to rule Scotland, and for my own part, I rejoice that Bruce has triumphed. Let Edward be content to rule his kingdom, I say."

"And so say I. But whatever we may think on that subject, the danger you have brought upon yourself by fashioning this bauble remains the same."

"You suffer yourself to be unnecessarily alarmed. The whole affair has been conducted with so much secrecy and discretion, that there can be no danger."

"I wish that I could feel the same confidence that you do; but there is the youngest apprentice, Simon Cosin, who has as much

curiosity as he has cunning, who would—and I accuse him not without cause—betray his own brother for the sake of a broad gold piece."

"It cannot be that he has any suspicion of the matter," said the goldsmith; but while he spoke, the keen glance with which Cosin regarded him as he and his fellow-apprentice were preparing to leave the shop, flashed into his mind and caused him considerable uneasiness.

"He may not," said Alice, "suspect the real nature of the affair, but I am persuaded that he already imagines there is something in agitation which you are desirous to conceal from him, and he will not rest till he finds what it is."

"I believe that you are mistaken."

"I am nearly certain that I am not."

"What are your reasons for thinking thus?"

"They are founded on a hint which Walter gave me."

"I don't know why Walter is entitled to more confidence than Simon; I believe, were I inclined to trust either, it would be my younger apprentice."

"Father, you are not so well acquainted with Walter's true character as I am. The brow which is covered by the flat cap of a London apprentice would grace an earl's coronet," said Alice, with a warmth which brought a look of surprise to the countenance of her father, and a blush to her own.

"How long has Master Walter Kingsley stood so high in the good graces of my daughter?" he said.

"Ever since he endangered his life by rescuing that poor, helpless old man from the mob, at the head of which was Simon Cosin, whom, in their cruel thirst for what they called sport, they came near depriving of life."

"That does tell in his favor, but time is wasting, and you must leave me; I would fain finish this coronal to-night, and then I shall feel more at ease."

"I wish, father, that you would just melt it down, and then, should suspicion get abroad, so as to cause search to be made for it, nothing could be found to implicate you."

"Step this way, Alice, and you will see that I have nothing to fear even from the strictest search." And he opened his writing-desk as she drew near, and requested her to point out to him the drawer where the coronal had been concealed.

"I cannot," she replied, after having

examined the interior of the desk with strict scrutiny.

"I was certain you could not, and though I am not afraid to trust you, if search should be made, it may be better that you remain ignorant of its situation. Now, my child, go and let no foolish fears disturb your dreams to-night."

The moment Alice had left him he secured the door which communicated with the staircase, and then addressed himself diligently to the task of finishing the coronal. He hoped to complete it in an hour, nor did he overran the time by more than a few minutes. As he was taking it to the desk to deposit it in the secret drawer, he thought he heard a slight noise outside the door which opened into the street. He stood still and listened, but as the noise was not repeated, he imagined that it must have been caused by some person who was passing. He, therefore, quickly restored it to its place of concealment, and locking the desk, retained the key about his person. On going up stairs, he found that his daughter had retired to her own room, and feeling weary and dispirited, he bade Dame Gifford "good-night," and sought his own place of repose.

One of the windows of his apartment could be seen from the street which passed in front of the building, and as the curtain was partially drawn aside, two persons, who had for about fifteen minutes been standing opposite, watching for that purpose, were aware of the moment of his entrance. They could not only see the gleam of light, though it had been placed in a remote corner of the room, but could discern the outline of his form, as he many times crossed and recrossed his chamber, previous to disrobing, as if his mind was ill at ease.

The persons watching, who were screened by the dark shadow of the building near which they stood, began to grow impatient, when suddenly the light was extinguished. They waited not another moment, but crossing the street, one of them, who was a little forward of the other, went directly up to the door of the goldsmith's shop, and dexterously displacing one of the panels which had been previously loosened for the purpose, he was enabled to remove the two heavy bars by which the door was secured. The only obstacle to their ingress being now removed, they both entered the shop. He who happened to be the leader, then carefully closed the door and replaced the panel.

"This way," he then said to his companion, and as he spoke, caused the light from a dark lantern to fall on the writing-desk in which was concealed the coronal. As he bent forward and placed a key in the lock of the desk, the light revealed the cunning and sinister countenance of Simon Cosin, the goldsmith's younger apprentice. The person with him now took the lantern, and the dark cloak, which he wore, falling open, displayed the rich dress of a nobleman. The desk was soon thrown open.

"There is nothing here," said Lord Segrave.

Cosin made no reply, but pressing his finger against the back of the desk, on a spot which in no respect appeared different from any other, a small door flew open and revealed a drawer containing the coronal, which was the object of their search. A small bundle of papers lay beside it, which Lord Segrave hastily examined. None appeared to him to be of much importance, except one. In this allusion was made to the intended coronation of Robert Bruce at Soane, and although the day was not designated, the goldsmith was requested to have the crown ready by the tenth of the month, when Master Grantham would call for it, and secretly convey it to its place of destination. This he retained, and refolding the others restored them to the drawer. After a few moments' hesitation, he also returned the coronal.

"Are you going to leave it, my lord?" asked Cosin.

"Yes, I believe it will be best to leave it till morning, when your traitorous master, and this, his precious piece of handiwork, can be secured at the same time."

"I can see no good that can come of leaving it," said Cosin, with a dissatisfied air.

"There can be no harm that I can see in suffering it to remain a few hours, and the prize is too precious to be borne, at this time of night, through streets in the neighborhood of Whitefriars, whose only population is made up of thieves, robbers and assassins. Besides, this paper which I hold in my hand will be sufficient evidence against your master, even should we fail to gain possession of the crown, so that at any rate, your promised reward is secure."

At this moment, sounds of loud and riotous mirth were distinctly heard, although they were borne from a considerable distance. Whatever doubts remained in the mind of Lord Segrave as to suffering the coronal to remain till morning, or at least till a guard

could be procured, were now put to rest. He therefore ordered the apprentice to lock the desk, and after waiting long enough to assure themselves that the gang of rioters were not approaching in that direction, they left the shop.

Lord Segrave immediately crossed the street and turned into a close, dark lane, leaving Cosin to secure the door. He had restored the bars to their former position, and had bent down to secure the loosened panel, when he heard some one quickly pass near him. He was somewhat startled by this, and rising and looking, in the direction of the receding footsteps, he could dimly descry through the gloom a person who he thought resembled his fellow-apprentice.

"If he has dared to set the spy on me," he muttered, between his teeth; "but no—he suspects me not—I need not fear." Having thus settled the matter in his own mind, he finished replacing the panel, and then withdrew to a place, to which he had been directed to repair by Lord Segrave, that he might be in readiness to lend his assistance at whatever hour he might be required.

Dame Gifford had remained awhile after the goldsmith and his daughter had withdrawn to their separate apartments, that she might regale herself on some delicacy, which for the last fifteen minutes had been simmering on the embers, in a little silver saucepan. She had just lifted the lid to see if the gravy had assumed the proper consistence, when she heard her name pronounced in a low, cautious tone of voice. Had she not at once recognized the voice, the contents of the saucepan would probably have been overturned into the ashes; as it was it barely escaped a fate as disastrous. As soon as she was satisfied that the saucepan was firmly settled on the embers, she rose and turning round said:

"Bless me, Walter Kingsley, how came you here, and how did you get here?"

"I got in there," he replied, pointing to the casement, which he had left swinging on its hinges, "and my business is to speak with Mistress Alice."

"And do you think that Mistress Alice is going to rise from her bed because one of her father's prentices takes it into his head that he wants to speak with her?"

"I have something to say to her which will admit of no delay. I must see her, and that immediately."

Finding she still hesitated, he said:

"Go, good dame, and fetch her hither, and the very first holiday that comes, I will mend the clasp for you, which you asked me to do yesterday."

"And so you think to bribe me? but remember, if I go, it will be out of good-will, and not for the sake of reward."

Without further parley she proceeded to Alice's chamber and knocked at the door, which was at once opened. Her anxiety was such, that feeling no inclination to sleep she had remained at her window, hoping that the stranger whom her father called Grantham, might yet come and remove the coronal.

"Has he come?" she eagerly demanded, of Dame Gifford.

"Yes; but if I should give you a piece of my mind, I should say it is not seemly for a lass who might, if she chose, marry one of the richest burgher's sons in the city, to be so earnest for a stolen meeting with her father's apprentice—not but that Walter is a nice lad and comely enough to be a prince."

Alice made no reply, for the stranger was in her mind when she asked the question, and she felt that Dame Gifford had misapprehended her. She, however, could not prevent feeling alarmed at being summoned to an interview with Walter Kingsley at such an hour, for she felt persuaded that it had something to do with the dangerous business which her father, in an evil hour, had been tempted to undertake.

It proved to be as she had suspected. Walter had been aware for some days, that Costa was in the possession of some secret which endangered the safety of their master, though he was ignorant of its precise nature. He at any rate determined to keep a vigilant watch upon Cosin's proceedings. At one time, when they two were alone in the shop, Cosin, when he imagined Walter too deeply engaged in his employment to notice him, busied himself in fitting a key to the writing-desk. But Walter did notice him, nor did he fail to observe him when he slipped the key which he knew to be the same, from under the piece of canvas, and concealed it in the sleeve of his jacket.

When the two apprentices left the shop Kingsley took a different direction from that chosen by Cosin, but in a short time turned back and succeeded in keeping him in sight till he met Lord Segrave, when they both entered a small obscure building. When almost wearied with watching, Walter saw

the door open, and Cosin, preceded by a person closely muffled in a cloak, come forth. The evening was extremely dark, the stars being blotted out by a mass of heavy clouds, from which fell an almost imperceptible mist. The darkness was in Kingsley's favor, and he succeeded, without their suspecting it, in following them to his master's shop. Having seen them enter, he approached the door, where, by attentively listening, he was able to arrive at a pretty accurate conclusion as to what was concealed in the desk. He also found that Lord Segrave had concluded to let it remain till morning, that it might be removed with more safety, when his master would also be arrested, unless he previously made his escape.

"I would willingly have concealed this from you," said Walter, in conclusion, "but I knew that at any rate you must soon know it, and thought it best not to excite Dame Gifford's wonder by asking for your father. I thought it best to ask for you, and permit her to put her own construction upon it, which will at least be wide enough of the truth."

"I was already in possession of the dreadful secret," said Alice, "but hoped that it might remain a secret to all except me and the parties engaged in the transaction. I must go to my father and tell him of his danger. He may yet save himself by flight."

"Tell him," said Walter, "that if he will but say the word, I will have a fleet horse in waiting for him in an hour from this time at any place which he may think best."

They now separated; Walter, so as not to excite Dame Gifford's suspicions, going out at the window which had admitted him, and Alice by the door which led to her chamber, whence without difficulty she could go to the apartment occupied by her father.

Dame Gifford, who had by this time finished the contents of the saucepan, as well as a cup of warm spiced ale, after raking the ashes over the embers, went to her room and was soon enjoying the sweets of profound repose. In a few minutes afterwards, the goldsmith and his daughter and Walter had met together, anxiously discussing what course it would be best to pursue. Alice entreated her father to attempt to escape, in which she was earnestly joined by Walter. If he would agree to this, Walter offered to risk the perilous undertaking of conveying the coronal to Scone. But the goldsmith had no faith that he should be able to escape, though he at length yielded to the tears and entreaties of

his daughter, and consented to make the attempt.

Walter knew where he could obtain horses, and in half an hour they were in waiting. The presentiment that he should not escape continued to haunt De Coigners to an extent which paralyzed exertion. While Walter Kingsley, in a suitable disguise and the coronal ingeniously concealed, took the road to Scotland, his master pursued a different direction, where a few hours' hard riding would bring him to the house of an old friend, in whose fidelity he thought he could confide.

The first faint gleams of dawn had hardly broke in the east, when Alice, who was keeping watch in a chamber which commanded a view of the street in front of the shop, could hear footsteps which approached with evident caution. They drew nearer and nearer, and soon ceased in front of the shop. She listened attentively and could hear when they gained admittance. She now ventured to throw open the casement, but though this availed her to hear a faint murmur of voices, she could distinguish nothing that they said. Unable longer to control her painful solicitude, she groped her way to the apartment where the evening previous she had the interview with Walter, and descended to the foot of the staircase to which allusion has before been made. All was silent for a few seconds, and then there was a bitter execration, which she well knew was in consequence of being baffled in their expectations of finding the coronal.

"The person who was to convey it to Scotland must have come for it after we were here," said a voice, which Alice knew to be Simon Cosin's.

"It is not of much moment whether we find it or not," said some one, in reply. "This paper is sufficient to prove your master guilty. Are you sure, Cosin, that there is no secret outlet from the building by which the traitorous rascal can make his escape?"

"There is no place big enough for a weasel to escape," was the answer of the apprentice.

"Lead us to his chamber then. A thrifty artisan should have been astrir by this time, but he doubtless wishes to indemnify himself for those extra hours of labor he has been obliged to bestow on the Scottish crown."

There was an attempt made to open the door where Alice stood listening, which being fastened on the inside, was unsuccessful. It, however, caused a delay of only a few minutes, and as Alice heard the lock give way

she fled to her own room. She had only time to fasten the door, when she heard steps in the passage which led to her father's chamber. They soon found that it was untenanted.

"He may have escaped to his daughter's room," suggested Cosin.

"Where is it? Show it to us," was the inquiry and demand of several voices at once.

"This way," said Cosin.

The next minute there was a rap against Alice's door.

"We must enter, either by fair means or foul," said one of the men, "and we leave it with you to choose which we shall do."

"I will unlock the door immediately," said Alice, for she well knew that it would avail nothing to refuse.

The door being thrown open, a slight survey of the room convinced them that it offered no place of concealment. Dame Gifford was by this time aroused, who though sternly questioned could give them no further information than that she herself had lit the lamp for the goldsmith when he rose to retire, and that he left the room by the door he always did when he went to his bed-chamber. As for Alice, she refused answering every question, however trivial, with a firmness which could not be shaken, and after having searched every part of the house under the direction of Cosin, they were obliged to yield to the unwelcome belief that their intended victim had made his escape.

Had Godfrey de Coigners been able to maintain the appearance of as much coolness and self-possession as Walter Kingsley, his apprentice, he might have been safe. This was far from being the case, and when, as soon as it was found that he was not in the house, persons were sent in different directions in pursuit of him, although he was artfully disguised, he yielded himself to the first who came up with him, without the least attempt at evasion. His captor conveyed him back to London, and before night he was tried by the king's council, and condemned to be executed at seven o'clock on the morning of the next day but one.

This was the first Alice heard respecting her father after she parted with him. For half an hour she sat like one stupefied. Neither Dame Gifford's attempts to comfort her, nor her noisy lamentations, had power to draw her attention. The day was near its close, when suddenly starting up she exclaimed:

"I will go to the king and beg my father's pardon—he must—he will grant it."

"Why, the poor child is demented to think of such a thing," said Dame Gifford. "The king will only be angry with you, and when he is angry I've heard it said that he is dreadful to look upon, and that his eyes are fierce as a lion's, and seem to sparkle with fire. A glance of them would kill you. Come, my lady-bird, be persuaded not to go. What cannot be cured must be endured, and the remedy you seek, though it may harm yourself, can avail nothing in favor of your father."

"I shall go, Dame Gifford, so don't add to my affliction by magnifying the difficulties which may beset me."

"You are a willful child and always would have your own way, for which I must thank myself, for it all came of my over-indulgence. Since you will go, I wish Walter was here to go with you. He is a good, sober lad, and is shrewd and sharp-witted withal, and would know how to manage with as much address as a courtier."

"Since he is not here, I must go alone."

"That you shan't do. Do you think a handsome lady like you would be suffered to pass through the streets unmolested at this time, when Whitefriars begins to empty itself of its rogues, and the wild, young Templars are abroad, who are quite as much to be feared by one like you?"

"What can I do, then?"

"It may be that neighbor Gadson will go with you."

"O, I know he will—go, good dame, and see."

Dame Gifford soon returned accompanied by Master Gadson. The impatient Alice, enveloped in a dark colored cloak and hood, met them at the door. The vigorous arms of the worthy citizen and her own intense excitement sustained her, as they rapidly pursued their way to the palace of Westminster, where Edward I., and Marguerite of France, his second queen, at that time had their court.

Master Gadson used every effort in his power to introduce his young charge to the presence of the king, but after waiting nearly an hour, which to Alice seemed an age, they were told that the king being weary and indisposed, had retired to his private apartments and could not be disturbed.

"The queen, then—let me see the queen," said Alice.

"It cannot be," said the page, who had

been sent to inform her of the impossibility of her having access to the king.

Just at this moment a door, opening into a passage communicating with the queen's apartments, and directly opposite where Alice and Gadson stood, was unclosed. Several ladies were crossing the passage at the time, and Master Gadson, who had several times seen the queen, recognized her as one of them. He pointed her out to Alice. The moment the words had passed his lips, she darted forward with the speed of thought, and the next moment was kneeling at the queen's feet. Marguerite, surprised at the suddenness of the movement, said kindly, while she at the same time attempted to raise her:

"What would you have, my fair girl?"

"My father's pardon."

"Who is your father?"

"Godfrey de Coigners the goldsmith."

"The unhappy man we were speaking of only a few minutes ago?" said the queen, addressing one of the ladies.

"Yes, your grace, the same."

"I have no power to pardon him," said the queen. "Your petition must be addressed to the king."

"I came to the palace for that purpose," said Alice, "but they would not let me see him."

"It is doubtless well that you were denied, for the king, who is both ill and weary, might have been in no mood to give you a favorable hearing."

"What can I do?" said Alice; "to-morrow my success may be no better, and the next day it will be too late."

Marguerite remained silent a few moments, as if revolving in her mind what was best to do.

"I will myself," she at length said, "intercede with the king for your father's pardon."

The ladies in attendance looked surprised, for never had there been an instance, where a queen of England had ventured to stand between a mighty Plantagenet in his wrath, and his intended victim. Marguerite noticed this, and smiled as she said:

"You think for so young a queen, I am a very bold one—is it not so?"

"We know that your grace has the courage to be good and merciful," was the reply of one of the ladies; "and if you do what you intend, it will be more than any of your predecessors ever ventured to do."

"I shall be proud and happy to be the first

instance, then," was Marguerite's reply. Then addressing Alice, she said, "Go, now, and hope for the best. I will watch for a favorable opportunity to speak in behalf of your father, and will see that you are advised of the issue at the earliest moment possible."

Alice pressed her lips to the queen's hand, and with looks expressive of grateful thanks she was unable to utter, withdrew and rejoined her kind protector.

They found Dame Gifford anxiously awaiting their return. After the departure of Master Gadson she persuaded Alice to recline on a couch which she spread for her near the fire, and was rejoiced to see wearied nature, after awhile, yield to the oblivion of sleep. But her slumbers were uneasy, and she often started as if harassed by painful dreams. When she awoke morning had dawned. At first, she was only conscious of a heavy oppression weighing upon her spirits, but suddenly, the fearful truth broke in upon her mind.

With leaden feet, the hours, one after another crept away. Sometimes it seemed to her that it was impossible to longer endure the agony of suspense to which she was subjected. More than once she made up her mind to go again to the palace to learn the success of the queen's promised intercession with the king, but was as often restrained, not only by the thought that the messenger which Marguerite had promised to send to make known to her the result might arrive in her absence, but by the difficulty, as taught by the experience of the preceding evening, of gaining admittance into the palace, unless under the protection of some one thought to be of more consequence than the worthy Master Gadson.

The sun was past the meridian by more than three hours, when a messenger arrived from the queen.

"For Alice de Coigners," were his words, as he placed a small packet in the trembling hand extended to take it.

Alice quickly severed the band of floss silk which secured it, and opening it, saw written on the outside of a folded sheet of paper:

"The pardon is granted. MARGUERITE."

Inside the sheet, was a copy of the pardon. After stating that "Godfrey de Coigners had been guilty of the heavy transgression and malefaction of making the coronal of gold to crown the king's rebel and enemy, Robert de Bruce of Scotland," it went on to say that,

"we, the king, pardon him solely at the intercession of our dearest consort, Marguerite, Queen of England."

In two hours more, Godfrey de Coigners was beneath his own roof.

Not long afterwards he gave up a share of his thriving business to Walter Kingsley, and at the same time, what the latter prized more highly, the hand of his daughter.

BACK TO MY OWN.

BY FENNO HAYES.

ONE doesn't often come to suicide all at once, except in love affairs, I think. The idea had dogged and haunted me for three months. First, it was a thought whose entrance into my heart shocked me, and was shown out in high haste. Then, material objects began to haunt and tempt me. I got afraid of my medicine case—there were certain little bottles there took on a strange fascination. Sometimes the gleam of a knife in a shop window would give me a turn—"there's a short cut to death," I'd think. Get on, get on, for the love of Heaven—Launcelot Launce! Then the times grew harder, and I never crossed a bridge but something whispered, "drowning is an easy death to die. A little plunge, and all is over." Set your foot quick on the firm shore, Launcelot Launce, or never on the firm shore shall you set your foot again!

Well, I wrestled with and fought it for awhile, then I dallied with it and then I hugged it, and here I was, a man, able-bodied and all that, and about to kill myself because I couldn't get bread to put in my mouth. You despise me? So should I in your place. But disappointment, and hunger, and cold, take a man's courage so surely, given day after day only these, that before he knows it it's all gone, and then "*facilis descensus Avernus*," whether one chooses to take the cross cut direct, or the long way round through villany and crime.

I suppose hunger made me a little light-headed. At any rate, the strongest feeling I had, as I sat over my last stick of wood, with my pistol in my hand, was that it really was a most stupendous joke that I should be freezing and starving, and about to take my own life. The idea of dining off Sevres and silver one New Year's day, and committing suicide the next for want of a crust! To be sure neither Sevres nor silver was my own, but I had been laboring under the mistake of

supposing them to be so all my days, so the effect was the same.

I had a strange feeling at the moment of being, not one, but three—the me of olden time, the me of latter days, and the me contemplating these two former *personnells*, as one might a couple of his own photographs.

"You were a gay, debonaire sort of fellow," I said, turning to one of these, "and a merry dance you made of life, and if I were to introduce you to this," turning to the other, "it would be somewhat after this fashion—self to self's ghost!"

In that hour, which one would naturally have supposed to be a solemn one, I was rather possessed of a feeling of strange bizarre lightness, and I laughed aloud at my pleasant fancy, while I examined my pistol with a touch almost caressing.

At this moment a most remarkable thing happened—a most uncommon and unusual thing. My office bell rang.

I had waited so long in vain for this same event to occur that I had half a mind to treat it disdainfully, at this eleventh hour. But, after all, when one plays at balance, with life and death, each should have a fair field and no favor, so I laid my pistol by, with a whispered "wait!" and answered the summons.

I recognized the porter of the Darley House as I opened the door.

"Yees wanted at the hoose," he said, in his broad Irish brogue, "there's a grand 'laddy sick there, an' sint for yees."

"Very well, Tim," I answered, as nonchalantly as if "grand keddies" were in the habit of sending for Doctor Launce at all hours, "I'll be along directly."

As I stepped back into my room for my overcoat the pistol shining on the shelf seemed somehow a very different thing from what it had a few minutes before. I even was conscious of a little shudder as I glanced that

way, and as I walked along over the crisp snow the keen, bracing air seemed to rouse and waken me as if from a nightmare.

But if I had any visions of achieving a professional reputation from the difficulty of this providential case of mine, they were dissipated at once as I entered one of the parlors of the Darley House and saw before me my patient. Never was the seal of perfect health more plainly set on lip and cheek, or displayed in the full flowing of a woman's figure than in hers who awaited me, half reclined in a deep, luxurious armchair.

Doubtless my face betrayed my astonishment, for, dismissing the servant on some trifling errand, she said, the roses deepening in her cheeks, and a shade of embarrassment perceptible in her voice, despite her assured coolness:

"You are right, Doctor Launce. I am no more sick than you are. And yet, for reasons that I cannot explain, but which I assure you are not in the slightest degree reprehensible, I wish to appear so. If you will only treat me as nearly as is possible as you would if I were afflicted with violent pneumonia, I will be so very, very much obliged."

The large, soft, brown eyes looked pleadingly full into mine, and the rich, liquid voice was full of entreaty as she proffered this singular request.

I hesitated a little, more from astonishment than anything else.

"I pledge you my word you shall never regret it," she said, "nor I," she added, a little proudly.

Just then the servant reentered. A well-simulated expression of pain crossed her fair face, and she put her hand quickly to her side.

There was no time for further consideration; I accepted the situation.

"The pain is almost constant now, is it not?" I said, gravely. Then seating myself at the table, and remarking that I quite frequently put up my own prescriptions, I prepared a potion, supposed to be very powerful, but, of course, perfectly simple and harmless.

A little gleam of pleasure in her eye did not escape me, nor a slight twinkle of merriment, either, as I ordered mustard applications in liberal quantities.

"I hope she will have the thought to insist on applying them herself," I said inwardly; "there is no need of her martyring herself to a too great extent."

Well, what with servants running for hot water and mustard plasters, and my gravity

and Miss Farnsworth's (so she introduced herself) little, repressed exclamations of pain, we succeeded in getting up quite a commotion in the Darley House. It seemed the stylish young lady, who had arrived only that afternoon with a goodly number of trunks, had excited considerable attention and speculation, and the news of her sudden and violent attack of illness was received with corresponding interest and solicitude.

At length, Miss Farnsworth professed herself somewhat relieved and I took my leave, promising to call on the following morning, unless the case should demand my presence before that time, "which I do not now anticipate," I said, with professional caution.

"Whatever may be the cause of the young lady's conduct," I said to myself, as I reentered my room, "her little comedy has spoiled my tragedy," and I took down my pistol and removed the charge. I was a different being from that of three hours before. Death seemed now as foreign a thing in my mind as life had before appeared—so different a coloring had a single gleam of hope given things.

For long, monotonous months I had been waiting, waiting, for that which never came, my pocket growing lighter and my heart heavier every day, the current always setting one way, not a straw giving a backward ripple to the downward tide.

An orphan, almost from my birth, at an age before my recollection of my grandfather, a man of large property, had died intestate, and to me, as the lineal heir, the property had fallen. And in the belief that this property was mine I had grown up to manhood, a gay, light-hearted, impulsive fellow, who had never seen aught of life but the bright, easy side. The only touch of the practical there was about me was a passion for the study of medicine, and this I had pursued to a really considerable extent, for the mere love of it.

One day as I was rummaging among some old papers in the library I happened to pull out, from a corner where it had lain undisturbed for many a year, a paper, yellow and worn with age. I unfolded it with idle curiosity.

There at the end was the signature, firm and bold, of my grandfather, and above it my eyes read the words that made my brain spin like a top, for it was the last will and testament of William Launce, and it gave and bequeathed all his property, not to me, but to Alicia Orton, a person whose very name and existence were hitherto unknown to me.

The shock was a severe one in every way, but, most of all, my pride was touched. I had lived on what was not mine all my days. Could I live another hour without giving up this property to its rightful owner? I was young and impulsive, with a full share of that pride which had always been a leading trait of the Launces, and I thought less of what a mighty change this involved for me than of dispossessing myself of that which was never mine.

But who and where was this Alicia Orton? Who would know? Grandfather's lawyer was dead—the witnesses were dead. "Bah!" I said, impatiently, "everybody is dead. No, wait, there is old Aunt Rhoda. She may know." And locking the will carefully in the drawer where I had found it, I went in search of this individual.

I found her knitting, smoking and working with equal vigor, in the full enjoyment of undisturbed possession of that rather chaotic region, her own room.

At sight of me a smile of delight spread over her broad, dusky face, whose color was finely set off by the snowy whiteness of her kinky hair.

"Well, bress de Lord," she said, joyously, "ef here aint my boy, a comin' to see me in my own room, de room he gib me all for myself! Set down, chile. Wall, thar, I 'clare for it, de chairs is pooty much occipled. 'Tis mazin' how things does get heaped up with me clarin' up all the time. Yis, honey, jist tarna dem things right out on de floor. Dey aint much count—jist a few stockings an sich I was gwine to cut over for Nancy's chilen."

"Aunt Rhoda," I said, as soon as I could get in a word, "do you know, or did you ever know, a person by the name of Alicia Orton?"

"Lordy massy, yes! Well, no, not exactly, eider, but I knowd 'bout de moder of her, she that was Margaret Reeves an' married a Orton, but orter married your grandfader, an' I'll say dat ef I am talkin' to you. But, dar, de Lord knows you aint noways to blame, so don't yer trouble, honey," she said, with the rambling garrulity of age.

"Ought to have married my grandfather? Why?" I said, trying to bring her back to that head of her discourse.

"Why? Hadn't a man orter marry a gal when he hangs round her a year or two, an' gets her so she aint no eyes nor nothin' for nobody but him? His folks beat him out of it, yer see. Nobody nebber was good enough

for de Launces dem days. But he 'pented on it! pend on dat. He nebber took no comfort wid de woman he married, an' nebber was like hisself arterwards. But yer aint noways to blame 'bout it, ef she was yer grandmoder, honey."

Poor old Aunt Rhoda! She had always a soft place in her heart for "her boy," as she always called me, big and little.

I began to see through this matter. My grandfather had willed his property to the child of his old sweetheart, as an atonement. There was something of spite mingled with this more Christian spirit, I thought afterwards, when Aunt Rhoda explained his cruel and complete ignoring of me by informing me that he never manifested the slightest fatherly feeling for his own son, my father seeming only to regard him as the child of the wife he hated.

"Do you know where this Alicia Orton is now?" I said, again.

"Wall, no! yis! praps I do. 'Pears now I heard Nancy say somethin' 'bout a Miss Orton that was teachin' music to Miss Price's chilen, when she was down to Fairbanks on a visit. 'Honey," she said, elevating her voice to a high key, "what was that music teachin' Orton's fust name?"

And from some invisible quarter came back the fateful reply:

"Alicia!"

"Aunt Rhoda," I said, "this place, and all that I have so long thought was mine, is this Alicia Orton's. I have discovered to-day that grandfather left a will, and by that will every dollar of his property is given to her."

The good old creature's aged eyes filled with tears, and she rocked herself to and fro in a state of great dismay and sympathy.

"Don't yer nebber say nothin' 'bout it, honey, nebber! He hadn't no right to will his property 'way from his own blood, dat way. I nebber see sich a topey-turvy world as this is. I 'clare for it I'm glad I'm most down to Jordan's shore. Dat's what yer grandfader wanted to tell 'em an' couldn't, whar dat ar was. He had a stroke you see, an' nebber could speak nor lift a finger arter it, an' all the time a tryin' to, three days an' nights. He was an awful close-communioned kind of man. Nebber told nobody nothin'. Dey asked him (his lawyer man died just 'fore he did yer see) ef dar was any will, an' some thought he meant yes, an' some no, but dey nebber found none, so nobody don't know nothin' 'bout it. An' don't you, honey. My

'vice is, jist say nothin' 'bout it. You've had it so long, an' yer oughter hev it anyway. Blood is blood, 'member dat, my boy."

"Aunt Rhoda," I said, feeling very chivalrous and strong to do and dare, "do you suppose I'll live a day longer on what is another's? I'd starve first, though there isn't much danger of that. If a young girl can get her own living I should think I might."

"Yis, chile, but yer see yer warn't brought up to it. Makes all de difference in de world, dat does," said Aunt Rhoda, with a dubious shake of her head.

But I paid little attention to her croakings. A feverish haste possessed me to divest myself of my unlawful riches. I could scarcely bear the air I breathed, the food I ate, the house I lived in. I communicated the discovery of the will at once, by letter, to Miss Orton, and commenced settling up matters as fast as possible preparatory to a removal to the West, which was then the popular El Dorado. I thought that I had knowledge enough to set up for a physician there.

I did not wish to stay and meet my successor. It did not seem to me I could face her, for I had a strange unreasonable feeling of shame at holding the property from her so long. She answered my letters in a womanly, yet business-like style, begging me, however, in a deliberate manner, to consider the old place as my home always and to remain there as usual.

In return for this I wrote a cold, proud letter, declining the offer, and pledging my word that I would as soon as possible make up the value of the only piece of property I had sold.

Then I disposed of my guns, fishing apparatus, and a number of other expensive articles which I didn't see that a woman could have any possible use for, and started, cutting myself adrift from all my old moorings and setting myself afloat on the world's untried sea, as ignorant of its shoals and deeps as a man could well be.

I settled in a Western town, and there, as I have said, I waited, till "hope deferred," pride, disappointment and hard fare wrought such a change in me that many an hour I sat doubting my own identity. "This way lies madness," and so at last I came to the rash resolve to leave a world which I despised myself for my inability to conquer.

When I made my morning professional call on Miss Farnsworth, I found her decidedly

comfortable. Indeed, she felt quite restored to her usual health, "thanks to my skill," she said, with a beaming smile, as I seated myself. This little speech from the "grand leddy" quite enhanced my importance with Tim, who was stirring the fire, as I perceived at once from the expression of his face as he regarded me.

I had thought my patient one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen, on the night before, and the clear morning light served only to confirm this first impression, for, unlike so many women who seem only night-blooming flowers, she had no blemish of complexion, no lines of time and care, for daylight to search out and reveal. She was dazzlingly fair, without pallor, her abundant hair a perfect bronze, with those lovely waves and ripples that art seeks in vain to counterfeit, and her eyes a rich, golden brown, luminous and warm. Her figure was tall and full, and her expression at once noble and feminine. The old familiar quotation came at once to my mind as I regarded her:

"A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command."

Her peculiar conduct of the preceding night puzzled me, but she was a woman for whom it was impossible to entertain any feeling contrary to respect.

When Tim had left the room she thanked me warmly, blushing brightly the while, for helping me on with her little play of the night before, and then dismissing the subject, we fell into an easy, delightful conversation, until, at length, I found myself speaking of my business, or, rather, of my lack of it, a thing which I had never before done to any human being.

"There is something wonderfully sympathetic about her nature," I thought, as I went homeward, and for the first time in many a day the winter sunlight seemed not to mock me with its brightness.

Wonder of wonders! "It never rains but it pours." When I reentered my office, there was an order upon my slate. This was indeed quite a big sprinkle for me—a call to the house of the great man of the town.

Well, it is especially true in a profession that "it is the first step which costs." My call to Miss Farnsworth, who took up her quarters at the Darby House and became at once the fashion, helped me amazingly, and I was quite sure she aided me whenever she could by mentioning me with favor. The

tide had turned with me—I had now only to turn my sails to the prosperous breezes.

The people of Darley suddenly discovered that Doctor Launce was not only a fine physician but a gentleman, and this gave me an entree into the circle in which Miss Farnsworth moved. Of course I fell in love with her. It would have been far more strange had I not. She was a fine musician, and of music I was passionately fond, and I fell into a habit of dropping into her parlor, when I was weary with long rides, and resting, while she sung, in her deliciously modulated voice, songs sweet, and soft, and low. I got a way, too, of telling her of my hopes, my cares, my successes, and one night, when I had driven all day, and was, O, so gloriously tired with hard work, I told her what a mad, cowardly act her chance call had saved me from.

I looked in her beautiful eyes, half shrinking—for what if I should read there contempt and scorn? But there were only pity and ineffable sympathy in their lovely depths.

"You do not despise me?" I said, eagerly.

"No," she said, softly. "I know too well what creatures of opportunity we are, to do that. No," she repeated, "I do not despise you."

There was some wonderful light in her eye, some heavenly smile about her mouth, as she spoke the word "despise," that transported me.

"No, you do not despise me, Nora Farnsworth. You love me!" I said, with a sudden, triumphant surety, and all in a moment I held her mine, *mine*, in my arms.

Once, before my love returned to her home in New York, I asked her what she meant by her assumed illness.

"For that, and the reason why I left my home and came here, you must trust me till you come on to New York. You can, Launcelet?" She laughed as she spoke, but I could see a shade of anxiety in her face lest the secret troubled me.

"For that, and anything else in the world you may choose to ask me," I said, with a fervor that reassured her. "And to New York I shall come just as soon as I can bring the money with me to pay the debt I told you of. I can go to my old home then, and meet Miss Orton without blushing."

"What sort of person do you suppose she is?" said Nora.

"I never thought enough about her to picture her," I answered, carelessly. "I only

know I thank her now for giving me the chance to know what I was made of. And yet, God knows I cannot flatter myself," I added, soberly. "Success hangs on very slight things, sometimes."

Nora alid her soft hand in mine.

"Forget that night," she said. "You never would have done it."

But I don't know about that.

Nora went back to New York, and I stayed behind, well content to labor with so glorious a prize in view. Such letters as we wrote! Nora has been my sweet, sweet wife this many a year, but I never think of some passages in those I received from her without the sweet thrill returning that I knew when first I read them. I have a fancy that lovers who are never parted lose the most lasting sweet of courtship—those delightfully extravagant, deliciously absurd, and yet sacred things—love letters.

Things went well with me, and it was not long before I had the pleasure of bidding Miss Nora Farnsworth expect me in New York on a certain day soon after the reception of the happily written letter conveying this bidding.

I have no doubt but certain women with babies, certain young and old, but alike inexperienced voyagers, thought me a most obliging and accommodating traveller on that trip from Darley, Indiana, to New York city. The fact was, I was happy, and I could afford to be good-natured. I had the money in my pocket to pay that old debt which had weighed on me, like an incubus, so long, I had a profession that warranted me in making the sweetest woman in all the world my wife, and I was going after her now.

At the New York station a pair of brown eyes drew my own like a magnet. There was my own sweet darling waiting for me. How the blushes came and went in her soft round cheek, as she sat beside me in the carriage! As we rode on, an agitation, unusual to her manner, seemed to possess her and grow more and more marked every moment.

The quarter of the city through which we were passing was near my old home. We were even on the same street, and as we were about to pass it, I couldn't help a feeling of regret (only for *her* sake, I will affirm,) that this lovely place was not indeed mine, as I had once fancied. Why was the carriage stopping?

A soft hand stole shyly into mine.

"Welcome back to your own, Launcelet Launce," said a voice, bewilderingly sweet.

"To *all* your own," she repeated, with an emphasis fervent and tender, and like one in a dream I entered my old home, where old Aunt Rhoda received "her boy" with rapturous delight.

"Alicia Farnsworth Orton," said my brown-eyed darling, with a gleam of merriment in those same brown eyes, while she made me an arch courtesy. "Aunt Rhoda sent me after you, didn't you, aunty?"

"Yes, I did jist dat, honey. An' I reckon ye've 'got him fast. Aint dat so, my boy? Guess I'd better be helpin' set on dat supper." And breaking into a mellow, unctuous laugh that made her quiver like a huge mould of jelly, Aunt Rhoda departed.

"Did you think I could come here, and, driving you out, take that which was rightfully yours, I don't care what the law says, without a word?" said Alicia Orton, her whole figure expressing a pride that at least matched my own. "When they told me you had gone West, without money or friends, I determined to find you if it were a possible thing. Besides, to tell the truth," she said, with a little blush, "I liked your cold, proud letters,

and had a little curiosity about you. I found you at last, and learned enough of you, no matter how, to convince me that times were none too good with you. I knew you wouldn't let me help you, knowingly, you proud, foolish fellow, so I had to disguise my name. My old days had taught me, long before, that fashion rules everything, a choice of physicians as well as musicians, so I adopted the little *ruse* you know of, for the double purpose of seeing you and bringing you into notice. I don't believe that success is always the gauge of a man's merit, but I saw that you could improve opportunity. That interested me, and then—and then—"

How celestially she blushed!

"And then you fell in love with me," I said, supplying her hesitating speech. "And I with you, Nora Farnsworth. And now again with you, Alicia Orton, and never did a man before have two such glorious sweet-hearts!"

And I had just time for the kiss that sealed my second betrothal, when Aunt Rhoda came shuffling in with news that more substantial sweets awaited us.

THE DEVIL'S HOLLOW.

In the town of Catskill, on the Hudson River, there dwelt, some years ago, an attorney of the name of Mason. He was in considerable practice, and had two clerks in his office, whose names were Mansell and Van Buren. In ability these young men were nearly on a par, but they differed widely in disposition. Van Buren was cold, close, and somewhat sullen in temper; but in business, shrewd, active and persevering. Mansell, although assiduous in his duties, was of a gayer temperament, open as the day, generous, confiding and true.

Mason, without being absolutely dishonest, was what is called a keen lawyer, his practice being somewhat of the sharpest; and as the disposition of his clerk, Van Buren, assimilated in many respects to his own, he was a great favorite—more intimately in his confidence, and usually employed on those *delicate* matters which sometimes occur in an attorney's business, and in which the honesty of Mansell might rather hinder than help.

Mason had a niece, who, he being a bache-

lor, lived with him in the capacity of house-keeper. She was a lively, sensitive and clever girl—very pretty, if not positively handsome. She had the grace of a sylph and the step of a fawn. It was natural that such a maiden should be an object of interest to two young men living under the same roof; and by no means a matter of astonishment that one or both of them should fall in love with her; and both of them did. But as the young lady had but one heart, she could not retain the love of each. In making her selection, the choice fell upon Edward Mansell, greatly to the chagrin of his rival, and to the annoyance of Mason, who would have been pleased to find Van Buren the favorite suitor. However, Mansell was chosen lover, and Mason could not alter the case by argument, nor was he disposed to send away his niece, who was in some measure essential to his domestic comfort; and, moreover, he loved her as much as he loved anything.

Matters went on this way for some time; a great deal of bitterness and rancor being dis-

played by Mason and Van Buren on the one hand, while Kate and Edward Mansell found in the interviews they occasionally enjoyed, more than compensation for the annoyance to which they were thus necessarily exposed.

It happened, at the time when Edward's engagement was within a month of its expiration, that Mason had received a sum of money as agent for another party, amounting to nearly three thousand dollars, of which the greater portion was solid coin. As the money could not be conveniently disposed of until the following day, it was deposited in a tin box in the iron safe, the key of which was always in the custody of Mansell. Soon after he received the charge, Van Buren quitted the office for a short time, and in the interim an application from a client rendered it necessary for Mansell to go up to the courthouse. Having despatched his business at the hall, he returned with all expedition, and in due time he took the key of his safe to deposit therein, as usual, the valuable papers of the office over night—when to his inconceivable horror, he discovered the treasure was gone.

He rushed down stairs, and meeting Van Buren, communicated the unfortunate circumstance. He, in turn, expressed his astonishment in strong terms, and indeed exhibited something like sympathy in his brother clerk's misfortune. Every search was made about the premises, and information was given to the nearest magistrate, but as Mason was from home, and would not return till the next day, little else could be done. Edward passed a night of intense agony—nor were the feelings of Kate more enviable. Mason returned some hours earlier than was expected, and sent immediately for Van Buren, and was closeted with him for a long time.

Mansell, utterly incapacitated by the overwhelming calamity which had befallen him, from attending to his duties, was walking, ignorant of Mason's return, when Kate came, or rather flew towards him, and exclaimed:

"O Edward, my uncle has applied for a warrant to apprehend you; and, innocent though I know you are, that fiend in human form, Van Buren, has wound such a web around you, that I dread the worst. I have not time to explain; fly instantly, and meet me at nightfall, in the Devil's Hollow, when I will explain all."

Mansell, scarcely knowing what he did, rushed out of the garden and through some fields; nor did he stop till he found himself

out of town on the banks of the river. Then, for the first time, he repented of having listened to the well-meant but unwise counsel of his dear Kate. But the step was taken, and he could not retrace it now. He proceeded until he arrived at a thick grove, in the vicinity of the Devil's Hollow, where he lay completely hid, until night closed upon him.

He then approached a dark opening in which there was a deep hollow, which had acquired a celebrity from its having been the scene of a murder some years before, and was such an object of superstitious awe to the farmers of the vicinity, that he was considered a bold man who would venture there after nightfall. This, doubtless, had influenced Kate in the choice of such a place of meeting, inasmuch as they would be secure from interruption.

Mansell returned, and lingered on the skirts of the grove, until the sound of a light footstep on the gravelled path which led to the place announced the approach of the loved being whom he felt he was about to meet for the last time. The poor girl could not speak a word when they met, but bowing her head upon his shoulder, burst into a flood of passionate tears. By degrees she became more calm, and then detailed to him a conversation she had overheard between Van Buren and her uncle; and gathered thence that the former had succeeded in convincing Mason of Edward's guilt, by an artful combination of facts which would have made out a *prima facie* case against the accused—the most formidable one being the finding of a considerable sum of specie in Mansell's trunk. Knowing that he could not satisfactorily account for the possession of this money, without the evidence of a near relative who had departed for Europe a week before, and whose address was unknown and return uncertain, Edward, to avoid the horror and disgrace of lying in the county jail in the intermediate time, resolved on evading the officers of justice, until he could surrender himself with the proofs of his innocence in his hands.

The moon had now risen above the hill which bound the prospect, and warned the lovers that it was time to separate.

"And now, dearest," said he, "I leave you with the brand of thief upon my fair name, to be hunted like a beast of prey from one hiding-place to another. But, O Kate, I bear with me the blest assurance that one being, and that being the best loved of my heart, knows

me to be innocent; and that thought shall comfort me."

"A remarkably pretty speech, and well delivered!" exclaimed a voice, which caused the youthful pair to start, and turn their eyes in the direction whence it proceeded, when from behind a solitary tree that grew in the Hollow, a tall figure wrapped in an ample cloak walked towards them. The place, as we have before said, had an evil reputation, and although Edward and his companion were of course free from the superstitious fears which characterized the country people, an undefinable feeling stole over them, as they gazed on the tall form before them.

Mansell, however, soon recovered himself and told the stranger that; whoever it was, it ill became him to overhear conversation that was not intended for other ears than their own.

"Nay," was the rejoinder, "be not angry with me; perhaps you may have reason to rejoice in my presence, since being in the possession of the story of your grief, it might be in my power to alleviate it. I have assisted men in much greater straits."

Edward did not like the last sentence, nor the tone in which it was uttered; but he said:

"I see not how you can help me; you cannot give me a clue by which I can find the box."

"Yes, here is a clue," replied the other, as he held forth about three yards of strong cord. "Here is a line; go to the river at a point exactly opposite the hollow oak; wade out in a straight line until you find the box; attach one end of the cord to the box, and the other to a stout cork, but remove it not yet."

"The devil!" said Mansell. Whether he really believed himself to be in the presence of the evil one, or that the word was merely expressive of surprise, we know not.

The stranger took the compliment, and acknowledging it with a bow, said, "The tin box of which you have been accused of stealing, is at the bottom of the river, and you will find that I have spoken no more than the truth."

Mansell hesitated no longer, but accompanied the stranger to the spot, and in a few minutes the box, sealed as when he last saw it, was again in his possession. He looked from the treasure to the stranger, and at last said, "I owe you more than life, for in regaining this, I shall recover my good name, which has been foully traduced."

He was proceeding towards the shore, when the other cried:

"Stop, young gentleman! not quite so fast;

just fasten your cord to it, and replace it where you found it, if you please." Edward started, but the stranger continued: "Were you to take that box back to your employer, think you that you would produce any other effect on him than the conviction, that finding your delinquency discovered, you wished to secure impunity by restoring property? We must not only restore the treasure, but convict the thief. Hush! I hear a footfall!"

As he spoke, he took the box from Edward, who now saw his meaning, fastened the cord to it, and it was again lowered to the bottom of the river, and the cork on the other end of the cord was swimming down with the tide.

"Now follow me in silence," whispered the stranger, and the three retired and hid themselves behind the huge trunk of the tree, whence by the light of the moon they beheld a figure approach the water looking cautiously around him.

"That is the thief," said the stranger, in a low voice, in Edward's ear. "I saw him last night throw something into the river, and when he was gone, I took the liberty of raising it up; when, expecting that he would return and remove his booty, I replaced it, and had been unsuccessfully watching the place, just before I met you in the Hollow."

By this time the man had reached the river's brink, and after groping some time through the water, he found the box, but started back in astonishment on seeing a long cord attached to it. His back was turned to the witnesses of the transaction, so that Edward and the stranger had got him securely by the collar before he could make an attempt to escape. The surprise of Mansell and Kate may be more easily conceived than painted, when as the moonbeam fell on the face of the culprit, they recognized the features of Van Buren, his fellow-clerk.

Mansell's character was now cleared, while Van Buren, whom Mason, for reasons of his own, refrained from prosecuting, quitted the town in merited disgrace. The stranger proved to be a gentleman of large landed property in the neighborhood, which he had now visited for the first time in many years, and having been interested in the young pair whom he had delivered so opportunely from tribulation, he subsequently appointed Mansell his man of business, and thus laid the foundation of his prosperity. It is almost needless to add, that Kate, who had so long shared his heart, became his wife, and shared his good fortune.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND FLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

THE VERNON HIGH SCHOOL.

"SINK or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote."

These words were declaimed in a clear, ringing voice from the platform of the Vernon High School. The speaker was a boy of fifteen, well-knit, and vigorous, with a frank, manly expression, and a prepossessing face. His dark, chestnut hair waved slightly above a high intellectual brow, and his attitude, as he faced his schoolmates, was one of ease and unconscious grace. His eye flashed as he declaimed with appropriate emphasis the patriotic extract which commences in the well-known words quoted above. He had learned the orator's secret—to be in earnest—and he carried his audience with him. When at the conclusion of his declamation he bowed and walked to his desk, the boys broke into spontaneous applause. Though this was contrary to the rules of the school, Reuben Tower, A. M., the principal, uttered no reprimand. He had himself been pleased

with the declamation, and sympathized to some extent with the scholars.

"Very well indeed, Master Raymond! you speak as if you felt it," he said.

Harry Raymond looked gratified, at this double commendation. The applause of his schoolmates pleased him, for he was by no means indifferent to their good opinion, which he tried on all occasions to deserve. He was no less pleased with Mr. Tower's praise, for he had a high respect for his ability, and that praise was never lightly bestowed.

I have spoken of Harry's good appearance. I am obliged to confess that his dress had nothing to do with this. In fact, his jacket and pants were of very coarse texture, and by no means elegant in fit. Besides this, they appeared, though neat, to have seen considerable service, and there was a patch on one knee; very small, indeed, but still a patch. In fact, I may as well state at the outset, that Harry was the son of a house-carpenter, an industrious and intelligent man, but still of limited income, and obliged to economize strictly in order to lay aside, as

he made it a point to do, a hundred dollars a year, as a provision for the future.

The applause which followed our hero's declamation was almost unanimous. I say *almost*, for there were two boys who did not join it. One of these was James Turner, a boy about Harry's age, but more slightly made. He was the son of Squire Turner, the wealthiest man in Vernon, and his dress afforded quite a contrast to the ill-fitting garments of our young hero. The village tailor's skill had not been deemed sufficient, but James had accompanied his father to New York, where his measure had been left with a Broadway tailor, who had made up the suit and sent it to Vernon by express. The cloth was very fine, and there was a style and neatness of fit about the clothes of which James felt very proud. He regarded his companions with a supercilious air, as if convinced of his own immeasurable superiority, in dress at least.

James Turner did not participate in the applause called forth by Harry Raymond's declamation. On the contrary, he sat with an unpleasant sneer on his lips, and cast a glance of scorn at the patch, which his quick eye had detected in our hero's pants.

There was another boy, sitting next to James, who also refrained from joining in the applause. This was Tom Barton, a friend and hanger-on of James Turner, who by persistent flattery earned the privilege of being treated with half-contemptuous familiarity and condescension by the young aristocrat. He knew that James did not like Harry Raymond, and the sneer which he saw on the lips of his patron gave him the cue. He attempted to imitate it, and gaze scornfully at the young orator in his momentary triumph.

"James Turner?" called out the principal.

James Turner rose from his seat, and walked to the platform, which he ascended, greeting the audience with a stiff and consequential bow, and an air, which might be interpreted to mean, "Boys, you will now have the privilege of hearing *me* speak."

James had selected a good piece—Patrick Henry's well-known appeal to arms, familiar to every schoolboy, commencing—"I have but one lamp by which my feet are guided, and that is the lamp of experience."

It is a fine piece of oratory, lofty in tone and sentiment, and should be spoken with dignified earnestness. James Turner's voice, which was shrill, was scarcely calculated to

do justice to it. Still it would not have called out any demonstration from the young auditory, but for one or two peculiar ideas on the part of James, as to the proper way of speaking it. When he came to the clause, "we have prostrated ourselves before the throne," he suited the action to the word, and sank upon his knees. But, afraid of soiling his pantaloons, he first spread out his silk handkerchief on the platform, and this spoiled whatever effect the action might otherwise have had. There was a general titter, which the young aristocrat saw with anger. At the end of the sentence, he rose from his knees, and with a general scowl at the boys, kept on with his declamation.

But a more serious *contretemps* awaited him. A little further on the orator says, "we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne." Here again James, with a striking lack of judgment, thought it would heighten the effect to suit the action to the word. Accordingly he prepared to kick out with his right foot. Unfortunately, he was so provoked with his schoolmates, for their lack of appreciation of the other point he had made, that he executed the manoeuvre, if it may properly be so called, with a spiteful emphasis which was too much for his equilibrium. He lost his balance, and fell forward in a ludicrous manner, and rolled over on the floor of the schoolroom.

It could not be expected that fifty school-boys could restrain their merriment under such trying circumstances. There was a wild burst of laughter, in which, after an ineffectual attempt to resist the infection, Mr. Tower himself was compelled to join. Boys laughed till the tears came into their eyes, and the merriment was only increased when James Turner rose to his feet, and with an air of offended majesty, marched indignantly to his seat, darting a look of withering scorn, as he meant it to be, at his youthful audience.

The laughter recommenced, and became almost hysterical. The principal, however, quickly recovered himself, and said:

"Boys, that will do. Turner, you must excuse the boys for a little good-natured merriment at your expense. I think your conception of the gestures proper to use with your piece is not quite correct. However, that is a point on which the most experienced speakers are apt to make mistakes; not only boys, but men. Your intention was good, though the effect was injured by circumstances."

These remarks ought to have appeased the offended orator, but he evidently did not mean to be appeased so readily. His feeling of mortification was swallowed up in a greater feeling of anger and irritation at the presumption of his schoolmates, in daring to laugh at him, the son of the richest man in Vernon. He felt that he was entitled, rather, to be treated with respect and deference. So he sat sullenly through the remainder of the speaking, with an ill-tempered scowl upon his features.

When the speaking was over, Mr. Tower rose and said:

"Boys, you are aware that at the commencement of the term, I offered a prize to the boy, who, in your own judgment, should be pronounced to have succeeded best in declamation, taking into consideration the whole term. As this is the last time we shall declaim before vacation, I will call for the vote now. I shall distribute small slips of paper among you, and I will ask each boy to inscribe upon his slip the name of that one who in his opinion deserves the prize. We will afterwards count the votes."

Slips of paper were accordingly distributed, and the boys were soon busy in recording their votes.

"Sheffield, you may collect the votes," said Mr. Tower.

The boy referred to passed among the desks with his hat, and the slips of paper were deposited therein. These were handed to the teacher, who forthwith proceeded to count them.

The count over, he rapped on his desk.

"Boys," he said, "I will announce the vote. Votes cast, fifty. Of those Walter Sheffield has one; James Turner, two; and the remainder, forty-seven in number, are for Harry Raymond, to whom I have great pleasure in awarding the prize, of which he has been pronounced worthy by the nearly unanimous vote of his schoolmates. Raymond, you will come forward."

Harry Raymond advanced toward the teacher's desk, amid the loud applause of his companions.

Mr. Tower placed in his hands a handsomely-bound volume, consisting of selections from the best efforts of orators, ancient and modern, saying:

"I have great pleasure in giving you this volume, Raymond, for my own judgment approves the selection of your school-fellows. I trust you will be able to express in your

life, as you have so appropriately done upon the platform, the lofty and elevated sentiments of our best orators."

There was a flush of gratification upon our hero's cheek as he received the book with a respectful bow, and returned to his seat, amid the renewed applause of his fellow-pupils.

CHAPTER II.

SOUR GRAPES.

HARRY RAYMOND lived in a small house, just off the main street, fronting on a narrow road or lane. The building lot, consisting of an acre of land, his father had bought three years before for one hundred and fifty dollars. After purchasing and paying for it cash down, he found that he had but one hundred dollars left towards the house which he wanted to build. Under these circumstances he went to Squire Turner, who was the moneyed man of the village, and asked for a loan. Knowing that his money would be safe, the squire agreed to furnish him what money he might need towards the house, taking a mortgage upon it when it was completed.

Mr. Raymond, therefore, at once commenced building. His house cost a thousand dollars, of which Squire Turner furnished him seven hundred, the balance being made up of his own labor and cash in hand. So when all was done, he regarded himself as worth a property of twelve hundred dollars, subject to a mortgage of seven hundred. During the three years that had since elapsed, he had managed, besides paying interest, to pay up three hundred dollars of the mortgage, leaving only four hundred due. This had not been accomplished without some economy, but his wife and Harry had cheerfully acquiesced in this, being anxious for the time to come when they might be clear owners of the little house.

The house contained six rooms, and stood about fifty feet back from the street. The land in the rear made an excellent garden, supplying them with all the vegetables of which they had need.

Besides Harry, there was his sister Katy, a little girl of ten, sweet and winning in her ways, to whom he was warmly attached.

Mr. Raymond had kept Harry steadily at school, feeling that a good education would be of far more value to him in after life, than the small amount he might earn if kept at

work. Harry had justified this determination, having acquitted himself on all occasions most creditably in all the studies which he pursued. Out of school he found time to work in the garden, and assist in various ways by sawing and splitting what wood was required for family use, so that his father, on returning from his day's labor, was not under the necessity of fatiguing himself by extra work.

We will now return to the Vernon High School.

When school was dismissed, Harry Raymond was surrounded by his friends, eager to congratulate him on his success.

"Say, Turner, did you vote for yourself?" called out one of the boys.

"None of your business!" said James Turner, sharply.

He stood a little on one side with his crony, Tom Barton, surveying the scene with an ill-tempered scowl. It was very disagreeable to him to see Harry Raymond's triumph. In fact, he hated our hero, for no good reason except that Harry was his acknowledged superior in acquirements, always standing higher in his classes, and received from his schoolmates a degree of respect and deference which James Turner with all his money could not buy.



YOUNG TURNER SNEERING AT HARRY.

"I congratulate you, Harry," said Walter Sheffield, good-naturedly, "which is doing the handsome thing, considering that I was your rival. You only had forty-six more votes than I. That's what I call a close shave."

"You voted for yourself, didn't you, Sheffield?" said Will Pomeroy.

"I'm not going to expose myself, if I did," said Walter.

"Shouldn't wonder if Turner voted for himself," said one of the boys in a low voice. "But he had two votes."

"O, Tom Barton cast the other vote, of course," said Will Pomeroy, rather contemptuously. "He fawns upon Turner just because he's rich. I wish him joy of his friend."

"Why don't you come and congratulate Raymond on his prize?"

"I'd rather congratulate him on his pantaloons," said James, with a sneer.

"What's the matter with them?" demanded Will Pomeroy, supposing at first that Harry might have soiled them in some way.

"Patches seem to be in fashion," said James, with another sneer.

Of course the attention of all the boys was attracted to Harry's knee, and the patch, which had hitherto escaped observation, was discovered.

Harry Raymond's cheek flushed, for he saw that an insult was intended, but he did not at once speak.

"For shame, Turner!" said Will Pomeroy,

indignantly, and it was evident that the other boys sympathized with him in his feeling.

"What should I be ashamed of?" retorted Turner.

"For your meanness in twisting Harry with the patch."

"I didn't, I only mentioned it."

"You are envious because he got the prize."

"What do I care for the trumpery prize? It didn't cost more than a dollar and a half. My father will buy me a dozen such books, if I want them."

"Perhaps he will, but for all that you'd have taken it quick enough if you could have got it. It isn't the value of the book, it's what it means."

"What does it mean?"

"That Harry Raymond is the best speaker in the Vernon High School."

"Boys," said Harry, quietly, "don't trouble yourselves to defend me. I don't care what James Turner says. Perhaps the book didn't cost more than a dollar and a half, but it was given me by your votes, and that makes it worth more to me than if it cost a hundred dollars. I haven't had a chance to say it before, but I am grateful to you for your kindness in awarding it to me, and I shall always treasure it for that reason."

"Three cheers for Harry Raymond!" called out Walter Sheffield, waving his arm, and giving the signal.

The three cheers were given with a will, and Harry looked gratified at this proof of the regard in which he was held.

"Now three groans for James Turner!" said another.

"No, boys," said Harry, promptly, "don't do that."

"But he insulted you."

"I suppose you mean about the patch. But never mind about that. You all know that my father is a poor man, and can't afford to buy me expensive clothes. If I get my clothes torn I can't afford to throw them aside. I don't like patches any better than anybody, but till I get richer I shall wear them."

Harry spoke so manfully, that the boys heartily sympathized with him. It might have been supposed that James Turner would have been convinced of his meanness and ashamed of it, but he was essentially a mean boy, and it may be added that a part of his meanness came to him from his father, who, though a rich man, was selfish and cov-

etous, and never known to do a generous action. So James now could not refrain from a parting sneer.

"If Raymond wears patches because he is poor," he said, "I'll give him a pair of pants that I've got through wearing, any time when he'll come up to the house."

"You needn't trouble yourself," said Harry, angry at the insult. "When I want your cast-off clothes I'll let you know. I'll go in rags first."

"Just as you choose," said James, sneering. "There's no accounting for tastes. Come along, Barton."

The two boys walked away, not much regretted by those they left behind. If they had heard the remarks made about them after their departure, neither would have felt particularly complimented.

"The beggarly upstart!" said James to his companion. "He puts on airs enough for a pauper."

"So he does," said Barton. "He can't speak half as well as you. But Mr. Tower's prejudiced."

"I don't care for his miserable prizes," said James. "They're not worth thinking of."

It was only another illustration of the well-known fable of the fox and the grapes.

CHAPTER III.

A SUDDEN BLOW.

HARRY RAYMOND, after receiving the congratulations of his schoolmates, took his way homeward. He was not obliged to travel by the road, as there was a short cut across the field.

At the end of ten minutes he threw open the door, and went into the house. His mother was ironing, and Katy sat near by, reading a book.

"See what I've got, mother," said Harry, holding up his prize.

"What is it, Harry?"

"It's the prize for declamation. The boys took a vote, and it was awarded to me by forty-seven votes out of fifty."

"I am very glad to hear it," said Mrs. Raymond, and her face wore a proud look, as she glanced at the bright and animated face of her son.

"Who were the three boys that didn't vote for you?" asked Katy.

"I was one of them," said Harry, smiling.

"Who did you vote for?"

"For Walter Sheffield."

"Is he a good speaker?"

"Yes."

"But he isn't as good as you are."

"That isn't for me to say."

"Who got the other two votes?"

"James Turner"

"He's an awful disagreeable boy," said Katy. "He puts on all sorts of airs just because his father is rich. I wish father was as rich as Squire Turner."

"Perhaps you'd like to have him for a father."

"No, I shouldn't," said Katy, quickly. "He's just as bad for a man as James is for a boy."

"So you see money isn't everything," said her mother.

There was a deeper meaning in these words than her children knew. There was one passage in her early life, known only to herself and her husband, with which the rich Squire Turner was connected.

As a girl, Mrs. Raymond had been very handsome, and even now, at the age of thirty-six, she retained much of her good looks. It was not generally known that Squire Turner had been an aspirant for her hand. But, though he was even then rich, and could have given her an attractive home, so far as money can make a home attractive, she quietly rejected his suit, and accepted Mr. Raymond, a journeyman carpenter with less than a hundred dollars.

This rejection Squire Turner never forgot nor forgave. He was not a forgiving man, and his resentment was bitter, though he did not choose to show it publicly. Indeed, he treated Mr. and Mrs. Raymond, to all appearance, as though nothing had happened, but none the less he nursed his anger, and waited patiently for an opportunity to repay by some grievous injury the wrong which he fancied he had suffered. About the same time with Mr. Raymond, Squire Turner also married a Miss Ellis, a sharp-tempered splinter from a neighboring town, whose only redeeming point was the possession of ten thousand dollars in her own right. Her husband cared nothing for her, but only for her money, and the marriage was far from being a happy one. Domestic dissension and almost continual wrangling, were what James had witnessed from his babyhood up to the time of his mother's death, a year previous; and perhaps it is not surprising that the son

of such parents should have been unpopular, and possessed of disagreeable traits.

Yet Mr. Raymond had applied to Squire Turner for money to assist him in building his house. The squire had two objects in granting this request. First, the security was ample and the investment a good one; and, secondly, a debtor is always to some extent in the power of his creditor. Squire Turner was by no means averse to establishing this power over the husband of the woman who had rejected his suit. The time might come when he could make a use of it.

"What piece did you speak to-day, Harry?" asked his mother.

"The supposed speech of John Adams. You remember how it begins, 'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote.'"

"Yes, I remember it."

"I have been thinking, mother," continued Harry, "that I shall take my motto from it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. Sink or swim, I am going to do my duty, and try to succeed in life. I am not going to be frightened by obstacles, but am going to push on as well as I can."

"It's a good motto, Harry. I hope you'll have strength to adhere to it."

"I think I'll go out and split a little wood, now, mother."

"I wish you would. I always burn a good deal on ironing days."

"I think I'll split up enough to last two or three days. I have more time Wednesdays than Mondays."

On Wednesday the only afternoon exercise was declamation, so that, instead of closing at four, the school was usually out, as to-day, at half-past two. At half-past five Harry reentered the house.

"Isn't supper ready, mother?" he asked. "I'm as hungry as a bear."

"Yes, Harry, it is ready, but your father has not got home yet. I have been waiting for him."

"Where is he at work?"

"On Doctor Lamson's house, just across the railroad. The doctor is in a hurry to get it finished as soon as possible, and perhaps the carpenters are working extra hours."

"Did father say anything about it before he went away this morning?"

"No, he didn't mention any intention of stopping. But he stopped on Monday a little over time, and perhaps he has done so to-night."

"Well, I hope he'll return soon, for I feel uncommonly hungry."

"If your father isn't here by six, we'll sit down. I can keep the tea hot for him."

Not a shadow of apprehension was in Mrs. Raymond's mind as she spoke, but already a heavy calamity had fallen upon her, of which she was unconscious.

Six o'clock came, and Mr. Raymond had not returned.

"I think you had better sit down to tea, children," said their mother. "I am not very hungry, and I will wait for your father."

They sat down accordingly, and Harry made a hearty supper, quite justifying the report he had given of his appetite.

Another hour passed away.

It was now seven o'clock, and Mr. Raymond was still absent.

"I wonder your father does not come," said Mrs. Raymond, with a little vague restlessness, which had not yet been converted into anxiety. "He has not often been so late as this, without telling me beforehand that he meant to stay away."

"I think I will go out and meet him," said Harry.

To this Mrs. Raymond made no objection, feeling, on the whole, rather relieved by the proposal of her son.

She set the tea once more on the stove, and the bread and pie were also placed on the hearth of the stove to keep warm.

"Your father must be hungry," she said to Katy, "as it is so late."

Harry went out of the gate, and walked slowly up the road in the direction of his father's probable return. He strained his eyes to see through the gathering twilight, but could see nothing of his father. Rather surprised at this, he kept on, until he happened to meet in the street Hiram Payson, who he knew had also been employed on Doctor Lamson's house.

"Good-evening, Mr. Payson," he said.

"Good-evening, Harry; where are you going? To the store?"

"No, I thought I would come out and see if I could meet my father."

"Meet your father? Why, where has he gone?"

"He hasn't got home from work yet. Did you start before him?"

"No, he started before me."

"He did!" exclaimed Harry, in surprise. "What time was that?"

"About five o'clock. I know it was not later than that."

"Where can he be?"

"Haven't you seen anything of him?"

"No. Did he say anything about going anywhere before he returned home?"

"No."

"Where can he be?" asked Harry again, and this time there was anxiety in his tone.

"I'll tell you what, Harry," said Hiram Payson, "if you are going to look for him, I'll join you."

"Thank you, Mr. Payson. I wish you would."

The two pushed on in the direction of Doctor Lamson's new house. It was probably about a mile distant in all, the railroad being three-quarters of the way. They reached the railroad, and, as if by mutual consent, paused and looked about them.

"Your father sometimes walks on the railroad a little distance, as far as Carter's pasture. Perhaps we had better take that way."

Harry assented. There was a scared look on his face, and a fear which he did not dare to define to himself.

It was realized all too soon. About fifty rods distant, they came upon the mangled remains of his father, lying stretched across the track. His hearing had been affected by a fever, which he had three years previous. It was evident, that as he was walking on the track, the train sweeping round a curve had come upon him unawares, and his life was the forfeit. Harry uttered one shriek of horror, and sank down beside his father's body, now cold in death.



PRINCESS ETHEL.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

PROBABLY there never was any woman on earth more beautiful than the Princess Ethel. She was so lovely that every one who saw her turned to look again; and when they looked they smiled, just as you always do when you see anything that delights you. The picture of her which you see here is very pretty, but by no means does her justice. She had heaps of dark hair, which would curl most gracefully and was silky-fine and glossy. She had large blue eyes, with a tender and cheerful light in



THE PRINCESS ETHEL.

them, and very long lashes. Her shape was perfect, as you can see, her hands and arms were lovely, and she was as white as new milk. You will perceive that she wears earrings, and has her hair done high, as is the style now. Well, it was she who set the fashion; and the Empress of France and the other ladies have only just a little while ago found it out. As quick as they saw that picture, they went and did up their hair just like it, and put on just such earrings.

This princess had the misfortune to lose her father, at which she was very unhappy; for not only was he a very good father, of whom she was fond, but he was a warrior, and protected his kingdom and his daughter from the wicked folks who lived about. When he died,

Ethel did not know what to do. She could not lead armies, as he had done; and two of her greatest generals were dead. If she had only known where her Uncle Madoc lived, it would not have been so bad. But when her father became king, on the death of his father, Madoc, his twin-brother, had gone off to live in a strange land, as they supposed.

"I go," he said, "because, since I and my brother are twins, I have as much right to be king as he, and my presence might give him trouble. I am happier, with only my wife and son, than I could be on a throne. Besides, I look so much like the king that I might be mistaken for him, and that would be very annoying to all."

"O, if I only knew where Uncle Madoc was," said the princess, weeping bitterly; "he would come and take care of my kingdom for me. But here I am helpless, with foes all around, and my armies frightened to death. If I were a man, I would be braver; but it is a miserable thing to be a woman."

While she wept, a servant came to the door of her chamber, and, bowing lowly, said:

"Madam, the King of Colchis is at the palace gate, and wishes to see your highness."

"I don't want to see him," answered the princess. "He is my enemy, and an ugly, hideous old man besides."

"Madam," said the chamberlain, bowing lowly again, "he has ten thousand men with him."

"O!" exclaimed the princess, starting up, and turning a little paler (she couldn't be much paler than she already was); "that alters the case. Invite him in, and say that I will come as soon as I shall have wiped away the tears that I am shedding for my father."

Then she called her maids, and they began to dress her. And while they dressed her they talked. One of them said:

"O princess, there is no escape for you. You will have to marry him."

"Marry who?" asked the princess, staring through her tears.

"The King of Colchis," said the maid.

"Does not your highness see that he has come to offer himself to you?"

At that the princess pulled down her hair, and put off her purple mantle, and threw away her rings and bracelets.

"Make me look as ugly as you can," she said. "Put on mourning. I will never marry that wretch, never!"

So they put away all her ornaments, and dressed her in mourning, and let her hair hang. But, instead of being ugly, she was then more beautiful than ever.

"What shall I do?" she cried, in despair. "Why have I not a snub nose, and black teeth, and blue lips, and red hair? Make haste all of you! Get things to make me ugly. Cut off my hair, Mignon, black my teeth, Agate, do something, all of you!"

But even while she spoke, she heard the king stamping about the hall below, asking in a fierce voice why she didn't come, and saying that he would himself go up stairs after her.

"Alas! madam, you must go without delay," said her ladies. "It is vain to try to make you look ugly. You grow more beautiful every moment."

"Let us make haste, then," cried the princess, and hurried down stairs, trailing her black robes and her dark hair about her, her face looking out from all that shade like the evening star out of twilight skies. At least, so thought a young warrior who stood just behind the king.

The king himself seemed pleased, for he smiled a horrible smile that made his grizzled old face look ten times more hateful than before, and going to the princess, he took her by the hand, and kissed her before she could help herself.

"My dear," he said, in a great, harsh voice which he tried in vain to make soft, "I have come to ask your hand, and to marry you right away. That will unite our two kingdoms, which lie side by side, and give you some one to take the lead of your armies, and protect you. And, besides," he added, chucking her under the chin, "it will give me a pretty wife."

"O no!" cried the princess, shrinking back, and blushing with anger; at which she grew still more beautiful, so that the young warrior behind the king, who had never once removed his eyes from her, thought that now she was the morning star.

"And why not?" demanded the king, frowning terribly, so that the ladies all

covered their faces with their hands, and Ethel nearly fainted with terror.

"Because," she stammered, "you are a good deal older than I am, and I am afraid you would die first, and that would be a great grief to me."

The king laughed so that the palace shook, then seized the princess by the arm and said:

"You are a glib liar, and an artful minx besides. I have seen you casting glances at Prince Falchion here," turning to scowl at the handsome warrior behind him; "and I dare say he has been admiring you. But he is a mere adventurer, without a kingdom, or a piece of gold even, unless I give it to him. You had better both of you be careful. Now, madam, will you marry me?"

"No, never!" cried Ethel.

The king gave her arm an awful squeeze that made her cry out, then turned to the young prince:

"Prince," he said, fiercely, "take this lady to my great forest on the borders, and set her to tending goats. She shall stay there in solitude, have only berries, and nuts, and water to live on, and sleep on the bare earth, till she consents to be my wife. See that you obey my orders, and that you do not touch her yourself, or so much as smile upon her. If you do, your head will come off in less than no time. My dwarf shall follow and watch you, and see that you behave."

Then the king gave the princess a push out of the door, and, looking about on the trembling courtiers, he said, in a voice of thunder:

"I am king here. Obey me, and do not dare attempt to see, or to help that impudent wretch."

Meantime Ethel was following the prince to the far-away forest, and the dwarf was close on her heels, watching. But she was not very unhappy.

"It is not so bad to follow him," she thought, looking at his fine, graceful form and stately bearing. She marked, too, that he took very little steps, so as not to tire her.

It was near night when they reached the forest where the princess was to live all alone and tend goats, and there the prince stopped and looked at her, with his face full of love and pity. Fortunately, just at that moment the dwarf stubbed his toe, and fell down, so there was chance for a word.

"Find my Uncle Madoc," whispered the princess.

"I come from him. He is not far off," whispered the prince in return. "In two days you shall be free."

By this time the dwarf was up, rubbing his nose and watching; and there was no way but for the prince to go. The princess looked after him as long as she could see him; and once, when the dwarf stumbled in running (for now the prince took long steps), he looked back and smiled at the princess, and she smiled at him.

"How he must love me," she thought, "when he thus risks his head to give me a smile!"

Two days and nights are a long time to



UNCLE MADOC.

spend in a lonely forest, with only goats for company, and berries and water for food; and if it had not been for hope the princess's heart would have broken. Moreover, the hateful dwarf came at morning and evening, and asked her if she had consented yet to marry the old king, and when she said "No," he told her he had orders to hang her the next time.

"What shall I do if the prince or my uncle does not come?" she thought in terror, on the third morning. "It is almost time for the dwarf, and he will hang me, surely!"

As she spoke, there was a crackling in the bushes, and the frightful dwarf made his appearance with a large rope in his hand. He

fixed it to a tree branch, got the noose all ready, then said to the princess:

"Will you marry the king to-day?"

"No!" she cried out; "I will die first!"

At that the dwarf, who was very strong, and had immense arms, caught at her to put her head in the noose. But as he did so, two arms reached around the trunk of the tree, one of them pushing the dwarf's head into the noose, and the other pulling at the end of the rope, and all done so quickly and neatly that the little wretch was hanged entirely before he knew it.

Ethel cried out joyfully, and stretched her hands to the prince, who stood smiling by her. But it was not he who owned the hands that had delivered her. Their owner appeared instantly, a tall, rough-looking man, with long hair, a slouched hat and curled beard. He was rather rough, but not ugly looking, and Ethel cried out again when she saw him, for she knew he was her Uncle Madoc.

"Let us fly!" she cried. "The king will be after us as soon as he misses his dwarf."

Uncle Madoc shrugged up his shoulders, and leaned to give the hanging wretch a good pinch, to make sure that he was quite dead. Then he said quietly:

"I'm rather too old and heavy to fly, little niece; and we are in no sort of danger. Our armies, Prince Falchion's and mine, have gone on to destroy the King of Colchis, and get every sign of him out of sight before we go to the palace. I gave orders, too, for preparations to be made for a marriage."

At that the princess blushed most beautifully, and her uncle caught her up in his arms, and laughed, and carried her through the wood toward her palace. The Prince Falchion walked behind, and while Madoc sang and muttered to himself, he whispered to the princess:

"I came from afar to see you," he said, "and when I met the King of Colchis, he made a captive of me. Your uncle sent me as soon as he heard of his brother's death. But, though I have helped to save you, I am miserable; for he is going to marry you to some wealthy prince, while I have only a heart and a hand to offer you."

The princess said nothing; but she reached out her hand and plucked a branch from a flowering shrub, a beautiful branch full of fragrant flowers and fruit.

"What is that for?" asked the prince.

"To give to my husband," she answered, dropping her eyes.



THE BEAUTIFUL FLOWERING BRANCH.

He said nothing, but walked on sorrowfully, till they reached the palace, where everything was in splendid order, and the King of Colchis and his warriors all hanged and out of sight.

Such rejoicings never were seen; and when the princess, magnificently dressed, came down to be married, the air was full of music, and huzzas.

"Who is to be your highness's husband?" asked the archbishop, seeing the princess stand alone, with her ladies in a cluster behind her.

She glanced around the circle to where stood Prince Falchion, looking pale and despairing, and smiling sweetly on him, she held out to him the flowering branch she had plucked in the wood.

Instantly his face became radiant, and he ran to throw himself at her feet.

"If you want to marry me, prince," she said, smilingly, "you will have to stand beside me."

So they were married, and lived happy ever after. And Uncle Madoc was general of all the armies.

WHERE CAN FAIRY-LAND BE!

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

O, where can fairy-land be, do you think?
Under the ground, with some sly, little door,
All cunningly hidden neath marsh-buds pink,
Or buttercups, down on the meadow's floor,

That opens whenever a fairy wing
Taps on it lightly, then closes again;
Locked fast in winter, but soon as the spring
Drops on the green buds her glad, ringing
rain

The tiny key turns in the lock of gold,
And up on their mist-woven ladders frail
Fays shy and gray, and fays merry and bold,
Come trooping, and scamper o'er hill and dale.

O, where can fairy-land be, do you guess?
In some purple hollow 'twixt mountains
green,
Shut in by the doop, brambly wilderness,
With tallest thorn trees that ever were seen?

The birds, and the butterflies, and the bees,
They find the way thither, I know full well,
And wild brooks that chatter over the leas;
But, coax them forever, they would not tell!

O, where can fairy-land be, do you know?
Isn't it down in the marsh-meadows deep,
Where rushes, with never a wind touch, flow,
And the drowsy marigolds shine and sleep?

But, no! all the elfins would have wet feet,
And a cold every day, if they lived there,
For the mosses are wet even in summer's heat,
And water drips off from the maiden's hair.

The mermaid's chambers are under the sea,
And giant's castles are up in the air, [lea,
The water sprites live neath the brooks of the
And gnomes the home of the diamond share;

But where the fays live, that every bright night
Dance over these meadows, I cannot think.
I know when they're out, for the moon's more
bright,
And stars when I look at them seem to wink.

But I ne'er can find e'en the ghost of one,
Though I pull the flower cups open and peep
Still as a mouse lest they hear me, and run
Home through the shadows to wait till I
sleep.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

COTTAGE PUDDING.—Six ounces of currants, half a pound of minced suet, and the same quantity of grated bread, half a grated nutmeg, a table-spoonful of white wine, or rose water; mix all well together, with the beaten yolks of five eggs, to a stiff paste, and with floured hands roll it into twelve or thirteen small puddings in the form of sausages; fry them gently in butter till of a nice brown; roll them well in the frying-pan. Serve with pounded loaf sugar strewed over them, and with a sweet sauce. They may be boiled.

FRUIT SUET PUDDING.—Of finely-minced suet, flour, grated bread, and cleaned currants, a quarter of a pound each; a tea-spoonful of pounded ginger, one of salt, two ounces of brown sugar, and a tea-cupful of milk; mix all the ingredients well together, and boil it in a cloth for two hours. Serve with a sweet sauce.

FAMILY PUDDING.—Mix with a pound of flour half a pound of raisins stoned and chopped, the same quantity of minced suet, a little salt, and milk or water sufficient to make it into a stiff batter; boil it for five hours. Serve with melted butter poured over it. Two well-beaten eggs may be added.

ALMOND CAKES, SMALL.—One pound of butter beaten to a cream, half a pound of finely-pounded and sifted loaf sugar, half a pound of dried and sifted flour, and the same quantity of blanched sweet almonds cut into thin small bits, one well-beaten egg, and a little rose water, must be mixed well together and with a spoon dropped upon wafer paper or tins, and then baked.

BREAD PUDDING.—Make a pint of bread-crums; put them in a stew-pan with as much milk as will cover them, the peel of a lemon, a little nutmeg grated, and a small piece of cinnamon; boil about ten minutes; sweeten with powdered loaf sugar; take out the cinnamon, and put in four eggs; beat all well together, and bake half an hour, or boil rather more than an hour.

PLAIN BREAD PUDDING.—Make five ounces of bread-crums; put them in a basin; pour three-quarters of a pint of boiling milk over them; put a plate over the top to keep in the steam; let it stand twenty minutes, then beat it up quite smooth with two ounces of sugar

and a salt-spoonful of nutmeg. Break four eggs on a plate, leaving out one white; beat them well, and add them to the pudding. Stir it all well together, and put it in a mould that has been well buttered and floured; tie a cloth over it, and boil it one hour.

BUTTER CAKES.—Beat a dish of butter with your hands to a cream, add two pounds of sifted sugar, three pounds of dried flour, and twenty-four eggs, leave out half the whites, and then beat all together for an hour; when you are going to put it in the oven add a quarter of an ounce of mace and a nutmeg, a little sack and brandy, seeds and currants, if you think proper.

CAKE, WITHOUT BUTTER.—Take the weight of three eggs in sugar, and the weight of two in flour; when the five eggs are well beaten, gradually add the sugar, and then the flour, with a little grated lemon-peel, or a few caraway seeds. Bake it in a tin mould, in rather a quick oven.

CHESHIRE CAKE.—Beat for half an hour the yolks of eight, and the whites of five eggs; add half a pound of pounded and sifted loaf sugar, a quarter of a pound of dried and sifted flour, and the grated peel of a small lemon; beat all well together, and bake it in a floured tin.

SANDWICHES.—Cut some bread into thin slices, pare off the crust, and spread a little butter on them; cut them nicely into oblong pieces, put between each some bits of fowl, and thin bits of ham, both nicely trimmed; add a little mustard and salt. Any cold roasted or potted meat may be used. Serve them for luncheon, garnished with curly parsley.

SEED BUNS.—Take two pounds of plain bun dough, and mix in one ounce of caraway seeds, butter the inside of tart-pans, mould the dough into buns, and put one into each pan; set them to rise in a warm place, and when sufficiently proved, ice them with the white of an egg beat to a froth, lay some pounded sugar over that, and dissolve it with water splashed from the icing-brush. Bake ten minutes.

FISH SAUCE.—Three anchovies and an onion chopped, and a small bit of horseradish boiled in some stock, then strained, and thickened with a piece of batter rolled in flour.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

PRECIOUS STONES OF AUSTRALIA.—It would be a strange feature of these latter times if a glut of gold were to be followed by a glut of precious stones, and yet the intelligence of the gem discoveries in Australia does but confirm the predictions of those best acquainted with the subject. By the operations of some natural law, precious stones are almost uniformly found in company with gold. Either the processes which forms gold forms also these valuable crystals, or a second process is usually at work in connection with the first. Experts assured us, long ago, that whenever the Australian diggings were carefully examined, precious stones would be found there. It seems they have actually been found for years past; though never specially looked for; but recently the sand of a particular mine has yielded specimens of such abundance that diamond-washing has been recognized as a distinct and remunerative industry. The diamond, the most precious of all stones, is a mere crystal of carbon; the others, with certain exceptions, are mere crystals of clay. These clay crystals take different names, according to their colors. When red, the crystal is called a ruby; when blue, a sapphire; when purple, an amethyst; when green, an emerald; when yellow, a topaz; but all these varieties represent one and the same stone; in fact, the colors pass into one another almost indiscriminately. The information from Melbourne assures us that rare varieties of the ruby are among the gems there discovered, so that, besides obtaining an increased supply of diamonds, we shall receive specimens of jewels hitherto inaccessible.

A STRANGE STORY.—A very strange and almost incredible story is told by a respectable and reliable citizen of Bow Lake Village, Strafford, New Hampshire. This gentleman caught a common striped turtle a short time since, and at the request of the school-teacher took out the heart, which is a curiosity, from the fact that it seems to retain signs of life for days after being taken from the body of the turtle. The heart was pierced with a needle and otherwise experimented with, after which it was thrown out, and one of Mr. Waldron's hens was seen to swallow it. A few days after, Mrs. Waldron broke a number of eggs, and in the centre of one of them found the turtle's heart. At that moment she called her husband and one or two other persons, all of whom saw and identified it. It is a curious question

how this seemingly living piece of flesh came in this egg. The truth of this story is vouched for by numbers of reliable citizens.

A MARKED MAN.—In the history of escaped convicts there never was, perhaps, one more easily recognized than the one who has recently escaped from New South Wales, and supposed to be at present in London. He is described in the *Hue and Cry*: "Adam and Eve, tree and serpent, B. S. T. S., bust of a man, mermaid, half-moon, ship, George and the Dragon, man, birds, heart and darts, hope and anchor, T., crown and flag, on the left arm; seven dots between the finger and thumb of the left hand; man and glass on the back of the left hand; ring pricked on the middle finger of the left hand; two pugilists on the centre of chest." He was tried at Cambridge on the 15th of May, 1830, and sentenced to transportation for life—in his tenth year.

CURIOUS AFRICAN MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—When the Muata-Cazembe falls in love with a female, either from personal observation or from a report of her attractions, he causes her to be conveyed to his ganda, where she is compelled to discover all the objects of her former amours, who, by order of the Muata, are immediately put to death, and all their property confiscated. When all objects of jealousy are thus removed by the Cata-Dofu, or high commissioner of the seraglio, who is the chief agent in carrying out the orders of the Muata, the new object of his passion is sent to join the *other ladies* of the seraglio. The introduction of a new wife into the harem is thus always the signal for a number of deaths; and, indeed, to so great an excess is this carried, that the occasion is often laid hold of as a pretext for the jealous to wreck their vengeance on the unsuspecting victims of their hatred.

THE "VELOCIMANE."—An Oxford clergyman, the Rev. R. H. Charnley, is the inventor and patentee of what he has christened the "velocimane" (a tricycle), a machine which involves the principle of hand work as a means of locomotion. The "velocimane" is by no means a ponderous tricycle. The seat which it affords is comfortable and secure; its mode of steering is original and ingenious; its pace is exceedingly good; and, finally, the power to work it successfully is easily acquired, and strengthens the muscles of arms and chest.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A LESSON IN GARDENING.—In a village lying between the little town of Sidney and the north pole, there is a young lawyer who took lessons and degrees on the old home farm until he became satisfied that there was an easier way to get the daily bread of this life, and then went to college. He there received no lesson in field culture, and our young squire has always exhibited his approval of this lenity by the general aspect of his garden—the tares in which, as in days of old, got the better of the wheat. One morning this summer, a little earlier than he usually put on his slippers, there was a ring at the door, and Bridget ran to answer it—the squire at the same moment jumping into pants and dressing-gown in expectation of an early client. Bridget returns with a grin.

"Who is it, Biddy?"

"An' he didn't tell me a bit!" and Biddy grinned wider still.

"But what did he want?"

"I don't b'lave he wanted nothin' at all, sir," and Biddy snickered in full Irish.

"Did he say anything?" in a jerk, that led the pious Biddy to fear a wicked word or two would follow, and she hurried to say in the greenest Emerald:

"He did sure, he did, he said if the square wants his weeds to do the best they can, he had better pull those nibbins o' corn out o' the way."

The squire's corn never recovered from the shock.

WHAT DID HE SAY, LYDIA?—Good old Mrs. Call was very hard of hearing, being somewhat advanced in years. Her daughter Lydia was a bouncing lass, who loved a good frolic, and knew well how to get one up. Lydia had arranged a junket, and the young men and maids were all on hand. Among the rest was the General —, one of 'em. In the midst of the fun, in popped old Deacon —, to see how the widow fared. This was a wet blanket to the merriment, and the deacon held on till Lydia was out of all patience. She wished he would go, and by-and-by he gets up to depart. "O deacon," said mother Call, "don't think of going before tea."

The good deacon, so strongly urged, replied:

"Well, I rather think I will, as the folks will not expect me home till dark."

"What did he say, Lydia?" asked the widow.

Lydia had a ready answer.

"He says he will not, to-day, mother, as the folks expect him home before dark. Why, how deaf you are, mother."

"O well, some other day, deacon, wont you?" said mother Call, as she showed the deacon out.

"Smart girl, that," said the old deacon, as he trudged along home. "She'll find her way through, I'll warrant."

A CONSOLED WIDOWER.—A short time since an old man, at Corfe-Mullen, England, had the misfortune to lose his wife, and in proof of his affection for her whom he had sworn at the altar to love and cherish through life, he performed the last sad office in his power for her remains, by himself making the coffin. The funeral took place a few days afterwards, and when the inconsolable widower went to the clerk of Canford parish to pay the expenses, he stated, amid the tears that rolled down his cheeks in great profusion, that to save time he might, perhaps, as well do two things at the same time as one, now he was there. The clerk looked somewhat amazed, wondering what the two things were, when the old man informed him that he would pay for the banns being published of marriage to a second wife. The fact is, he had fallen in love with the woman who had refused his first love. The reason he gave for his haste in contracting a second marriage was, that the cherry season was coming on, and he had no one else to keep the birds from his cherry trees.

A PEEPING TOM.—It was at Muscatine, Iowa, lately, that Peeping Tom experienced an exasperating disappointment. At midnight he saw a much muffled man in the street, and to see was to follow him. Muffled man knocks at the door of a house and is admitted. P. T. is full of dirty delight. He crawls stealthily up. "Now I have 'em!" says Tom, "with my little eye, their sin I'll espy." He finds a convenient window, the key-hole being unavailable. He commands the interior; he hears kissing; he strains his enraptured gaze; it is—it is—ah! it is a husband kissing his beloved wife! The sharp-sighted investigator retires in great disgust at this irrefragable evidence of so much virtue and marital fidelity in Muscatine, and groans in spirit at being obliged to think better of his kind. It could hardly have been worse if he had lost his eyesight like the original P. T.

MARRIAGE EXTRA.—A sailor boy purloined two or three pies at different times. He was overheard in his whimsical method of repeating the marriage ceremony, thus:

"I now propose a marriage between Jack Bowning and this pie; if any objection can be made to this union, let it now be known, or forever keep the peace."

On this freak being whispered to the captain, he prepared a good rope's end, and holding it in one hand and the boy in the other, said:

"A union is now proposed to take place between this rope and a sailor boy; if any objection can be made to this ticklish match, let it now be known, or forever keep the peace."

"Captain," said the boy, "the banns are forbidden; the parties have not the least regard for each other. To make it right, both with one voice should be reconciled to be spliced."

"Well," said the captain, laughing, "you may go this time, sirrah, but look out how you make love to or marry any of my pies, for it is clearly pi-ratical."

THE MARCH OF MIND.—Reader, did you ever go into a little red "school 'us" in the backwoods, when the worthy pedagogue was teaching the young idea to shoot as well as he knew how? If you did, you might have heard some such dialogue as the following:

"John, wher's your passin' lesson?"

"That sentence on the blackboard—'There go a gentleman and a scholar.'"

"Pass there."

"There are a noun of multitude, fust person, singlar, nomerative case to go."

"Very well, 'go' the next." So Tom makes for the door. "Come back—pass go."

"I was trying to go past."

"Next."

"Go is an insensible rig'lar verb, finity mood, perfect tense; 1st person, go it; 2d person, go ahead; 3d person, no go; made in the 3d person, to agree with daddy's old gray mare understood."

"Very well, next pass gentleman."

"Gentleman are an abstract noun, subjective mood, neuter gender, but in opposition to scholar."

"Right; scholar, the next."

"Scholar is an obstinate, pronominal adjective, ridiculous mood, imperfect tense, fust person, because I am speaking, and governed by a."

"Give the rule."

"Scholars are governed by indefinite articles."

"Very good; take your seats with nine merit marks apiece."

WORSE YET.—A New Jersey justice of the peace was travelling with a friend in the western part of Ohio, and came into quite an unsettled region. Late in the day the two travellers reached a cabin, where they asked for supper and lodgings. The old man was away, and the old woman promptly refused, but the grown-up daughter put in a good word for the good looking men, and her mother finally consented. After supper, as they were all sitting before the fire, the old woman began the talk:

"I s'pose, strangers, you're from Connecticut, or some such Yankee place?"

"O no, ma'am," said the justice, "we are not Yankees by any means."

"Well, where did you come from, then?"

"We are from New Jersey, madam."

"O, good laudy!" said the old woman, "worse yet!"

DELIGHTFUL EFFECTS OF HABIT.—Habit is a funny thing. We have all heard the story of the man who slept above a baker's oven for twenty years, then changed his lodgings, but had to go back to the oven before he could sleep. A case illustrating the same principle recently occurred in Ohio. A city man, accustomed to lodge on one of the noisiest streets visited a country friend. Too much quiet destroyed his rest at night. His friend felt for his distress, and said he would try and relieve it. Accordingly he went to a neighbor's and procured a bass drum, which he had beat under the fellow's bedroom window, and had his boy run a squeaking wheelbarrow up and down on the porch, while his wife played on the piano, and his servant girl pounded on the chamber door with the tongs. In this manner the sufferer was enabled to get a few hours of quite refreshing sleep, though it was hard on the family.

AN APPROPRIATE TRIBE.—Tom, during his last tour to Niagara, in company with Smash, saw an Indian hewing a small piece of timber, with a view to making canes.

"Pray, sir," said Smash, "to what tribe do you belong?"

"The Chip-a-way tribe," replied the Indian, without looking up to give his interrogator one smile.

A NATURAL RESULT.—A farce was produced in Bannister's time, under the title of "Fire and Water."

"I predict its fate," said he.

"What fate?" whispered the anxious author, at his side.

"What fate?" said Bannister; "why, what can fire and water produce but a hiss?"

CARRYING HOME A HOOP SKIRT.



Mr. Bangs purchases for his wife a new patent elliptic bon-ton trail sustaining hoop skirt, and is much pleased with the neatness of the package.



Mr. Bangs is not quite so well pleased with the bon-ton skirt and package.



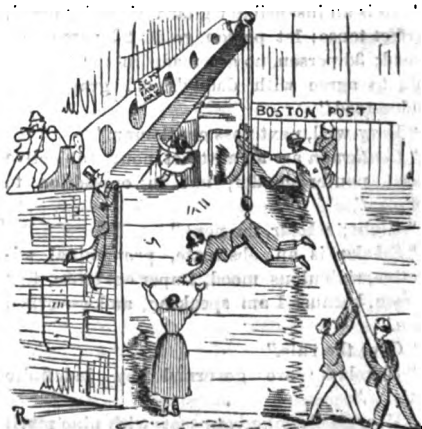
Mr. Bangs wishes the bon-ton was somewhere else.



Mr. Bangs attempts to organize the bon-ton, but it gets the best of him.



Office of a noted public journal before Water street was raised.

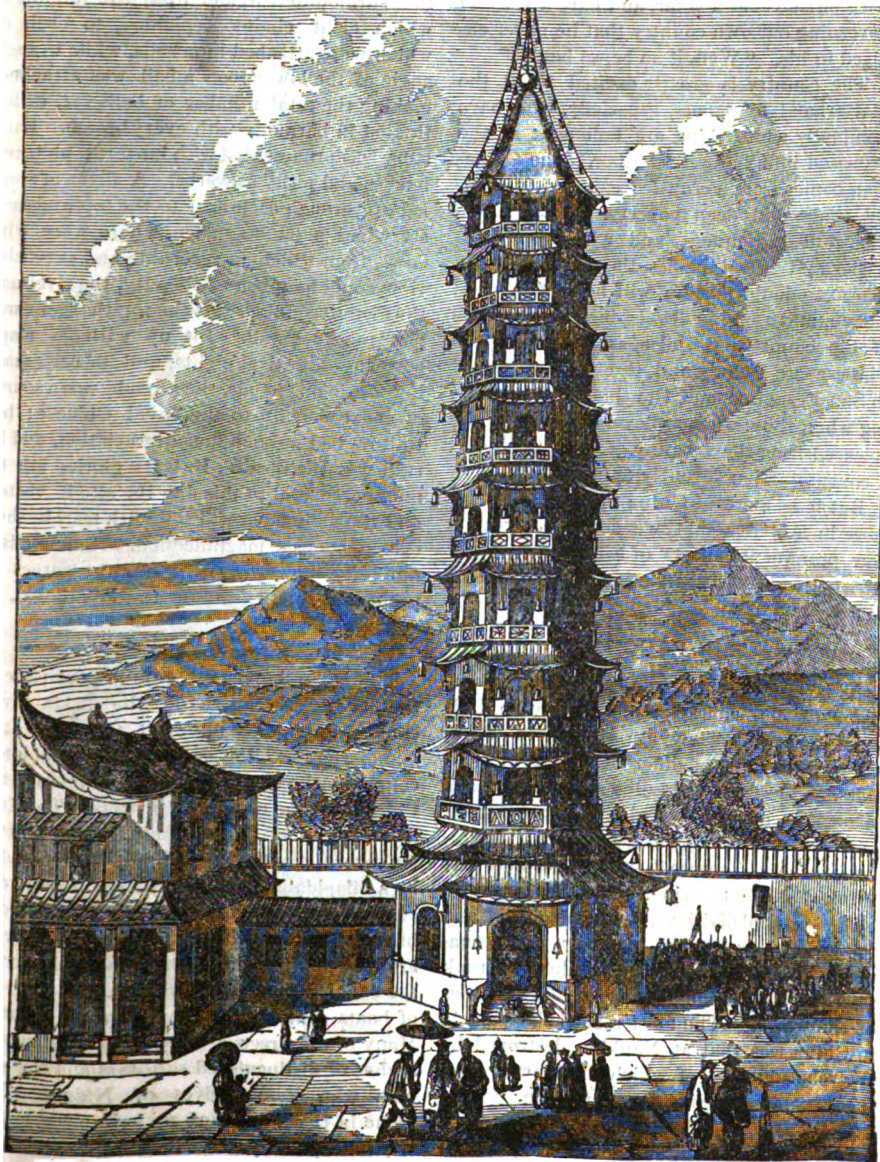


Ingenuous contrivance for raising patrons.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. XXXI.—No. 2 . . . FEBRUARY, 1870. WHOLE No. 182.

CHINESE SCENES AND CUSTOMS.



THE NANKING PAGODA.

Everything relating to the "Central Flowery Kingdom," as it was called by Mr. Minister Cushing, is interesting to readers residing at the antipodes of that great country, particularly as the people of that and our own have not only been united by commercial bonds, but are likely soon to be in social and political relations, by the demand for labor, the incentives to emigration, and the passage of the 15th amendment to the constitution, by which John Chinaman may take position with ourselves as a voter, and have a voice in governing our own country that he never enjoyed in his. "Well, if so be, so be it."

The country is greatly excited about the matter, and foreigners, especially, who have nominally white skins, are indignant at the proposed influx of yellow labor. The Chinaman comes from a crowded country, tyrannical usage and deep poverty, to a land, to him, full of richness, and with his industrious and frugal habits there seems little reason to doubt that he will become a good citizen, and useful in developing the resources of the country. So, also, as domestics, the Chinese are cleanly and tractable, as proved in San Francisco, and the time may be coming when those who employ domestics will be released from the tyranny of their servants; a consummation devoutly to be wished.

But it is more of China than of the Chinese in America that we desire to speak, a few prominent objects of which afford our artists themes for illustration at the present time. And first

THE PAGODA.

This is a species of temple, and forms a conspicuous and characteristic feature in Chinese scenery. They are similar in form, everywhere, but of different degree of richness, and are generally nine stories in height. Almost every town in China has one or more of these structures. Ferguson, in his "Handbook of Architecture," says, "I cannot but think that the tapering, octagonal form, the boldly marked divisions, the domical roof, and the general consistence in design and ornament of these towers, entitle them to rank tolerably high among the tower-like buildings of the world." The most remarkable pagoda in China was that at Nanking, destroyed by the rebels in 1858, of which the engraving on the preceding page is a representation. It was called the "Porcelain Tower of Nanking," from the glaze put upon the bricks of which it was built. The tints were various—blue,

white, green and red—and the effect of the spectacle at a distance, in sunlight or moonlight, was very remarkable. It long stood among the foremost of the world's wonders. This structure was begun in 1412, and finished in 1431, and having been erected by the reigning emperor as a monument of gratitude to an empress of the Mung dynasty, it was also called the "Temple of Gratitude." It was octagonal in form, and 236 feet in height, inclusive of an iron spire 80 feet high that surmounted it, and from the summit of which eight chains depended, to each of which were attached nine bells, while to each angle of the lower roofs a bell was attached, making the total number of bells 144, which tinkled in harmony with every breeze. Each story was ornamented with lanterns, pictures, images and pithy proverbs. A flight of steps led up through each floor to the top, and each story had a landing-place, where were windows, from which an agreeable and extensive view could be taken of the city, the river and the distant country. At the top the scene was particularly grand. Lit up with its many lanterns on festival nights, and its bells making music on the air, the pagoda was a source of great delight to the loyal Chinese; but traitors had no such fine appreciation, and its ruin was the result. But its glories are remembered, and to this day its site is visited, and the Chinamen will tell with tears in their eyes of its past magnificence. Nanking is a fine city, however, with many sources of pride that compensate for the loss of that.

NINGPO.

This is an important commercial place in the harbor of Chusan on the Takia River, canals from which intersect the city. It is one of the five cities opened to general intercourse by the treaty of 1842, wrung from the Chinese by the combined powers. The English troops took it and held possession of it for several months in 1841. It is surrounded by a dilapidated wall about six miles in circumference, twenty-five feet high, and fifteen broad at the top, with five gates. The streets are long and broad. Numerous bridges cross the canals throughout the city, and a bridge of boats connects the city with the suburbs. Many of the streets are spanned by triumphal arches of distinguished scholars and eminent men who were natives of Ningpo. The scene in the view before us is in a part of the city chiefly occupied with temples and monastery grounds. In the foreground is a com-

mon native house, with two windows opened in the wall for the summer months. A similar house stands next, then a monastery ground, then some smaller dwellings. On the right side of the canal is the head

Temple." And nearer to the spectator stand some buildings connected with a large cluster of the Buddhist and Taoist temples, which are situated further to the right. In addition to the church here represented, the Church



NINGPO, ON THE TAKIA RIVER.

Ningpo Mission Station of the English Church Missionary Society. The church is known by its five-balled spire. It is called the Jing-eng-dong. Slightly to the left, under the church, is the "Old City Protector's

Missionary Society has a chapel nearer the "South Gate," and another in one of the chief streets leading to the busy "Bridge Gate." The Sabbath services are held in the Jing-en-dong, but one or other of the two

chapels is opened for daily preaching. There is one temple said to have been erected 1100 years ago, with a tower 100 feet high. In 1843 a missionary hospital was established at Ningpo, and all classes have resorted to it for surgical assistance. It is a crowded but interesting scene that our engraving presents.

LADIES OF CHINA.

The engraving on this page, from a photograph of two young Chinese ladies, is commended to those who may be disposed to consult novelty in the chignon, though it is but just to say that the present mode among our own females has maintained its place longer than any of its predecessors. The Chinese arrangement possesses no advantage that we

THE BABY HOUSES.

Infanticide prevails to a very great extent in China, more, however, in some places than in others. About Fuchow it is very prevalent, while in some places it is rarely known. In poor families, which have a large number of children, the death of infants is regarded as anything but a calamity, showing a willingness to have them die almost equivalent to helping that event. The large number of infant bodies cast away is often regarded as evidence of infanticide, but unjustly. The little bodies are wrapped up in a mat and thrown into the river, or hung from the branches of trees to keep them from the dogs, or, which is very often the case, thrown into structures called "baby-houses,"—as seen in



STYLE OF ARRANGING THE HAIR IN THE SOUTH OF CHINA.

can see, beyond the fact that it is kept in place by a resinous gum, and at night the fair head is deposited on a high wooden pillow with a groove that fits the neck exactly, and by this means they sleep without disturbing the hair. We think that if our own fair dames and demoiselles were required to pay this tribute to fashion, they would hardly be willing to sacrifice so much, but we have seen them endure torture, under the affliction of heated tongs and hot slate pencils, that a Mohawk might make up faces at, and perhaps they would accept this, if it should be the fashion. It is hard to see how, by any possibility, either of the young ladies in the engraving could close her eyes, with such a strain upon the back hair pulling them open.

our illustration—little buildings, with small holes in one side, through which the baby is put, erected by benevolent persons for this purpose. The impression, however, which prevails, that these are provided in encouragement of infanticide, is incorrect; they are simply expedients to evade the interment of infants. This denial of burial to infants is due in many places to the following superstition: "When infants die, it is supposed that their bodies were inhabited by the spirit of a deceased creditor of a previous state of existence. The child during its sickness may be cared for with the greatest tenderness, and no expense spared in employing a physician and procuring medicine; but if it dies, parental love is turned to hate and resentment, and it is called 'Short-lived spirit,' or

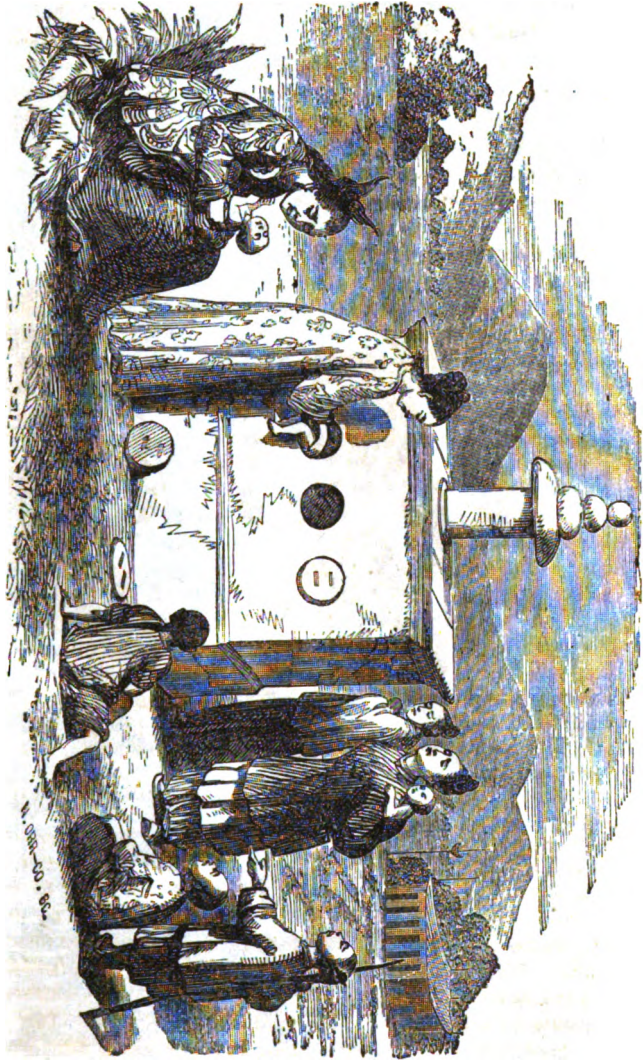
'devil.' It is regarded as an enemy and intruder in the family, which has been exacting satisfaction for the old, unpaid debt; and having occasioned a great deal of anxiety, trouble and expense, has left nothing to show for it but disappointment. The uncared-for and un-coffined little body is cast away anywhere; and as it is carried out of the door the house is swept, crackers are fired, and gongs beaten to frighten the spirit, so that it may never dare enter the house again."

In cases where infanticide is common, males preponderate to such an extent that it is difficult for parents to obtain wives for their sons, and they often make arrangements with a family which has an infant daughter, to spare her life and betroth her to their son. In these cases, the girl, at a very early age, becomes the inmate of the family of her betrothed husband. Parents of the lower and middle classes, whose daughters live with them till they are married, feel that they are entitled to some remuneration from the parents of the husband, for all their expense and trouble in bringing her up. For this reason, when a girl is betrothed with the expectation of her remaining in her own family, her family expect a considerable amount of money, so that the transaction has very much the appearance of buying and selling. Many men are doomed to a life of celibacy because they are too poor to buy and support a wife.

In case of the death of unmarried young

men of particular promise and preeminence, the following expedient is adopted to rescue their names from oblivion. An arrangement is made with another family which has lost a member of the opposite sex, by which ceremonies representing the betrothal and mar-

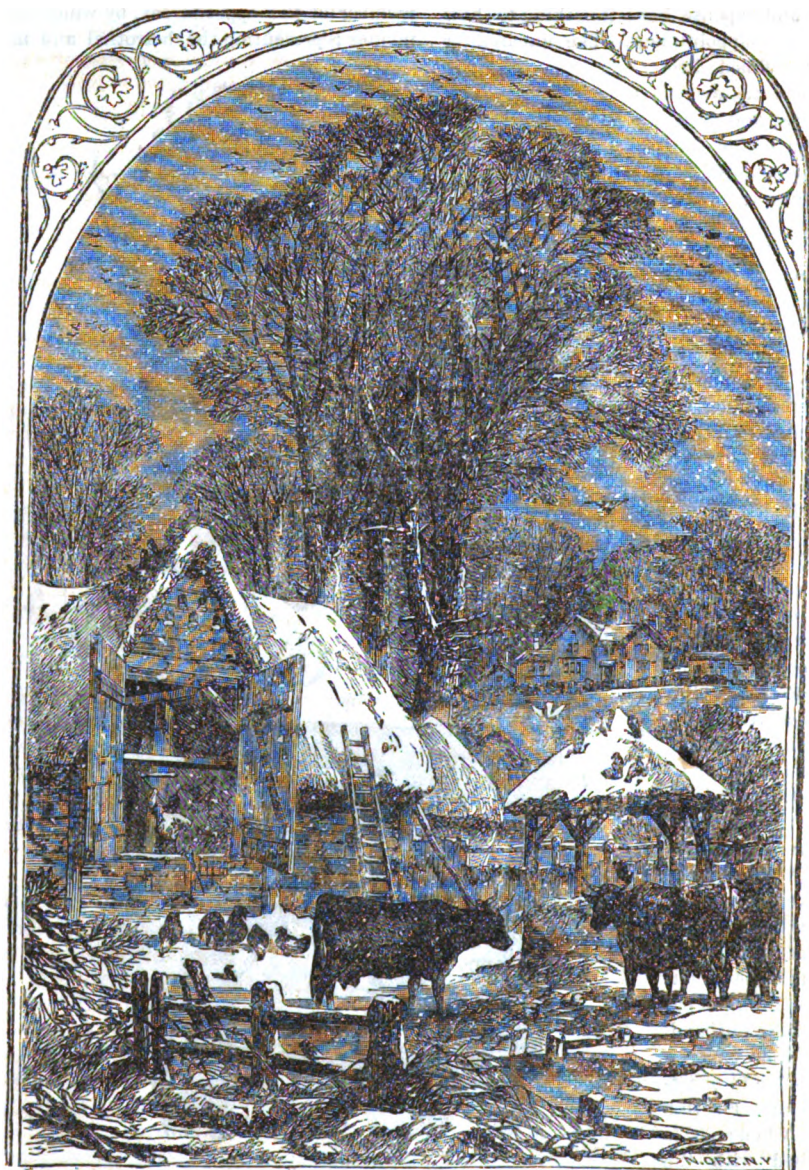
A BABY TOMB IN CHINA.



riage of the deceased parties are performed. After this, a child of some other member of the family may be restored to them, as a son, and so the life of the deceased be transmitted, and his tablet, with those of the reputed wife and descendants, be placed in the family temple. These ancestral temples abound in China, nearly every village having at least one.

WINTER.

BY J. J. COLBATH.



Beside the frozen pool the cows,
Stand still, in rumination lost
On verdant meads and summer browse,
Now held in thrall by ice and frost.

The barnyard fowls, with humble air,
The snow, with dubious seeming scratch;
The doves a sombre aspect wear,
And stand inactive mid the thatch.

Dark winter birds, with croaking notes,
Soar far the naked trees above,
While down the snowflake stilly floats,
Like benediction fraught with love.

Breaking the silence that prevails,
A grateful sound salutes the ear;
It is the music of the flails,
That sings the bounty of the year.

Afar the grateful home appears,
With warmth and every comfort rife,
That stimulates the heart and cheers
The passing hours of wintry life.

Ah! joying this, what ask we more?
The angry storm in vain assails;
With plenty lavishing its store,
We laugh at all the bitter gales.

The ready smile, the gleeful speech,
The loving light of beaming eyes,
Make sunshine though the tempest screech,
And clouds and snow enshroud the skies.

Thus winter takes a cheerful form,
Where competence and love exist,
But, to the raging of the storm,
'Tis fearful for the poor to list.

Theirs is a cruelty of fate,
Precluding all of hope and trust,
That fills the heart with brooding hate,
And doubt if God is good or just.

O brother, in your cheerful home,
When wintry storms in fierceness rage,
Think of the desolate who roam,
Whose life is but a dismal page!

RELIGIOUS SERVICE IN RUSSIA.

Our illustrations show the Russian priests of the Greek church on and off duty—in their sacerdotal and domestic capacities. They are divided into the "white" and "black" degrees, the former the secular, the latter the cloistered. The appellations are derived from their respective classes, the one party, as in our engravings, being clothed from head to foot in black, the other performing divine service in white robes bordered with gold. The dress of the black clergy, equally elegant with the former, is throughout Russia the same, fixed by general edict. The head is covered with a tall, cylindrical black cap, round which flutters a long piece of black gauze, that hangs down behind like a lady's veil when thrown back. The principal garment is a long, full tunic, made generally of black velvet. The handsome curling beards, with which the monks are universally decorated, harmonize admirably with this dress; they look like rich fur trimmings on the velvet robes. Their long hair, divided into three tails, one falling down the back and one over each shoulder, is not quite so ornamental. It would be difficult to describe the magnificence of the superior priesthood in full dress. It is enough to say that the enormous mass of gold and silk stuffs of various kinds which the Russian clergy, like the Catholic, have, in the course of centuries, laid their hands on, is such, that the toilet of the vainest worldling is moderate and modest in comparison.

The incomes of the Russian clergy are exceedingly small; and the convents, with few exceptions, are very poor, since Peter the Great deprived them of their lands and their serfs, and reduced nuns and monks to ridiculously small pensions of the state. A metro-

politan (the highest in rank) receives but about one thousand dollars a year, an archbishop about nine hundred dollars, and a bishop even less than that. In this proportion the incomes decrease, until in the lowest ranks their incomes are miserably insufficient for a living, and have to be eked out by begging. The bishops, all additional sources of revenue included, have seldom more than three thousand dollars a year. Each bishop has a monastin (convent of the second class), whose income belongs to him, and all the superior clergy have also residences found them, in their convents or within the city, and furnished with everything necessary, from servants and horses down to dogs, cats, spoons and plates, at the cost of the crown. The greater number are also provided with a country residence, with arable land, domestic animals and furniture. Under such circumstances a large salary is not so desirable. They live in luxury, while their poor brethren, like the curates of England, do the work and starve. A priest's influence extends very little beyond the sacred duties of his office, people of all ranks kissing his hands, but slighting him immediately after.

The performance of mass in the convent at Strelna, four miles from Peterhoff, was recently witnessed by a traveller, who has given the world an account of the ceremony:

"Our preparations were soon made, and a brisk half-hour's drive brought us to the entrance of the garden surrounding the monastery, already thronged with a motley congregation. The gilded turrets and arched windows of the building gave it a picturesque appearance, greatly enhanced by the surrounding trees, now brilliant with their short-lived

summer verdure. But we have little time to glance at them, for the eddying crowd sweeps us onward through the archway into the great hall, already more than half filled; where, for the first time, we have leisure to survey our company. And a motley throng



RUSSIAN RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

they are; smooth-faced boy-officers in glittering uniforms; *blase* students with pale cheeks and heavy eyelids; beautiful girls with long dark hair floating over their white robes; Russian nurses in scarlet shawls, with tiaras of gilt pasteboard on their foreheads; low-browed peasants in sheepskin, their hard faces softened by devotional fervor; and many more beside.

"Suddenly a door opens at the far end of the hall, and, amid a dead silence and universal turning of faces in that direction, the officiating priest comes forth with slow and measured steps, arrayed in a high, helmet-shaped cap, richly embroidered, and a flowing robe so thickly covered with silver lace, that its color can hardly be told. Then follow the two assistant priests similarly attired, and lastly two boys of twelve, in long yellow robes, with flowing black hair and pale feminine faces, bearing the sacred books, which they deposit reverently in front of the chief priest, who has by this time taken his station beside the altar. In another moment his deep sonorous voice breaks the stillness, reading the customary prayers, which are couched in that

ancient Slavonic tongue which was a written language before modern Russia ever existed. Page after page, the sounding syllables roll on, while ever and anon the sea of heads around us sinks down like corn bowed by the wind, and the hand of each worshipper touches his forehead, shoulder and breast in rapid succession, making the sign of the cross. Suddenly a gleam of light flashes in our eyes, as a hand is stretched over our shoulders bearing a lighted taper, which we pass on in like manner to those in front; and at the same moment a score of similar lights are seen creeping like glow-worms through the black masses of the surrounding crowd, and meeting around the altar. The priest raises his voice, and repeats thirty or forty times with extraordinary rapidity the words—"Gospodi pomili" (Lord have mercy upon us), which is echoed at length by the voices of the entire congregation; and a grand burst of music surges up through the whole expanse of the hall, dying away at length among the arches of the roof in a cadence inexpressibly sweet and plaintive—a characteristic feature of all Russian music."

The practice of lighting the tapers, described above, the devout Russian does not leave to his priest, but performs it himself. These tapers, of all qualities and prices, are sold at the door, the income from which and the drops of wax that are saved going to the church. On great holidays, when the churches are all thronged so that every one cannot approach the saint he wishes to honor, the lights are seen dancing from hand to hand till they reach the foremost persons, who are requested to present them, which is done with all readiness and politeness. When a Russian has made a sufficient number of crosses and genuflections, and lighted up a candle to his favorite saint, he deems himself as safe from the clutches of the arch fiend, whom he most sacredly believes in, as if he were already in Abraham's bosom. But bad men light their tapers with the good, and invoke the blessing of saints on unholy enterprises in this way; in one case two servants lit a candle to the "Mother of God," who was solicited to aid them in robbing their master of ten thousand roubles.

The narrative goes on to say:

"The heat is by this time overpowering, and happy is he who has a pillar to lean against in the midst of the universal crushing and crowding; but not the slightest sign of weariness or impatience can be detected among the congregation. There they stand, patient, devout, enduring; a fair type of what their nation has been for centuries, and what her rulers have striven to keep her for centuries more. And over all rises once and again the strange, sweet, mournful music which nameless generations have handed down—the wail of an oppressed people, inarticulately shaping itself into sound, and rising in an everlasting prayer. The ladies of our party, however, more deeply impressed with the demoralized condition of their bonnets than with any historical or theological meditation, cut short our musings by proposing a change of place; and with some difficulty we make our way up to the gallery, where we remain till the close of the service.

"This service over, we descend to the great gate of the monastery, where the distribution of consecrated bread sprinkled with salt is going forward. Some of the recipients carry their portions slowly and reverently away; others eat theirs on the spot, with the addition of copious draughts of 'kvas' (a piquant but not at all intoxicating liquor), two casks of which, furnished with huge wooden ladles, stand beside the gate. While we are looking on, a monk approaches, and courteously invites us to partake of the midday meal, which is now being prepared in the refectory hall. Accordingly, we follow our guide into a vast, high-roofed salle, not unlike a college dining-hall, with four immense windows on either side, and a long table in the centre flanked by benches of oak. The archimandrite or chief, a fine-looking old man with a flowing white beard, wearing the black helmet-formed cap and dark robes of his order, but distinguished by the silver crosses and medals which glitter upon his ample breast, receives us very cordially, and gives us seats at his own table, which is set at right angles to the larger one. We have scarcely seated ourselves, when the monks flock into the hall, and take their places at the table, twenty on each side, in

their high caps and black robes. The officers of the fraternity place themselves on the right and left of the archimandrite, while a young assistant priest mounts the steps of the reading-desk at the lower end of the hall, and reads aloud two chapters of the New Testament, after which he kisses the archimandrite's hand and retires. The first words of the reading seem to be the signal for commencing the repast, for at once every one attacks the dish of excellent cabbage-soup before him; while the archimandrite, needlessly apologizing for the poorness of the fare (this a fast-day), pours me out a tumbler of what appears to be cold water. Delighted at this unexpected concession to my temperate tastes, I empty the glass at a draught, and am instantly conscious of a sensation as though I had swallowed a shovelful of hot coals, washed down with a pint of viotril; this innocent-looking drink being, in fact, the strongest 'vodka,' or Russian corn-brandy. The surrounding monks laugh aloud—the chief more temperately follows their example; whilst I, with burning lips and watering eyes, devote myself to my soup with a vain



RUSSIAN PRIESTS AT HOME.

attempt at composure. The next course consists of another kind of soup, called in Russian 'otvinia,' composed of the bitterest imaginable herbs, plentifully moistened with kvas, and freshened with lumps of ice by way of additional relish. Such as it is, however,

the mixture does not seem much to the taste of our party, whose involuntary contortions of visage over this innocent fare appear to amuse the good fathers not a little. But this penance is fully atoned by the excellent fish which succeeds, followed in its turn by a kind of gigantic sandwich of cabbage and hard-boiled eggs enclosed in a firm kind of crust, popularly known as 'Russki Pirog,' or Russian pie. This, with a modicum of cheese by way of supplement, concludes the entertainment; this being (as the archimandrite again reminds us) a fast-day. He adds, however, that should we ever do him the honor of a second visit on any day not specially set apart by the church, he will be most happy to show us that a monastery kitchen is not bare of good cheer at *all* seasons; an assertion of which a glance down the table amply sustains the truth; for, although meagre faces and slender frames are here and there to be seen, the majority of the brotherhood are robust, finely-built, ruddy-cheeked men, of whose companionship Friar Tuck himself might have been proud. The old chief, with a sly smile, proffers me another glass of vodka, which is (like many a less

pliquant production) 'declined with thanks;' whereupon he rises from his seat, and pronounces a long Slavonic thanksgiving, answered by a deep sonorous 'Amen' from the entire fraternity, who then file out of the hall in the same order in which they previously filed in. The remains of the dinner are then bestowed upon three or four haggard-looking peasants who have been hanging about the great gate, probably in expectation of some such largess, ever since our repast commenced; the superiors come forward and enter into conversation with us, in the most friendly manner; while the venerable archimandrite himself takes one of the smallest members of our party on his knee and bestirs himself to amuse him as heartily as if he had been doing nothing else all his life."

The sacredness of the clerical office, measured by any standard that we recognize, is not of a very high character, but, with the party quoted in the foregoing pages, we may say, that the Russian clergy are not by any means so black as they are painted.

ISMAEL PASHA OF EGYPT.

Ismael Pasha, the Viceroy of Egypt, tries to keep peace with his superior, the Sultan of Turkey. War between the master and his dependent servant will not occur this season, for the powers of Europe are not yet ready to encourage the fight by taking sides, France with Egypt and England with Turkey. The former power aims at most exclusive control over the canal that runs through the viceroy's dominions, and is a short road to India and power in the East, while England is jealous of all encroachments, and will share with no nation that which she has stolen and ravished from the weak rulers of India. Through blood, treachery and gold, has Great Britain extended her sway over the Hindoos, and what she has gained she fears she may lose by the arts of France or the serried columns of Russia.

We have some little sympathy with Ismael Pasha. He wants to be independent of his master. He desires to be king, and to make Egypt a nation that will be powerful in commerce and the arts, but hampered as he is at present, it is impossible for him to realize his idea of greatness. The time must come

when his ambition will be satisfied. Egypt cannot long remain dependent upon the "sick man," as the Sultan is called by Russia.

We owe Ismael Pasha some little debt of gratitude for his treatment while we were ascending the Nile. He did all that he could to make the rough places smooth, and the firman which he granted our party was as potent as the wand of an enchanter. Whoever looked at it bowed before it, and supplied our wants without a murmur.

We give on the next page a fine picture of the Pasha and his English turnout. He likes English carriages, harnesses, coachman and postilion, and when seated on the box with the driver, does not scruple to tell him to let the spirited animals show their best paces. Then his subjects had better not get in the way, unless they want broken limbs, for his highness does not stop at trifles. The Pasha's harem may often be seen riding out dressed almost entirely in the European fashion, with the exception of a very thin veil, and also with Englishmen in scarlet and gold liveries as drivers and footmen. Another bold step toward doing away with old customs, is

HIS HIGHNESS ISMAEL PASHA OF EGYPT'S CITRIGIAL.



that the viceroy has ordered the removal of all divans from Egyptian government officers, to make room for chairs and small sofas in the European style; and, what is still more important, clerks and other employees are henceforth to be deprived of the pleasure of both smoking and coffee-drinking while remaining within government premises.

While in Egypt we heard a story of Pasha Mahomet Ali, who has now passed away, and the Fellahs thank Allah for it, for the old scamp was a Tartar.

"Do you see that canal?" the Pasha used to ask visitors, when he was in good humor. "Well, then," continued the Pasha, "that canal leads to a large village in the middle of the Delta, from which, and from the neighboring provinces, it brings the produce down the Nile. How do you think I made the canal? You shall hear. Two years ago I stopped here on my way to Cairo from Alexandria, and having determined to make a canal from the Nile to that village, I sent for the chief engineer of the province; and having given him the length, breadth and depth of the canal required, I asked him in what space of time he would undertake to make it. He took out his pen and paper, and having made his calculations, he said that, if I gave

him an order on the governor of the province for the labor required, he would undertake to finish it in a year. My reply was a signal to my servants to throw him down, and give him two hundred blows of the stick on his feet. This ceremony being concluded, I said to him, 'Here is the order for the number of laborers you may require. I am going to Upper Egypt, and shall come back in four months; if the canal is not completed by the day of my return, you shall have three hundred more.'" In relating this story, the Pasha's eyes sparkled, and he almost jumped from his sitting posture with excitement, as he added, rubbing his hands, "By Allah, the canal *was* completed when I returned."

Ismael Pasha is not so cruel, but he is willful, and will have his own way. He will be king if he lives long enough, and if the European powers will side with him instead of the Sultan. Without the aid of the former he will be crushed in the course of time. He played a bold card at the dedication of the Suez Canal, and has won the good opinion of many princes, and even the Empress Eugenie has smiled on him. But smiles won't hold the hand of the Sultan. The Pasha must bribe or fight, and he is prepared for either course.

HINDOSTANEE ARCHITECTURE.

We present on the next page the view of a padoga at Ramisseram, an island and town near the southerly extremity of Hindostan, between it and Ceylon. The island forms a part of the chain of islands and rocks stretching from Ramhad on the main land to Manaar in Ceylon, and separating the Gulf of Manaar on the south from Polk's Strait on the north. This temple is one of the most splendid of the numerous temples with which India abounds, that are remarkable for their grace and beauty.

It is constructed, in part, of vast granite blocks, possessing a tower one hundred feet high and a fine colonnade, and its elaborate courts and galleries render it very picturesque.

In books upon the East we have numerous evidences of the taste in architecture that prevails, which seems indeed music written in stone. And besides those that they have above ground, beautifying every place, there are subterranean temples, that rival these in point of elegance. The caves of Ellvia, which

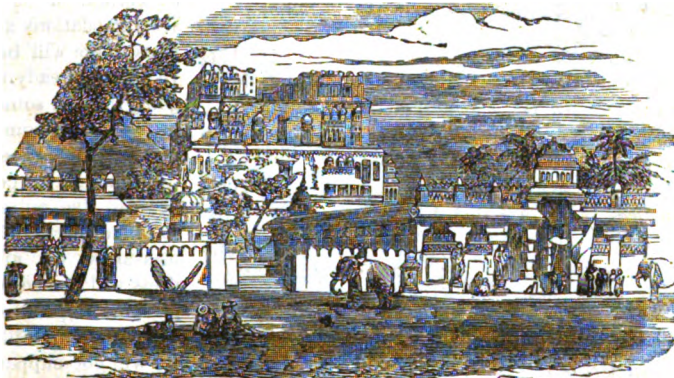
are about two hundred miles to the east of Bombay, consist of a great number of large and lofty apartments, cut in the solid rock, decorated with columns and statues. There is one also, at Corley, between Bombay and Puna, which resembles a gothic church, having a vaulted roof, and colonnades running like aisles along each side. What a vast amount of labor and patient industry it must have required to perform the task of excavation! We have an account of one at Salsette, that is upward of ninety feet long, thirty-eight wide, and of a proportionate height, hewn out of the solid rock, and forming an oblong square, with a fluted, concave roof. The area is divided into three aisles by regular colonnades, similar to the ancient basilica, a pile of building twice as long as it was wide, with one of the extremities ending in a hemicycle, while two rows of columns form a spacious area in the centre, leaving a narrow walk between the columns and the wall. At Elephanta, the excavations are still

larger, the principal temple being one hundred and twenty-three feet broad. The spacious entrance to this is sixty feet wide and eighteen high, and is supported by two massive pillars and two pilasters, being thus divided into three passage-ways. The interior is so arranged that it presents a seemingly endless vista of huge columns cut out from the living rock, some of them broken by the Portuguese, who formerly possessed the island of Elephanta. The roof is generally flat, though not a perfect plane. The sides are excavated into compartments, all filled with mythological sculptures. Opposite the main entrance there is a bust, supposed to represent the Hindoo Trinity—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva. The heads are six feet long and well cut. The headdresses are curiously ornamented, and among other symbols, a human skull and a young infant are represented on that of

finement of taste. Those at Agra, Delhi and Lucknow are especially remarkable for their delicacy, beauty and taste.

Next to their temples, their tombs are the most elegant. At Agra is the tomb of one of the sultanas, that is of surpassing beauty. It stands on a stone terrace, on the banks of the Jamna, and is surrounded by extensive gardens. It is built entirely of white marble, enclosed within an open screen of mosaic, which is wrought into wreaths of flowers of the most exquisite workmanship, and formed of agates, jaspers, lapis lazuli, and various colored marbles. This elegant memorial of the dead is protected and kept in repair by the British government.

Besides the superb specimens of architecture enumerated, the land abounds in kindred works attesting to the merit of the Hindoo engineers, by whom they are for the most



PAGODA ATRAMISSERAM, HINDOSTAN.

Siva, who also holds in his hand a cobra de capello. No record of the origin of the shrines can be found, and the general opinion of Europeans who have visited them is, that they date from a period subsequent to the birth of Christ, perhaps as late as the ninth or tenth century. Long deserted by the Brahmin priests, the temple is now visited only by married women praying for the blessing of children.

Hindustan abounds with architectural relics of the remotest antiquity, that present attractions to the explorer. Missionaries from thence bring back drawings of ancient temples that are grand and elegant, such as the Jain temples at Ajmeer and elsewhere, some of which were built long before the Christian era, and are distinguished not only for size and splendor of ornamentation, but for symmetry, beauty of proportion, and re-

part constructed. These consist of vast reservoirs or tanks, for the reception of water for purposes of irrigation, which exist in great numbers, and are frequently of great size and cost, being often magnificently built of stone. One of these tanks is said to be eight miles long and three miles broad. There are also the ruins of vast canals, built by kings of former ages, attesting to the progress of the past in this particular. The English are renewing these canals and building others, promoting irrigation and navigation, and working great improvement.

It is only in these developments of science and art, that the Hindostanees have shown much ability. In other arts they have attained but little skill. The better class of their private dwellings are decorated with paintings, but display poor taste in execution and arrangement.

DEERFIELD RIVER.

The tax-payers of the State of Massachusetts can console themselves, while handing over their cash each year to those authorized to receive it, that the Hoosac Tunnel, a bore of the greatest magnitude, has been the means of attracting thousands of visitors to the most wild and romantic scenery in the State. We grumble at the expense of the tunnel, and knowing well that we shall never again see the millions that we have laid out

desire it can view Nature at but little expense. At least, such were our thoughts last summer, while wandering over Mounts Tom and Holyoke, and by the side of Deerfield River, one of the most romantic and beautiful streams in Massachusetts. After this region becomes known to our friends, there will be no occasion to rush to the White Mountain region for bold scenery and clear, fresh, bracing air. All this can be found

nearer home, and enjoyed at less expense. Large hotels are alone wanted near the mountains, and in close proximity to the Hoosac Tunnel. When these are furnished, so that the travelling public can be certain of obtaining good accommodations at reasonable rates, there will be no lack of visitors. Already buildings are going up, and some capitalists, men who like comfort without much labor, are erecting cottages, and in the cottages families can live quite as happily as at Newport, and much more pleasantly, we are sure, for dress will not be regarded as a passport to good society. We hope that our million of readers will not suppose for a moment that we are interested in a land company, or are paid for advocating building in the vicinity of Deerfield River. We write from a sincere admiration of the scenery which we saw last summer. We remember the pleasant drives, the smooth roads, the neat,



for the encouragement of enterprise, and the schemes of certain men who are nothing unless devising new debts for the people; yet when we stand on the summit of Mount Holyoke, and look over the surrounding country, where we see Deerfield River meandering through rich valleys and between high mountains, the towns of Hadley and Shelburne at our feet, with other villages on either hand, we forget the tunnel and its cost, and thank fortune that railroads are in existence, and penetrate into the White Mountain district of Massachusetts, so that all who

white farmhouses, the rich meadows, the melodious murmur of the river as it swept past rocks and over gravelly beds.

We spent a week near the river, and we think that it was one of the most pleasant that we passed during the season, for we had a companion who was familiar with all the best views, and knew who kept the sweetest cream and raised the largest strawberries; and such a friend is valuable when the brain needs rest and the body is worn with the fatigues of office duty.

A local historian gives the following infor-

mation relative to the mountainous region: "Mount Tom is 1200 feet high, and rises in rugged majesty, the sole object in the landscape, which frowns eternal defiance on the march of human improvement. It has been remarked that 'even here, if the not improbable theory of some geologists be correct, the modifying hand of nature has accomplished one of its most remarkable achievements in the excavation of a rocky channel for the Connecticut, between these two mountain heights, which are supposed originally to have formed a connected chain, at a considerable elevation above their present bases. The appearance of the bold cliffs at the Rock Ferry crossing, as well as the form of the vast alluvial basin which would be embraced within the sweep of this mountain range if only a connection here were formed, together with other geological characteristics, render this theory, extraordinary as it may seem, almost a matter of obvious demonstration.' The variety of the views they present, the mixture of wildness and cultivation, and the ex-

tent of landscape commanded from their summits, amply repay the expense and toil of a visit to Mount Tom and Mount Holyoke. Hadley is a handsome town on the east bank of the Connecticut River, united to Northampton by a fine bridge. The village covers a sort of peninsula formed by a bend in the river. The principal street is about a mile in length, and presents the usual features of a New England village. It is wide, and shaded by noble elms. Its Indian name was Nornotock. It stands in the midst of a fine agricultural region, and the annual overflow of the river renders its meadows remarkably productive. It is 88 miles southwest from Boston. It was the retreat of the regicide Judges, Goffe and Whalley, whose romantic histories in England and this country are so well known. The village consists of two principal streets running parallel with each other, intersected by smaller streets. The scenery between Greenfield and Shelburne Falls is diversified and abounds in beautiful views.

THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK.

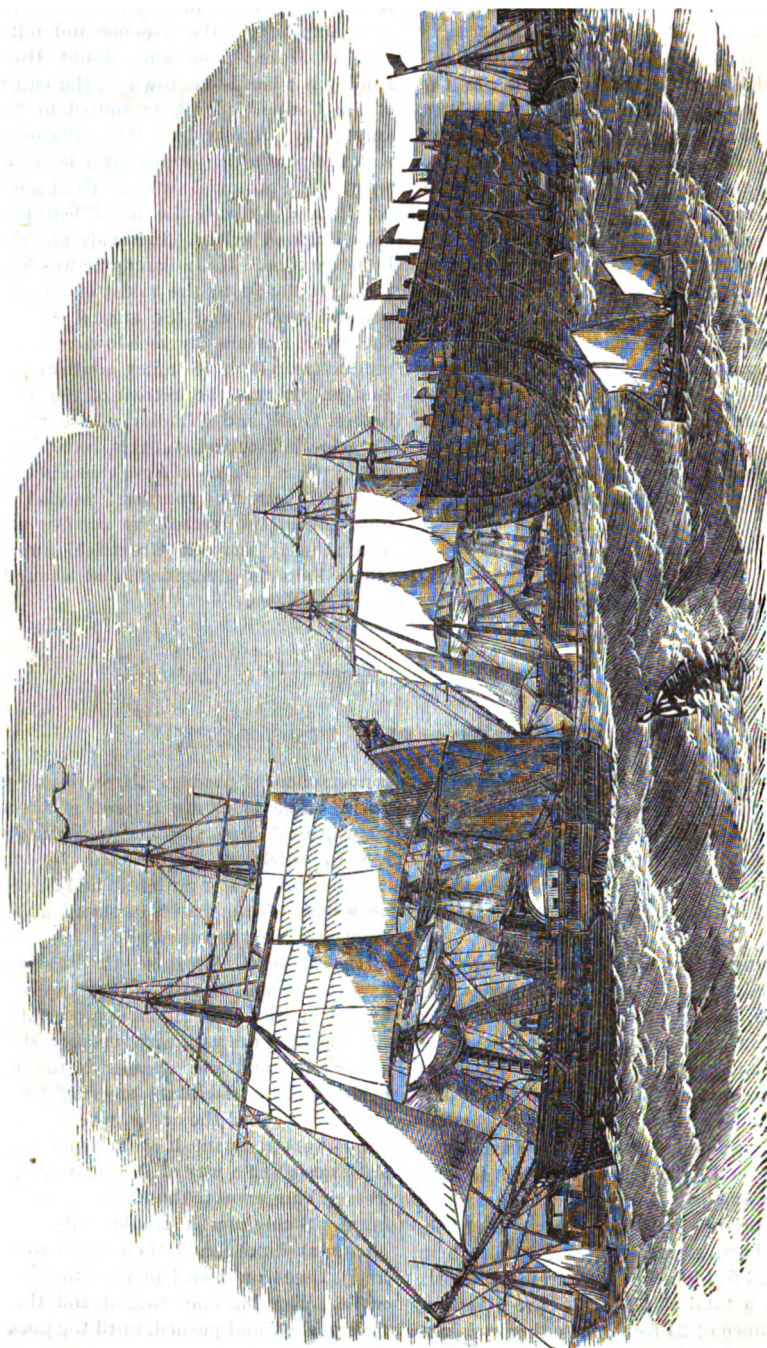
On the next page will be found an engraving of more than ordinary interest. It represents a number of steam frigates and steamers towing the great Floating Dock of Bermuda towards its destination, nine thousand miles from the place where the dock was built.

For many years the island of Bermuda, surrounded by coral reefs and dangerous navigation, has felt the want of a large dry dock, so that ships could be repaired with expedition and sent on their way rejoicing. There were no facilities at Bermuda for building such a dock as was needed. The enterprise, the mechanics and the materials were wanting; so England was resorted to, and Messrs. Campbell, Johnson & Co., on the Thames, produced the monster, an iron one, without bow, stern or decks, 881 feet in length, 123 feet 9 inches in extreme breadth, and with a total depth of 74 feet 5 inches. At a distance of 24 feet from either end calissons enclose a dock space of 333 feet in length, by 83 feet 9 inches in width, which will receive a vessel of 3000 tons. The section of the dock is of U form throughout, except at the extreme ends, where, for the

convenience of towing, there is a slight taper. The sides are formed of a cellular labyrinth of water-tight compartments, 20 feet in thickness, intersected by "ribs," "stiffeners," and "girders," and forming a huge mass of iron that is as strong as human hands can weld together.

Several vessels were required to tow the dock, the Black Warrior, an immense steam frigate, an iron-clad, the most powerful of her class, leading the van, with smaller slips on either side, and one steamer in the rear to push, and thus facilitate steering, for when the dock reached the ocean, where waves and winds were rampant, it was found that the huge mass had a way of its own that was extremely dangerous to those engaged in convoying it. Sometimes it would make a sweep like an avalanche, and then there would be lively times on board of the steamer for a while. The big ones tugged, and the little ones pushed and pushed, until the dock once more resumed its true course.

In this manner the ocean was crossed at the rate of five knots per hour. Madeira was reached in safety, and after a short rest anchors were weighed, and the fleet steamed for



THE BERMUDA FLOATING DOCK.

its port of destination, where it arrived in about one month from the time of starting. It reached port in good order, and was welcomed by the Bermudans with demonstra-

tions of joy almost as wild as were expressed when a confederate blockade-runner entered their port laden with cotton, turpentine and agents to purchase war materials.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

III.

THE two men sat facing each other without speech or motion for full five minutes after those four terrible words were uttered. I have somewhere seen a picture representing Satan claiming a lost soul; and something like the diabolic look of triumph on the face of the arch fiend in that picture must have been, I think, that of Augustus Maverick as he sat and watched the effect of his revelation. Alvin Roesselle was at first almost stunned. Dreading, at first, when Maverick introduced the subject of Levin's death, that he had in some way discovered something that might compromise him in the affair, he had throughout the interview, to this point, succeeded in repressing the worst of his agitation by the thought, "He cannot know the truth; he may suspect me, or wish to frighten me; but it is absolutely impossible that he has done more than to guess." So he reassured himself until the disclosure of Maverick's knowledge, in all its frightful completeness, came with its crushing weight. For an instant he was completely overpowered. Men's intellects do unquestionably wander sometimes for a single instant, under the pressure of some grievous burden; and Alvin Roesselle, stricken into mental blindness for a moment by those terrible words, "you are the man," sat looking in vacant bewilderment at the sinister face before him, struggling to grasp a knowledge of whose face it was, and why it was there at all. His eyes wandered around the room, looking at its familiar objects; but none of them seemed familiar to him. Maverick saw that he was well-nigh stupefied, and becoming alarmed for his condition, was looking for water to dash into his face, when the occurrence of a very simple little incident brought back his senses. Mrs. Roesselle was waiting tea when the two men entered the house, and had been patiently waiting since; but as the minutes went by and her husband did not appear, she naturally thought that he had found his business longer than he had anticipated, and likely to last some time longer; and so she rang her

little bell as an intimation to her husband to bring his visitor out to tea. Disenthralled by the sound, as it reached them faintly in the study, Roesselle started to his feet, pressed his hands to his face, and was back again in the world of consciousness, face to face with the horrors of his position. In one moment he reviewed the past and contemplated the present. His boyhood—his college-life—his theological studies—his ordination—his settlement in this parish, and his labors here—his courtship, his marriage, and his happy home—the hideous, omnipresent recollection of the death of Horace Levin, as Maverick had just truthfully stated it, with all its circumstances—he thought of all this, and then of punishment, degradation, loss of everything to Helen and himself that was dearer than life; and then he fell back in the chair, groaning aloud.

"O God, help me! O God, help me!"

There was a light tap at the study door; it was slightly unclosed, and the gentle voice of his wife said:

"Wont you come out to tea with your friend, Alvin?"

With a strong effort, he gulped down his sobs and groans, and answered:

"No, Helen, don't wait."

The door was closed again, and Mrs. Roesselle returned disappointed to the solitary table in the dining-room.

In the agony of mind that now pressed upon Alvin Roesselle, he took no thought, at first, of the probable object of Maverick in making this communication to him, and in this way. The tumult of woe and despair possessed him, to the exclusion of all thought beyond his immediate condition; and turning from his visitor he paced the floor, sobbing and weeping like a child in the distraction of grief. Maverick watched him, coolly and without emotion, waiting until his first frenzy had passed before he spoke at all.

"Well," he at last said, "was I not right in insisting that you had an interest in this business?"

He was answered by a groan of anguish.

"And what do you say now about my laying this rather remarkable story before a magistrate?"

"Don't mock me—don't torture me!" the clergyman cried. "Man, devil, whatever you are, have pity on my woe, and do not sit there mocking me. If you wanted to see me swung to a gallows, why did you tell me at all of this, which I thought was known only to me and my God?"

"It's not quite as bad as you are making it," Maverick dryly remarked. "You haven't murdered any one, parson; if I used that ugly word a few minutes ago I used it in haste, and cheerfully take it back. There was no malice about this killing; it was not premeditated; it was done in a heat, on considerable provocation; it's clearly not a hanging business. Not at all justifiable, of course, for parsons have no more right than worse men to get so insanely angry as to push men off precipices; but it's no worse than a degree of manslaughter. I don't doubt that twenty years in the penitentiary will satisfy the law."

"Merciful God!" Alvin Roesselle covered his face, and the tears trickled through his fingers. And still his tormentor sat unmoved, calmly surveying him, and intent on a design that had its birth very soon after the discovery which he had related.

The clergyman sat down again, and wiped the tears from his eyes. The violence of his distress was spent; he sat now with haggard, hopeless face, like one who desperately waits to know the worst.

"God knows I did not mean to harm him," he said. "I hardly knew him at all; I had no enmity with him; and I was never so astonished as I was on that night when he came out from those bushes and laid his hand on my rein. 'You are Mr. Roesselle?' he said; and, without waiting for a word of answer, he led my horse to the bush, and tied him. 'Now get off, sir,' he said, 'and account to me for what you have done.' I did get off; but it was only because I had recognized him by this time, and thought he was out of his head, and I meant to get my horse loose, and leave him at once, to save trouble—for I saw something bad in his eye. But my feet had not touched the ground when he had me by the collar; and as I scuffled to get loose, we broke through the bushes, and came out where you saw us, near the edge of the bank. I shook him off, and listened to his abuse for a while without saying a word;

and what I did say was mild, and could not have irritated him more."

Maverick nodded assent to this.

"Why didn't I leave him—why did I dare to trust myself with him for a moment, when I saw what a temper he was in? I meant to soothe him, if I could; I was waiting for a chance to explain to him that he was cruelly wronging me, and that I had not by intentional word, or thought, or act, done him any injury—when he struck me. I hardly know what happened next. You say I pitched him over; I must have done it, for that unlucky blow filled me with the spirit of hell, and made me forget my Christian training, my ministry, and everything except that devilish desire to have blow for blow. I know that I sprang for him—and then there is a kind of a confusion, and I only recovered myself as I crouched, giddy and weak, at the edge of the cliff, watching with horrible fascination his body as it fell through the air."

The unhappy man covered his face and bowed it on the table, as if to shut out the apparition that his words conjured up before him.

"I never meant to kill him," he said, a moment later. "I never meant to strike him; I was not myself at that mad moment, or I never should have touched him. And O Heaven, how his face has haunted me ever since! The secret that I thought lay between me and my Maker was hard enough to bear; I have had to mask my misery and go abroad among my parishioners and administer consolation, when none needed it as I did. I have risen in the night while my dear wife slept, and groaned and prayed, and wrestled with my sin; I have asked for peace, even if it must be the peace of the grave; and still its dead weight hangs to me and blights my life. But now that the world is to know it—now—"

He could not finish the sentence, and Maverick took up the words.

"There is not the least doubt, Mr. Roesselle, that you have committed a crime of which my evidence would convict you, and imprison you for a term of years for it. If I go on and lay my complaint before the magistrate, this will be the *certain* result. Nothing could save you but suicide. Now I deliberately ask you the question—shall I make this complaint?"

The clergyman looked at his interrogator and tried hard to read in his stern, selfish

face some trace of pity for himself—for his wife. But there was no softening of those hard muscles; there was absolutely nothing in the whole face from which he could derive the least hope.

A door closed inside; Mrs. Roesselle had tired of waiting for her husband, and was at that moment ascending the stairs to their chamber. He thought of her, and he was again overpowered.

"If you have tormented me enough, you may leave me," he sobbed. "There is no pity in your face; there is none in your heart. Leave me, and I will try to make my peace with God. May he temper the wind to my poor lamb when she cannot lean on me."

He bowed his head, and sat with it bowed, silently pouring out his soul in prayer for strength and mercy. When at last he raised his eyes, he thought to find himself alone; but Maverick still sat where he had last seen him.

"Will you not leave me?" he asked.

"You do not yet understand the object with which I sought you," was the reply. "I came not only to acquaint you with your perilous position, but to show you how to escape from it. I have satisfied you that you are standing upon the brink of a precipice, more perilous than that over which you cast poor Levin. I offer you my hand, to lead you to safety. Will you accept it?"

Roesselle looked doubtfully, distrustfully, at him.

"What do you propose?" he asked.

The eyes of Augustus Maverick brightened at the question. To him, wrapped in his own selfishness, the honor or degradation of this man and his young wife was nothing; the punishment of a criminal, or his escape, was nothing; and had no plan of his own come into combination with the knowledge he had obtained of the manner of Horace Levin's death, Alvin Roesselle might have lived and died untroubled by aught but his own conscience about the story of that one black night. But through all the cunning of his tale, and the art with which he had practised upon the fears of the poor victim about whom his snares were winding, he had brought him to the eager inquiry for the way of escape; and just at that point the interest of the plotter begun. He motioned the other to bend his head; he bent his own until the two nearly touched; and then, not daring to speak the words aloud which he wished to utter, he whispered them in his ear. He

whispered thus for some minutes, restraining the words of warm remonstrance that the other wished to utter, and whispering on until the whole nefarious design was explained.

"Man, man," cried the listener, starting back with horror, "do you ask me, a minister of God, to commit this shocking sin?"

"I ask you to do a certain act, easy to be performed, of no consequence to yourself or any other in whom you have any interest."

"My holy office teaches me to have an interest in all, the humblest of God's people."

"Stuff!" impatiently exclaimed Maverick.

"Will you do what I wish?"

"I cannot."

"You can."

"I dare not."

Maverick rose again.

"Either that, or disgrace and the penitentiary."

"Have pity on me!" Roesselle entreated, clasping his hands, and sinking on one knee before his persecutor. "Have mercy, as you will one day ask for mercy."

He might as well have prayed to the walls of the room. Augustus Maverick took out his watch and said:

"Decide in ten minutes."

The house was quiet at that hour; the domestic was asleep over the kitchen, and Helen Roesselle, little dreaming of her husband's agony and peril, slept in her chamber. There were none to hear the groans of mortal pain that burst from the heart of the unhappy man; there were none to hear the frantic supplications for pity which were poured forth in that study to that inexorable man who stood with his watch in his hand, repeating the words, "decide—your time is nearly up." And there were none but He who sometimes for his mysterious purposes permits the wicked to triumph, to know the enforced surrender of principle, the enforced yielding to sin, that occurred that night within that study.

It was well towards midnight when Augustus Maverick, more triumphant in this victory than he would have been in winning the hand of Augusta Traynor, left the parsonage. He mounted his horse and rode directly home. Rousing the hostler who slept in one of the barn chambers, he bade him take his horse, and also inquired:

"Has Mr. Oliver come in?"

The man sleepily shook his head.

"Good!" Augustus muttered. "Let him

stay away a few hours more, and I'll lay a train that will end in blowing him out of *Maverick*." And he passed into the house.

Closing the door of the parsonage behind his ominous visitor, Mr. Roesselle took the lamp from the study and ascended to his chamber. His wife was quietly sleeping; but the flaring of the light disquieted her slumber, and she stirred uneasily, and murmured in her sleep. He bent down to catch the whispered words, and plainly heard his own name.

He started back from her innocent presence; he left the room; he left the house; and casting himself down upon the grass, wet with the dews of the night as it was, he sobbed forth despairingly the words, "My crime—my crime!"

The gloomy hours of the long night passed away; a thunder-storm arose, and the lonely wife awoke, and shuddered at the storm, wondering at the absence of her husband; and still Alvin Roesselle lay upon the ground, careless of the discomfort of his situation. A storm was raging within his brain, and again and again, until daylight warned him that this dreadful night was ended, did he exclaim, "My crime! my crime! my crime!"

IV.

ROGER BRILL was a loquacious man of about sixty years, fat and good-natured, and had always been indisposed to hard labor during his whole life. He had no kin that he knew anything about, and having never contracted the matrimonial alliance, he had no one to support but himself. It was well that this was so, since the slender salary allowed to him as sexton of the parish church and general grave-digger for the neighborhood was barely sufficient to feed him and keep him in tobacco and beer. As for clothes, he had worn the same suit of rusty black for many years, and nobody ever supposed that he would purchase any more. He came of a race of sextons, beginning with his great-grandfather, who held the position in old colonial times, when this parish church was first built; and it had duly descended through his grandfather and his father to himself. He had filled it for thirty years, and the little old shed of a house, near the church, in which he lived, solitary and alone, was a resort for the old gossips of the neighborhood of both sexes.

The chief pleasure of Roger's existence, next to beer and pipe, was to know more of what was going on than any one else; and he was generally able to rehearse more of the current news than any one else.

It was upon another summer evening, ten years from that on which occurred the scenes of the last two chapters, that Roger sat upon a bench in front of his humble habitation, smoking a long clay pipe and chatting with one of his neighbors, a crippled gardener who sometimes worked at *Maverick House*. They talked of the events of the neighborhood; and as what they said concerns some of those whose fortunes we have undertaken to follow, we will listen to their talk.

"And you buried one more to-day?" old Toby Small observed.

"Yes," responded the sexton; "and a proper fine man he was. We shan't see his equal very soon in this parish, I'm afraid. He was a clever, pious man, was Parson Roesselle, and allus had a kind word for a poor body—ay, and sometimes a gift. And he's the first grown man I've buried since old Ezra *Maverick* went to his last account."

"Who preached the parson's funeral?"

"I dunno his name; but it was the same man married him. He came up from York."

"What ailed the parson, Roger?"

The sexton always disliked to acknowledge that he could not answer a question; and after some coughing and smoking he said:

"Consumption, I reckon. I understand the doctor gives out that he don't know exactly what it was—a kind of puzzling disease; but them doctors don't know what's the matter quite as often as they think they do. I think it was consumption," and Roger oracularly slapped his leg. "Haven't we seen him going about among us, hollow-cheeked, hollow-eyed, and as hollow-chested as an old man, for these ten years, never complaining, but getting himself into the grave as fast as he could by hard work? Such a man for doing good I never see. I've known him to get up in the middle of a cold winter's night and ride two miles to comfort a poor sick crone. If a man ever deserved heaven, it's my opinion that he did. And I say he died of consumption, and hard work, and exposure."

"Likely," grunted Toby. "Seemed allus melancholy-like."

"Yes. I take it that was part of his duty as a minister."

"Wonder where the widow'll go?" Roger speculated, after a moment's silence.

"I know where somebody'd like her to go," Toby observed.

"Where?"

The gardener jerked his thumb over his shoulder towards Maverick Farm.

"Mr. Augustus would like her."

"Not to marry?" the sexton inquired, suspending his smoking.

"No—not he. He'll never marry; all broke down; don't think he's long to live, anyway. But to keep house. I know he wants some one; and she's a likely one now."

Roger grunted assent.

"Mr. Augustus has all the old man left, I s'pose?"

"Every copper. I used to think Oliver the favorite; but the old man never had anything to do with him after he married that girl down the river. Nobody pretends to know why it was; but he lost everything when he got her. Some queer things about them Mavericks, Roger."

"Awful queer."

The conversation here came to a halt; and the two sat in silence as darkness came down, and pursued their speculations severally. A gruff voice from before them suddenly startled them, and they saw the indistinct figure of a tall man in a cloak standing near.

"Is the sexton here?" the voice gruffly demanded.

"Here, sir, at your service," replied Roger.

"I want to look into the church. Get me the key." A more ungracious voice the sexton had not heard during the whole course of his employment.

"Wait a bit and I'll go with you, sir," he said, bustling about for his lantern and key.

"I don't want your company," the voice harshly replied. "Get me the key without any more fussing."

"Who is it?" the sexton whispered, to Toby.

"Don't you know?" the gardener whispered back. "It's Mr. Augustus Maverick."

"Bless my soul, so it is!" Roger exclaimed, aloud. "Beg your pardon, Mr. Maverick, for not—"

An ejaculation that sounded much like a curse interrupted the sexton.

"I'm not Mr. Maverick," said the man; "and I only want the key to get an umbrella that I left in the church to-day."

He snatched the key from Roger's hand, and strode off through the darkness.

"Did he say he wasn't Mr. Maverick?" Toby asked.

"Yes," answered Roger, somewhat bewildered.

"Well, I say *he was*. I can't be mistaken about his voice; he's cursed me too often in that same way for me to forget how it sounds."

"This *is* queer!" the sexton said. "If it is Mr. Maverick, I've nothing to say agin his going into the church, though I don't think he was ever seen there yet; but if it aint—and he says it aint—I ought to know who it is. Toby, you stay here; I've got to look into this."

The sexton took his hat and stick, and struck off for the church. The evening was quite dark, and as he approached the old edifice he could only distinguish it as a darker spot in the prevailing obscurity. He felt his way carefully up the steps and into the porch, and softly tried the door. To his surprise he found it still fastened, as he had fastened it after the funeral that afternoon.

But he took instant thought, that if the man who had borrowed the key had entered the church, the door must be locked on the inside.

A small stained-glass window opened into the body of the church to the left of the great door; and as he stood wondering what this could mean, and conjecturing that the man had probably not entered the church at all, as yet, he became aware, by means of the effect upon the glass of this window, of a flash of light within the church.

It was not a bright, or a broad flash, but a faint one, coming and disappearing in a breath; no longer than the flame of a single match would cause.

He continued to watch. Again and again, and yet again, those faint illuminations just tinged the glass of the window, coming at regular intervals of about half a minute, and disappearing as quickly as they came. The stained glass was impervious to sight, and there was no way that he could discover what was going on within the church without entering it.

He waited a few moments, in sore perplexity, while the flashes came and went with almost regular precision.

"I'm bound to know what all this means," Roger muttered. "I'll count these lights; and if there be ten more of them, I'll hammer on the door till he opens it; and then I'll find out about it."

He turned his attention fixedly to the window, and counted the next flash at once:

"One—two," he muttered, "three—four—five—six—seven—eight—nine!—"

It was the last. With the ninth feeble illumination the church faded into darkness for the night; and Roger conferred with himself as to what would probably happen next.

"If he comes out now," he thought, "I'll stand here and face him. That'll frighten him into telling what he's been up to in there."

The man did come out at once, and with very little warning. Roger had not thought that the heavy carpeting of the aisle would completely disguise the footfalls; and the intimation he had of the approach of the prowler was the rattling of the key in the lock of the door. Poor Roger's courage suddenly forsook him upon the emergency, and he hastened to conceal himself behind a high-backed bench which stood in the porch.

The door swung open, and the man in the cloak came out. He closed the door, turned the key, put it in his pocket, and then turning around, held up a small dark lantern, and closed the slide. He had no umbrella anywhere with him. As he held up the lantern, its light fell across his face, and Roger distinctly saw the features and recognized them. It was Augustus Maverick, without doubt.

He replaced the lantern beneath his cloak, descended the steps, and again disappeared from sight. The sexton emerged from his concealment and made all the haste that he was capable of back to his house; and there he found Toby still sitting on the bench.

"Did he come back?" Roger eagerly asked.

"Sartin," responded the gardener. "He came and left the key; here it is. I asked him if he found his 'brella, and he mumbled something, I couldn't tell what. Haven't you seen him?"

"There's some deviltry in this, Toby Small," Roger deliberately said. "I'm going back to the church, and I want you to come along. I'm going to know all about this before I go to bed."

But Roger Brill promised himself more than he could perform. He lighted his own lantern, and with Toby went to the church and searched carefully through it. Nothing in the least suspicious was disclosed by the investigation; nothing had been taken, and nothing left. Everything was in its usual order; and Roger Brill was puzzled.

"Well, I'm blessed if I ever!" he ejaculated. "Toby, what do you think?"

"I think he came to look for an umbrill,

and didn't find it. I guess we'd better say nothing about it."

And yet, unsuspected by these simple souls, this nocturnal visit to the parish church was for an object of mysterious significance. It was to assure the visitor by the evidence of his own senses that Alvin Roesselle, this day buried, had been faithful to the pledge which he mercilessly forced from his lips ten years before. And Augustus Maverick returned to his mansion with the assurance of his senses that the minister had been faithful.

PART SECOND—I.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE lapse of ten years more in the progress of events brings us to the year 1850; and we resume the thread of our narrative at the cottage on the Hudson where we once found Augusta Traynor and her lovers.

The cottage has somewhat run to waste; the paint in many places has worn off, the lattice is broken here and there, and the beautiful lawn is overgrown with weeds and tall, rank grass. Signs of neglect are everywhere apparent; and the scanty furnishing of the cottage within gives token of poverty as well. We shall not find Augusta Maverick here now; but if we should visit a little graveyard near by we should have no difficulty in finding a headstone bearing the letters:

AUGUSTA MAVERICK,
Wife of Oliver Maverick,
Died January 7, 1844,
Aged 43 years.

We are revisiting the cottage on a morning of early May, and the sweet violet-breath of spring blows pleasantly through the windows. By a casement overlooking the Hudson a young girl is seated, gazing thoughtfully out upon the prospect. An entry made in a family record which she holds upon her lap tells us that her name is Laura Maverick, and that she is now in her nineteenth year.

We turn from her simple, unornamented dress, from the books she holds upon her lap, to look at her face and head. It is such a face and such a head as could not fail to arrest attention at once, because both are unusual and full of unusual marks of character. The dark brown hair shows for itself that it has never known the confinement of a comb; it flows in wild freedom, in heavy, glossy masses down upon the shoulders, and the motion of head and hand that tosses it

back has become habitual. The broad brow and the whole face are fair; but the features are those of Augusta Maverick; one glance would show you that. It is a beautiful face; but beautiful with a cold, classic beauty; and here again it is the face of her mother. But there is that in it, which you never could have found in her mother's face. It has all the cold, haughty attractiveness of her mother's; but if you look from the firm setting of the lips up to the eyes you will see such eyes as are not often seen in human creatures. They are not black, nor blue, nor gray; you might say that in different lights they are all of those colors; but they are neither. They are as colorless under their heavy brown eyebrows as water; but they are always bright, translucent, mysterious. A man who did not love this woman, a man who had never been enthralled by her dangerous presence, would say that those eyes showed far more than should be seen in any woman; not alone firmness, but a hard, indomitable will; it might be, a cruel purpose, if occasion served, which she could easily mask with a softer, more winning look.

Her eyes turned from the river to a book that lay open in her lap on the family record. It was an old book, with quaint, strong binding, antique type, and paper turning yellow with age; and its expressions were couched in obsolete forms. She had found it that morning in one of her mother's trunks; and one of the fly-leaves bore the words, "Presented to Richard Traynor (her deceased grandfather) by John Derry, captain of his vessel *Swallow*." The title-page showed that it was published in London, in 1679; and it bore the name, "A Compound of Curious Fact for Curious Bodies to Ponder."

As the eye of Laura Maverick glanced carelessly through its pages, her attention had been arrested by a short paragraph which she had read, and to which she now returned. It read as follows:

"About poisons, however, what we do know is little enough as compared with what we know not. Thus, who would think that the deadliest of them all doth grow and flourish in our very gardens, in simple herbs and flowers, harmless of themselves, but of mortal power when mingled. An English traveller in Syria, a century ago, discovered this secret; and those who wish may find it now put down at page 104 herein."

The reader hastily referred to the page, and there read the names of four common garden

plants, every one of which she could see in the little plat beneath the window.

"But it is most marvellous," the book continued, "with how little trouble death may be caused by this means. Thus, take three leaves of each, wrap them tight in a cloth so that they may have no air, and leave them to sweat together. In three hours the cloth will be so drenched with the poisonous property, that death follows the pressing of it to the nostrils."

She read the words again, very carefully, and then turned down the leaf and put the book carefully away. She had just seated herself in her chair by the window when she heard a heavy step on the veranda, and a man entered the room.

"The post brings two letters this morning, Laura," he said; "one for each of us." He tossed a white envelop bearing a wax seal into her lap. "I have read mine; it is of immense importance to both of us. Read yours, if you choose; and then I wish to talk with you about mine."

The speaker, who was Oliver Maverick, threw himself down in a low easy chair and leaning his elbow upon his knee he fixed his eyes on the carpet and waited for his daughter to read her letter. Laura glanced at the well-known superscription; her color changed, and she hastily placed the letter in her pocket.

"I will come back in five minutes," she said to her father, who merely nodded; and she left the room.

Back of the house, at the edge of her flower-bed, there was a large stone which was a favorite seat; and here she sat as she read her letter. More than once during its reading her color came and went; more than once a strange flood of light poured into her eyes, and her lips came firmer together and her face grew harder; and after the first hasty perusal she threw down the sheet and put her handkerchief to her eyes. She tried successfully to restrain the whole violence of her emotion; but she must have been less than a woman to have suppressed her tears.

"I might have written differently," she thought. "But how could I tell that he was as proud and impatient as this? And he informs me that his offer is withdrawn—that I am as free from him as though we had never met. How can I punish him? How can I make him feel my resentment?"

The wounded pride of the woman spoke in these last exclamations—in her tone much more expressively than in her words. She

snatched the letter from the ground, and read it again. It was dated at New York the previous day; it began simply, "Miss Laura Maverick;" it was signed "Roscoe Grayle," and read as follows:

"The receipt of your letter to-day makes it necessary for me to write to you once more; only once. I find you have chosen to think my meaning and my purpose very different from what my first letter plainly expressed. Let us very briefly recall our acquaintance, and all that has passed between us. We met upon the occasion of my graduation, and your conduct showed an interest in me. That I admired you was natural enough; the whole college did. We met several times afterwards in the city, and I came to love you; or I fancied I did. You encouraged me, and did it by conduct and expression which were not at all equivocal. Upon the strength of this conduct and these expressions, I wrote to you shortly after your return to your home, frankly disclosing my feelings, and asking you to be my wife—some day. I wrote as plainly as words could say it that I was poor, and had my own way to make in the world; and I asked for your love to strengthen me for my struggle with the world. I waited eagerly for your answer, hoping that you could feel as I did, and bid me go on and hope.

"Well—you know what kind of a letter you gave me. I do not blame you for being what you are; I do not reproach you for saying what you have; but I do tell you candidly that since I cannot have your unconditional love, I withdraw my offer, and make you as free from me as though we had never met. Laura Maverick!—am I doing you a wrong when I say that your long, carefully-phrased letter means, in brief, just this? 'I will not bind myself to any man now; I must be the mistress of wealth. I don't deny that you are not disagreeable to me; work away, and when you have money enough, come back and ask me again. Somebody's gold must wed me; I rather hope it may be yours; but time will show.'

"You may be startled to have the mirror held up to you in this way; but your secret heart will confess the truth of the picture it shows you. But as for me, I peremptorily decline the position in which you seek to place me. Nature never made me a dangler or a time-server; I will run no races for hearts where gliding and not love must win. I tell you my mind plainly; it is better so. Let this be the last that shall pass between

us. I leave the city to-morrow for a short visit to my aunt up the river. We shall probably not meet; if we do, let us say nothing to revive the past. In all kindness, farewell!"

Again, in a passion of disappointment, did the girl cast the letter to the earth; and now she ground it down with her heel. Frank and manly as it was, it touched her keenly, showing her to herself in an aspect that angered her the more because of its perfect truth. In ten minutes she had exhibited to herself the antipodes of her own impetuous, selfish, sinister self. "He insults me," she thought; and then her anger and vexation gave way to an admiring remembrance of the handsome and talented collegian, and regret that she had written so politic a letter as she had. And then, fighting out to its end almost the same conflict that her mother had fought here twenty years before, she took up the letter, tore it into minute shreds, and let them float off one by one on the wind.

"He is gone," she thought; "and I can well afford to let him go. He was only a passing incident in my life; he must go some day; better now. There shall be no more trouble about him."

It was only a thought; but her eyes spoke it, and her lips spoke it without utterance. She turned to the flower-bed, and stooping to it, selected a handful of green leaves here and there, and laid them in the palm of her hand.

"So harmless separately," she thought; "and yet so deadly when covered up together for a little time. I wonder who has used this subtle, terrible agent, and how many of all the people who have died in their beds, leaving no mark or trace of death's cause, have died from this!"

Suddenly scattering the leaves away, she returned to the house. Her father sat where she had left him; but a light doze had overtaken him, and the letter which he had received had fallen to the floor. The girl took it in her hand and looked at the address, which was written in a rough, sprawling hand, and at the Tarrytown postmark, bearing the date of the previous day. While she stood with the envelop in her hand her father awoke with a start. The twenty years that had elapsed had not made an old man in years of Oliver Maverick—far from it; but the emaciation, the wrinkles, the gray hair of age were all there. His face was sown all over with the footmarks of a searing

disappointment that had entered into his life and blasted its best promise. It had been, twenty years before, a hard, unlovely face; it was so now, and tenfold more so by the addition of these canker-marks, and the sullen expression of misanthropy which had habitually settled there. But upon this morning there was something new and unusual in that face; it had brightened a little, and there was something in the dull eye that had a hopeful look, if it could not be called hope. His voice, too, was stronger and firmer than was its wont; and by these signs his daughter knew that something of unusual nature had occurred.

"Is that my letter?" he asked.

"Yes, father."

"Have you read it?"

"No; I just came in, and picked it up from the floor where you dropped it."

"Read it, then, for I wish to talk with you about it."

II.

LAURA MAVERICK took the letter from the envelop and read it. Purged of its many errors in grammar and orthography, it would have read thus:

"Maverick House, May 20.

"MR. OLIVER:—Things are getting worse with your brother every day. He took to his bed since my last, and has not left it. The Tarrytown doctor says he never will. I heard Mrs. Roesselle yesterday ask leave of him to send for a city doctor; but your brother only shook his head, and said, 'No use.' Four days ago he had a stroke of something pretty bad. They tried to keep it from the servants; but it would get around. I was going through the entry, and I overheard the doctor say something to Mrs. Roesselle about *numb* or *dumb palsy*, which I judge is apt to do the business up quick.

"Excepting the sickness, there has been nothing unusual going on here. David Terry manages the farm, and Mrs. Roesselle has control in-doors; and I reckon they carry on the place to good advantage. Should think there was money saved every year.

"About that thing you were so particular I should watch for—you may rest easy about it yet. I know it has not been done. No lawyer has been to the house; I could not help knowing it if there had been. I keep good watch. Send me ten dollars.

"SPT."

"P. S. He is apt to go off sudden, I think. If he gets worse all of a sudden, I will telegraph you. If you do not hear from me again for a few days, you may depend he is sinking slowly. I shall not write again for a fortnight, unless he betters. Mrs. Roesselle is sharp-eyed, and I have to watch my chances to write."

Laura laid down the letter, and looked inquiringly at her father. The latter was sitting upright, eagerly waiting for her to finish it. He began immediately, as soon as she looked up.

"Before giving you any explanation of that letter, my daughter," he said, "I wish to recall to your mind some facts which are interesting to us which you do know, and to inform you of others which you do not know. And first—you know too well that we are, and have been as long as you can remember, cursed with poverty."

Oliver Maverick spoke bitterly; and the bitterness reflected in his daughter's face was a sufficient assent. She did know it, she had felt it; and she had returned to her poor home from each visit to the city, among a few of her mother's humbler friends, with grief and heart-burning because of the lot that fettered her to this place. Naturally gay, brilliant, vivacious, with her mother's ambition for social triumph, this same poverty had denied to her her mother's accomplishments; and she realized full keenly that all the conquests she could hope to make must be made by the power of her own beauty, and grace, and tact, unaided by anything from artificial help. And Oliver Maverick, too, loving his bright, imperious child as even such men love their own flesh and blood, had felt keenly, bitterly, the necessity that entailed this poverty upon her.

"You know, my daughter, from hearing me say it, that the present master of Maverick House is my younger brother. You have never been to that house; I presume you have never spoken to Augustus Maverick, and perhaps you don't know him by sight."

"I have seen him once only," Laura interposed. "It was the year before mother died, and while she was able to walk out. We were standing by the gate one pleasant day in the fall, and a man rode by on horseback. I saw she turned pale, and I asked her what was the matter. 'I do believe that is Augustus Maverick,' she said. I looked at him, and as he went past he looked at us and

scowled. I have not seen him since, that I know of."

A moody look settled upon the father's face as he continued:

"I have not seen him for three years; I have not spoken with him for twenty. We have been completely estranged; but while he has dwelt all that time on the estate of the Mavericks, in ease and plenty, I have lived here like an outcast, pinched with poverty, and almost heart-broken at my bad fortune. I wish to tell you briefly why this has been so.

"The Maverick estate has borne that name since the time, or almost the time, that the English conquered the colony. The lands were patented by the king to Colonel Maverick, and he built the mansion upon them. By regular descent this estate came down to my father, Ezra Maverick, who inherited it as the oldest son of his father, under the law of primogeniture, then prevailing here as in England. Augustus and myself were the only children, and I am some years the elder. Our mother died while we were quite young. Before I had attained my majority, the law I have spoken of was abolished; but that made no difference with my father's feelings or intentions. He liked all the laws and usages of the mother country; and I have often heard him speak of this one in particular, and declare that it was right that the oldest son should take the estate, and that he should conform himself to it, though it was abolished. He stated his design distinctly to both of us, and informed us both that he had executed a will, devising the whole to me.

"Knowing this, I looked forward to the ownership of the estate as a matter of surety. I thought the title was fixed in me, and that nothing short of my decease before my father, could possibly defeat it. And I had supposed that my brother, knowing the positiveness of our father's convictions upon this subject, would submit to what seemed inevitable with patience, if not cheerfulness. I do not remember that we ever had any conversation about it; we certainly had no hard words. I knew what my father's wishes were as to him; and if I had received the estate I should have made an allowance to Augustus out of the yearly profits. I supposed he understood this, and had no fears of any subterfuge on his part, until I found myself actually disinherited.

"The cause of my difficulty with him was my marriage with your mother; or rather,

the success of my suit, and the failure of his."

Listening to every word that her father uttered, Laura rose and crossed the room. Thus far, she had heard little that was new to her; and leaning upon the casing of the open doorway she looked across the fields to the little cemetery that held the mortal part of her mother, and where she could almost distinguish the stone that covered her remains. Dying while Laura was as yet but little more than a child, the strong, passionate heart of the grieved and disappointed woman had moved her to tell the girl, unknown to her husband, of the bitter blighting of her hopes and plans in life, and of the wealth which she had coveted for her daughter as much as herself, denied to her by the crafty scheming of a disappointed suitor. For years had Laura known the bitter truth, and the wretched knowledge had added fuel to the flame of her desire for wealth. Yet one more remembrance came to her as she stood there in the doorway, listening to her father's story; the recollection of how she watched beside her mother, dying of a broken heart and a disappointed ambition, on that stormy winter night when she died. Her father had gone to bring the doctor, and she was left alone with the dying; before the morning she was alone with the dead. The mind of Augusta Maverick wandered as the end drew near; in death she seemed to grasp what had slipped her possession in life; she seemed to think that she stood with her daughter upon the back porch at the Maverick House, and was exhibiting to her the beauty of the estate.

"See, Laura dear," she said, pointing with her almost transparent hand to the blank wall of her bedroom, "see the fields and woods, the hills and dales, and all the buildings there are. It is all ours; it is your father's patrimony, and so of course it is ours. It is worth thousands upon thousands of dollars; I don't know how much. Now come in, dear, and let us look at the parlors. There'll be rare times here this winter, Laura; we'll have parties, and brilliant ones, I promise you; and mother's old friends shall come up from New York to see how grand and happy mother is, and how proud of her daughter and her great house. For it's all ours, Laura; houses, and lands, and—and—"

They were the last words she ever spoke; she passed away a few moments after. Maverick, which should have been hers—hers and Laura's—was the theme of her farewell

words to the girl; and the lesson of the scene sunk deep in the impressionable mind of the latter. She had never forgotten it—she could never forget it; and when her father came to talk, a few moments later, of schemes to make Maverick their own, he had in Laura an eager and sympathetic listener, and one ready to enter upon the endeavor with enthusiastic energy, and a cunning far deeper than his own.

"Are you listening, Laura?" he asked.

"Yes, father;" and she resumed her seat.

"It is enough to say about the circumstances attending the marriage," he resumed, "that both Augustus and myself were suitors of your mother. She accepted me; and from that moment he entertained the bitterest, most revengeful hatred against both of us. He threatened me on yonder veranda, when he discovered that he was rejected, with pecuniary ruin, and hinted that he could and would make me an exile forever from Maverick; but the very extravagance of the threat, coupled with the furious rage that possessed him at the moment, caused me to wholly disregard his talk as idle raving. How little I knew him, and the depth of his revengeful spirit! I passed that night at an inn near by, and did not return to Maverick until the next afternoon; and I was instantly impressed with the coolness of my father's manner towards me. His last illness had just set in; and though he lived for eighteen months after that, he was abed most of the time. He never, after that day, addressed me; his replies were always short and surly; and he never would take my arm when he felt well enough to walk across the floor, or out into the garden, in fine weather. I felt that some evil influence was at work against me, and of course I knew what it was; but I waited, trusting to time to make it right, and never dreaming that I was being completely undermined. I very rarely saw Augustus about the house, or elsewhere; he would not and did not sit at the same table with me, and never spoke to me. One of the house-servants told me that he held long interviews with my father at night; and I suppose that the mischief was done while I slept. Your mother and I were secretly married, for I feared that the knowledge of such a step on my part, either proposed or accomplished, might tend to compromise me with my father. Augustus was much away from home at that time; nobody pretended to know much about his goings and comings, or where he passed

his time. My father died; and then the blow fell. I was not prepared for such sweeping, calamitous villany as was then disclosed. A new will had been made, declaring in the most express terms that the first had been destroyed, and the new will, without the slightest mention of me, gave the whole property, real and personal, to Augustus! It was genuine, beyond a doubt; the witnesses were good and trustworthy men, and proved its proper execution by their oaths. If there had been any ground upon which to contest it, I should have done so, though I had been compelled to labor by the day to obtain money to enable me to do so. But there was not the slightest ground of opposition, and after the funeral Augustus took possession. With an incredible malignity, which I can neither forget nor forgive—never, God help me, never!—he ordered me to leave the house in two days. I went immediately; broken down and dejected, I came here, and have never since crossed the threshold of Maverick. My poor earnings in a small clerkship during six months of the year have scantily supported us; your poor mother married a beggar, instead of a man who could raise her to the social position for which she was born."

The feelings of Oliver Maverick were overwrought by his narrative; he was compelled to pause and choke down his rising emotion.

"And what could that man have said or done, to cause you to be disinherited?" Laura warmly cried, while her bosom heaved and her eyes burned with anger.

"I do not know, even to this day! We shall never know; the breast of Augustus holds the secret of that astounding influence, and we may never look to have it revealed. Some infamous, horrible falsehood, coined with devilish ingenuity, must have filled the old man's ears, and he was too old and weak to detect the lie or the object of it. In fact I care not much to know the means by which I was ruined; my brother was revengeful and satanic enough to accomplish it; it would not profit us to know how it was effected, if we could."

"So much for the past," said Laura, whose mind was already speculating with the probabilities of the future. "What next?"

During his melancholy narrative, Oliver Maverick had settled down to a crouching position in his chair, and sat with listless, folded hands and drooping head. But with his daughter's question he raised himself up,

his eye brightened, and his voice took a firmer tone:

"Ah, the future, the future!" he exclaimed. "The glorious future shall right our wrongs; we shall have reparation; yes, we shall have all that fraud and hatred wrested from us! Are you with me, Laura? Do you feel as I feel? Does your spirit burn like mine with the bitter sense of our wrongs?—and will you join me in a bold, timely effort to right them?"

She came and stood by his chair, and smoothing back the thin gray hair from his wrinkled forehead, she said:

"I feel as you feel—I chafe as you chafe under this dreadful wrong. Tell me what is to be done, my father, and with hands or brain I will work night and day."

"I knew it!" the other joyfully cried. "I've been plotting for months, and my plan is all made; but I wanted to depend on your spirit and will, for we may need all of it to help us through. And I firmly believe that with ordinary luck, all will be as we wish."

The speaker paused a moment to collect his thoughts, and continued:

"The letter which you read was written by Jerry Small, the son of the old gardener at Maverick. He was a boy at the time of my father's death, and he became much attached to me for something I did once for him, I forget what. I have paid him some money now and then when I could spare it—and sometimes, I fear, when I could not—and from him I have had minute and faithful reports of what has transpired at the mansion. Not a person could put foot in the house, but I have known it, and as much of that person's business as could be known by any of the servants. Little as I have seen my brother since he turned me away from his house, I have known all that transpired within it that has been worth noticing at all, and all that has been heard at home of what he has done abroad, and where he has been. All that my informant could know by actual sight or hearing, or pick up from the other servants about the house, I know; and all this has gone on without a suspicion being raised at Maverick of what Jerry was about. For twenty years I have waited and watched for an opportunity; and the letter received to-day indicates that my time draws rapidly nigh. Augustus has led a notorious dissolute life for years; so frequent and extravagant have been his excesses that I had expected his death long before now. If I have been

wrecked by grief and disappointment, he has been ruined by systematic debauchery. The letter speaks the truth; to-morrow may see his end.

"I know what persons are around Augustus now. Besides the house and farm servants, few of whom ever communicate with him, and none of whom can or would attempt to influence him, there is David Terry, the farm manager, a prudent, thrifty Scotchman, who minds his own business, like all of his countrymen; Mrs. Roesselle the housekeeper, whom I do not know, but who, as Jerry informs me, is a quiet, unobtrusive woman, who has never recovered from the grief occasioned by the death of her husband, ten years ago, and, I suppose, has nothing to do with Augustus, now that he is confined to his bed; Granny Wadhams, as she is called, the old hired nurse; and Anna May, the housekeeper's adopted daughter, who is about your own age, and who assists Mrs. Roesselle. I am not afraid that any of these persons have become familiar with Augustus Maverick, who is, indeed, a man of no familiarities at all; nor am I in the least afraid that any of them have any design on his property.

"You will perceive where these words lead me. We *have* designs on the property; we are the only relatives of its owner; assured of *one thing*, we might quietly wait for the tidings of Augustus's death, and take possession as his heirs."

"And that assurance is," eagerly broke in Laura, swiftly reaching the conclusion, "that he has not made and will not make a will."

"Precisely. It is to that contingency that the ambiguous part of Jerry's letter refers; and I am morally certain, for the reasons that the fellow states, that up to this time no will has been executed. The present condition of Augustus is decidedly favorable to us; he lies weak and helpless with palsy, almost at the point of death. If I am right, there is no one near him to suggest a will; and there is no one in existence to whom he would care to leave his property. Thus you see that all seems well. But we have not the assurance that we want. Were it any other man than Augustus Maverick, the chances would be that the approach of death would extinguish the hateful malignity that he feels towards us; but with him the chances are that it will last as long as he lasts; and I know that if he rallies enough to gain strength of mind for the purpose, he will think of a will—and then his malignity will live after him. Now

what is our way to make sure that he dies instate?—as the lawyers would say.”

“If we had ever been received at the house, so that we could go there now—” Laura began; and her father hastily broke in:

“Since we have not been there, we must go now! I have thought carefully of the matter; and I plainly realize that the way of audacity is the way of safety. We must be at Maverick when Augustus dies; we must be there before he dies. Who is there to say us nay, or shut the door against us? Mrs. Roesselle? She is a housekeeper, paid for her services, like any servant; we are the only brother and niece of the dying man, and she will not dare to refuse us. What if we have not been recognized by Augustus as his relatives? She knows that we are such; and to a Christian woman like her that fact would be an additional reason for our admittance. In fact, I have not the slightest fear of any opposition in that quarter. Do you think Augustus will order us away? He will be too far gone to know or care who is in the house; and we will keep out of his sight and hearing. There is no one else there who can by any possibility be troublesome; and once we are in the house we will play our game carefully, shrewdly—with the help of Jerry Small, remember—and *successfully*, I hope and believe. Now, Laura what do you think of my plan?”

The girl enthusiastically clapped her hands, and her face glowed with anticipation.

“Excellent, father—excellent! ‘*L’audace, l’audace—toujours l’audace*!’ We shall be certain to succeed. I will be with you; I will help you; you can depend on me for all that a woman can do in this business. We have nine chances out of ten in our favor; and I long to be at work now. When shall we make the venture?”

“I am more in doubt about that than anything else,” was the reply. “I cannot expect to hear from Jerry again for some days; and knowing as I should by his silence that Augustus is getting worse, I should be in constant fear that he might go off suddenly, with the mischief done. On the other hand, I fear to take the risk of venturing to Maverick without further information, lest we find the object of our solicitude (with the faintest tone of bitterness in the sneer) so far from the grave as to defeat our purpose immediately and forever. Advise me, Laura; what do you think?”

“It may be—”

A double knock interrupted her, and going to the door, an envelop was placed in her hands.

“A telegraphic message,” she said, closing the door.

“Read it—quick!—read it!” her father whispered, weak with agitation.

Laura tore open the envelop, and running her eye over its contents, read aloud the words:

“*He is dying. May live through the night.*”

A PICTURE.

BY BRITOMARTE.

’Tis eventide, and the city’s dim
Through the close-drawn curtains comes faintly
in;

How bright, in the parlors, the gas-lights glow!
How sweet sounds the music, soft and slow!
The ivory keys, how they dance and thrill,
With merriest tinkle and sweetest trill,
Under the touch, so dainty and light,
Of fairy fingers, slender and white!

And the maiden who touches the sweet-voiced
keys,
With graceful abandon and lady-like ease,
Like a stately lily, so pure and rare
In its costly bloom, she is sweet, she is fair!

With violet eyes that flash and glow,
And flickering blushes that come and go—
Crimson banners that well compare
With the golden gleams of her yellow hair.

His haughty face, how tender it grows,
In his stern, dark eye, how the love-light glows,
Who stands beside her in stately grace,
Turning the music, and watching her face!
And the proud head bends, some word to
speak

That sends the swift red to her beautiful
cheek;

And a glance—that it breaks my heart to see,
For there’s none to whisper such words to me!

BESSIE'S HUSBAND.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

THE summer sun was hours upon its downward course, and shining with a red, mellow light into the long windows of the white farmhouse, throwing its broad beams saucily across the painted floor of the kitchen, into the pan of red-streaked apples which Bessie Palmer held in her lap, and that young lady, with her brown curls tucked carefully away in a net, her sleeves pinned up to her shoulders, and her apron on, was still in the work which should have been performed hours ago.

"You're getting to be a careless, idle girl, Bessie," said grandmother, from her corner. "Since Squire Goldthwaite was here this morning, you have done nothing. What did he want?"

"Would you really like to know, grandma?" and Bessie held up the long red ribbon, which she had daintily pared from an apple, and peeped archly through, at the old lady.

"Of course I'd like to know. It's no everyday affair to me, child. The squire hasn't been here before for years."

"Well, grandma, he came to ask your little wicked girl to be his wife."

The ball of yarn fell from the trembling fingers, and rolled away into the ashes beneath the grate, and grandma took off her spectacles, wiped them carefully with one corner of her apron, and put them on again. Then she untied the broad ribbons of her cap, and sat up very straight and prim.

"What did you say, child?"

"I said no, grandma, just as plain as I could speak it!"

"I am glad of it!"

Bessie looked at grandma in unfeigned astonishment, and then out through the trees where the gray gables of Goldthwaite House were clearly visible, and wondered that she saw with her own young eyes, in spite of the wealth and power of the elderly suitor. It was more like grandma to favor a marriage which would bring riches into their family, for she was, and ever had been, a little grasping and penurious. Perhaps it was not really a fault with her, but it had ever proved a source of great trouble to Bessie, and her extravagant ideas.

"Yes, I see, child," said grandma. "You

think it very strange that I disapprove of this man, but I do, for he is the worst enemy I ever had. I wonder at his coming here for you. It seems almost too strange to be true. But you are quite sure you said no?"

"Yes, grandma, I said no. How could I say otherwise? Do you forget that I said yes, six months ago, to Julian Rich?"

"No! I wish I could. I'm afraid he's no better than the other. I never fancied these city chaps."

Bessie said nothing, but the rosy ribbons fell faster from her plump fingers, and the yellow bowl of thin white slices rapidly filled.

All at once, across the belt of sunlight there fell a shadow, and looking up she saw the object of her thoughts.

He was flushed and heated by his rapid walk in the summer sun, and the moist gold rings of hair clung to his white forehead like a fair wreath. He was just the man to win a woman's heart—full of delicacy and manliness. The hands he held out were whiter than Bessie's own, and the ring which sparkled upon his finger was worth more than all her possessions, and yet he had—as many a man has done before—stooped from his high place to ask the brown-haired, blue-eyed girl to be his wife.

She glanced up shyly, a little tinge of red dashing to her cheek, and smiled.

"You here, Julian?"

"Yes, pet, but I'm in a confounded hurry. Good-day, grandma. Isn't that stocking almost done? Why, you are a perfect knitting-machine. Aren't she, Bessie? O, put aside those apples, and come into the orchard. I've a world to say. Excuse us, grandma!"

Bessie set aside the pan, washed her hands at the sink, put away her apron, and followed him, silently, out into the orchard, which stretched for acres behind the house, a perfect little forest.

"Bessie," he began, throwing himself down beneath a tree with a big golden sweeting in his hand, ready for his palate, "I am going away to-morrow morning."

"Why, Julian! And you never told me before." The tears came up slowly.

"There, don't cry! I can't bear to see a

girl cry. I didn't know it myself. But I must go. I am sorry, of course, but father says I must come home—I have nearly completed my course with Squire Goldthwaite, and I can study through in a New York office. If it was not for you, Bessie, I would be glad of it, for he is a rigid, stern old brick, anyway. Well, I shall write often, and try to take a trip down here as often as once a quarter."

He took a good bite from the golden apple, and shied his hat at a swallow that flew past, with a perfect thoughtlessness, that showed how little the parting touched his heart, while Bessie, with her face hid in her hands, sat near, the picture of grief.

"I cannot bear to have you go, Julian. I am very lonely and unhappy. Until I met you, I have had no one to cheer me, since mother died. O, I cannot live without you."

"Yes you can, birdie. Why, there's grandma, she is jolly company." And he took another bite, and leisurely picked up his hat.

"You don't know all, Julian," Bessie said, without raising her head. "It is a dreary, dreary life."

"Don't I? Haven't I moped here these eight months? If it had not been for you, I should have been tempted to commit suicide."

Somehow, to Bessie there came suddenly a faint lack of warmth and sincerity in his words. But it was so faint, that she did not clearly understand it. It only made the parting a bitter one, without her fully knowing why it was so.

"Good-by, Bessie. Don't cry for me. I'll come in a few weeks, and I'll bring the smaller half of New York for your present." And he was gone.

The summer sun grew gray, and long shadows suddenly crept across the lawn. The broad belt upon the kitchen floor faded out, and Bessie forgot the unfinished work, and spent the rest of her afternoon under the tree in the orchard.

In three days an eight-paged letter came, beginning, "my darling," and ending, "faithfully, your own Julian," and was read through warm tears and fond kisses. O young girlhood! How easily it forgets every pain, every doubt, in these cruel, deceitful little black marks!

The next week there came two, the third one, the fourth none. In a fortnight there came a mere note, and then she waited six dreary weeks.

It was one evening, when the autumn had come with chilly nights and a harvest moon, Bessie, with a shawl wrapped carefully around her, sat in the doorway, her fingers clasping a thin bit of narrow paper—*his* last letter—and something like teardrops had left traces on either cheek. Grandma was in the kitchen, at the fire, and she sat out there hugging her loneliness and bitterness close to her heart. All at once the thick, dull fall of a horse's hoofs fell upon the grassy lawn, and looking up, she saw the iron gray horse, and Squire Goldthwaite before her.

"Bessie, little one," spoke the clear, firm voice, "is that you? It is rather cold to be out without warm wraps. Are you crying, child?"

This last was spoken in surprise, and he leaped from his saddle.

"No, no—I am not crying. I am only thinking."

The handsome face—for it was a handsome one, in spite of the gray hair which shaded his brow—at once grew sad and thoughtful.

"I have not lost hope yet, Bessie. I do not forget the question I asked weeks ago, or the answer you gave. I shall never forget it, and if you repent, remember that I am ready to take you to my heart. I am old enough to be your father, but I could be a tender, loving husband, Bessie."

He was in another moment far down the road, the iron gray horse spurning the dust with flying feet, and Bessie's heart surprised her, by the blessing that sprang up and followed him. He came past when she most needed a kindly word, when she hungered for sympathy and friendship.

"Kind Paul Goldthwaite. I can never forget your words;" and she went back comforted to the warm kitchen and grandma.

From her snug corner grandma sent a smile—for Bessie was always welcome. And why not so, since these two lone women were all in all on earth to each other? They were the oldest and the youngest of their flock—and out in the graveyard, a long line of low mounds marked the resting-places of those who had stood between them.

"Bessie!" Grandma held out her hand, and the girl sat down at her feet, and clasped it in her own. "Squire Goldthwaite has been here!"

"Yes."

"Did he say anything more about marriage?"

"Not exactly."

"I am glad. I don't want to think of it."

"Why, grandma! Is Squire Goldthwaite a bad man?"

"He *has* been to me—I will tell you the story, and you will then understand me: Years ago, he loved your mother. Don't start so, child! Well, we were very poor then, even poorer than now, for our farm was heavily mortgaged to the old judge, the young squire's father, and we all thought it a pleasant way of getting over a serious difficulty, and so we encouraged it. They were engaged, and everything went smoothly for a while, but he was young and flighty, and they were both high-tempered. Allen Palmer, your father, worked for the judge, and after a while your mother began to take a notion to him. I don't think she loved him at first, although he was steady, and as good as the squire, but she only did this to annoy and tease Paul. Night after night Allen came home from church or singing-school with her, and soon the squire's temper was aroused. We were unhappy enough in those days, I can tell you, for the interest on the mortgage took all we could scrape together, year after year, and your grandfather was helpless. I had all to do, and I heard Paul's story, and talked to your mother in favor of it. Finally, the wedding day was fixed, and Jennie bought her dress and fixings with the money I saved by making butter, and we hurried matters.

"It was just a week before the wedding day, that he came to me as white as a ghost, and told me that he would never marry her. 'Mrs. James,' he said, 'I am going away. I will never marry your daughter, for she only wants my money. Tell her to marry Allen Palmer, and work as she always has done.'

"He flew away like a madman, and before night we heard he had left town. I never really understood the why and wherefore, for I had a world of other trouble on my hands. Your grandfather kept me busy night and day, we had not even a cow or sheep, and the crops were a failure, and in less than a month Judge Goldthwaite's bill would be at our door. I believe, child, I was nearly crazy, for I saw nothing but hunger and want before us.

"That very night the old judge came, and talked bitterly to us all.

"You are a set of money-grasping, poverty-stricken fools, and ought to suffer! You have caused my son—the soft-headed ninny—to leave his home and disgrace me, and now you shall pay dearly for it. I shall be here

with my mortgage, one of these fine days, Mistress James, and if the money is not ready I shall foreclose. We will see who gets the best of this matter. Not that I was pleased to know that my son was to disgrace himself by taking a wife from a hovel! O no! I'd rather he would be where he is, but the idea of your refusing him! Humph."

"Then he went away, and we were all in a terrible state of excitement and fear. Allen came, and Jennie and he went away in a few days and were privately married. But that was no help. He was as poor as we were. He had only his salary at the judge's, and he lost that before he had been married three days.

"Then it all came with a crash. I can indistinctly remember the bill, the judge's, the talk of foreclosure and poverty. I went to every one I knew, but the judge was too powerful, and we were too poor.

"The night before the note was due Allen brought me a package. It was directed to me, and on opening it I found a bank draft for three thousand dollars. My Maker only knows where it came from, or who sent it; but it was a blessing.

"The whole debt was cleared next day, and we were free, but I've always hated the name of Goldthwaite ever since. The young squire has never been here until last summer, and I hope he will never come again. I don't forget that, but for the kind friends who, pitying us, sent that draft, we might have been turned out into the world to starve and die. I could not bear to think of you becoming his wife."

"Did you never learn who sent that money?"

"Not really. Brother Daniel died soon after, and left me a little legacy from which I secretly suspect he extracted that money. He was rich and close. He refused me when I applied to him in my trouble, but I believe his heart rebuked him, and prompted him to send it."

Bessie sat very still and grave at the first, her fingers nervously toying with grandma's yarn, and her young face wearing a strange and thoughtful expression. At last she looked up.

"Grandma! Are you sure that Squire Goldthwaite was in the wrong?"

"I am very, very sure."

"Mother might have been wrong, too. There are always two sides to a story. Perhaps, after all, he is not so bad."

"Has that jackanapes turned your head with neglect, so that you are desperate enough to marry Goldthwaite? Plague the men, they make worlds of trouble! I hate the whole race!"

It was poor consolation, but all she was in any way likely to receive, and without another word she turned to the fire and her wild thoughts, and in the glowing embers saw, as only girls can see, strange faces and odd figures, which to her mapped out the future.

"You will have to take these herbs to Goldthwaite House, Bessie," said grandma, on the following day, "for I promised Mrs. Paine that I'd send them yesterday. It's queer that, with as much land as they have got, the squire could not afford a little room for his housekeeper to raise herbs for winter use. Well, thank goodness, he won't get a sprig of these, for Mrs. Paine hates him as bad as I do! She wouldn't stay there a day, if she had another home. But poor folks have to put up with everything."

Bessie looked wofully at the basket, and then at grandma. She had not been at Goldthwaite House for months, and she had no desire to go there now, since circumstances had placed so wide a barrier between herself and its owner.

"You'll have a fine chance to speak with the squire, Bessie. I've half a mind to think you are glad of the chance," laughed the old lady.

But Bessie was far away with her herb basket, before grandma saw the red blood that came up in a crimson dash to her cheek, and she never knew how painful a task her darling found it, that bright autumn morning.

The walk was a pleasant one, leading through a broad footpath, lined on either side by elms and bright-dressed maples, where the silence was unbroken, save for the crunch, crunch of the crisp brush beneath her feet.

Now and then the scarlet leaves fluttered down before her, and she watched them as they found a warm resting-place among the rocks, or floated down the brook, and half-wished that with them she could throw aside the burden of existence, and float out somewhere, anywhere, a mere speck in the world, away from herself and everything human.

It was as quiet as the grave around Goldthwaite House, and she found only a servant in the kitchen, with whom she left her basket, and thus got away without being compelled to hear a two hours' history of the wrongs of the housekeeper. In passing the front part

of the house, one of the long shutters swung back, and the squire stepped from the window to the piazza, and spoke:

"Good-morning, Bessie, I saw you a moment since, as you came up the wood path! Have you been to see Mrs. Paine?"

"Yes, or rather brought a basket to her from grandma."

"Then your errand is accomplished; let me claim a moment of your time. Step in, please."

He spoke without a doubt in her acquiescence, and she complied, not wishing to appear rude, and entered the little parlor. On a table near the window, a delicate basket filled with purple clusters of ripe grapes, surrounding several pears and crimson plums, met her eye, and she saw at once that the gathering of them had been his morning's work.

"How very tempting, Mr. Goldthwaite!" she said.

"I am glad you think so, Bessie, for I prepared them for you. I intended to send them; shall I do so?"

"No, I will take them. I am very grateful. Our fruit is limited to our apples."

"You shall enjoy mine, for I have more than enough."

He came in his kindly manner and stood beside her at the window, watching her closely as she bent low over the basket, with an eager look in his face, as though there were words upon his lips that he longed, yet feared to utter.

A sudden lifting of the brown head brought his eyes full upon her own, and for a moment a blush mantled her cheek. It was an awkward situation for both, but she relieved it by saying, quietly:

"I must go. Grandma will miss me."

"Will you come again, Bessie?"

"I cannot promise. I may, some day." And she hurried down the road, with her discontent taking a deeper and more bitter hold upon her heart.

"There's a letter for you, Bessie," said grandma, as she entered the house, and on the table it lay, a white, perfumed missive, bearing Bessie's name.

"From Julian!" she thought; but tearing aside the envelop she recognized the delicate chirography of a city friend. With a total lack of interest she read one sheet entirely through. In the second she brightened a little.

"We are going to have a wedding next

week, and only think, Bessie, I am to be bridesmaid. Such a lovely tulle as I have got, to be worn over rose-pink moire. The bride is my old schoolmate Clara Derney, and of course the affair will be a grand one. The bridegroom is a perfect Adonis, and he is—or rather his father is, very wealthy. His name is Julian Rich, and—”

The sheet fell from nerveless white fingers, and Bessie leaned back with that desolate, helpless loneliness, that only a love-bereaved heart can feel.

It could not be true! She picked up the unfinished letter. Yes, it was true, for there were three pages devoted to the coming wedding, and the bride and bridegroom's wealth and beauty.

And grandma found enough to tease her all the day and declared that never again should she darken Goldthwaite House.

Its owner thought differently, when he sat that night and read a little blotted, tear-stained letter; whose last words were:

“I'll try hard to be a faithful wife to you.
“BESSIE PALMER.”

Another month, and through the gray November light Bessie Goldthwaite, upon the strong arm of her husband, walked up the broad avenue, and entered her own home. A pale, grave bride she was, with heavy, downcast eyes and grieved lips, but a brave one for all that, and when he stooped at the door and kissed her, saying:

“My own wife, mine until death separates us,” she answered:

“Until death separates us, my husband.”

But the days and months dragged wearily. Before her eyes there came ever a proud, handsome Saxon face, and in her ears rang the music of a voice never to be equalled. It came up at those moments when her husband was near, and in some way made her know the depth of his love, when his arm was around her, and his tender words falling upon her ear, and bitterly did she feel and regret its presence. A most unwelcome and unbidden guest it was, but it never left her side. Like a spectre it followed her, and kept her heart from the resting-place so lovingly offered.

Sometimes she went to grandma, who still stubbornly lived in the farmhouse, and refused to acknowledge the relationship existing between herself and Bessie's husband, clinging with artful persistence to the old feud, but there she received no sympathy.

“You'd better have lived an old maid, than marry out of spite, child,” was all she heard.

“I did not marry for spite.”

“What did you marry for? For love, I suppose!”

O, Bessie did not know! For rest, she thought, for some one to protect and cherish her. But it was not found, but seemed since her marriage to have drifted further away than before. And thus the winter months passed, and summer came again, bringing back with tenfold force the memory of her one romance, and widening the gulf which stretched black and deep between herself and the man who loved her.

Once he said, gently but sadly:

“Bessie, can you never bury the past? Must I wait forever for the happiness I crave?” And when she turned her white, imploring face up to him he kissed away the gathering tears and added, “I can wait for your love. I am not the only sufferer.”

The summer was well nigh ended, when he came to her one day with a grave face and said:

“Bessie, I am suddenly called away. I have not an hour to give you, I must go at once. Will you try to pardon my haste? It is necessary that I should go.”

“I shall miss you, but if this business is necessary and demands at once your attention, you must go. May I know its nature?”

“If, my darling, it would add one atom to your peace of mind, I would tell you, but I know it would not. Have faith sufficient in me, to keep you at rest until we meet.”

A smile repaid him for his tender regard for her happiness, and with a kiss, snatched from cold, impassive lips, he left her. And womanly pride, and that readiness to harbor resentment came up, and made her miserable for days.

Of course she expected no letters, and therefore was not disappointed that they came not, but the hours dragged wearily, and she found herself more than once counting the days that might intervene before they met.

In her loneliness, she had but one resource—the farmhouse, her childhood's home, and poor dissatisfied grandmother, who, with the bound boy, lived there alone. When the one week lengthened into two, she went in to have a chat, and found her in her corner as usual, with that never-failing discontent plainly marked upon her face.

“Has the squire got home?” she asked, as Bessie came in.

"No. His business seems to detain him."

"Business! Poh! I should think it would detain him."

"Why?"

"Why? I should think you'd ask! Don't you know what took him to New York when all the village folks are talking about it from morning until night?"

Bessie's face was as white as the shawl she wore, and her fingers toyed nervously with the silken fringe.

"I am entirely ignorant of the business which took my husband to New York."

"Well, it's a pretty pass anyway. I should think he would rather tell you than have anybody else, but as he don't, I can do so for him. He has gone to keep that Julian Rich out of State's Prison?"

"Grandma!"

"It is true, child. He used Squire Goldthwaite's name and presented a check at the bank for ten thousand dollars. Of course the cashier was bound to look into the matter, and your husband was informed. He of course knew nothing about it, and so they arrested the scamp. Up goes our lord, and takes the greatest pains to make himself out a liar, and your Julian an honest man, notwithstanding that he has been presenting checks in his name for small sums and receiving the money for many months, until the squire is many hundreds poorer. If he was an honest man himself he would let the law take its course, and put the young villain where he ought to have been years ago."

"O grandma, you shock me. It hardly seems possible."

"Well, it is the truth, every word of it. Everybody in town has heard of it. If you would read the papers, or stir around like other folks, you would know all about it."

Bessie wound the white shawl around her, and turned her face homeward. She unconsciously took that same woodland path that she had taken a year before, when her life burden had been so heavy, but to-day, the falling of the scarlet-hued leaves, or the sharp crackle of brush beneath her feet, brought no gloomy thought of leaving all behind, and seeing from herself to a new existence.

Nothing but a happy song of thankfulness poured forth from her heart, and only a broad gleam of sunshine seemed to mark the way for her to walk.

"My husband, my true, patient husband!" she repeated, over and over.

Then came long days of waiting at Goldth-

waite House, waiting for his return, that she might ask forgiveness for the hours of pain, and tell him how truly had the old love gone out.

The anniversary of her wedding night found her still alone, but with letters from him, and finding a long, cold evening before her, she went to the library and began a letter.

Her thoughts were anywhere but at her command, and finally in despair she threw aside her pen and looked elsewhere for amusement. An old drawer, which her husband had allotted to her use, was sadly out of order, being half filled with scraps of paper—and so with busy fingers she began to arrange it. There were old documents, bill-heads, envelops and torn letters, and one after another was carefully torn to bits, and deposited in the waste basket beside her.

Suddenly an old letter, yellow and crumpled, was in her hands and the destructive fingers almost upon it, when a familiar name—"James"—met her eye and she turned it over. Half of it was gone, but on the remaining sheet she read:

"The prompt appearance of Mrs. James, on the day I mentioned, bringing not only the interest, but sufficient to clear the debt, astonished me, but of course it was not my place to ask from whence the money came. Had I dreamed that it came from the purse of my son, I should have hesitated, yes—refused to have taken it. But it is over. If you saw fit to pay the bill, I have nothing to say, only that I congratulate you upon your release from the family. Let me say, however, that three thousand dollars is no small sum to throw away. You may need it before you die. When this unhappy affair is quieted, we shall be ready to welcome you home.

"Your father, JOHN GOLDTHWAITE."

"O my husband!" And Bessie's brown head lay upon the desk, and sobs loud and deep broke the silence of the room.

"My little wife, Bessie," said that dear familiar voice; and a pair of strong arms lifted her from the desk, and she found herself face to face with her husband.

"O Paul! Forgive me, forgive me!"

"For what, little one?"

"For cruelly, willfully forgetting your true noble love and unselfishness. See, I have even read this letter, of your good heart years ago. My poor Paul."

"Never mind, since it is all over."

"And Julian—"

"Is far away from his native land, to begin, with his young wife, life anew. He is bound for Australia. And you and I, Beaste—what of us?"

"Well, *we* are at Goldthwaite House, and to-night *we* will begin a new life, which shall, I trust, prove a happier one!"

The rain drops came up with a soft murmur against the windows, and the November wind swept by with a low, faint music, bearing with it the burden that had so long found a resting-place in the hearts of those two, who sat in the firelight, hand in hand, heart to heart.

THE DEATH TEST!

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

"It is a foul and a bloody murder, and may God punish the one that did the deed! But may there not be some life remaining? May it not be in my power to rob the grave? It is a dangerous undertaking, and if I am found here I shall most certainly be accused of the crime. Blood upon my hands and clothes, and I have not touched the corpse! Ah! I see how it came. The bushes are stained with it. The body was dragged to this lonely spot. Lonely? Who would ever think of coming here unless he had some foul purpose, save, it might be, a geologist like myself, whom the simple people in this part of the country would call mad. Yes, it would go hard with me, especially as I am a stranger, and though poorly clad, as becomes my present occupation, have a considerable amount of money about my person."

He drew back a few steps from the corpse, upon which he had come suddenly and unexpectedly, and looked around. Without noticing his path he had journeyed to the bottom of a deep ravine before his progress was arrested. High hills rose upon either side, covered with a heavy growth of timber and tangled underbrush. A little stream found its way with great difficulty through the rocks at the bottom, and its waters were never gilded by a single ray of sunshine. Even in the brightest day it was gloomy twilight there, and a more dismal place would have been difficult to find—the very spot for dark deeds, for a murderer's hiding! And there before him, stopping the path, lay a gashed and bloody human body, as if to finish the picture and give gory evidence of its evil character.

His first thought was to pass on. What had he to do with the crimes of another? Why should he mix himself up with that in which he had not the most remote business? His clear head and logical mind foresaw all

the difficulties that would arise should he be discovered and charged with the commission of the deed, and the fearful net-work of circumstantial evidence that would surround him, yet he was a man of the most determined firmness as well as a tender heart, and not for the sake of escaping trouble, or even danger, would he suffer a chance to relieve suffering or save life to pass unembraced. So he drew nearer and, bending away the bushes, looked scrutinizingly upon the victim of some fiend's cupidity or revenge.

The corpse was that of a girl who must have been under twenty years, and the face was one of more than common beauty. The oval of the cheeks was perfect, the nose straight, the mouth small and the lips, now parted by agony, were full and arched. The eyes, wide open and glassy, were blue as the depths of the ocean, and curtained by long lashes a shade darker than her glossy brown hair. The figure was tall and delicately proportioned, the feet petite and exquisitely arched, the hands white and slender, denoting good birth and freedom from manual labor. The clothing, now torn and stained, was of fine material, and the discoloration of the neck, ears, fingers and wrists—the piece torn from the bosom of the dress and the pockets turned outwards—told that robbery as well as murder had been committed.

At once deeply interested, the stranger knelt down, brushed back the tangled tresses, gazed sadly upon the sweet, pallid face, and examined both pulse and heart for symptoms of life, hoping against hope that at least a spark might remain. But his intellectual and usually sunny face clouded, and he shook his head in doubt. The marks upon the base of the skull, caused apparently by heavy blows from a sharp stone, seemed sufficient to have produced death alone, but, in addition to them, blood was slowly oozing from, and con-

gealing upon several wounds, in one of which a knife was still sticking. His profession had taught him skill as well as coolness, and with extreme tenderness and delicacy he made a still closer examination, and began preparations to staunch the blood and dress the wounds.

"With this knife," he said, giving utterance to his thoughts as he drew out the weapon, "I could even thus kill all my enemies, make myself rich, and I—"

The sentence was never finished. Before it could be, a dozen men, who had been watching and creeping near, sprang out of the bushes and pinioned him beyond the power of resistance. Taken beside the corpse, with the blood-dripping knife in his hand, what could he say in defence? The situation he had foreseen had come upon him, and he stood convicted, in their eyes at least, as a murderer. To appeal to their reason he saw at a glance would be useless; they were not of the class that would look deeper than the surface. His defence must be made at another time and place, and in truth he was thinking more of the corpse of the murdered girl than of his own desperate situation, and drawing himself up proudly he asked that she might be cared for.

"Whatever may be your purpose with me," he said, "at least see if there is not life remaining. Take your hands off and let me see if my skill cannot be of some avail. I am a physician."

Scowling brows and clenched fists were the only answer he received. They paid not the slightest attention to his words, except it might be to grasp him even more firmly than before, and hurry him before a neighboring justice to be examined and exhibited as a monster! It was even a more unpleasant situation than he had anticipated, and the chances were desperately against him, but he retained his coolness and prepared to make the best possible defence.

The evidence was given with the utmost bitterness—honestly given perhaps, but without the slightest leaning towards the side of mercy, and with the morbid desire on the part of the majority to see a man hanged, for such a thing had never happened there! And what could he say to rebut the sworn statements of a dozen witnesses? What were his assertions, against the evidence of their own eyes and his bloody hands and clothes?

But he had the satisfaction, if indeed it could be called by that name, to learn who

the supposed victim of his murderous knife was—learn that her name was Ethel Loring—that she was comparatively a stranger, upon a visit to an old uncle who lived near the scene of the tragedy—that she was an orphan, and rich in her own right—that she was known to wear costly jewelry and carry with her a considerable sum of money (all of which was missing), and that she had gone out to take a walk alone and was found as described. These facts, together with his having been detected bending over the body with a knife in his hand, the out-of-the-way place, the provocation for the deed in a pecuniary point of view, the almost certainty of remaining undiscovered, that he was poorly dressed, a stranger, had been seen lurking in out-of-the-way places for several days, and that in his pockets was found about the same sum of money and of the same description as that known to have been in the possession of the murdered girl, were dwelt upon by the prosecuting attorney with remarkable force, and the prisoner saw that it was next to useless to attempt a defence.

To all questions he replied in a simple and truthful manner, stating that his name was Alonzo Martin, his age twenty-five—that he was by profession a physician, unmarried, possessed of some means—that a love of geology had led him thither, and that those who had accused him of loitering in out-of-the-way places would have seen that he was innocently studying the formation of the earth if they had given proper attention to the matter. As for his being the murderer of the girl, he denied it in the most emphatic manner, and explained how he came to be bending over the body with the bloody knife in his hands.

"You will deny next," sneered the attorney, "that you threatened to kill all your enemies in the same manner."

"I believe I did use some thoughtless words to the effect that I could, with such a weapon, kill all my enemies and make myself rich, but none such as you would put into my mouth."

"I heard him distinctly," volunteered a strong, rough-looking man, who was said to have been among the first, if not the first, to discover the murder, who had guided others there, and had been the most willing and strenuous in his testimony against him.

Martin turned his gaze upon, and noticed him more closely than he had done before—caught his eye for a moment, and thought

that he shrank back. It might have been mere fancy, but he became more and more convinced that the fellow had some object in getting him convicted, and tried to remember if he had ever been associated with—ever met him before, and given him any cause of enmity. If such was the case it had entirely slipped from memory, and his own position gave him little time for thought, as he was asked to account for the money that had been taken from him being the same in amount and of the same character as that of the murdered girl's.

"It is a case that might happen a thousand times," was the reply; "but permit me to ask if she is indeed dead?"

"You will soon see," growled the stiff-necked justice, "see more than you want to."

"If dead, I have no wish to look upon her again. The horrible sight I have had is fully sufficient, and I have seen enough of death not to be curious in such matters."

"No doubt of it! Murder and robbery is your trade!"

The old uncle of the murdered girl stepped to the side of the justice, and they had a short whispered conversation, but evidently an important one. The purport of it was soon made known.

"Alonso Martin," continued the officer of the law, "as you choose to call yourself, though no one here is fool enough to believe that to be your correct name, you deny all participation in the foul deed that has been done?"

"I do."

"And are willing to prove it by any means within your power?"

"I am."

"Officers, guard him safely and remove him to the next room. We will soon see his guilt clearly proved."

Without the most remote idea of what was going to take place the prisoner permitted himself to be led into another apartment, and saw, to his surprise and horror, the corpse of the girl stretched out upon a table, still as bloody and ghastly as when he first discovered her in the gloomy ravine! It was a sight that at any time would have caused him to shudder, but now it almost unmanned him for an instant, especially as the dress had been cut away so as to expose a wound in the fair, white flesh. His natural emotion was at once taken as an evidence of guilt, and he heard whispered comments to that effect.

The "I told you so" of the man who had before volunteered his testimony, particularly attracted his attention, and from that instant he watched him as closely as possible without being detected, and summoning his courage, he turned to the pompous justice and demanded what was intended by such an unusual proceeding.

"It is the death test!" was the solemn response.

"You will have to explain more fully. I do not understand."

"We believe that the corpse of a murdered person has power to distinguish between the innocent and guilty. Place one hand upon that wound, raise the other to heaven and assert your innocence—if you dare! If you are indeed without guilt all will be well. If not the blood will flow again."

At another time Martin would have laughed outright at the stupid superstition of which he now remembered to have often read. Yet there was something solemn in this calling upon the dead to give evidence for or against the living, and he would willingly have been spared the ordeal, for the most simple accident might cause a drop or two of blood to exude from the unclosed lips of the wound, and then his fate would be sealed indeed.

"If guiltless why do you shrink?" asked the man of law. "It is only the murderer that need fear."

He could hesitate no longer without convicting himself in their eyes, and stepping to the side of the corpse he laid his right hand upon the wound and called God to witness his entire innocence. Then he stepped back so that all could see that no blood had followed.

"God has attested your guiltlessness," said the uncle of the poor girl, "but see, the blood is beginning to flow, and the guilty man must be near. Let each in turn do as this stranger has done."

In the opening of the wound and the oozing of blood Martin saw far other things than did the afflicted old man, but he wisely held his peace, and managed to place his back against the door so that no one could go out, and watched each as they went through the death test. But there were no more crimson drops bubbling forth as a sign of guilt, and as the justice declared that all had gone through the ordeal, a sigh of intense relief burst from many lips.

"Not all," replied Martin. "There is one yet remaining," pointing to the one who had

made himself so officious. "That man has kept in the background."

"John Kirkpatrick, is this true?"

"No! It is a lie!" was the hoarse answer.

"It is true," repeated Martin, firmly. "I have kept him under my eye all the time, and I swear that he has not been near the table."

"I have—you all saw me."

But upon reflection no one had seen him, and he was forced forward. Then an entire change was visible. His flushed face grew pale as ashes and his brutish lip trembled. He looked around wildly for a chance of escape—saw there was none, and putting on an air of bravado exclaimed with an oath:

"Well, I can do it again."

With the words he had raised his hand—was extending it—had nearly touched the corpse, when he shrank back with a fearful groan. His eyes had been the first to see that the blood was flowing freely again from the wounds—not one alone, but all!

A strong man at all times he was rendered doubly so now by desperation, and in his tremendous efforts to get away, his coat was torn to shreds and the jewelry and money of which the girl had been robbed fell to the floor, and, raving and cursing, he was carried away to prison.

During this exciting scene Martin had re-

mained unnoticed. When the justice and the uncle of the girl thought of him again they found him with his hand upon her heart, and a smile playing upon his mobile lips.

"What is it?" they asked, in a breath.

"She is not dead! Show me where I can place her upon her bed, and summon some women. She is not dead—only stunned." And he lifted her in his strong arms and carried her to another apartment.

It was weeks before Ethel Loring was sufficiently recovered to appear in court. Then her evidence was conclusive. She instantly recognized the prisoner, and the simple manner in which she told the story of assault, robbery and attempted murder added much to its force. Without leaving the box the jury found him guilty, and he was sentenced to serve a long time in prison—a sentence cut short by death.

The trial over, the uncle of the girl called Martin aside and asked the bill for his professional services.

"It is a very large one," was the half-serious and half-quizzical reply.

"No matter, I will pay it. Will give you anything you demand."

"Here, then, is my charge," he replied, taking the hand of the blushing girl. "I came here to study geology, but never anticipated finding such a rare specimen."

O ROSE! O LIFE!

BY CLIO STANLEY.

O tender, budding Rose!

Whose leaf so brightly glows!

Truly, thou art called aright—the garden queen!

Yet, ere the twilight hues

Darken the diamond dew,

Thy rosy leaves shall wither in their nest of green!

O life! serene and fair,

Knowing no mortal care!

Scarce opening from the bud thine infant soul!

Yet, as the blossom sweet

Faded, when incomplete,

So life, dear life, too soon will break the golden bowl!

Yet, ah, the vacant air!

Fragrant, beyond compare,

Since my pure Rose drooped on its slender stem;

And life of mine, undone,

Ere yet thy love was won,

Thou, too, shalt bloom again in heaven's diadem!

ACCURSED. •

BY FENNO HAYES.

In all the world there has been, not one person only whom I loved, but one person only whom I did not hate. Mustn't I have a pleasant life to look back upon, here on my dying bed? Yes, turn your face away—doubtless my expression is not now my best, and even that is not so agreeable as it might be, you know. God made me something near a monster in face and form, and I and the rest of the world have made my heart quite match it.

Even a baby likes cuddling and kissing, and I wasn't much more when I began to notice that I got none, and missed it, and wondered why. The beautiful ladies who came to visit my mother took my sister on their silken laps, but never me; the servants petted and caressed her, while I stood by unnoticed; even my mother averted her eyes from the child she had borne.

My heart must once have been soft and warm, or these things wouldn't have hurt me, and I can just remember that they did, at first; and one day, o'erburdened with my questionings, I asked of Jane, the nursery maid, why all the kisses were Mona's. It must have been my customary evil genius that led me to ask this girl, who of all who liked me little seemed to like me least.

She did not answer a word, she only smiled, a curious, cruel smile that I remember to this day, and reaching her hand to a peg upon the wall, took down a small mirror that hung there, and held it before my face. Just then Mona came dancing up and looked over my shoulder, so that I saw reflected beside my own dark, ugly, shapeless visage the face lily white and sweet of my beautiful sister.

"Who made me?" I cried. "Did I make myself?"

"Lawk, no!" said the girl. "What a question! God made you, of course. A poor job, too," she added, a little under her breath; but I heard, heard with these terrible sharp ears of mine, as I always have heard any hard, and bitter, and cruel words that anybody had to say of me—and they've not been so few either.

The iron entered deep into my childish

soul. I dashed the mirror to atoms upon the floor, and fled, as if I could flee away from myself, down the stairs and out into the garden, where I hid in a tangle of shrubbery. And behind me rung the harsh, mocking laugh of Jane, mingled with the little silvery tinkle of Mona's childish laughter.

Well, that was long ago, and I've agonies enough of the present, not to need to remember those past, for a mortification of the spirit. I only speak of this to fix a date—the date at which I found out that every one's heart was against me, and from which my heart was against every one's.

Be sure after that day I never put up my lips for a kiss, or sought any one's eye for a smile. I lived my strange, dark childhood apart and alone, sitting forever in my own gloomy shadow, hating all—myself most; for I, to whom beauty was the antipodes, loved it with a strength that was fairly a passion, and bore my ugly face and misshapen form with loathing unutterable.

I had one solace only. I, the accursed or God, as I deemed myself, had yet one gift—"a voice and talent for music that might have made my fortune," people said, "if I were not so frightfully ugly—a thousand pities they were not Mona's." A thousand pities that these could not be taken from me, me who had stark nothing, and given to Mona, who had beauty, love, everything, almost! O, how I hated them and her; yet even I never heard my voice rise sweet as an angel's without a bitter thought of my twisted mouth, my sallow throat, and when the music flowed as if my soul—no, not my soul, but some lovely celestial soul—breathed through my fingers, I shut my eyes that I might not see my dark, ill-shapen hands. So even this sweet was not without its bitter.

So the time went, the slow, dragging, painful years, till I who had never been a child in aught but years, was a woman.

One day I sat before the piano, which I had placed in a little, dark, curtained alcove off the parlor, for you may be sure I didn't want the light falling on my face as I played, when I heard Mona enter the outer room in

company with some one, a gentleman, I knew by the strong, firm step.

"So you are as music-mad as ever, Gray?" she was saying, laughingly, as they came in.

I, behind the dropped curtains, roused from my listless musings, as the word "music" fell on my ear.

"Yes," answered a voice, light and gay, yet with a little, pathetic undertone of sweet sadness in it, just such as often underlies the gayest snatch of song, "I shall always be music-mad, as you call it. It's the oddest thing, too, Mona, I can't separate the art from the artist. There's a man I fairly detest at other times, but when he plays I love him absolutely."

"You'll fall in love with Agatha, then, Gray. She plays magnificently and sings divinely. If you were only blind—" And Mona laughed immoderately, as if the idea were too supremely and overwhelmingly ridiculous.

"Little danger," said her companion, "even if—well, no matter now, Mona. But if I'm music-mad, I'm beauty-bewitched."

Mother came in just then, and the conversation took another turn, but I heard nothing more. I only sat before the dumb keys, thinking, with a wild, vengeful thrill, of what this man had said—"I cannot separate the artist from the art." This must be Gray Arland, Mona's almost lover. What if it might be a possibility, that at which my fair sister had so sneered? Not that I dreamed of his really becoming my lover, but if I could only gain a little power over him through my music, it would so trouble Mona, who was of so jealous a nature, Mona whom I so hated.

And I sat there thinking, thinking, till the late afternoon faded into dusk, and they went away to tea (no danger that they would miss me at the table), and the lamps were lit in the parlor without.

The light, filtering in through the curtains, made a soft dusk in my retreat, and just as I heard footsteps at the further end of the hall I commenced to play. I broke off suddenly when they entered, as if just conscious of their approach.

"O, where was that lovely music?" exclaimed Gray Arland, with the eager impetuosity of a child.

"It must have been Agatha, in the alcove," said my mother. "Agatha, are you there yet?"

"Yes," I answered, not unmindful of the

silver sweetness with which the syllable fell from my lips, for my voice possessed the rare power of being as peculiarly sweet in conversation as in song.

"O, then, pray keep on playing," said Gray Arland. "That lovely, lovely strain;" and he began humming the air in a light, sweet tenor, till he came to the broken strain, and then I took it from his lips to my fingers.

Heavens! how I played that night! It was an inspiration. How I sung, my voice soaring as if to the very gates of heaven. He was beside me, for I had not played a dozen bars before the curtains were lifted and he at my side. We did not speak a dozen words. I played and sang as my fancy led me; only when I paused he besought me for more, in tones strangely pleading. Sometimes, in soft, low passages, I heard his breathing, quick and hurried, and it touched and thrilled me. And in the outer room Mona sat, alone, neglected and forgotten. When had I ever tasted sweet like this?

At last I stopped. "No more, no more," I said, finally.

He caught both my hands in his. "Thank you!" was all he said, but there was a warm fervor in his tone that stirred my numb, frozen heart strangely.

I would not go out into the lighted room to shock him with the fearful contrast of singer and song. I sat with my head leaned upon the piano till far into the night, trembling with the rare excitement of the evening, thrilling again at the memory of that passionate clasp of my hands, triumphant, as I thought of neglected Mona; yet never before so bitterly conscious of myself, never before so loathing my person, for that one pressure of the hands had taught me the unutterable sweetness of that which was banned to me forever. It was as if the gates of paradise had swung open for a moment, just to reveal to me the heaven which should never be mine, for I never dreamed at first of aught beyond costing Mona a few jealous pangs.

But in the morning I looked from my window and saw Gray Arland for the first time. He was just below, mounted on a large, powerful black horse, waiting for Mona to accompany him.

I have said I loved beauty, but never before had I seen it embodied in a human form without hating its possessor. But this man and I stood, from the beginning, on a different plane from any on which I had

ever before stood with any one. He had of me (for you must remember he had not *seen* me—he had only heard me) only a pleasant impression, and he had conveyed to me only the same. This was contrary to the first impression people usually made upon me—it is not so pleasant to see people shrink away from you, avert their eyes—or if one looked again, to feel that the second look was but an offence, instead of the compliment it usually is to a young girl.

He was beautiful, exquisitely beautiful, this Gray Arland. You don't like the word for a man, I dare say, but there's no other for that face, every feature of which was perfect in shape and tint. His complexion was that dusky white, if I may so call it, which is charm enough in itself for one face, that peculiar tint of skin that gives the face an effect as if seen by moonlight, as much beyond the blonde whiteness as depth is beyond surface, his hair dark and fine and a little waved about the forehead, the nose straight, with thin, sensitive nostrils, and the eyes a rich, velvety black—no sparkle, but soft and sad even when the perfect mouth smiled. His figure was slender, but straight and lithe.

As I looked upon this man I burst into wild weeping, the first time I had wept for many a year; for as I looked upon him I felt that I had within me the heart of a woman, and yet, and yet! It is sad to have our dreams broken, our idols shattered, our hearts blighted, but to be a woman, young, and with a woman's heart, and know that for you love is so impossible a thing you may not even dream of it, is sadder than broken dream, or shattered idol, or blighted heart.

Then Mona came, the sunbeams finding kin in her hair, her red lips smiling and sweet. There wasn't a tear in my eye. I only remembered how I hated her, how I hated myself, how I hated everybody, as they rode away together. But at nightfall some nameless influence led me to the piano again, and again he was at my side.

I did not sing at first. I played only Mendelssohn's music mostly, mingled with some improvised. There was, as before, only the dim light from the room beyond through the half-dropped curtains. I needed no score, for anything I had once played I could recall forever. The moments grew to hours as I played. "Good-night—I am going," called Mona, at length, from without, and I detected a troubled wonder in her tone.

"Good-night!" returned Arland, dreamily.

I rose as if to go.

"No, no! not yet," he exclaimed, catching my hand. "You haven't sung. Sing to me! sing to me!"

I had once found in a collection of old music some strange, wild love songs, despairingly sweet, and had learned them, but never sung them to any ear but my own. They came back to me at this moment and I sang them to Arland.

The songs were sad as death, the utterance of forbidden, hopeless passion, and my mood interpreted them perfectly. I knew he trembled as I sang—I think he even wept. There was one which I left for the last—a song which was the cry of a lost soul for its mate.

The song had scarcely died on my lips when he seized my hands and drew me to my feet. "Be comforted, be comforted, poor soul," he said, rapidly and fervidly; "one could almost follow such sweet strains into Hades." And he bent and kissed me—ME!

O heavens! how my soul reeled. Think of what you felt when first he you loved kissed you, you who had had other loves, other kisses before, even though none half so sweet, and think what it would have been had your lips never known before a kiss, had a ray of love or pity never shone upon your heart before.

I forgot, in that ecstatic moment, myself, and then it came back to me—that accursed face of mine, which he had never seen, and I bade him go, almost fiercely. And as he went I smote my breast in agony, I tore at my heart as if I could snatch away its pain, I grovelled upon the floor, hiding my face, and thinking if I could but hide it forever.

Then I rose, and opening the window, looked out upon the night. "O kindly darkness! O sweet, veiling night!" I said. "If you would never go! If the day's cruel light would never break!" And leaning far out into the odorous night I lived it o'er and o'er again, that thrilling kiss, that melting tone, till the gray light of early morn woke me from my delirious dreams, and drove me to my hiding-place, my own room.

Well, the days went, full of torturing consciousness, of misery, of passionate hatred, as I saw him, peeping from my window, walking, riding, with Mona, "beauty bewitched," and the nights came, delicious and heavenly, dusk, as I played or sung, while he sat at my side entranced, "music-mad." "Whom the gods wish to destroy they first

make mad," you know, and I loved this man, who had never seen me and to whom I was only the embodiment of an art. I say Gray Arland had never seen me, for I hid all the day and he never found me except at night at the piano. A mortal fear possessed me of the hour when he should look on me. O, if it might never be, and I yet be near him!

I had solaced and whiled away the solitude of my childhood by the secret perusal of the wildest and most improbable romances. I knew nothing of real life; and some wild dream now came to me of a life with him, never seen, when I might hide away from the day, and singing to him in the evening's friendly dusk bind him thus to me forever. O, I was mad, verily, for I believed, at last, as he came more and more under my spell, that if it were not for the counter charm of Mona's beautiful face, he might in some way be mine. And my thoughts began to run—no matter, you will see whither.

One evening they were going out together, Mona and Arland, to some gay merrymaking, and Mona came to my room, beautifully dressed and radiantly fair, for me to fasten a rose in her curls, for I had an exquisite, mocking taste in things like this.

She stood before the mirror as I placed the rose in her hair, and as once before, long ago, the two faces—hers fair and sweet and mine distorted as if in an eternal pain—were reflected in it.

Of how much one may think in a moment. As my eyes met the mocking reflection in the mirror, I thought of him, looking upon her loveliness, lured away from me who loved him in my lightest thought worlds better than she in her fondest mood. I remembered her taunting laugh on that long-past day. I thought of what had been hers always, mine never, and then again I thought of him.

At that moment she raised her hand to her head to adjust a wayward curl. From her arm fell back the loose, flowing sleeve of her gossamer robe. There were two lights upon the dressing-table, one on each side. She began to move her arm downward from her head.

Satan is always within call. "Mona," I said, "take care—the lamp!" And I bent forward as if to save her.

It needed but a touch of the lamp, and that I gave it all unperceived.

There was a sudden blaze, a shriek, as the flames' swift, fiery tongues licked the fair

arms, the bosom of snow, the face of lily and rose of the beautiful Mona.

I had wonderful presence of mind. I wrapped her in the woollen rug I took from the floor just in time to save her life, but all too late to spare her beauty! The snow, and lilies, and roses were stained and blackened forever.

Late that night, when all the house slept, save in her distant room Mona maybe tossed in pain, I stole down, and through the night air floated muffled but triumphant strains, joyous choruses, gay, rejoicing snatches, and all the while I thought of that wild dream of mine. Why might it not now come true? She could never more bewitch him with her beauty—that was gone forever—but I had still these enchantment-working fingers, this spelling voice. He has made me no vow—there is no honor to bind him, I recalled a thousand times in my transporting thoughts.

The next evening I heard Arland come in and go up to Mona's room, where he was admitted. After a little, he came down and joined me, sitting at my old place at the piano, on which I had laid my head as if sad and sorry.

"Sing," he said, sighing a little, "something soft and mournful. You could not sing anything else to-night, Agathia?" And there were tears in his voice. For her, I thought, bitterly. But why think of the past, when—

I laid my fingers on the keys, but there was not a bar of music in all the thousands that I had carried in my mind for years that I could remember. My fingers lay still and motionless upon the keys. The thought of a song came to me, and I opened my lips, but there was no sound. My voice was gone, suddenly, and utterly, and forever. You call it the judgment of God. I choose rather to term it the desertion of the devil.

Wild with despair I fled to the room without. Dizzy and blind I fumbled at the hall door, and this delayed me, and Gray Arland, following after, wondering and alarmed, saw for the first time my distorted face, still more distorted with my agony, full in the light of that brilliantly-lighted room.

I have never seen him since. That was months ago. He and Mona are to be married in a few weeks, and I shall be hid forever in the grave.

Mona is pretty, yet, for all her seams and scars. But do you think I love him less because I've found out that he fell on his knees by her bedside that first night he saw her

and kissed her wounded hands, her blighted face? I know he never loved, or thought of loving me, but I feel sure if I had met his eyes that night I should have seen, for the first time in any human being's eyes, a pity rather than a horror for me.

Let me at least believe this. Let me, going down to my grave, feel that there is one

person in the world that I do not hate. And when I am dead, close the coffin-lid close and tight above this face of mine, and lead him to my side, and tell him that I ask him to remember there, for a little moment, the songs I sang him.

I almost dare to think a tear will fall upon my coffin.

CAPTAIN BURRILL'S COURTSHIP.

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

ONE cold, wet morning in November, 1855, Captain John Burrill, master of the fast-sailing clipper ship *Dreadnought*, left his vessel at her pier on South street, at the port of New York, and started for his lodgings in the upper part of the city. Although the rain was descending heavily, the captain, who had a contemptuous disdain for umbrellas, wrapped his greatcoat tightly about him, and as he trudged bravely forward over the glistening pavements, plunged his hands deep into his wide pockets and lost himself at once in profound meditation. It was not unnatural that, among the many busy thoughts which lingered in his contemplative brain, those of his ladylove should occupy, just at that time, a prominent place, somewhat to the exclusion of moral reflections and business schemes. For Captain Burrill was in love, and surely was scarcely to be blamed if his mind, during most of his leisure moments, did chiefly run upon the stately beauty whom he had asked to become his wife, and who had graciously accepted his hand and fortune, and promised to marry him within the month. Captain John, remembering his early days as cook's scullion, and his subsequent success, achieved by unremitting exertion and his own merit, could hardly help wondering how it came about that from the foot of the ladder he should so soon find himself at the top, and how fifteen short years could so metamorphose him from a pitiful mixer of "lob-scouse" to a captain of a ship and possessor of an independent fortune. To be sure, the latter had fallen upon him like a golden thunderbolt, launched by a distant relative who had taken a whim to leave him most of her money, and now that the captain came to think the matter over, he began to wonder whether, had it not been

for the latter streak of luck, Jacob Marshall's daughter would have accepted him. It did not seem to him that she cared for him in the way he had seen some sailors' sweethearts care for their beaux, but then she was proud and aristocratic, and Captain John, being a seafaring man, concluded that, as he knew so little of such things, he had best trouble himself about them as little as possible.

"She's a grand young woman," thought he, "and I'm thirty-five—too old to expect her to play sweet on me much. I suppose it's all right. She's a handsome girl and better suited to me than a younger one would be."

Since the arrival of the vessel he had made the Marshall mansion his home, and had thus been able to pay his attentions at short range. He had done this at the earnest invitation of old Jacob Marshall himself, who owned the ship, and who had been particularly polite to Captain John since the latter found his pockets so unexpectedly full of money. Thrown thus into the constant company of a beautiful woman, the captain, to whom, through all his life, a woman had been a *rara avis*, fell immediately and irrecoverably in love. The result was an engagement, though whether Marion Marshall cared most for his heart or his pocket, the captain found himself in considerable doubt. And so the wedding day had been fixed, and Captain John had begun to debate in his mind whether he could find it in his heart to give up his ship and see her sail out of port in command of another master, or whether he could not persuade Marion Marshall to marry him, ship and all.

Thinking deeply of these things, he took his way steadily toward Peck Slip, with his eyes fastened upon the shining sidewalk and

his chin buried in the great collar of his coat. There were few people in the streets, for the hour was nearly eleven and the rain came down in a continuous drizzle. Therefore it was with no little surprise that the captain felt the wet edge of a woman's shawl flirted into his face by the wind as its owner brushed swiftly past him.

"Some Water street girl," he thought, glancing toward her; "a hard life, poor thing."

The woman flitted quickly by, but when beneath the glare of the next street lamp, she turned her head and looked hurriedly behind her.

"Blast my toplights!" said Captain Burrill to himself, as he caught sight of her sad, white features; "that girl never came from Water street. Where is she bearing now?"

The woman, or rather the girl, for her lithe, supple movements denied the possibility of her being more than eighteen or twenty at most, paused a moment under the lamp and then darted suddenly across the street toward the shipping.

"Something wrong there," muttered the captain to himself, stopping to look after her as she disappeared among the shadows on the opposite side of the way. "Now I shouldn't wonder—"

He left his sentence unfinished, and regardless of the danger from river thieves and the night prowlers who haunt the dark corners among the wharves, crossed the street, also. He groped his way out on a long pier extending into the river between two huge vessels which cast their black shadows over it, and then paused for a moment to listen. There was nothing to be heard but the steady patter of the rain and the washing of the river under the piles, and so he walked softly on again toward the end of the pier. As he neared the extremity of the wharf, however, he heard a light step close by his side, and caught sight, of a woman's figure standing upon the string-piece, the dark outline of her form revealed against the lighter sky above the river. Stealing nearer to her, he saw that she had removed her shawl and had stepped back as though about to cast herself into the water. With a sudden exclamation he seized her quickly by the arm.

"For Heaven's sake, what are you about?"

She made him no answer, but sank down trembling at his feet.

"Were you going to jump to your death?" he asked, raising her gently.

"O sir, let me go," she said, plaintively. "What I do can be nothing to you. Let me go."

"What you do is a good deal to me, when you try such things as this," he replied.

"Where do you live?"

"Nowhere."

"Have you no friends?"

"Friends!"

She clasped her hands and looked down at the black water, dashing in sad, continuous surges against the wharf.

"No—no friends."

"I see," said the captain, picking up her shawl and wrapping it about her, "the old story. Well, I will be a friend to you, my poor girl, if you will give up your idea of going to Davy Jones's locker just at present. We can't stand here in this rain, talking about it. Come with me."

"O," she cried, passionately, "you don't know what I am. You are a good man I am sure, and you would never touch me, you would never speak to me, if you knew what my life has been."

"I don't care what you are," said the captain, decidedly. "I know you're a fellow-creature without a shelter, and I'm going to find a dryer lodging for you than the one you proposed engaging. Now put your hand on my arm and come with me."

She obeyed him passively, and without a word followed him down the wharf and out into the street. As they reached the street lamp again, Captain John stopped to look at his companion more closely, and could not help giving utterance to an exclamation of surprise when he found what manner of woman it was who leaned upon his arm.

It was no plebeian face that turned toward him as he did so. A pale, delicate complexion, with features finely cast, and a pair of wide, soft hazel eyes, deep and lustrous as those of a fawn, were what Captain Burrill saw, as he turned back the girl's hood to look at her. She was young, not more than twenty, and her brown hair, loose and wet with the drizzling rain, encircled with a shining halo a face that, though livid with mental suffering, was beautiful even now.

"There's more of a story here than I thought," he muttered, taking the girl's arm again and moving on. "I shouldn't be surprised, Jack Burrill, if you had put your foot into somebody else's history to-night, too."

He led her quickly around several corners,

and finally stopped before a building at the lower end of Frankfort street and knocked upon the door.

"I have a friend here," he said, to the trembling creature at his side. "He was once an old shipmate of mine, and if he wont be kind to you, nobody will."

In a few moments there was heard the approach of heavy footsteps, rambling rather discursively towards the door, and directly the bolt was drawn back and a rough-featured individual, with a beaming red nose, presented himself for Captain Burrill's inspection.

"Well, Saddler, how are you?" exclaimed the captain.

"Tol'able, thank ye. What fetches you down here in this weather?"

"I want a lodging for this young woman, Saddler. She's had a notion of bunkin' in the East River, and I told her I could find her a better place. Don't stand there looking at us. Let us in and fix up a room and a fire."

"All right," quoth Saddler, slowly revolving a quid of tobacco in his cheek, "all right. The best in the house belongs to Jack Burrill and Jack Burrill's friends. Walk in."

He swung the door open and led the way to a little, dingy parlor at the end of the hall, and then without another word disappeared up stairs, leaving the captain and his charge alone.

"Now," said the captain, "my girl, I want you to promise me two things. I shan't ask you for your history, or for the reasons which led you to this attempt upon your life, unless you choose to tell me. I am going to provide you with a comfortable night's lodging, and to-morrow we will see what ought to be done hereafter. In the meantime you will be well taken care of here, but you must give me your word that you will try no more to destroy yourself, and that you will not venture away from Tom Saddler's house until I see you again to-morrow night. Will you promise me that?"

The girl looked at him with her wide, brown eyes for a moment, and then, burying her face in her hands, burst into tears.

"I will promise you anything," she said. "I know that you, at least, are my friend. If you knew what I have suffered, you would know that I am too happy to find any place of refuge, to leave it against your will."

"Well," said the captain, "whatever you are, or whatever you have done, you are safe here until to-morrow, at all events. Here

comes Saddler again, and he will tell you what he will do with you."

The rubicund visage of the individual referred to appeared at the head of the stairs and beckoned to the visitors to ascend, but the captain, shouting that it was so late that he couldn't stop, and admonishing Tom to take care of the girl, took leave of his protegee and passed out into the street.

With his hands in his great pockets once more, Captain Burrill, as he wended his way homeward, cogitated more deeply than ever. At first, he conceived the intention of relating the whole of his singular adventure to Marion on the following morning. Then the thought crossed his mind that it would be well to ascertain something of the character of his charge before he made known any details of the affair, and this, with the condition that the girl had evidently desired to keep her story a secret, brought him to the determination to say nothing at present about the matter. So he dismissed the occurrence from his thoughts, and, reaching the Marshall mansion near midnight, found his room without disturbing the family, and retired to his accustomed couch of feathers and down in a most tranquil and undisturbed frame of mind.

The next day was a long one to Captain Burrill. His interest in his acquaintance of the previous evening and his curiosity to know her story, whatever it might be, effectually occupied his mind to the exclusion of all else. The magnetism of her eyes had taken possession of him, and he awaited the end of his day's business with all the impatience of a schoolboy. At last the evening closed in upon the city, and, making his excuses to Marion, he left the house and hastened again to the tenement in Frankfort street.

"What word, Tom?" he inquired, of that semi-nautical personage, as the door swung open to give him entrance.

"Well, nothin' special," replied Saddler. "The gal's doin' pooty well. She aint no ordinary customer, she aint. There's been some trouble there, and it's my private opinion she's been used to good clothes and havin' things nice."

"Has she been out?"

"No. She had a good cryin' spell after you went away last night, but I made up a good fire for her in the best room and my old woman lent her some dry clothes to put on, and to-day she's been pooty cheerful."

Pleased with this report in brief, the captain passed up stairs and knocked at the door of the room indicated by Saddler as the "best one." It was opened at once by his last night's acquaintance. So marked an improvement was there in her appearance that Captain John retired a step in some surprise. She had employed the day in drying and ironing her wet dress, and this was neat and clean. Her hair, gathered up into a light, braided coil, was bound in place by a bright ribbon which set off her white, delicate complexion to fine advantage. A snowy apron, loaned by Saddler's "old woman," completed her plain attire, but although the garb was simplicity itself, the real beauty of her face and form rendered it almost queenly. At least, Captain Burrill, as he took her hand, could not deny that she looked uncommonly well, and as the plaintive, soft brown eyes looked timidly up to meet his own, a vague feeling came over him that there was in this girl an indefinable something worth having, which Marion Marshall did not possess.

"I am glad you have kept your promise," he said.

"O sir, that was a small return to make for your goodness. You have shown me more kindness than I have had done me for a long time. How can I ever thank you?"

"Sit down," said the captain, "and let us talk about it. What is your name?"

"They call me Mary Marsh," she said, taking a seat on the opposite side of the fire from him, "but I will not deceive you into believing that to be my real name. It is not."

"Never mind the real name," he said. "Any name will do. I don't ask you to confide in me entirely, but if you will tell me something of what your life has been, I shall be better able, perhaps, to help you. And let what you do tell me be the truth."

She bridled somewhat at this, and revealed a little of what might have been the half-conquered pride of a better period of her life.

"Do I look like one who would tell you an untruth?" she said.

The captain looked into the frank, brown eyes which were opened upon him to their widest extent, and then replied:

"No. I do not think you do. Forgive me if I have hurt you. There is something strange about you that I do not understand. What led you to attempt your own destruction?"

She rose from her chair and her face flushed with excitement.

"What led me? Tell me whether you would not have taken the same course. Suppose that you had been, like me, a woman. Suppose that you had been reared, as I have been, in a happy and luxurious home, the spoiled pet of doting parents, the willful, capricious child whose will was law—who had but to ask in order to receive whatever you most desired. Suppose that when you were budding into early womanhood, with all your sensitive nature as yet unguarded by the hard folds which contact with the world learns you to use at last, with all your generous, impulsive heart open to receive impressions, whether for good or evil—suppose, I say, that at this most critical juncture of your being, there came across your life one to whom all your affections opened as a flower opens to the sunlight—one who threw around you a lustrous and magnetic halo, within which magic circle you learned to find your supreme and crowning happiness. Suppose you gave your life, your heart, your very soul to this man, and he cruelly betrayed the trust. What would you do then?"

The captain was silent. The excitement of her manner and the vehemence of her passionate words had heightened the flush upon her cheeks, until she appeared to him royally, divinely beautiful. Standing gracefully by the chair from which she had unconsciously risen, her soft eyes grown hard and sparkling with unnatural fire, she looked at him steadily as she continued:

"Suppose that another woman—your sister, whose comforting ministrations should have soothed and healed the heartless, cruel wound which his hand had given you—had loved this man in secret. Suppose she exulted in your disgrace, rejoiced in your fearful fall. Suppose, when the worst came, she cast you out from all claim upon her sisterly love and reviled you in terms selected for the refinement of their cruelty, and when, at last, broken-hearted and bowed down with grief and shame, you fled from the house which was a home no more, her jealous hatred followed you until you could find no resting-place for your poor, weary, aching head, except among the haunts of the low and vile, where you found at least some sympathy from the lost creatures who had half forgotten memories of similar sorrow. Tell me, had these things happened to you, would you have borne them with more courage than I?"

"Is that your history?" asked the captain, after a moment's silence.

"It is only a part of it," she replied. "The worst blow of all came to me last night. Throughout the whole, I had loved the man who destroyed me. He had deserted me, left me heartlessly to meet the discovery of my shame alone, but, though he sailed for distant lands and I knew he would never come back to me, still every chord of my nature clung to him with a despairing devotion such as a woman whose heart has been robbed of all its dearest ties and racked with a hopeless misery, alone can feel. Last night I heard that he was dead. She had known it long ago, but the news came to me with the crushing force of a death-blow. What was left for me then, but the dark and glistening river, that would take me upon its soft and yielding bosom and bear me gently away to my death?"

She sank into her seat again and leaned her head wearily against the mantel. Captain John, half-frightened at her passionate eloquence, gazed wonderingly at her for several moments before he ventured to speak.

"And your life since leaving your home?" he said, at last.

"O, ask me not about that," she said, bitterly. "My life since then has been no credit to me. What could I do towards preserving whatever of womanly purity I still possessed, among the wretched beings in whose society my hard fate had thrown me? Judge me not too harshly. I tried to save myself, and I failed miserably. At least I must have earned my daily bread."

"Poor child!" murmured the captain, softly, as if to himself.

She started at the words and, rising from her seat, came to his chair and dropped upon her knees at his feet.

"O sir," she cried, "I know that you are my friend. Save me from a fate that I cannot escape alone. Take me away from this life that my sin has brought upon me, and give me one chance to become more worthy of your goodness to me. I can work, if you will help me find employment. I will do anything to deserve your confidence in me, and to regain any part of what I have lost. Help me."

She bowed her head upon his knee and, bursting into tears, sobbed as though her heart would break; and Captain John Burrill, with tears in his own honest eyes, passed his great, rough, kindly hand backwards and forwards soothingly over the soft, brown hair, and gently whispered to her words of comfort. Then, bidding her bring a cricket and sit by his side, he took her hand tenderly in his

own, and tried to lead her thoughts away from her past life and direct them towards the brighter and more hopeful future. And as she became more quiet and the peaceful influence of the flickering firelight enwrapped them both, he ceased to speak, lest he should disturb the reverie into which she had fallen, and, heedless of the flight of time, they sat thus before the glowing coals, while between them a human sympathy was cementing a mute, invisible bond which future events were destined to bind more closely about them both. And thus they were still sitting when the shining figure-head of Tom Saddler inserted itself at the door to inquire as to the necessity for more coal upon the fire. Then Captain Burrill, warned of the lateness of the hour, and somewhat abashed at being discovered thus by his nautical friend, quietly rose to take his leave.

"You shall have the chance to redeem yourself, Mary," he said, taking her hand. "I will do what I can to find work for you, and for the present you can give me no better proof of your gratitude and sincerity, than by making this your home and accepting and enjoying whatever poor little arrangements I may be able to make for your comfort."

And now, next to getting married, providing a means of rescue for Mary Marsh became the chief concern of Captain Burrill's daily life. Between the house in Frankfort street, his ship and the company of Marion Marshall, he divided his time pretty equally. The more he thought the matter over, the more strongly he became convinced that there was no necessity for mentioning his interest in the girl to his intended wife. A false construction might be placed upon his relation of the affair. His frequent visits might be viewed uncharitably, and on the whole he was not sure that Marion would sympathize with his feelings in the matter. She was a proud girl, and disposed in general to restrain these little benevolent descents from dignity on the captain's part. Therefore, from fear lest his course might offend, Captain Burrill resolved for the present to keep his secret to himself.

With Saddler's help, he found, after a search of several days, a manufacturer of cravats, who agreed to take her into his workshop at a small compensation, and although the captain knew that she was capable of better things than this, she was so anxious to be doing something, however little, that he consented to her taking the place until a better could be found. As she realized her security

in this new position and began to feel that the old life was really left behind, she began also to appreciably improve in spirits and appearance. Numberless little contrivances of taste in dress, forgotten and uncared for during the dark days of her former wretchedness, began to offer themselves to the captain's notice on his visits, and it was with much satisfaction that he saw the bloom on her cheek gain brightness and permanency as the days went by. She seemed to regard his frequent visits as the chief pleasure of her life. As he ascended the dark stairs, he would almost always find her at the top of them, waiting for him expectantly. On those evenings, poor Mary Marsh would endeavor to appear at her best. But Captain Burrill never knew that her toilet on those occasions occupied half an hour longer than usual. He never knew how frequently before his arrival she had cautiously opened the door and listened for his step. He never saw the brown eyes fastened upon him, as the eyes of men sometimes fasten upon the women they love, and following him in his every movement about the room. He only knew at these times that somehow his hat would be whisked out of his hand, his overcoat removed from his shoulders, the best chair in the room wheeled up for him before the fire, and Mary seated in her old place opposite, almost before he had crossed the threshold.

It seemed somewhat strange to the captain, as he came to know Mary Marsh better, that he should so often find himself comparing her with Marion. There were no physical points of resemblance between them. Mary was light complexioned, petite in figure, and with little natural dignity beyond what her own hard life-lesson had given her. Marion was dark, of queenly presence and, as the captain himself inelegantly but forcibly expressed it, "proud as Lucifer, by George!" Yet, in spite of these dissimilarities in personal appearance, there was some subtle resemblance between them that obtruded itself upon the notice of even so unobservant a man as Captain John. When he thought of one, the image of the other inevitably floated before him, but whether this was because these two women now absorbed the chief interest of his life, or because there was really an undetected point of likeness between them, the captain, not being skilled in metaphysics, was unable to decide.

One evening—it was winter then—he came to Mary's room with a budget of news for her.

"We are in luck," he said, after he had warned himself by the fire. "I have got a place for you more adapted to your capabilities than a cravat-maker's shop. Look here!"

He took from his pocket a letter, upon which Mary, looking over his shoulder, saw the postmark, "Philadelphia."

"I have received this from a friend residing in Philadelphia," he continued, "who writes to request my services in finding for him a governess for his children, two little girls of six and eight years. He asks me to send him a person of refinement, well educated and not too old to have some sympathies in common with the pupils who will be placed in her charge. For a teacher who will fulfil these requirements he will pay the sum of eight hundred dollars a year, besides receiving her on an equal social footing with the members of his own family. And whom can I recommend, Mary, but you? You have had an excellent education, and in the work of cultivating these little, fresh hearts and intellects you will find the best assistance and grace for your own reformation."

He had expected her to overwhelm him with a profusion of thanks. He looked at least for some outward show of gratitude and enthusiasm. But she stood by his side gazing thoughtfully in the fire, and her cheek had grown white as the ashes beneath the grate.

"Mary," said the captain, reproachfully, "isn't this good news for you? Don't you rejoice at it, as I have done all day before I came here?"

Still she made him no answer, and the captain, a little disappointed, put the letter back in his pocket.

"O Captain Burrill," she said, coming to herself at last, "is there no other way? Must I really go to Philadelphia?"

"Certainly not," replied the captain, in some surprise; "certainly not, if you have any objection, but you will never have another chance like this. Are you in doubt as to your ability? I have no fears of that."

"No," she said, "not that—not that."

"And what then?" asked the captain. "I should suppose you would be willing to make any sacrifice to get away from the scene of your past life. I imagined this city to be odious to you."

She turned away from the fire abruptly and, walking to the window, looked wearily out into the night. The captain, after a moment's hesitating wonder at her strange manner, followed her.

"Mary," he said, "there is some weighty reason why you do not think favorably of this plan. Can you not yet believe me to be your friend? No one can have your interests more at heart than I. Will you tell me what this objection is?"

"O," she cried, burying her face in her hands, "it is because you are so good a friend to me that I cannot tell you. You would hate me, you would despise me, if I should whisper it."

"Can it be worse than what you have already told me?" he asked. "You have related some terrible things about yourself, and yet I have not hated or despised you."

"It is worse—a thousand times worse," she said, "because it betrays a weakness I thought I had conquered long ago. Spare me this, sir, and let me go on in the old way. I am earning very little, but let me stay here."

"You shall stay, if you desire it," said Captain Burrill, knitting his brow; "but you have disappointed me."

"O my God!" she cried, wringing her hands. "You will wrench it from me. Can you not see the truth?"

"No, on my life I can't," replied the captain, bewilderedly.

She turned to him and gently folded her white arms about his neck.

"I love you!" she whispered.

If a thunderbolt had come crashing through the ceiling and buried itself at the captain's feet, or Satan had risen, robed in all his blazing terrors, from the glowing coals in the fireplace, the captain could hardly have been more completely astounded. So great was his amazement that he involuntarily recoiled a step and seized the woman by the wrist. In an instant she tore herself from his grasp and sank down upon the floor, trembling like a leaf.

"I knew it," she cried, swaying herself to and fro in the intensity of her emotion. "Why don't you tell me that you hate me? Why don't you strike me from you in scorn and contempt? But you made me say it. You made me say it."

So bewildered was the captain still, that he remained gazing at her for several moments in a sort of stupefaction, without replying a word. When he came to his senses at last, he gently raised her to her feet and led her to a chair.

"Mary," he said, taking a seat beside her, "you have surprised me more greatly than I can express, but do not believe that I hate

you or condemn you. Still let me be your friend—your sincere and faithful friend—as I have been since that dreadful night of long ago. More than that I cannot be, for whatever I may once have been, I am now no longer in possession of my freedom. I can blame no one but myself for this. I should have told you long ago."

And then, as gently as he could, he whispered to her listening ears his own story. He told her of his early life, his subsequent career upon the sea, his success and rapid promotion in his profession. He spoke of his little windfall of fortune, and, lastly, he told her of his approaching marriage, and described to her the virtues of his intended wife. Throughout the whole of the recital his listener sat motionless, her eyes fixed steadily upon the fire and her hands fast clasped in one another. As he ceased his story, she raised her head and asked a simple question.

"Will you tell me the name of your future wife?"

Simple as was the request, Captain Burrill could scarcely bring himself to answer it. Again the resemblance between these two women flashed into his mind, and an indefinite feeling of restraint in speaking of one to the other seemed to place a seal upon his lips. But still did Mary Marsh look into his face inquiringly, and Captain Burrill, unable to withstand the mute appeal of those deep brown eyes, turned towards them and answered her:

"She is the daughter of my employer. Her name is Marion Marshall."

The girl's features contracted as with a spasm of intense physical pain, but the feeling, whatever it was, passed as quickly as it came, and left her as before, gazing dreamily into the coals.

"Do you love her?" she asked, after a moment's silence.

"Yes," said the captain, wondering. "That is, I think so. Why yes, of course I do," and he laughed at his own absurdity.

"Would you die for her?" asked Mary.

The captain looked at her in some perplexity. He had never asked himself such serious questions as these. When he first met Marion Marshall, he had become lost in admiration at her royal beauty, her intelligence and her accomplishments. She was something as far beyond the ideal which had been the aim of his ambition through all his life—a woman so much superior to all his idle dreams of what his future wife should be—that, in the surprise

and delight at finding her really in his possession, he had hardly stopped to ask himself whether his feeling was a love springing from the depths of the heart, like the deep-sea swell in mid-ocean, or only a transient emotion, like the breaking of a wave over a shallow bar in a passing gust of wind.

"I don't know," he replied, to Mary's question. "I don't see how I can tell until an opportunity offers. I suppose I would."

"If he loved her truly," thought Mary, "he would *know* that he would die for her."

Long after the captain had gone that night did Mary Marsh sit gazing wearily into the fire. On parting, he had left the imprint of his lips upon her forehead, and it seemed to her that the kiss was burning there like a coal of fire. Yet in her face was an expression of blank despair—the sorrow of desolation. She was alone again. A desire to leave the spot which had witnessed the extent of her humiliation, and to tear herself loose from the protection of him whose presence her own shame would henceforth render painful to her, took fierce possession of her heart. Once more to cast herself upon the mercies of the world, perhaps to seek even yet a home beneath the dark waters of the river, became her purpose now. Wearily, wearily sighing to think how wretched had been her failure to regain her fair fame once more; wearily pressing her hand to her aching heart to silence its burning throbs, she rose from her seat at last and began to collect her few scanty articles of dress. From place to place about the room she went, thinking, at every turn, of the happy memories with which each nook of the poor apartment was fraught—memories of the pleasant hours which she had passed with him and in listening to his kind words of encouragement and comfort. The things which he had given her she left untouched, and dressing herself in the faded gown and shawl which she had worn on the night of her rescue—a night which came to her recollection now with a distinctness that made her shudder—she sat down once more before the fire with her hood held carelessly in her hand, to dream one more dream of the things that might have been, before she loosed her grasp upon those golden possibilities forever. How long she sat thus she knew not, but the fire had deadened into a purple heap of mouldering ashes, and was sending a single spiral wreath of smoke curling softly up the chimney before she came to herself again. Then with a sudden cry she

sprang to her feet and, with one lingering look around the room, passed quickly across the threshold and gently closed the door behind her.

On finding herself in the street, Mary Marsh stood still in momentary indecision. Whither she should go or what she should do was a question that, until now, had scarcely crossed her mind. The snow was coming softly down and already the silent streets were covered with a white and fleecy carpet. A dread of returning to her old haunts, and a lingering desire to breathe a last farewell to him whom she had made the object of her hopeless love, decided her to turn her footsteps northward, and wrapping her thin shawl tightly about her shivering shoulders, she turned her face against the cutting storm and started towards Jacob Marshall's house.

It was a long walk, and nearly an hour had passed before she arrived before the wide portal of the mansion. Although the hour was not far from three o'clock, a light was burning in one of the upper chambers, and rightly conjecturing this to be the captain's room, she looked towards it reverently and softly whispered a prayer for the future welfare of the occupant. Then with a sad farewell upon her lips and a cutting pain at her heart, she turned away to retrace her steps through the freshly-fallen snow.

As she did so, her eyes fell upon the figure of a man, seen indistinctly through the darkness and the blinding storm, emerging from beneath the shadow of a doorway on the opposite side of the street. The man stood for a moment on the sidewalk and gazed cautiously around him, while Mary, with a new feeling in her bosom which caused her to shrink from the possibility of being accosted at that hour of the night, herself withdrew behind a pile of bricks before an unfinished building and waited for him to pass on. As the figure slowly advanced towards the street lamp, however, a peculiarity in his halting gait attracted her attention, and as his face was turned towards her in the glare of the light, she, with a start of surprise, recognized the man as an old acquaintance. As she had hinted to the captain, her life, previous to his discovery of her, had not been especially creditable in its associations. Chief among those with whom she had been thrown in contact during those dark and dreadful days, was a noted thief and burglar, a man whose daring and cunning were only equalled by his ferocity and brutality. Pinky McGuire,

hideous in feature and revolting in every aspect of his nature, had still a soft spot in his heart which Mary's beauty had touched, and he had made himself her compulsory companion too often for her not to have become thoroughly acquainted with his appearance. And if Mary Marsh was not greatly mistaken, Pinky McGuire stood before her now, intent, as she could have sworn, upon some mischief of no ordinary magnitude.

The Marshall mansion stood upon a corner, and had connected with it a large garden which extended some distance in the rear of the house, and which was hidden from the view of persons passing through the side street by a high brick wall. With this garden, communication was had by means of a small green gate, used chiefly by the butchers' boys and milkmen, as affording the easiest access to the kitchen. Pinky McGuire, after standing for some moments upon the sidewalk, listening for approaching footsteps, crossed the street and stepped cautiously to this gate. Then, pulling from his pocket a long, brass key, he gave one more furtive look up the street, and, unlocking the barrier, passed into the garden, leaving the gate ajar behind him.

All of these proceedings were perfectly visible to Mary from her place of concealment before the house, and it needed no great discernment upon her part to convince her that Mr. McGuire intended nothing less than a burglary. Shuddering as she thought of the consequences of being discovered by the monster, her desire to apprise the family of their danger outweighed every consideration of prudence, and she resolved, if the thing were possible, to thwart the bold rascal by alarming the household. She waited for several moments and heard nothing. Then she stole cautiously to the half-opened gate and was edified by the sight of Mr. McGuire's brogans just disappearing over the kitchen window-sill. After listening again until she felt sure that the coast was clear, she dropped her shawl upon the ground and followed him.

As if she were well acquainted with every inch of the premises, she sped swiftly across the kitchen to the hall beyond and ascended the broad stairs, stopping at each landing to listen. She knew that the captain was still awake, and forgetting the equivocal position in which she would be placed were she discovered, she wended her way as quickly as she could with any degree of caution, towards the guests' chamber, where from the street she had noticed a light still burning. So well did

she seem acquainted with the house, that she lost no time in reaching the room. A little slanting ray of light streaming from the key-hole told her that the inmate had not yet retired, and with an unuttered prayer in her heart that her summons might arouse none but the captain, she raised her hand to knock upon the door.

But, noiseless as had been her movements, they had been heard. Before she could execute her purpose, two brawny arms closed tightly around her and she knew that she was in the grasp of Pinky McGuire. Turning partly in his embrace, she seized his hands with all her feeble strength and screamed aloud. With a fierce oath, the brute pushed her against the wall and, raising his arm, struck her senseless to the floor. In a moment more the door of the captain's room flew open and let a flood of light stream forth into the hall. Something glittered in the captain's hand, and the burglar had scarcely time to leap for the stairway before the report of a pistol rang through the house and a bullet grazed his cheek and buried itself in the plastering above.

Leaving Mr. McGuire to make his undignified escape, the captain stooped over the prostrate body of the girl. Raising her head upon his knee, he recognized her features with a cry of alarm. The inmates of the mansion, flocking to the scene in all stages of dishabille, had been too thoroughly frightened by the report of the pistol to notice the captain's position.

"There has been an attempt at burglary," he said, in answer to their excited questions, "and perhaps a murder. Search the lower part of the house, some of you. Where's Mr. Marshall? Somebody must do something for this poor child."

Marion, emerging from her room robed in a silken wrapper, was the only individual of the thoroughly alarmed household who retained any degree of presence of mind. Advancing in quiet dignity across the hall, she stooped with the captain over the senseless girl, whose brown hair was falling loosely across his knee. Then she, too, started back with an exclamation of surprise.

"Blanche!" she cried.

"No, not Blanche," replied the captain, "but Mary Marsh. I know her well. For Heaven's sake, Marion, have these stupid servants bring me some water. I fear she is dying."

"You know her well?" said Marion, slowly,

without heeding his request. "And I know her well—too well. If you entertain the regard for me which you have hitherto professed, you will have her sent to the nearest police station."

"To the police station? She?" said the captain, in astonishment.

"Yes, at once." She stooped and whispered to him fiercely before turning away, "I hate her!"

"But, Marion," said Captain Burrill, "the girl is dying. Will none of you help me?" he asked, turning to the servants.

"You will assist him at your peril," she cried, to one or two of them who, with terror in their faces, had turned to go down stairs. "I appeal to the master of this house, Captain Burrill, for confirmation of my orders."

But the captain did not hear her, for the woman in his arms opened her eyes—those soft, brown orbs which had gazed into his so many times before—and a faint, fluttering sigh escaped her pale lips. Raising her gently, the captain carried her into his own room and laid her tenderly upon his own bed. Then, sitting by her side, he softly clasped her hands until she came slowly to herself again, and he was able to draw her head against his shoulder.

"My poor child," he whispered, as she looked into his face with a wild terror in her eyes; "no harm can come to you now. Don't explain anything. I believe in you still."

"Take me away from this dreadful house," she exclaimed, trembling with agitation as she became aware of the group around her. "Let me go. O don't, don't let my father see me here."

"Your father!" said the captain, in amazement.

"Yes. You have never known but half the truth. O, let me go."

She turned towards the door as she spoke, and her eyes fell upon the figure of old Jacob Marshall standing with Marion upon the threshold. With a wild cry she sprang from the bed and fell upon her knees before them.

"Father! Sister!"

But Marion looked down upon the kneeling, self-abashed girl with a cold, hard stare, in which was no feeling of kindness or charity.

"Never call me by that name again," she said. "Have you not disgraced us enough already? One would think the robbery of our domestic peace had been enough, without this attempt upon our money too."

"No, no," cried Blanche, wringing her hands in the agony of despair. "I am innocent of that. Believe me, I have only tried to save you. Let me go, I will never trouble you with my presence again. You shall never see me, never hear of me, but believe me that I am innocent of this."

Upon Jacob Marshall's face there came a red, hot flush. His whole frame trembled evidently, though whether with passion or emotion, Captain Burrill could not for a moment decide. As the old man's words found utterance, however, the captain's doubts were quickly put at rest.

"Harlot!" cried Jacob Marshall. "You have no claim upon our pity or credulity. Leave the house!"

"Stay where you are," shouted the captain, springing to his feet. "Jacob Marshall, whatever this girl may be, and whatever her life has been, she has called you by the sacred name of father. Remembering this, and remembering that this night she has saved your property and perhaps your life, can you turn her from your doors without one word of comfort or of pity?"

"Who asked you to interfere?" blurted the old man, bursting with rage. "D—n me! Can't I manage affairs under my own roof?"

"You are not what I thought you," said Captain John, forgetting, in the earnestness of his kindly heart, that by bearding Jacob Marshall, he was risking forever his future prospects. "Surely you, Marion, will not see your sister turned heartlessly into the street!"

"Since you know the girl so well, sir, and manifest such anxiety in her behalf," said Marion, scarcely less furious than her father, "you would do well to provide for her yourself. Marion Marshall can never forget an insult."

"I had no intention of insulting anybody," replied the captain; "but this poor child has been under my own protection for a long time, and I should consider myself false to my trust, and false to my word to her, did I stand quietly by and see her turned from her father's doors into the street. How she came here to-night, I know not, nor do I care. I have never yet found cause to distrust her and I believe in her now."

Poor Blanche had risen to her feet during this fiery controversy, and now stood in the middle of the room nervously wringing her hands and repeating, as if to herself, "why didn't he let me die? Why did I ever meet him?" Jacob Marshall, looking from one to

the other, and purple with apoplectic fury, stamped violently upon the floor.

"This is all an infernal plot," he screamed, "an infernal plot to rob me. Leave the house, sir. Never again cross my threshold, sir, or command another ship of mine. I wash my hands of you. Marion, I command you never to speak to this man again. Do you hear? never speak to him."

"Your command is unnecessary, father," she said. "Our relations are at an end."

She turned haughtily away, and with the queenly step which Captain Burrill had once admired as the very embodiment of grace, sought her own apartment.

Without a word, the captain took down his hat and overcoat and slowly put them on. When this operation was finished, he turned to Blanche, who stood watching him in a kind of speechless bewilderment.

"We are both in for it," he said, smiling cheerfully to reassure her. "Come. I shall

want you to take care of me now." He threw a heavy blanket shawl across her shoulders and, taking her by the hand, led her past her father and down the stairs.

"Send the rest of my luggage to Lovejoy's," he shouted, to the servants as he passed them. Then, unlocking the street door, he led his trembling charge out into the storm and, with a spiteful bang, closed the Marshall mansion behind him forever.

And so he brought Blanche Marshall back to the old place in Frankfort street and once more placed her in Tom Saddler's care. Shall it be told that before many months had passed, this rubicund visaged guardian resigned his trust into sifter and more sympathetic hands? Perhaps the reader has not guessed that during all this time poor Blanche had been warming Captain Burrill's heart for him. For his battle in her behalf, he asked her for his pay at last, and she gave him—herself.

THE FATE OF THE REDGAUNTLET.

BY W. H. MACY.

In the month of July, 185-, we anchored, in the barque *Zodiac*, within about four miles of the sterile coast of Siberia on the northern shore of the Ochotsk Sea. It had been calm since morning, and no whales had been seen. A boat expedition was at once despatched to explore further inshore, as the polar whale is often met with close in to the rocks in very shallow water. My place was with the second mate, as midship-oarsman, and we soon separated from the other boats; for we pulled on diverging lines, so as to approach the shore at different points, and thus "spread the chances" of meeting with our giant prey.

After two or three hours spent in fruitless search, we beached the boat in a snug little cove, and took a run on shore. The boat-steerer and I left the rest of the party, and climbed a high hill whence we could look seaward and command a more extensive prospect. But we saw nothing but the broad expanse of smooth water, and the *Zodiac* riding at her anchor in the far distance. Unwilling to return, we pressed onward, ascending and descending, sometimes jumping from rock to rock, until we mounted a still higher eminence which formed the headland of a small bay, until then unseen.

We had lost our own ship from view before we gained the western brow of this bluff, where we could look down into the bay. The scene before us was such as to transfix us with astonishment, expecting, as we did, to behold nothing but Nature's work, bearing the stamp of perpetual solitude.

The beach, as well as the tussock-land of the little valley beneath, was alive with strange-looking human beings in uncouth dresses, running to and fro, as if all in search of the same thing. There must have been more than a hundred in sight, though we did not make any actual count. Two small boats and a ship's long-boat lay at the water-side, and within less than a mile of the shore, a large ship had dropped her anchor. The sails were hanging in all sorts of festoons, no two alike, as if they had made a clumsy attempt to clove them up, and abandoned the job when half finished.

On the deck of the ship were another hundred, more or less, of the same description of beings, duplicates of those on shore. The vessel herself, though apparently of a superior class, showed evident signs of a want of seamanlike care about her sails and rigging. Her hull looked worn and rusty, and marine

grass was clinging thickly along the bends.

"Who and what are they?" said my companion, Peterson. "The ship is no whaler, anybody can tell. And what would anybody else but whalers want here in this sea?"

"The ship has run away with them," said I. "or they with her; it's hard to say which. Can they be Russians?"

"No, there's no look of the Russian about them. There's too many of them to be the regular crew of a craft like that; for there are no man-of-war marks about her. She's either an emigrant ship or a transport with troops."

At this moment some one of those below caught sight of us standing on the brow of the hill. The word was quickly passed among the crowd, and their faces were all upturned at once, with wild clamor and speculation.

"Chinamen?" said I, at once. "No other people ever had their eyes set into their heads at such an angle as that."

"They've coiled up their tails and stowed them away under their hats," added my comrade. "That's why we didn't make them out sooner. But they've got terribly out of their reckoning, to bring up here in Siberia. What do you suppose they are hunting for?"

"Grub, to be sure; but mighty little of it they'll find here. They have run short of provisions. See! they are trying to climb up here to speak to us."

"We can do nothing for them; and I don't care to trust myself among two hundred hungry Chinese. They might eat us without salt."

"We had better hurry back and report what we have seen. I don't understand how such a ship as that (for she appears to be English) should be in possession of this mob. There must have been some kind of foul play about it."

We hastened back towards where we had left the rest of the boat's crew, leaving the Chinese to follow, which some of them appeared to be determined on doing, as fast as they were able. We arrived none too soon. The officer already had the boat afloat, and was waiting impatiently for us; indeed he would soon have pushed off with the men he had, and left us behind. Dark clouds in the south-eastern board betokened a wild night. The Zodiac was already under way and crowding sail hard to claw off from the land, while the most urgent signals were flying for our return. The other boats had been seen

to start out long ago. We began to relate what we had seen, but were summarily cut short by the officer.

"Can't help it, now, if the whole Chinese race are starving over there! Pull ahead! Let's get aboard before it blows on a gale. It will be too thick in an hour from now, to find the ship, and we shall be half way between somewhere and nowhere."

We understood well enough that such a situation, wherever it might be, was an undesirable one. We plied our oars with a will, and luckily got safely on board before our ship was hidden in the mist. We saw three of the Chinese, who had climbed over the hills, run down the beach and extend their arms in air above their heads. But we could do nothing for them.

It blew a severe gale all that night, and we carried what sail our spars would bear to keep her off the lee shore. There was but little darkness in so high a latitude at that season of the year. But the mist was so thick that nothing could be seen. We talked over the situation of the poor Chinese among ourselves, and saw nothing but starvation before them in that barren spot; while all agreed that there was no possible chance of escape for the strange ship, lying, as she did, with her canvas loosed, and everything in confusion, when the gale came on.

When at length the south-easter had blown itself out, the weather cleared with light winds off the land, and it was not until the third day that we again approached the headland which Peterson and I recognized and pointed out. We passed it with the ship and opened to view the little bight beyond, where we had seen the strange vessel at anchor.

Our minds were, to some extent, prepared for the spectacle of utter destruction that met our view. The whole extent of beach between the two headlands was strewn with a chaos of wreck. Spars, cordage, sails, timber, casks, iron-work and all the thousand and one things comprising the material and fittings of the once proud ship, were heaped in wildest confusion. Not enough of her remained in the original form to point out the particular spot where she had struck.

The Chinese greeted us with yells, not strong but shrill, such as starving men might well utter. Our boats, loaded with provisions, were soon speeding away towards the beach on an errand of mercy. I could not fail to observe, as we neared them, that their num-

bers had been greatly reduced within three days. The whole force could hardly have been a hundred, in sight; while we had estimated it at more than double that number on the former occasion, including, of course, those afloat.

The poor ravenous wretches had to be kept back by force, that the distribution of food might take place in such a manner that all would receive a fair share. There was no lack of fresh water, and they had already managed to make several fires, which were burning fiercely. But of food there was literally nothing to be found here, save a few muscles at low water.

With some of the ship's sails, they had built a rude shelter, away up high and dry. Under this canopy, we found several poor fellows, who, weak from want of food, or disabled by injuries received at the time of the shipwreck, were unable to crawl out and join the rest, who appeared to care very little whether they lived or died. And, searching still further, we found, stretched out to die in an obscure corner of the tent, a boy, with fair hair and Anglo-Saxon features, emaciated to a skeleton by hunger and brutal treatment.

Tenderly we lifted the lad and carried him to one of the boats, which was at once sent to convey him on board the barque. We directed the Chinese, all who were strong enough, to follow the shore of the sea towards Ochotak city, where they would find succor at the hands of the Russians. We saw no way to dispose of the remnant but to take them on board for the present. We might divide them among the various whaleships when we should again meet the fleet. Just now, we had the burden all on our own shoulders; for the American ships had all gone, either up into the northeast gulf, or over to the Shantar side.

Hardly a man was found among the Celestials who could talk more than a few words of "pigeon-English," nor was it likely that what they would tell us was to be depended upon as truth. We supplied them with provisions to last them, with care, for a few days, and saw them started on their overland journey. Some ten or twelve of the wounded and infirm were taken on board, and we made sail to the southwest.

With tender care and judicious treatment, the boy was so far restored in a few days, as to be able to throw light upon the strange affair, and clear up the mystery that hung over it.

The ship to which he had belonged was the *Redgauntlet*, owned in London, and chartered at Macao, to carry a cargo of Chinese laborers to the Chinha Islands, to work among the guano deposits. She had sailed from Macao with nearly four hundred on board, all young and able-bodied men, but drawn from the most depraved and reckless class of the Chinese population.

It did not appear, from the boy's story, that the possibility of any trouble or outbreak among the coolies had ever entered the mind of Captain Duganne. For no extraordinary precautions had been taken, such as are always considered a matter of course in vessels employed in similar service, as Guinea slavers, and convict-ships bound to the penal settlements. The vessel sailed with only her regular complement of twelve men before the mast; and a watch which was barely sufficient to work the vessel, could hardly be expected to exercise much vigilance over an army of barbarians.

Nor did the commander show much discretion in his conduct towards his passengers. He was a hard, overbearing man, as well in his dealings with them as with his own crew. The coolies were kept on a very meagre allowance of provisions and water, even from the outset of the voyage. And at the first symptoms of discontent among them he had them all confined between-decks under gratings, and only allowed to take the air at stated periods, a few at a time. In vain the officers remonstrated, and enlarged upon the difficulty of enforcing such orders with the small force at their command. The captain became more and more tyrannical, and the coolies, who had embarked well-satisfied and in good spirits, were, day by day, inspired with deeper hatred towards him.

They met with much bad weather in the China Sea, but worked their way through it, and were, at last, as they thought, in a fair way for a pleasant run across the Pacific. But that very night, after the gratings had been fastened down as usual, an unwonted noise and stir was observable among the Chinese; and on investigation, it was found that they had forced their way through the bulkhead into the run under the cabin-floor, and had secured possession of two barrels of rum which had been stowed there.

Captain Duganne was now thoroughly alarmed, as well he might be. It was madness to attempt to recover the liquor from them; nothing could be done but to keep

them confined below until they had swallowed it all, and got over their revel. The noise subsided about midnight, and the watch grew careless again, supposing the coolies were sleeping off the effect of their potations. But with characteristic cunning, they had thus thrown the crew and officers off their guard at the very time they had planned for their uprising. At six bells in the middle watch, when all was still both on deck and below, the gratings were suddenly burst upward, and the Chinamen, mad with rum and rage, pounced up at the hatchways like a volcanic eruption, making night hideous with their peculiar savage war-cry.

The few men in charge of the deck made a desperate resistance; but the struggle was short. The human wave rolled on and overwhelmed them, the coolies displaying the most utter recklessness of life, closing upon the seamen and bearing them down by sheer weight of numbers. In a few minutes, the Englishmen were thrown into the sea, some of them yet alive, and the deck of the Redgauntlet swarmed with mutineers in full possession.

Some of the watch below, who rushed out on hearing the alarm, shared the fate of the rest; but the mate and two seamen made their way into the lower hold. The captain, coming out of the cabin, was met and felled by the blow of a handspike. Andrew, the boy, who was directly behind him, was seized by one of the coolies, who seemed to be a leader among them, and pushed into the round-house. The door was closed upon him, and he was left undisturbed for a time, as most of the crowd supposed he had been thrown overboard.

He heard them beat the captain to death with all sorts of weapons, and saw them, through a chink, wreaking their vengeance upon the inanimate body before it was thrown overboard like the others. Then there was a rush of the Chinese to the main-hatchway, apparently attracted by some special alarm in that direction. Andrew pushed open the door and stepped out from his prison-house to see what was going on.

The crowd in and about the main-hatchway was very dense, and a confused jabbering, as of drunken men divided in their counsels, was going on, when suddenly an explosion was heard that appeared to shake the ship to her keel. The crowd surged back amid a sulphurous smoke, and shrieks of agony rent the air.

The boy, appalled at the sight, stood still as the coolies rushed aft. He was seized by two stout fellows, who lifted him on the rail, and were in the act of throwing him to the sharks, when the man who had already once saved his life again interfered. This man, who seemed to have some sway over his comrades, now took Andrew by the collar, and enjoining silence, made a loud speech, to which all the rest appeared to assent. He was then given to understand that he could go about unmolested.

At daybreak, the Chinese began to throw overboard such of their comrades as had been killed by the explosion. Had they been so many dogs or pigs, the survivors could not have disposed of them more coolly. They crowded into the hold, reckless of danger, where they found the mate and the two sailors, also killed by their own mine. Andrew heard the splashes as they were tossed into the sea, one after another; but the sight was too dreadful for the boy to look upon.

He supposed that the mate had arranged a keg of powder with a train, near the main-hatch, and had called the Chinese round it, with a view of destroying the greater part of them by this means. But he must either have miscalculated his fuse, or else have fired the train by accident sooner than he had intended; so that he and his men had no opportunity to escape.

The coolies now having full and undisputed possession of the vessel, gave themselves up for the whole of that day to feasting and revelry. With her helm lashed amidships, the ship went wherever wind and weather might carry her. But it held fine and moderate for twenty-four hours, by which time the liquor had been all drank or wasted, and more sober counsels prevailed.

The numbers of the Chinese were greatly reduced, fully a hundred of them having been killed or mortally wounded, in the first attack, and by the after explosion at the hatchway. But they seemed to care nothing about this; human life was of so little account, as to be hardly worth bestowing a thought upon.

Andrew's preserver, Kung-Chow, as he was called, now took the command, so far as any one could be said to do so. A man was put at the helm and an attempt made to keep the ship headed to the northward. They dared not return to a Chinese port where the ship would be known; but their idea was, to make land somewhere in one of the Japan

islands, of which they possessed a kind of vague knowledge. But they only knew that they lay somewhere to the north of them, and had no skill in working or estimating longitude; while the boy himself knew little more about those matters than they did. The chronometer, not having been wound, had run down and stopped; so that he could make no use even of his limited knowledge.

The boy's account of the proceedings on board the Redgauntlet after this date was gathered at various times in disconnected fragments; and is necessarily rambling, like the cruise itself. The scenes among three hundred reckless semi-savages, adrift in the Pacific, with little or no knowledge of navigating, guiding or handling a ship, may be imagined. The Chinese took advantage of fair weather to take in the light sails and furl them, after a fashion, under the boy's direction. With the heavier ones they could do no more than Spanish-reef them; letting them run down when it blew fresh, and hoisting them up again when it moderated.

Almost every day, they had terrible fights among themselves in which all sorts of weapons were freely used; and at such times, the authority of Kung-Chow was completely set at naught. Many were killed in these brawls, and, as before observed, were forgotten as soon as they were put out of sight. The boy was frequently beaten and maltreated, living in constant fear; but his life was always spared, at the intercession of Kung-Chow.

Owing to the filthy condition of the ship, disease of an infectious character broke out among them, and the mortality, for a time, was frightful. But this abated as they drew into colder latitudes, and the between-decks became less crowded, in consequence of the great falling off in their numbers.

At length, after several weeks tumbling about, having kept a general northerly direction, land was discovered, to the great delight of the Chinese. They felt sure that this was one of the Japan islands, and that their wanderings would soon be at an end. The boy was now ordered to the wheel, to keep her headed in for a passage which lay open before them.

But the wind increased to a gale, and he was obliged to change the course for the safety of their lives. For two days they beat about on soundings, as they knew by the color of the water. They might literally be said to be groping in the dark; and when the sky again cleared, no land was to be seen. They

did not know, of course, what was plain enough to us, afterwards; that they had overshot their mark, had got a glimpse of one of the Kurile chain, and had drifted through into the Ochotsk Sea!

From this time, they would seem to have abandoned anything like a definite object, and to have suffered the ship to take the bit in her teeth. It was strange enough that they should have drifted away up to the northern shore, across the sea, without having been seen by any whaler.

From waste and improvidence, their provisions now ran short, and they were reduced to very short commons; for they had actually been at sea more time than would have been necessary for the ship, under proper guidance, to have made the run across the Pacific, and landed them in Peru. Day by day they reduced the allowance of food; quarrelled and fought each other to the death for a bit of bread or meat; no land met their view, and still the Redgauntlet drifted on, none knew where.

Andrew was in actual danger of starvation when the food began to run low, for the stronger of the coolies did not hesitate to rob the weaker, and the poor boy was considered fair game for all. Many a time his morsel was snatched away from him and paid for with a knock-down blow. Maddened with hunger, he one day watched an opportunity to appropriate a whole biscuit from the limited stock in the cask, but was detected in the act. Two Chinese seized him to execute summary vengeance; Kung-Chow interfered to save him; and a desperate fight ensued. Four men were killed in the *mêlée*; the boy was hardened to such sights; but his last hope seemed to have deserted him when he saw his fast friend stabbed to the heart.

He expected, as a matter of course, to be killed and thrown overboard himself. But a greater refinement of cruelty was to be displayed in their disposal of this poor lad. He was shut up in one of the hen-coops, to be starved to death!

As may be supposed, after the master-spirit Kung-Chow was gone, there was no longer even a semblance of system or subordination among the famishing wretches. That day and the next sufficed to clean out the bread-cask to the last crumb, while several deaths diminished their numbers, as they fought for the last mouthfuls. Cannibalism must be their next resource, and woe to the weaker!

But the following morning found the ship

becalmed with the land but a short distance off. They managed to clear away and drop anchor to hold her, and crowding into the boats, pushed ashore in search of anything that might sustain life. This was the day, on which Peterson and I had made the discovery, and the boy was, at that time, confined in his narrow prison on deck, waiting for death.

But that night when the gale came on, sensible that the ship must be lost, and gifted with the strength of desperation, he had forced his way out. Those on shore, holding the boats in their possession, refused to make any effort to save their comrades in the ship, and the distance was too great to attempt to pass by swimming in that temperature.

She dragged her anchor and drove, broadside on, against the rocks, with more than a hundred souls on board. Many of them, in their feeble state were washed away and drowned, but the boy escaped, almost by a miracle, reaching the shore more dead than alive. Nothing was found but a small bed of muscles, a mere mockery to a hundred or more starving men. Small parties of the strongest had started both east and west along the coast, the day before our timely arrival. But Andrew had been brought so low that he no

longer made a struggle for life. He had crawled under the canvas where we found him, and another day of starvation would have placed him beyond the reach of help.

He remained with us and finished the voyage in the Zodiac. The others whom we had taken on board were distributed in various ships.

We afterwards learned that but a small fraction of the overland parties ever reached Ochotsk city, though doubtless the poor Russian settlers thought them quite numerous enough. Many gave out exhausted on the road, and some were found dead, who bore unmistakable marks of violence.

But few relics remained of the Redgauntlet when I again visited the place, on a subsequent voyage, three years afterwards. The fierce storms of Arctic winters had swept nearly all away, and, in some places had changed even the face of the beach. A few pieces of rusty ironwork were still to be found; and, at some distance inland, a piece of a ship's headboard on which the letters "GAUNT" were legible. And near by, more suggestive than aught else, a human skull, with a part of the hair attached,—plaited in a queue, as it is worn by all, high and low, in the Celestial Empire.

TO E. E. C.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

With the long and sunny hours, with the time of song and flowers,
Sweetest friend beyond the waters, all my heart goes forth to thee;
O'er the murmuring waves dividing, to the place of thy abiding,
Who no more may share the brightness of the summer time with me.

Ah! the years since we were parted; yet still glad and joyous-hearted,
Do I welcome each bright summer, with its music and its bloom;
For gladness fills its hours, and sweet hopes, too, like its flowers,
Have a fragrant resurrection from the depth of winter's tomb.

The breezes whisper to me, and the opening blossoms woo me
With sweet odors, to sweet visions, born of beauty and of grace;
For Nature, ne'er deceiving, mocks us not for our believing,
But keeps the heart that loves her in her glad and warm embrace.

And I wander in the valleys, where she calls me to her palace,
Arched with sapphire, floored with emerald, filled with glories manifold;
Gorgeous gems in many a cluster, waters bright with changeable lustre,
Hoarding up the sun's spent arrows, glimmering, glancing shafts of gold.

For the gifts that she is bringing, doth thy heart break forth in singing,
 Joining with the winds and waters in their never-ceasing time?
 Brings it brightness at thy glances, happy hopes and blissful fancies,
 The glory that hath crowned us, with the coming of the June?

Think'st thou, sad and weary-hearted, of the summer long departed,
 Of the olden splendor vanished, that shall never crown them more?
 Of the snows that fell in whiteness, o'er the beauty and the brightness,
 That from earth fore'er hath faded, and which spring cannot restore?

Doth the voice that still doth murmur, of each unreturning summer,
 Whisper never word of promise for the days that yet shall be?
 Leaf and flower from darkness springeth, bud and bloom the season bringeth;
 Hath the miracle it worketh taught no lesson unto thee?

Is it not to thee a token of the day, by night unbroken;
 Of the land where never autumn comes with whisper of decay?
 Of the airs forever vernal, in the spring that is eternal,
 Where the brightness and the beauty ne'er shall fade and pass away?

TWICE IN LOVE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

THE cars were an hour and a half behind time, and some doubts were finding expression about their getting through at all that night. The roads and by-ways were blocked with snow-drifts, and though the storm had ceased, and here and there a star shone through the thin cumuli, the strong wind filled the air with fine icy particles that blew in one's face most disagreeably.

The half dozen waiters at the station had dwindled down to two, the station-master and a tall, stout young fellow, who, with overcoat buttoned about his ears, and trousers tucked into his boots, strode impatiently up and down the narrow platform, occasionally leaning over to look down the long line of track towards the city.

"Unfortunate, this storm," said the station-master, drawing his cap down over his ears.

"Yes," was the brief answer.

"Reckon there won't be a wedding to-night, any way."

"The cars are coming, Mr. Alden," was the quiet remark of the young man addressed, not apparently noticing his companion's suggestive remark.

There was a little silence, broken only by the labored puffing of the engine, and the steady, monotonous ringing of the bell, as the

train moved slowly up, the huge snow plow tossing the light snow in every direction.

Five or six men sprang out onto the platform, the engineer rang the bell, and the train moved slowly away. The men came into the room, stamping the snow from their feet, and huddled a moment about the stove, discussing the storm, and the various detentions on the route.

By the light of a dingy lantern swinging in the wind under the narrow awning, the young man beforementioned had scanned closely each passenger as he alighted. After the train moved off, and the men had disappeared inside, he went round to the end of the little building, and unhitching a tall, powerful-limbed horse, sprang into the carriage and drove away.

"Guess there won't be a wedding at the colonel's to-night," said Alden, coming out of his little office in the corner of the room, and locking the door carefully after him.

"Why, what's up?" asked one of the men at the stove, and the storm—the matter under discussion—was instantly abandoned.

"Why, Morrill hasn't come. He was to be here in the noon train, but he didn't come. Russ has been here waiting for over two hours, as glum as a tombstone."

"I don't believe this storm would have kept me at home if so pretty a girl as Letty Thornton was waiting to call me husband," said one of them, laughing.

"Or any other girl, pretty or ugly," was the quick rejoinder, followed by a general laugh, the speaker's weakness for women being somewhat notorious.

"He wasn't on the cars when I got in, at Dalton, for I went through the three passenger cars. If it wasn't for that I should think he got off at Benton, it's about as near Colonel Thornton's," said the first speaker, after the laugh had subsided.

"But he never stops there, the road is hard; and of course he would expect some of the colonel's folks down here to meet him," interrupted Alden.

"What time was the wedding to come off? Rather a rough trick, I say." And the weather and the lateness of the hour were quite forgotten in the absorbing interest with which the wedding, the bride and the absent groom were discussed. The interest was the more remarkable from the fact that the party was composed entirely of gentlemen, who it is well-known never take the least possible interest in weddings—except possibly their own—or gossip of any kind.

In the meantime Russell Thornton had ridden home, a long two miles, through the drifted country roads.

"If it weren't that everybody in this miserable little town knew of Letty's expected marriage it wouldn't be so annoying," he muttered, petulantly, as he came in sight of home, and saw the great square house lighted from top to bottom. "The idea of Letty's name being in the mouth of every country boor—by Heaven! I believe I should like to horsewhip Mr. Lancelot Morrill."

The door opened, and a little figure, looking itself like a snow-wreath, leaned out into the darkness, and called in the softest and clearest voices, with a little upward inflection: "Lancelot?"

"He has not come—go in out of the snow, Letty," was the abrupt, almost sharp answer.

"Not come—O Russ!"

The young man sprang from the wagon and walked directly up to the startled, trembling little figure in the doorway. The pretty bloom had all faded out of the young face, leaving it as white as the robe she wore.

"What has happened, Russ? O, tell me at once! I have been nearly wild with suspense

and alarm these two hours," she whispered, clinging to her brother's arm.

He passed his arm about her waist, and lifting her as if she had been a child, bore her through the long hall to his mother's room, and put her down in an easy-chair.

"I wouldn't tell you there, Letty," he said, holding the little limp hand tenderly in his, for some one might come out at any moment. The train was very late, owing to the storm, but three other men came through from Dalton, and he might have come as well as they. If he was ill he might have telegraphed, and so avoided this annoying *contretemps*."

"But some accident might have happened," she interposed, timidly.

"Or he might have been afraid of a few flakes of snow!" he rejoined, his haughty lip curling disdainfully.

"Russell, you are unreasonable," she said, drawing up her little figure. "I will not hear Lancelot slandered, even by you."

"Forgive me, Letty," the proud face softening instantly. "It is only on your account, darling, that I am angry. I presume there is some good reason for his detention, and doubtless to-morrow will bring it all right. I will go down and tell them that Morrill is detained by the storm, shall I?"

"Yes, O yes! And Russ, must I go down? I am so nervous!" And the little hands clutched each other convulsively.

"No, I'll make it all right with the company; thank Heaven they are only our friends. There, dear, keep up a brave heart;" and he stooped and kissed the drooping lids with caressing tenderness, and went out.

The trains came through regularly the next morning, but no Lancelot Morrill made his appearance in Blainford. They waited till afternoon and then telegraphed to Dalton. The reply came back that Lancelot Morrill had left Dalton on the 10 A. M. train of the previous day, for Blainford.

Poor Letty Thornton lay in hysterics all that night, and Colonel Thornton swore fearful oaths against the man who had put this shame and slight upon his beautiful, petted daughter. Russell started immediately for Dalton, to gather all possible particulars relating to the strange affair. They were, however, of the most meagre and unsatisfactory character.

Mrs. Boone, Morrill's landlady, said that he had told her several days before that he was to be married on the twenty-fifth of January. He had mentioned it again that morning, but

had not said whether he should return there to board. His trunk and several suits of clothing were in his room just as he left them. He had also mentioned the fact of his intended marriage to his employer—he was clerk in a large clothing house—and he had advanced him two hundred dollars on his salary.

The latest and most direct testimony, however, was from the depot-master at Dalton. He had sold him a ticket the morning of the twenty-fifth of January for Blainford, and had seen him get on the train. And, strangely enough, no one seemed to have seen him afterwards. The conductor on the train was new on the route, and did not know Morrill, and had no particular recollection of the passengers who got on that morning at Dalton.

What could have become of him? In a car containing thirty persons, in broad daylight, he certainly could not have been murdered; and if any accident or illness had overtaken him, it must in like manner have been known. But no one had seen or heard of him after the car door closed upon him at Dalton. Detectives were put to work, rewards were offered, and every effort which human thought could suggest was made to get some trace of the missing man.

Months passed away, but skill and money were in vain, and the search was at length abandoned, and Lancelot Morrill was added to the list of "mysterious disappearances," which so puzzle and bewilder human sagacity.

It was admitted to be one of the strangest of all those strange occurrences. A young man in perfect mental and physical health, with the pleasing prospect of an advantageous union with one of the loveliest of women, disappears on his marriage day, and drops, apparently, out of existence in a breath, in the most invisible manner possible to human imagination.

Colonel Thornton had only lived in Blainford a year. He was not a popular man, from the fact that he considered Blainford people an infinite number of degrees below himself and family, and of very little account, any way. He was rich, and probably thought that fact sufficient to awe his neighbors and townsmen into respect and deference. Strangely enough it did not, Blainford people were so obtuse.

Russell and Letty were the only children of Colonel Thornton, but very unlike. Russell had his father's haughty pride, but

tempered with a more generous disposition, and a gentler manner. Yet he had the same lofty contempt for common people, and the same aristocratic ideas of birth and station! Letty, on the contrary, was gentle and suave to all. A smile, a pleasant word, a graceful inclination of the head, and lo, all Blainford were her willing subjects. It was therefore with a mixed feeling of sorrow, and a sort of secret satisfaction, that they received the story of Morrill's failure to appear on his wedding night.

But as the strangeness of his disappearance developed itself, the suddenness and mystery awed them, and completely swallowed up the first more petty feeling.

A profound sentiment of pity and sympathy stirred in all their hearts, and they forgave Colonel Thornton all his coldness and haughtiness and pride, and spoke of him more kindly and respectfully.

But the sympathy of Blainford people was very annoying to both Russell and his father; and so one day the great mansion-house was sold at a great sacrifice (it had been a great sacrifice from beginning to end, for the former owner had ruined himself in its erection), and the Thorntons left Blainford and no one knew whither.

Twelve years after the incidents recorded above, a steamer, crossing Lake Erie one summer evening, brought among its passengers a quiet, retiring little woman, dressed in heavy mourning, who registered her name as Mrs. Dinsmore, Montreal. She was evidently a stranger in Detroit, and altogether unacquainted with the names or character of the public houses. She naturally shrank from making inquiry of strangers, and they were fast nearing the city and the faint summer twilight was creeping softly over the river and the lake they had just left, and casting a faint gloom over the roof and spires of the approaching town.

Something about her—her isolation and reserve, perhaps—attracted the attention of a gentleman standing near her. He had noticed her once or twice before, and once was vaguely conscious of a desire to look in her face without an intervening cloud of almost impenetrable crepe. Her hand, which was bare, was white and small, with faint dimples across the back. It was a very unusual thing for Mr. Montford to notice anything appertaining to a lady. He had been to Buffalo regularly four times a year for the last six years, and this was the first woman

to whom he had ever given a second thought. Whether some unexplainable intuition revealed to her his interest in her I cannot tell, but with a sudden swift step she crossed and came to his side.

"Are you a resident of Detroit, sir?" she asked, in a low, clear voice.

"Yes; can I be of service to you, madam?" he replied, courteously, another strong desire to look in her face coming over him.

"If you would recommend some nice, quiet hotel where I could stay a few weeks, you would do me a favor. Not too expensive," she added, "but comfortable and pleasant."

"I think I can, madam, just the place you describe," he replied, with a feeling of unusual gratification.

He then proceeded to inform her concerning the house, its location, scale of prices, accommodations, etc.

"I speak thus warmly of the place because it has been my home for nearly nine years, and I owe it a good word," he said, smiling. "You had better, though, ask some of those gentlemen, perhaps. They are old residents—men with families—and it might be more satisfactory to you to have their opinion."

"Thank you; but I think I will rely upon your recommendation," she replied, and with a bow walked away.

Mr. Montford had been to Buffalo to purchase goods. He was a merchant, doing business in Detroit, and there was nothing unusual about that; but as he drove up to his hotel he was vaguely conscious of a feeling of intense satisfaction with himself and all the world. He had bought at very favorable rates—possibly this was the cause of his elevation. He, himself, believed it to be, and yet he found his thoughts continually straying from business, and to the surprise of his fellow-boarders he did not go to his store as usual that evening, but loitered about the office and parlors until bedtime. If any one had told him he was waiting in expectation of seeing the lady with whom he had spoken on board the steamer, he would have repelled the intimation indignantly, and honestly too, it is so easy to deceive one's self. He did, however, feel it his duty, as he had recommended the house, to look at the books to see if she had accepted his recommendation and arrived safe. It would be well enough, too, to know the lady's name, in case he should happen to meet her during her stay. He read it over twice or three times to himself, "Agnes L. Dismore, Montreal, C. W." This he

knew was the name, for he had seen the initials, "A. L. D.," in the corner of a handkerchief she had in her hand when she spoke to him.

Mr. Montford was a thorough business man. Nothing ever distracted his thoughts from it, or caused him to neglect its interests for a single hour. He had come to Detroit with a small capital, but strict attention, energy and prudence had made him, after nine years' careful labor, one of the foremost among the merchants of that city. He was a bachelor, and likely to continue so, people prophesied, for, though courteous and gentlemanly, he was never gallant or attentive to women in the least possible degree. Of course, therefore, it caused some remark among the boarders when the next morning after his return, instead of breakfasting at the first table, as was his invariable custom, he waited until the second, and when the stranger made her appearance opened a conversation with her, and even accompanied her into the parlor, tarrying there several minutes. It was supposed that the lady was an old acquaintance of Montford's, at first, but some one who had been a passenger on the steamer, and had heard the conversation between them, revealed the circumstance to one of the boarders, and the fact was duly circulated and marvelled over, and as the days went by, and the intimacy increased, the interest in the subject was intense. Was it possible that this shy, quiet little creature, without any visible effort, had captured this grave, unimpressible man, for whom so many cunning snares had been set in vain?"

Mrs. Dismore was a widow of thirty, or thereabouts, it was judged. Her husband had owned property in Monroe, a lake town lying south of Detroit. She had preferred stopping in Detroit, as Mr. Gorman, a lawyer who had sometimes done business for her husband, lived in that city. She proposed putting the business in his hands, and waiting in Detroit until the sale was effected.

Fortunately Mr. Montford was a particular friend of Gorman's, and at once volunteered to bring him to the lady. Mr. Montford also thought Mrs. Dismore had better see her property, before she deputed even so reliable a man as his friend to sell it, and as he—very opportunely—had business in Monroe, and was going to drive down in his own carriage, if she liked she could go down with him, and take a look at her possessions, all of which was very kind and friendly in Mr.

Montford, and was so regarded by the lady, who already felt as if he were an old friend, and forgot her reserve and talked with him frankly of her affairs, saying little, however, of her previous life, save that she was without any nearer relative than an uncle, with whom she had been living since her husband's death, in Montreal. He was equally reticent regarding the past, but spoke freely of the present and future, of his hopes and plans—more freely than he often spoke of them to his closest friends.

During the next two weeks Mr. Montford's business at Monroe increased astonishingly. It was, moreover, quite a remarkable coincidence that it was always particularly pressing at those times when it was necessary for Mrs. Dinsmore to go down.

At length the business which had brought Mrs. Dinsmore to Detroit was settled, and the money received, and Mr. Gorman discharged from further duty in the matter. There was no reason why the pretty little widow—for she was pretty—should tarry longer; but being her own mistress, there was no reason why she should not, provided she chose. She did choose, and another two weeks passed, and then she decided to go back to Montreal. Not because Montreal looked particularly attractive to her; on the contrary she very much preferred Detroit, but after sitting down and cross-examining herself pretty closely, she decided, with a sudden blush, that it was best for her to go home immediately.

The next morning she mentioned, quite casually, of course, that she should leave on the following day. Mr. Montford, who was in the room in conversation with another gentleman, left him abruptly, and went out. He did not return at the dinner hour, but about four o'clock he drove up in his carriage, and went at once to the ladies' parlor. It was quite deserted, and ringing the bell, he requested the servant to ask Mrs. Dinsmore to come down. The servant soon returned from his errand with the word that the lady was out.

Mrs. Dinsmore was walking slowly through the busy, hurrying crowd, as perfectly alone as if she were in the most impenetrable forest. Men and women crowded past her in their haste, but she did not look up. Her eyes were sad, and her lips tremulous, and a faint sigh now and then fluttered over them. Suddenly a carriage which she knew drew up at the sidewalk a few rods in advance of her, and a gentleman sprang out. The blood

surged to her face, but the friendly crape shielded her from observation.

"I was looking for you," he said, in a low tone, touching her arm, "will you ride?"

She gave him her hand and stepped into the carriage in silence. Very soon she became aware that they were driving away from the city. The noise, and smoke, and bustle fell away like a veil, and a soft calm brooded like a dove over the earth. The cold country road was sweet with wild roses, and pretty cottages and comfortable farmhouses were half hidden in the rank meadow-grasses. Agnes Dinsmore drew a long fluttering breath and put her hand to her face, but not before her companion saw that her eyes were filled with tears. Mr. Montford was entirely unused to women in tears, and besides he was a very sympathetic man, and so put his arm about her in a friendly way to comfort her. She shrank away a little, and a little, hysterical sob broke from her lips.

"I am so foolish, Mr. Montford," she cried, blushing. "But something about this country stillness brought back a memory of the past—the long-buried past. It is very beautiful and sweet here."

"Yes, very beautiful," he replied, looking straight in her face, instead of at the pleasant summer landscape.

"I wonder where I shall be to-morrow at this time," she said, leaning out, to hide the confusion in her face.

"I wish I dared prophesy!"

"Are you among the prophets, Mr. Montford?" she asked, lightly; "if you are I should be happy to listen to some of your predictions."

"Not yet. I brought you out here to tell you a story of the past, Mrs. Dinsmore. I want you to listen to it, and tell me when I am done what you think should be the fate of this man—the one whose story I am about to relate, will you?" he asked, with grave eagerness.

"I will try, but my judgment may be very faulty, and—"

"I shall be satisfied with it," he interrupted.

"I am ready then," she replied.

"Once upon a time," as the fairy stories say, a young man became very deeply in love with a beautiful girl. The girl was very wealthy and of high social standing. The young man was also of good standing, and believed to be rich, also, by the friends of the girl. He had not thought of deceiving them at first, but by some misunderstanding his

identity was confounded with his cousin, who had borne the same name, but who had been several years dead. This cousin had been worth a large property, and somehow this girl and her friends had the impression that he was the same man. It did not take him long to discover that a poor young man would stand little chance of marrying into that family. He was a scoundrel, I think, for not declaring his true circumstances at once, don't you?"

"He did wrong, I suppose, but if he loved the girl very much—"

"He did—or at least he believed he did," he interrupted, leaning forward so as to look straight in her face, "but you have not heard the worst that he did. He won this girl's love, and believing him to be the rich, instead of the poor, cousin, her friends consented to their marriage. There would come a time when the truth must be made known, but she would be his wife, then, he argued, and he had faith that her love would be strong enough to blind her to him. Her father could not take her from him, and he should be sure of her. And so he gave them to understand that he was rich, and being a stranger in the State, no one was able to contradict him, and his accepting a clerkship in a store was cited as a proof of his energy and industry, and a bright example for other young men of wealth to follow. Well, what do you suppose this fellow did at last?"

"I—I don't know," she stammered, confused by his steady gaze.

"No, and you would never guess. When the wedding-day was fixed, and this beautiful girl all ready to bestow herself upon him, he left the country and fled like a second Cain."

"Fled?" she gasped, turning deadly pale, and trembling from head to foot.

He took her little fluttering hand between his to calm its throbbing pulses, but with little apparent success.

"Perhaps I had better not go on if you are ill," he said. "I wanted you to hear the story through."

"O, go on!" she cried with nervous eagerness.

He looked a little surprised at her emotion, but resumed:

"Yes, he fled out of the country, and staid three years, and people believed that in some inexplicable way he had dropped out of existence. He justified himself for taking this strange step, on the ground that it was better

than deceiving them until the girl was his wife, and it was too late for her to escape the disgrace he knew they would call it. He was too weak to face the anger of her father and brother, and so he took this coward's way. Well, after three years he came back, for the face of this girl haunted him perpetually, and perhaps he had some sort of vague hope that fate might yet bring them together. He employed a man, a stranger to himself, to travel through the Eastern States and inquire concerning this family. The man returned with the news that the young lady had lately married a man twice her years, but possessed of great wealth. And so the dream faded, and he set himself to the acquirement of wealth, and succeeded, but still through all the long years there was a tenderness in his heart for this woman, and no other could ever take the place she had once occupied, and he fancied none other ever could. But one day he met a woman whom he loved instantly. He did not know it himself, but he did. He saw her day after day, and the truth at last dawned upon him that with all a man's most passionate love he loved this woman. But he resolved never to deceive, in the slightest thing, another woman whom he loved. She should know all his past weakness and duplicity, as well as the fact of his previous attachment. There, the story is told; do you think if he came to this woman and told her his love in a few bold, honest words, that she could forgive and overlook his past errors, provided she loved him?"

"I think she could—yes," she replied, softly, a faint bloom stealing into her cheeks.

"Could you do it, Mrs. Dinsmore?" bending over her till his breath swept her cheek, and looking eagerly into the downcast face.

"Yes, Lancelot, I think I could," she replied, lifting her eyes suddenly to his face.

"My God! Letty!" he gasped, dropping her hand, and turning deathly white.

Mrs. Dinsmore had no water, no volatile salts, and something must be done to restore him immediately. She adopted a novel remedy; she put one little soft hand about his neck and kissed him on the lips! I am happy to record the complete success of the experiment. Mr. Montford revived with astonishing suddenness, apparently strongly impressed with the truth of the old adage, that "one good turn deserves another," though certainly he could not have thought the pretty, blushing face held against his breast either cold or unconscious.

"You have not known me all this time, love?" he asked, a moment after, "in spite of my changed name, too."

"No; I only *knew* by the story, but I have been startled sometimes by some chance expression or tone, and—and I loved you for them."

"My sweet Letty!"

"But Lancelot," she said, gently, "I should never have given you up. It was very hard for me to bear, and life had little charm for me then. My father urged me to marry Mr. Dinsmore, and I finally consented, because I believed you dead, and I had little choice among men."

"It is a wonder I was not killed, for I slipped from a freight car while the train was almost at full speed. I think I was at that time, and for weeks afterwards, nearly, if not quite insane. And Letty, darling, I am not quite sure I am in my right mind now," he added, smiling.

"Nor I either," she retorted, trying to free herself from his arms.

"Ah well," he laughed, "it's a pleasant delirium, and I hope it will last forever. Suppose, though, you try the remedy which restored me just now," he added, wickedly.

But of course she did not.

THE PATH OF LIGHT.

BY MARIA LOUISA POOL.

CHAPTER I.

THE strong old Scotch blood in the man thrilled and beat in swelling currents, as he stood on the shore in the summer twilight. Though the line of coast was softly defined and tame in comparison with the rugged, upheaved rocks of those Scottish Islands, the swift, damp saltiness of the air was the same—and closing his eyes and letting the breeze blow over his uncovered head, he could fancy himself standing on the glittering sands of Mull or Skye, living again his long rambles over land he loved so well.

Standing thus, he thought of the Scandinavian woman who died ages ago, in one of the isles, whose wish it was to be laid on a high hill in the path of the Norway wind. So round the high cairn mourns forever the wind from the old Norse shore. The ardent young Scotchman extended his arms towards the east, exclaiming:

"So let my grave be, where the eastern wind shall blow upon it!"

Then, half ashamed of his ardor, his face grew reticent as usual, and he looked round, fearful that some one had heard him. But he saw nothing but the seabirds wheeling near him, while far down on the sandy beach half a dozen Yankee fishermen were lazily hauling up their boats or counting out the cod they had caught in the day's fishing. For it was in a Massachusetts village, an out-of-the-way sea-coast town, that the nomadic young man had lingered of late, and some influence of earth or air held him there, not

so idle as he seemed; for though the thoughts in his brain were yet vague, they were forming into a shape that should fall pulsing and vehement from his pen.

Behind him the flaming occident glowed over the flat country, giving it a charm that made the scene stay in the memory like the beautiful expression of a plain face. The sea burned like a fire opal before him, its easy, ebbing waves sliding with a soft murmur along the sands, enhancing with that languorous diapason of all music the sadness and longing that possessed him—the spell the hour had cast upon him.

He was twenty-five, but younger than his years in many things—in fashionable vices, in swagger masked in elegance, in impudence.

Singularly pure his face looked now, defined against the bright sky, as he stood on the bluff that shelved down straight to the beach. He looked the fact that not a base or unworthy blood had flowed in the line of his Caledonian ancestors. Sturdy uprightness had been their characteristic; but they had nourished one deadly hate, one invincible heritage of their clanship.

In some son or daughter had flowed an impetuous current, that had descended to this man and made his Scottish traits at once vivid and tinged with romance. A drop of Spanish blood, perhaps—a souvenir of that mighty wrecked Armada—flowed in his veins; for some dark-browed sailor might have married the Scotch lassie who pitied him, cast alone upon a foreign island. But

no such blood showed upon the man's face, save, possibly, in the sudden, furious kindling of cheek and eye, the out-flashing of some hot impulse. He looked the isleman, with his soft, yellow hair, his deep blue eyes, purpling in emotion—his face, when at rest, coldly and clearly cut, no beard hiding the whittling of lip and chin. His parents, reversing the old legend of the first Lord of the Isles, had made their only child his namesake, and so Somerlid Nicolson seemed doubly sealed to Scotch loves and hates.

He had left Oxford two years before, and possessed by a desire to travel, had passed by unnoticed the temptations to European journeyings, and come over to America, finding here a life as strange and new as his home-life was full of the signs of past centuries. The waves of this side of the Atlantic could not chant the wild songs of Ossian—the mists of these shores hovered over a country too practical to allow of a life of aimless musing.

The scarlet had faded from the sky, and with its disappearance came up a light fog that rose slowly and veiled the far-off ships, making the boats near shore look like ghostly craft upon a sea of gray mist. The summer air was cooled as if by a miracle. The dampness came down like heavy dew. Nicolson left his perch on the bluff and walked slowly down to the spot where a man sat on the sand, hooked knife in hand, skinning fish with that stroke so marvellous to the uninitiated.

"You can cut this fog with a knife in two hours more," said the man, looking up and nodding shortly.

Nicolson, sometimes a little taciturn, nodded also, and remained silent.

"I saw a brig the other side the light when I was out. Hope she'll stay out," went on the fisherman, whose name was Seabury, and at whose house Nicolson had boarded during his stay in the village.

"There's no wind. Of course they'll stay out. They know the coast, I suppose," said Nicolson, looking indifferently off into the gathering darkness.

"What good does knowin' do, when you can't see an inch before your nose?" asked Seabury. "If they only knew enough to keep still; but it's astonishing how they'll try to run a craft."

"There was a brig from Charleston, South Carolina, telegraphed as being down below the light, in the paper this afternoon," said

Nicolson, carelessly, sitting down in the sand and pulling his coat about him.

"Was there?" said Seabury, with sudden anxiety, dropping his knife and involuntarily bringing his hand above his eyes to peer off seaward.

Nicolson looked at him in surprise, but would not question him.

"Our Submit was a comin' home in a brig with Cap'n Nixon. Maybe she's in that. If Nixon ain't drunk he'll take care of his craft. No decent person ought to come to grief in a night as still as this, though there's a plaguy sight more wind out there than we know of here."

"Submit is your daughter?" asked Nicolson.

"Yea. She's been South for a year with my sister, and her last letter said she was coming home as soon as Nixon started."

"She'll not come in a steamer, then?" said the young man, more for the sake of responding than for any special interest.

"No, she ain't got much money, and it's cheaper in the brig."

Nicolson did not say more. He sat wondering what kind of a girl this daughter was, with her name smacking so strongly of Puritanism. A robust girl, whose physique overshadowed her intellect, but still possessing a shrewd and ready insight into the business of life. How curiously strange these people were to him, with their stories of the Mayflower, and of the old time of the Indian King Philip wars. Such an old time appeared to him but a few days back; for were not his old legends of the dim, unreal days of Fingal and the giants?

The night deepened and the fog thickened. It was fast becoming, as the fisherman had prophesied, of almost solid thickness.

Nicolson and Seabury walked slowly up to the house, half a mile away. A silence had fallen upon the old man, and the thoughts of the younger were out in the bay, where the unknown brig rolled upon the waters.

By nine o'clock, contrary to all expectation of the weatherwise, the fog had changed to a fine, driving rain, and the wind was blowing strongly from the northeast.

Seabury walked restlessly up and down the little kitchen, muttering to himself. At last he wrapped his shaggy greatcoat about him, with the exclamation, "I can't stand this, anyhow," and strode out into the wet darkness; while his wife stood at the door, her pale face peering after him.

Nicolson, smoking by the fire, threw his cigar away, a faint flush mounting to his forehead, the wild spirit of the night sounding a call to him. He plunged along the sodden road in the direction of the beach. The air, the night, the hurtling of the blast, all were like an intoxication to his youth and high health. The days of his childhood came back to him—those days when he had hung over the verge of rocky precipices, gathering with agile fingers his cap full of birds' eggs, while his tartan whirled in the air, the frightened flock screaming above him; and below, down hundreds of feet, the sea-foam swirled as if hungry for him. He had never been afraid, and now he felt the power of a dozen men within him.

There was no one on the beach save Seabury, whose figure he did not discern until he was close upon him. It was not the season for the fiercest storms and wrecks, and no one, save these two, thought of coming out.

Seabury turned and saw the young man beside him, and a look of thankfulness came to his face. He was half disabled himself, for rheumatism had stiffened his leg, and something of his old strength had gone. He looked with pride upon the stalwart youth near him, whose eyes seemed to emit flashes of blue lightning as they looked off seaward.

Neither attempted to speak. They walked back and forth, buffeted by wind and spray. An hour passed thus, and still something held them there. They heard from the waters no booming sound of distress. The rain drove on from the east blindingly. It had grown lighter within the hour, and they knew that the moon had risen.

Suddenly Nicolson grasped the old man's arm and pointed over the roaring waves.

They saw, like a vision in a dream, a boat filled with men, with only one woman in their midst; and even from that distance the fond old man fancied he could see with what a wild pleading her eyes were fixed upon that familiar shore, for in that one stormy glimpse Seabury recognized his daughter.

The two men on the beach had hardly seen that boat, before like a spectre it had vanished, and over it had rolled a bellowing, remorseless breaker, the heartless foam tossing gayly in the air.

"O my God! it is she," cried Seabury, in unconscious exclamation. "The men may swim; but I know she can't in this sea."

He was wildly tearing off his coat, forgetting his infirmities that would make him powerless

in the water. Nicolson's nervous hand was on his arm.

"I can swim," he said, hoarsely, his lips to the man's ear; "but you cannot. I shall bring her to you."

His coat was off, his hat bared his yellow curls to the storm, and he caught up the rope Seabury had brought and flung upon the sands, knotting it deftly about his waist, then with an exulting and challenging fire on his face, he leaped down into the water, which rolled over him at the first plunge.

When he rose upon the next smaller wave, Seabury saw the boat appear again, turned over, with two men clinging to it. No others were visible; at least so he thought, for the semi-darkness tormented him now more than the wind or rain.

The phosphorescent, faint glare of the water aided the swimmer somewhat, and to Nicolson's accustomed eyes the boat showed when one unaccustomed to the sea would not have seen it.

He swam bravely, but his slowness was torture to him. Before him, in the dim light, he saw the floating hair of a woman, the wet locks shining on the water—then it was lost to him, and he struggled blindly after it.

Though the waves almost stunned him, though sometimes he lost a foot or two, he never for an instant doubted of his success, and the moment came when he grasped the woman with a grasp of iron, and giving himself up to less severe motion, he felt himself pulled through the water by the rope attached to his waist.

The welcome sand was gained at last, and he struggled to his feet to have the burden he bore snatched from his arms by Seabury, who waded in to meet him, regardless of the waves that nearly knocked him down.

Three of the men had already been buffeted up to the shore, and lay panting, conscious only of a sublime sense of safety.

Nicolson, seeing that Seabury held his daughter with monopolizing clasp, that he would repel with fierce paternal instinct any offer in that first moment of meeting, walked to the side of one of the men, bending over to peer into the sea-wet face.

"D—d coast this," said the man, with the unmistakable intonation of a Cape Cod sailor, as he struggled up to a sitting posture. "Who'd a thought ye could a got up such a blow this time o' year?"

By the time he had ceased speaking he had extricated a small flask from the side-

pocket of his jacket, and had found the mouth of it with celerity.

"You carry your comfort with you," said Nicolson, curtly.

"You may bet on that. How's the gal?"

"The lady is safe," replied the young man, experiencing a slight feeling of disgust that "the gal" should be mentioned in such a fume of whiskey.

"Give some of that stuff to the other fellows. I see they are able to move about," he said, and walked to where Seabury was kneeling on one knee, holding his daughter clumsily but very tenderly, trying roughly and in vain to restore her to consciousness.

Nicolson stooped to look at her, then ran back to the man he had just left, whom he found assisting his wrecked companions. He asked for the bottle, and offered it to Seabury, saying:

"It won't harm her. It does not appear to me that she has swallowed much water."

He saw that the old man's hands trembled pitifully—that he could not force the warm drops between the girl's pale lips.

"I'm all unstrung," he said, in a quavering voice. "Do give it to her."

Nicolson's steady hand introduced the liquid into her mouth. Its unaccustomed fire awakened the dormant energies. Nicolson stood near until in the semi-darkness he fancied he saw signs of returning life, then he walked away and devoted himself to the assistance of the men, while Seabury carefully called into full life the suspended animation which had so frightened him.

"I can help you home now," he said, eagerly, tenderly smoothing back the wet hair. "Mother's waiting—fearfully 'fraid of dreadful news. Lean on me, my darling."

The rough fisherman's reticent heart was opened by the danger, and he who was so chary of words of endearment, lavished them now on his rescued child.

Nicolson, looking where they had stood, saw two figures moving slowly from the place. His first impulse was to follow them, but he knew she was safe, and his work for the moment was with the poor wretches on the beach.

Two hours later, having seen the men safely housed in the fishing-huts that stood among the rocks a little above high-tide mark, Nicolson strode up the stony road that led to Seabury's house. He felt a natural curiosity to see the girl he had brought from the water, and in addition, it had been so

long since he had seen a new face, that there was a trifle of excitement visible in his appearance as he gently pushed open the kitchen door and walked in.

The glowing fire there made him for the first time sensible of the dripping clothes beneath his greatcoat. The room was empty. He stood a moment by the fire, upbraiding himself for the selfish but fleeting feeling we all know when shut out as strangers from some great joy. Then he turned and went up to his room, where he put on dry clothing, saying to himself that he believed he had lingered long enough here; he would push on now to the great cities of this new world. He could not explain why he had already stayed so long.

A voice at the foot of the stairs called his name.

"Well," he said, in a surprised tone, for he had not expected to be remembered again that night. There was still so much of youth, almost of childhood in him, that his heart was open to loneliness or joy in an unusual degree.

He had forgotten the service he had rendered; but the very act of that service had rendered his soul painfully alive to emotions intense than ordinary.

"Come down," said Mrs. Seabury; and he heard the gladness in her accent. "Come down with dry clothes on. I must take care of you, or you'll be having a fever."

Nicolson went down stairs, sat by the stove and drank the steaming tea she gave him, until the moist glow told of the efficacy of her prescription. He sat and watched the little woman as she bustled about, going every few moments into the inner room, from whence Nicolson heard the murmur of talking—the sound of a voice womanly and refined—at least so it seemed from that distance.

Mrs. Seabury's face bore upon it a light that almost made the plain features beautiful; but, though absorbed, she was not unmindful of Nicolson, and occasionally cast nurse-like glances upon him, with which was mingled a devout gratitude.

"Your daughter is quite recovered?" questioned Nicolson, with slight diffidence in his tone.

"She is weak, but to-morrow I think she'll be well. Would you like to see her to-night?" looking at him as if now he had but to ask anything of them.

"She should rest at present," he hastened to say, with the shy politeness that was

peculiar to him. He added, "I shall be happy to see her when she is entirely recovered."

"She will want to see you. She is not an ungrateful child," responded her mother.

Nicolson sipped his tea in silence, wondering if the child was such a plain, matter-of-fact person as the father and mother, and if she had as good a heart.

"She will consider it her duty to thank me with great fervency," he inwardly said; "as if I deserved such gratitude for an involuntary sea-bath; though in truth I did save her life, and being young, she is glad of it."

"I am not expecting thanks," he said, aloud. "If the service was great to her, it cost me very little to perform it."

Mrs. Seabury expostulated against such a view of the case; then, unable to keep away, she disappeared within the room from whence came the sound of conversation.

Nicolson desisted from herb tea and betook himself to his cigar, vacantly watching the smoke wreaths until they grew dimmer and dimmer, and he was asleep in his chair.

He roused himself at last, and rose to go to bed, fancying with clouded brain, as he lit his candle, that he saw a woman's drapery, and not that of Mrs. Seabury, sweeping by the open door of the kitchen.

CHAPTER II.

THE next day when Nicolson came down to breakfast, he looked quickly round the room in search of the woman he had seen, yet not seen with any idea of her appearance.

He was alone in the kitchen. He saw Seabury driving his cow down the road, and his wife going through the barnyard with her basket in search of fresh eggs. He was standing by the window, looking beyond the barn to the fleecy horizon. It was a pleasant day which had just begun. The west wind of summer stirred the trees, with no memory of yesterday's fierce northeaster.

A girl came quickly from the other room, and hesitated a little as she saw the kitchen was only occupied by Nicolson. But he had heard her and turned, and at sight of her—for he was not used to female society—his unbackneyed face kindled faintly.

The slight awkwardness she had felt at first disappeared, and she said:

"You are Mr. Nicolson?" advancing and holding out her hand as she spoke.

He took the hand and held it while she said:

"I am Submit Seabury, as I suppose you know."

His tongue refused to frame any conventional expression of pleasure, and he only bowed, dropping the hand, thinking, "now she will thank me."

And indeed it was in accordance with all rules for her to thank her preserver then and there. But she did not do it, wisely resolving to defer it until some time when her thanks would be better received.

She made some ordinary remark about the beauty of the morning; and the man, while he responded, was surprised again at the depth of sweetness in her voice—not sweetness alone, but holding a suggestion of strength, a hint of fervid emotions he had been taught not to expect in New England. It was Rossini who so loved the contralto voice, and gave to its singing those strains of harmony which only such a voice can express—the sweet passion, the pure sensuousness, the tone which appeals through all the exquisites of our senses to the divine within us. Something in the girl's voice made Nicolson remember vividly the contralto solos of Rossini's music he had heard in London. Then he looked again at her face. Did that hold anything in unison with her voice? The eyes were lowered as he looked, and the pale, dark face made him say, "nothing," with disappointment; but even as he thought the word, she lifted her eyes to speak to him, and he recalled the involuntary thought, for her eyes might have been the fires from whence her voice drew its peculiar power.

It is a pity you can only tell the color of eyes and there stop. Those of this girl were large and softly brown, but they were also full of light, capable alike of flaming or dreaming, and being also exponents of her character, they revealed that if she attracted at all, it was for a lifetime, and that attraction would be to a man either his safest or most dangerous experience.

Nicolson had not expected to find this girl with the aroma of society about her. He had been prepared to meet a Yankee girl whose bashfulness would put him immediately at his ease, for he was not a ladies' man. With fashionable life it was apparent Submit Seabury had had nothing to do. But it appeared as if her breeding came by inheritance, "from some English or Scotch great-grandparents," Nicolson thought, with natural complacency.

She stood before him now in the plainest of dresses, her hair arranged simply, a marked

pallor on her face, and dark circles about her eyes, the lingering effects of last night's danger; but she impressed Nicolson with a sense of dignity and power, even with something more subtle, a feeling of some æsthetic force, sweet and fine, that entered his being unconsciously, only to know afterwards, and never to be analyzed.

"You are entirely recovered, I hope," he said, not so much from politeness as in the hope to detain her, as she was moving towards the outer door.

She paused and looked back, saying:

"Thank you—yes, save for a little languor. And you—" looking at him earnestly, "I am not acquainted with your face, and do not know but it is always colorless. You look fatigued."

The young man was conscious of a deep pleasure in knowing that her eyes were upon him. The warm glow at his heart mounted slowly to his face, faintly tinging its marble-like hue, that was only slightly bronzed by sun and air.

"I have the misfortune to lack color," he said. "It is something acquired as a student, and which I cannot discard. I am not at all fatigued."

During the time he was speaking, he was endeavoring to think of something by which he might detain her; but, bending her head in reply to his remark, she walked down the path that led to the road, stopping every few steps to greet with caressing fingers the old-fashioned shrubs and flowers that bloomed in the little, unkept garden.

"She walks well," said the man, thinking himself very critically and coolly judging her, as he leaned forward to watch her, a sparkling light in his sea-blue eyes that made them like the sheeny water.

Submit looked out over the level, sandy country spread between the village and the beach. But she was not thinking of that resemblance. As she stepped again slowly over that dear old path, the perfume coming to her like the tenderest of greetings, she had thought, "The young Scotchman is a gentleman, with a patent of nobility in his face." Then she had forgotten him in the quiet gladness of her recognition of home surroundings. Her look kindled as it roamed over the limitless blue; in the pure sunshine of that moment she could not even shudder at the thought of the night before. But that time came to her with a glow of enthusiastic gratitude to the hand that had saved her.

"How can I frame words to thank him?" she asked herself. "He does not look like one who would care to have me walk up and thrust my thanks in his face."

One or two neighbors passed by and stopped at the gate, where Nicolson saw her cordially greet them—noted how the rough hands grasped the shapely hand of the woman.

With a little foolish fastidiousness, Nicolson slightly objected as he saw, furthermore, how she talked with them with an ease and cordiality that made their weather-beaten features relax from their setness. "Of course they like her, and yet she does not look like one who would be a general favorite."

An uncouth open wagon drove slowly up to the gate, and the farmer on the seat, after heartily greeting the girl, said:

"I didn't know you was to home, but I guess this letter'll be just as welcome as though I'd brought it thinkin' to find you. They wanted to know at the post-office if I was goin' by here. Who ever wrote that was posted about your movements, eh? Bold hand, too." And the man glanced significantly at Submit as she took the letter.

Nicolson heard the words, and savagely muttered an expletive below his breath:

"Why do the boors always talk to a girl like that?" he muttered. "She ought to have her letters in peace—and her lovers, too," with a grim smile, turning away and sauntering slowly into the barnyard, where the hens were chattering over their corn. They did not fly at his familiar presence, and he stood there, absently watching Seabury as he did his morning "chores." He heard a near step, and Submit came towards him, with something of her pallor gone.

"I was still in love with life," she said, standing a moment silent, "and I like to tell you that I am glad to be alive on such a morning as this. I never was facile with spoken thanks, Mr. Nicolson. You will greet this with love, I know—let it speak for one who is awkward at speech, particularly when deeply moved." She put in his hand a tiny bouquet of heath and broom-blossoms, then turned to fondle the dog who had bounded to her side; but she saw the sudden access of emotion, the uncontrollable and beautiful softening of his eyes, the tenderness of his mouth.

He bent over the flowers, the years of his childhood coming back to him, then he took the girl's hand with an impetuous gesture:

"I love them! They belong to my very life! I do not know why I stay away from home so long." Then, his reserve returning to him, he said, "Where did you get them? You have not a magic wand to call them into bloom the moment you appear?"

"I am not an enchantress, or I should have rescued myself last night. I also love the flowers, and mother cherishes two or three plants of them in her own room, and they were in bloom to greet my return."

"They ought to be sentient enough to know of your coming," he said, earnestly, and then in the silence that followed, he added: "Why do you like them so especially? Is it not strange in an American girl?"

"But American girls have whims," she said, in a light way that he thought veiled some deeper feeling, "and one of my fancies is to have Scotch wild-flowers."

"You pay a Scotchman the greatest of compliments," he said, thinking a shade of thought had settled on her face, an intangible melancholy in her eyes.

Seabury came lumbering down from the barn, his bluff face glowing.

"You know that young man saved your life, Submit," he said, in his tactless way.

"Pray do not let us speak of it," said Nicolson, carefully adjusting his bouquet, and angry with the intrusion.

"Yes, I know it," said Submit, quietly, "and I hope Mr. Nicolson understands that I am grateful."

"Wall, I am glad of it," Seabury said, looking in some surprise at the two who took things so coolly. "But there aint words to tell what I feel about it. I could go on talking to the end of time, and then not have said half, either. He did the noble thing, by George! and he did it splendidly, too! You ought to have seen him jump into the breakers, Submit. What little strength there is left in my poor old legs seemed to leave me then, when I knew you was in that boat—and I did know it, as if the Lord had told me."

Submit's eyes were dewy as she said, in a voice that made the common words thrilling:

"I know all you felt, father; for the nearness of death made me know fully how much I loved you and mother." She put her hand on his shoulder as she spoke, then softly touched the grizzled locks below his hat. It was evident from her face that she could not talk of her rescue yet—it was too thoroughly in possession of her heart. She had not

lived so long on the shore without being able to know the terrible risk Nicolson ran when he came after her.

After a little silence Seabury said:

"I saw Deacon Moss give you a letter. Is it from Florian?"

Nicolson, strangely sensitive concerning Submit, raised his eyes to her face, listening for her reply, and trying to read in her eyes something deeper than the lips said. That was simply "yes."

"He guessed pretty nigh when you'd be here," remarked Seabury. "He'll be on now, I s'pose. Haven't seen hide nor hair of him all the time you've been gone."

Nicolson thought there was an air of vexation in the way he stooped and picked a pebble, throwing it spitefully in among the hens, scattering them with loud cackling.

"He knew when I was to start, for uncle told him," said Submit. "About his coming—you can read his letter, and arrange it to suit yourself."

Seabury took the letter and walked towards the house, putting on his spectacles as he went.

"Your friend has the music of the South in his name," remarked Nicolson, having changed his resolve to go in the house, to one to stay as long as she remained.

"He *is* Southern; though you would not be safe to judge of people or names in that way," Submit replied.

"But you are certainly a Puritan."

"In name, yes."

"But you are almost in the shade of Plymouth Rock. That must have its influence—one's birthplace hangs a banner over one's life; we cannot forget it."

"Witness your emotion at sight of this heath," she said; then with uncalled-for earnestness, "One's birthplace is indeed different from any other spot, though only our baby eyes have seen it; therefore these souvenirs of the Pilgrims must have set an invisible seal upon my character."

Stooping to pat the tangled terrier that so besieged her skirts, Submit went slowly towards the house, and Nicolson leaned against the well-curb, ruminating with a stinging spice of self-scorn in his thoughts. It was that kind of feeling which men know when they are suddenly interested in a woman who is openly kind to them, and for whom they fancy some other has intentions likely to be successful. The surprise her appearance had excited in him—for she was entirely opposite

in face and manner to his preconceived idea of the daughter of Seabury—left his fancy unguarded, his sensibilities open to the deepest impression. He had only thought that she was one of those keen gray-eyed women of intelligence, but no ideality, that abound in the United States. He judged of the middle class, of the comfortable working people, as though he were in England, though his perceptions told him how erroneous that judgment was; but the habit of his life clung to him.

In the little low-browed porch, or "sink-room," he paused for a drink of water, and holding the cocoanut shell in his hand, the irritated tones of Seabury, who sat within the kitchen, came to his ears.

"D—n that Florian!" Seabury said, harshly, bringing the palm of his hand forcibly to the table. "No other man ever had such a plague of a nephew. What does the fellow mean by following Submit so? I won't have it! I'll put a stop to it!"

"You can't stop such things quite so easy," said his wife, anxiously. "He aint the man I'd choose for Submit, but he aint quite so bad as you think him, Silas; he's got some good in him."

"You women," said the husband, sneeringly, "can't see evil in a slim, handsome feller like Florian. Let his goodness keep him out of scrapes, if he's got any goodness, I say."

"I s'pose he'll come," said the wife, waiving the discussion.

"Come! of course he'll come! What does she think of him?" lowering his voice as he asked the question.

"I'm sure I never could decide," was the despondent reply. "I can't always read Submit. She aint our kind, exactly, Silas," she said, mournfully.

"I'd like to see a more dutiful darter, that's all," was the reply, somewhat belligerently.

Nicolson, absorbed in the interest he felt, forgot he was listening for the moment, then, as they went on talking about her, he silently left the porch, wandering down across the coarse-grassed fields to the beach.

He had not frittered away his heart in the ten thousand things which spoil a young man of society, and the girl he had just left was to him a presence he had never felt before—had imagined only vaguely. He did not love her; if he did not see her again, he would remember her as something that colored his dreams beautifully for a while, that left his soul purer for her influence. Now, as he lingered by the

shore, idly lounging on the sands, her face faded from his mind, and in its place—or rather it seemed as a continuation of thoughts of her—came pictures of the home he had left; but they were pictures dearer than their wont, with an indescribable charm, a flush of sunny hues upon them. At noon, when he returned, he did not think of Submit until he had started for the house, then her personality sprang into life again, and he wondered with a slight vindictive feeling concerning Florian, with whom the woman dealt so tenderly.

"A graceful scamp, doubtless," he said to himself, leisurely climbing the ridge of the beach, then turning to "scale" a stone over the rippling waves. Another stone whistled after his from some hand behind him, and a gay voice cried:

"You are born an athlete! No one ever beat me before."

Nicolson turned quietly, and encountered a brilliant face, whose smile glanced like the shining waters beyond him. A slight figure below the medium height, dressed in the extreme of fashion, a diamond glittering in the spotless linen, and upon the slender white hand; long, dark hair blown by the fresh breeze, all shaded by a Panama hat, which was deftly and carelessly lifted, while the owner bowed to his companion and said:

"I am sure I know you—the young Scotchman whom aunt mentioned as boarding here. I am happy to see you. We shall be fishing comrades, I predict."

Nicolson rather coldly touched the extended hand. It was not usual with him to fraternize quickly with any one, and he was peculiarly distrustful of this tropical looking bird, though he felt there was something very winning about him. He replied graciously enough:

"You have guessed who I am. I have become expert at that art myself, since my sojourn here. You are called Florian—whether as surname, I know not."

"Florian Hunt," with another bow, averting his eyes, as he said satirically, and yet with a question in his tones, "my wise relatives have not said my name with an accent of praise, I'll wager."

"It was mere accident that I heard your name at all, as an expected guest," replied Nicolson.

"I am glad my letter has preceded me," said Florian, walking on with nervous steps, twirling his cane rapidly. "I came down in

the morning train. Has Submit arrived? not yet, I suppose." His curious-colored eyes glanced rapidly over his companion's face, then off again, while his lips seemed to tremble with eagerness.

"Yes, she has arrived."

"Ah!" Florian's step grew quicker; then he turned back, saying apologetically, "That is a surprise I hardly looked for. I did not expect her until to-night at the earliest. Pardon me, I must make my greetings at the house;" and he sprang on, disappearing round a curve in the road.

Nicolson looked after him, then he turned back to the beach again, crunching the wet gravel with a decided heel. A sudden blow had come over the soft visions of an hour ago. He pushed off a boat and jumped into it. This staying so long on this shore would soon be wearisome. He must go to the great cities yet to be seen. Then why linger in this fishing hamlet? He rowed off, and made a pretence of fishing, until a salt air hunger forced him in shore. It was evidently past the dinner hour, for Submit and Florian were in the yard, sitting in the shade of lilacs. Florian's face was glowing undisguisedly as a child's; his yellowish black eyes were dilated, his lips crimson. Nicolson's clear-cut face showed very coldly beside the versatile fire and play of Florian's. When the latter saw Nicolson, he left Submit's side, and came to him, grasping his hand with warm pressure, exclaiming:

"Fortunate fellow! If I only could have had the happiness of doing Submit the service you rendered last night! They have been telling me about it. But I—I am never lucky." He spoke the last words with discontent, even with genuine sadness.

"Yes, I was fortunate," said Nicolson, unable to prevent a feeling of warm admiration, and a vague pity for he knew not what; for he felt for the first time an undertone of pathos in the character of the man before him—the vaguest sense of a helpless appeal for happiness. It was that, perhaps, which was one secret of Florian's power over women. He appealed to them; he besought them by some undefinable characteristic—never by words to drive a wretched existence from him, to exorcise the despondent moods that swayed him. And he was fascinating in person, always graceful, attentive, gallant; his dark, irregularly-featured face was capable of expressing a fire which fair heroines had only read about, and which they found dan-

gerously bewildering; for one of Florian's methods of killing time was to play upon girls' hearts, a pastime in which other men have indulged. But Florian could never coolly do that. He was attracted by a tone,

"Her look, her way
Of speaking gently—for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and, certes,
brought

A sense of pleasant ease on such a day."

And he paid his court with such devotion, genuine, though ephemeral as flowers and as winning, until the charm was over, and he had flitted, leaving the woman, if perchance she was young and undisciplined, to awaken startled over an idol broken, a heart roused and forsaken. Such girls, with few exceptions, make bitter women. Florian had had his hour. Ask him not for repentance and amendment. But such a life left him dimly alone and unsatisfied.

His cousin, Submit Seabury, had been his companion two years ago for six consecutive months, and the wayward, winning Florian had cast his hopes upon her. He should live or die as she said.

Curiously, he did not appear to have the same effect upon Submit as upon other women. She was cool, she did not yield to his extravagant advances, she did not melt at his entreaties, and consequently she unconsciously secured the deepest love he could know; she became the ruling power of his life. He loved her with a fierce impetuosity he did not try to disguise. Could a woman fail to be influenced by such a devotion?

In that first half-hour, Nicolson easily read Florian's heart and character, and judged him harshly as a man would. Possibly not more harshly than he deserved.

But Submit did not carry her heart upon her sleeve. He could not read her, but he admired her with a tinge of something that thrilled in his unsullied blood, while he watched furtively for the sign of her love for Florian. But her eyes maintained their calm, or only started into some special brilliancy at command of something sheerly intellectual.

"She is worth reading," Nicolson thought, that night, sitting in his room by the table which held his heath-blooms. "How delicately she thanked me. Yes, she is worth studying."

The young man slept upon what he thought a cool resolve to study human nature in the person of Submit Seabury.

Florian, in the next room, did not sleep so easily. He leaned out under the glimmer of the stars, his brow clouded, his eyes fiercely flashing.

"If this soft wind would cool my head!" he exclaimed. "There's a cursed heat and fury in it! I have sat too long with Nicolson and Submit in the same room. The man of ice! He does not know it now, but I know that he will love her—love her! And what then?"

He turned round, and paced softly up and down the room, his head thrown back, something in that handsome face and figure that remind one of a leopard, agile and graceful, not too trustworthy, in spite of a heart full of good impulses.

CHAPTER III.

It had been a summer of fearful heat, and hardly a shower had cooled the earth. The stillness of the air had settled upon the village. Men and women did their usual work, but did it in languor, with no energy to strengthen them. Older people talked of a summer years ago, when heat ruled, and no rain came for weeks and weeks. The crops grew parched and shrunken every day, sinking and shrivelling beneath that bronze sky ever glaring down upon them. There secured always that expectant hush in the air, as if earth and man were waiting for something that did not come—something they would soon die without. Sometimes on the air was the scent of burning bushes, gathered to clear the land. The scent hung over the village, mingling with the salt breeze, for the ocean was true to itself and the town, and gave a little dampness from its eternal waves.

It is at such times that country people shake their heads and say—"It will be a sickly season." And in truth, many sickened, just as the foliage and crops did. Submit wandered often into the woods that lay back of the village. There was a sense of dampness there; the shade kept the greenery of moss and underbrush fresher than anything anywhere else, and the air retained a refreshing smell of growing vegetation.

She walked slowly, pressing her feet against the soft moss, sitting down at last by a pine tree, her face turned toward the place whence the ocean wind blew. She was pallid and looked oppressed. Shadows were upon her eyes, and the smile which she bestowed on the terrier at her feet was hardly a smile,

so slow and lifeless was it. A weight of something more than the weather appeared upon her, or perhaps she, also, was ill.

A voice from a path in the woods was all at once heard singing some old-tune, pathetic ballad of the sea and a wreck it had made. The shadow on Submit's face deepened; she passed her hand wearily over her eyes, then turned toward the direction in which that path led. She knew he would find her now, though the place had thus far been sacred to solitude and to her. A man appeared among the trees, slowly fanning his heated face with his broad hat. The woman, watching him, could not but see how haggard he looked, with what a jaded air he walked. But the weather was horrible enough to account for languor or pallor. His roaming, restless eyes saw the folds of her muslin dress against the green leaves. He came to her side, bent and took her hand, the action flushing his cheeks, and giving a better lustre to his eyes.

"Submit," he said, "we find the good when we seek it not. I have been looking for you ever since I returned, until now. I came back to see you again. I cannot leave you."

Florian sat down at Submit's feet and forcibly retained her hand. "You were cruel enough last week when I left, to allow me to touch your hand now," he said. "Is the Scotchman gone?"

"No."

There was a lurid darkening of his face, then it fitfully flashed. Submit thought him now like a torrid night, holding dreadful lightning and destruction. His constant presence, always calling for what she could not give, had sapped her, bodily and mentally. She was undefinably conscious of the fact that he drew life from her, that physically he oppressed and weakened her. And yet she liked him, was strongly interested in him. Now she was singularly out of patience, she felt in that passive state when one feels it is but a step from quietness to madness. The hot sky above her had stifled her. She could not bear anything.

"You should have staid in Philadelphia," she said, "you cannot have accomplished your business already."

"Don't talk to me in that way!" he cried, throwing her hand from him. "You kill me! I came back to plead once more with you. I am so abject that I can beg of you to marry me for pity only. I shall never be anything without you. I am going to hell as fast as I can."

She looked at him coldly. "And you wish to take me with you," she said. "I do not love you, save as a sincere friend might do. All my influence has been used to make you leave your weak ways of killing time. You have not reformed. You gamble, you drink, you are, I know not what. Florian, for the love of Heaven, let me respect you!"

Her voice had lost all its coldness, and was vibrating with an almost passionate entreaty, the sight of her seemed to madden him. He could not look at her and know that she could never be his. He attempted to seize her hands, exclaiming:

"Help me, then! Before God, I tell you, you are the only power who can save me from utter destruction. Promise to marry me—in five years—in ten years; let me have it to look forward to!" His eyes, imploring, burning, fearfully eager, besought hers.

"Florian, listen to me," she said with solemn earnestness, "and believe what I tell you. If I marry you without having anything but a strong friendly feeling for you, I should save you from nothing bad. I should be a curse to you—a curse beyond your imaginings. I should, being bound to you, learn to hate you, and myself as well. I am not too good," with a strong shudder, and a fiery flash of eyes. "Such a bond would be a chain forged by the infernal devils. If I did not love a husband, words have no power to describe the intensity of my dislike. Now, as my friend, I am sincerely attached to you. You are very winning, Florian, you are very attractive; I can easily imagine that girls should love you. But I—I cannot."

Her last words were uttered with a soft imploring in them, an entreaty for nobility and strength in him. She rose from her seat and said:

"Shall we not go home, now?" She extended her hand, lightly touching his head, her own face too sad for tears. He rose also, his wretched face becoming fixed in a look of unutterable misery.

"I think, if you will excuse me, I will take a stroll on the beach before I come up to the house."

His unnatural tone, his whole appearance alarmed her. She took a step toward him saying:

"You will take care of yourself, Florian? You are so impetuous, I am continually worried about you."

"Am I looking remarkably impetuous?" smiling ghastly upon her.

"No. I am not frightened about you. You look as if you might harm yourself. You will not?"

"I promise you," and not looking at her again, he disappeared behind the trees. Submit stood many minutes looking at the place where he had stood. Now that he was gone, she was weak and faint. She was near the edge of the woods, and puffs of sultry air came from the fields to her; that air seemed stifling and fatal to her. The red sunlight beyond the wood, pitiless and unobscured, was like a doom to her. A dreadful oppression was upon her, nameless, and from which she could not escape. A mantle of misery enveloped her. Her lips were feverish, her hands burning. She took her hat and went vaguely forward, deeper into the woods, conscious only of one wish—for rest, and peace, and coolness. "They say it is a deep and thick wood further in," she said; "there, surely, I shall find rest from this heat and drought."

The sun, deeply westering, glanced rarely between the rugged boles of the old pine trees. She would soon have a world of gloom to herself. If only it would grow cooler!

"Submit looks pale, lately," said Seabury to his wife.

"She's under the weather, like all of us, I s'pose," said Mrs. Seabury, with a worried look.

"Where did she go this afternoon?"

"O, I don't know; down to the woods, I guess."

"She ought to be back by this time, she'll get a fever."

Seabury stood at the door, his hands behind him, looking off beneath the mild starlight to the long stretch of woods that lay in an unearthly stillness in the warm air. The atmosphere was full of a strong scent of burning wood, and to the right, several miles away, a bright and growing light shot into the sky, rising, dying, but wonderfully calm for such a spectacle, for there was no wind.

"The woods in the south district will all have to go, wont they?" asked the wife, gazing toward the light, remembering two other times when she had seen just such a glow in a sultry summer.

"Yes, and everything else, too, I should say," responded Seabury. "Squire Tilton was round there to-day. It only begun this morning, but he says it's awful. Unless there's rain, I don't see why the fire should stop as long's there's any stuff to burn. Thank the Lord, there's no wind!"

A tall figure came from the lilac tree where it had been standing. Nicolson's face was full of anxiety; his hand, clasped over a willow stick he had been peeling, was shut with a strain.

"Has Miss Seabury returned?" he asked.

"No; and I'm worried about her," spoke up Mrs. Seabury, quickly.

"She went to the woods, yonder?" pointing with his stick.

"Yes; but that is five hours ago, sure, and Submit is more than half sick."

"Where is Mr. Hunt?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

Nicolson thought he had seen him going toward the wood, but that would not deter him. As he walked down the path, he heard Seabury say:

"I shall harness up and ride over to the south to see how the fire looks, sir. Over the hill there it shoots up in tongues."

Nicolson looked off as the fisherman pointed. Scarlet flames leaped up, piercing the dark, hot atmosphere, and wreaths of beautiful smoke curled slowly in the glare, then the flame flickered low, leaving a lurid glow on the horizon. Nicolson reached the woods and plunged hurriedly in, thinking as he went, of the stories the village people had told him of people lost in Duxbury woods. A horror of the night and time was upon him. It made no difference that he repeatedly told himself that it was not probable that Submit, who had lived here all her life, would allow herself to get lost in the woods. He would, at least, penetrate the darkness here. The low, throbbing heat of the night, the smoke, the faint, dry mist that half-obscured the stars, enveloped his brain in a deep despondency, and burning through every other feeling, electrifying the languid life this weather gave him, was the love he felt for Submit. The days that had passed since she first came had made all clear to him. He loved her, and the whole resolve of his being, the mightiest purpose of his life, was to win her for the loving, regnant wife he had dreamed of since earliest youth. Hope and uncertainty possessed him. He could not yet utter words never to be recalled, never to be said again, until the impulse overmastered him, and he trembled at the power within him.

With head bent, and eyes dilated painfully, he pushed on between the branches, thinking how foolish and unsuccessful his search must be, but compelled to go on with it, for his

restlessness would not allow him to pause. More than a mile from the place where Submit had met Florian, Nicolson saw a handkerchief hanging silently on a branch of a saffras bush. Its texture and delicate perfume made him sure it was Submit's. She had, then, wandered thus far. He hurried on with headlong speed, not knowing where he was going, and indeed it would not have mattered, for he had not the slightest clue that should lead him to take a special direction.

The sound of crackling wood grew more distinct; the report of falling trees had sounded like guns of doom ever since he had started. Now the air was sultrier, more suffocating, and filled with the strong exhalations of pine, that at a distance had been pleasant. He reached a slight elevation, and found to his surprise that, below him, instead of woods, lay a dry and parched field, over which a fire had run, leaving it blackened and smoking. The glare of the fire was plainer and plainer; the field lay sullen in the flickering, strong light, and every moment made objects more horribly distinct. At the right was the fire, not yet to the boundary of the field, but striding onward. He stood irresolute a moment, then dashed across the field in the direction of the fire.

"I cannot find her—I cannot rest," he said, trying to find comfort in the thought that she had gone to a neighbor's, or had already reached home. The fire was burning over a series of low hills, or more properly knolls, sweeping up their sides, seeming to devour the very earth itself. One of these hills, the first which had been burnt over, Nicolson climbed, and standing on the charred and heated ground, looked to the fire. That sight stirred him to an almost intoxicated excitement; the terrible heat made his blood boil, and the novelty of the moment gave him a factitious strength. Below him, further from the flames, which receded rapidly, so dry was the fuel, he saw a group of men from the villages about. They stood still, sometimes shading their faces with their hats, speaking but rarely, all garrulousness subdued by the power before them. In that moment many even of the most practical forgot that the fire was consuming hundreds of their dollars, forgot everything but the vivid grandeur of the scene. Nicolson saw Seabury in that red glare, his face toward the flames, staring with all his soul. Restlessly Nicolson's eyes roamed from one direction to another. He could not forget that he had not found

Submit, that he had started in search of her, and he could not shake off a foreboding of something evil, something he must strive to arrest. Yet, how? His face, even with that light upon it, looked pallid and strained from the emotion that made him suffer. He felt as if struggling in a dream which held him in a grasp of horror. The fearful beauty glowing up to heaven made no other impression on him at the moment than to intensify the maddening doubt and gloom of his soul. His reticent nature was roused to a pitch unknown to mercurial temperaments. Passion and fear for his beloved held possession of him. The feeling which had hitherto only shown itself in flashes to Submit now blazed with a force that overcame his will, strong as that was.

His eyes had left the fierce shining of the fire and had dwelt for the last five minutes vaguely upon a peninsular-like point of woods that ran out toward the field behind him, and on the other side of which in spring was a deep, swift brook rushing rapidly seaward. Tall, slender pines stood here in the direct line of the fire, and Nicolson's excited eyes dwelt there, until upon their strong vision grew into a partial distinctness the sight of a figure reclining against a fallen tree. After that first fancy, the fickleness of the flames put that place in gloom, and Nicolson dared not leave his position until he had seen again whether the thing were a fantasy of his imagination. Now a flame shot up with diabolical brilliance, and in the yellow glare of light Nicolson saw what he thought was a woman in light clothes, motionless against the log. Why did she not move? Did she not know death was tramping toward her, a death too dreadful? Was not that heat too great to be borne in that place? Was it not, in truth, some play of light upon birch bark? Nicolson could not stay to decide any question. He fled down the hill as if the demon of the fire pursued him. Over the blackened field which had been so lately burned that the ground scorched his feet as he sped on. The distance was greater than he had thought, seeing it by the light of the fire, and as he went on the heat increased, so that his panting breath hardly relieved his lungs, and the floating aches half checked him.

"O my God!" he thought, "she must be dead, or she could not stay in such a place."

Struggling and stumbling on, he at last knelt exhausted by the tree where she sat. It was she, pallid, senseless, her dark hair

drifting over the log, her hand lying heavy and inanimate on the hot earth. An exclamation of love and despair passed his lips as he took her in his arms and felt how helpless she was. He staggered back, preferring to cross the stream, now so low that but a few inches of water ran in its course. A tongue of terrific light shot upward nearer them; it reached forward as if eager for the fleeing mortals. Its light made the pallor, the immobility of Submit's face still more visible to the man who carried her. He laid her down on the bank of the stream and filled his hat with water, bathing her head, dashing it upon her brow, a piercing joy in his heart as he saw a languid movement of the eyelids. He waited for nothing more; seizing her in his arms again, he hurried on, plunging through the briery fields across a marsh, out upon the still, quiet beach where an ebbing tide was rippling slowly out to sea. Here a faint wind refreshed him. He sat down on the sands, and Submit, in a hurried, weak way, withdrew herself from his embrace, drew her hand vaguely over her eyes and asked in a bewildered voice:

"Where did you find me?"

Raising her eyes to his face as she spoke, the glance she saw there drew her soul upward to meet it. She could not withdraw her eyes, and an unusual physical weakness made her lack self-control. More than all that, the time decreed in heaven had come when love should know its own. He did not appear to have heard her question, and she instantly forgot it. His eyes glowed with a purple fire on her, and his face, with features strangely still, was yet transfigured with an inward light that burned with pure intensity.

"I have been silent until I must speak," he said, leaning forward as if to take her hands, then restraining himself, and slightly withdrawing from her.

"Do you know what I would say to you?" a thrill of tenderness exceeding even the passion in his voice. "My entire being cannot have been so voiceless as not to tell you. I love you."

Her eyes, which were so marvellously beautiful and dear to him, as brown eyes only can be to some gray ones, were upon his with an expression he could not mistake. That deep, exquisite and faithful feeling of her soul was there. She loved him. He took her hand, holding it with a pressure that told more to the girl than any stormy demonstration could have done. The light of the burning

woods made his face plain to her. In it she read surety of a noble love, human with passion, divine with tenderness and truth.

They sat there for a while, uttering detached words, looking at each other in the radiance of a just confessed love. Then Nicolson saw a shade of some remembrance fall like a dusky veil over her face.

"You love the Yankee girl Submit?" she asked, some unuttered sadness in her tone.

"I love you, whoever you are," he answered; then said, "you cannot surely think I would hesitate one moment because you are not in the same grade in which society has placed me, that that has made a difference to me, has deterred me? I think you know me well, know a nature that could not soon speak of its strongest feeling."

She smiled to think how well she knew him, better even than he thought.

"No, I could not have loved a man whom I had seen hesitating out of regard to my station. Contempt would have smothered any affection."

Again she paused, as if unable to utter what she must say. She withdrew her hand from his and pressed it upon her heart. She turned her face away, not daring to meet his gaze. Then speaking slowly she said:

"My childish fancies and remembrances did not err when they told me later how you have been brought up in the beliefs, the hates and loves of your clan. I have imagined many times your face when I should tell you that I am a child of a clan whom the Nicolsons deem it a virtue to hate. My name is Jean McDonald of the clan of McDonalds against which you are sworn."

For us, whose growth is of to-day, whose feelings, happily, are not nurtured to perpetuate enmities, few of us can understand the emotion with which Nicolson listened to the girl beside him. For centuries it had been almost a religion of his family to hate the race to which this woman belonged. Deep rooted as his life, bound to the feeling by every consideration of his past, this sudden revelation sent out all hope from his soul. Torn by terrible feelings, his heart convulsed by this sudden revealing, he saw only one path before him, the path he was to walk alone. It seemed to him that honor itself called him away; his entire education could not so suddenly combat new ideas. Submit saw the struggle and the wrench of resolve. She sat dumbly, looking her fate in the face. She had hoped for nothing else, and yet she

loved him profoundly, with all the strength of her nature, which was always constant, while there was something of southern fire and intensity in the dark eyes that saw separation in the face of the man she loved.

With a sudden fierce gesture, a sudden up-flaming of strongly burning fires, Nicolson turned and clasped Submit's hands, pressing his quivering hot lips upon them, murmuring hurried words that she understood without distinctly hearing. Then after a moment he said, "Let me take you home, I cannot leave you here."

"I will remain," she said, feeling a return of the prostration that had attacked her in her wanderings in the woods.

"Go," she said. "The sea is my friend; I will stay here."

He had not the strength to stay; his eyes embraced her, his colorless face seemed unable to turn from hers, but the next moment he was gone, quickly tramping over the sands in the direction of the nearest railroad station. Submit saw his tall figure in the crimson glow of light; it hurried on and turned a curve in the beach.

A wild, white face upturned to the skies, deep eyes with unutterable grief in them, then Submit's head sank slowly and she said:

"After all, men cannot love as women do—though he loves me—loves me."

The last words were half inaudible, the stupor of the disease that had been upon her all day came again to her. She sank down, quiet and senseless, in the glare of the element that swept up the woods.

CHAPTER IV.

It was not until months after that they could speak to Submit of the time when the woods burned. Not on account of Nicolson, for his unexpected departure was of minor consequence in the eyes of the Seaburys and of the village. It is true they commented on it, and surmised that he had been rejected by Submit in favor of Florian Hunt.

"She loved Florian, I think," said Mrs. Seabury to her husband; "how can I ever tell her?"

"You may never have to tell her," was Seabury's reply as his face darkened with fear.

"You don't mean—" whispered his wife in a tremulous tone, her heart seeming to stand still as she listened.

"The doctor thinks it's a hard case, she's got the fever bad," said Seabury, rising and

walking softly up and down the room. "Don't worry about telling her anything."

Mrs. Seabury did not reply. She stole in softly to sit in the darkened room, faithfully, as if the child there had in verity been her own flesh and blood.

Later, when Submit was better and sat up a little in the old-fashioned armchair, having it always turned toward the sea, to Mrs. Seabury's surprise, the first question she asked was not of the two men who had gone, but of her own childhood.

"You said my mother left me with you before I was a year old," she said, looking up at the sky long ago cleared by sweet rains.

"Yes," replied Mrs. Seabury, who never cared to discuss that topic, always liking to think this proud girl was really her own, childless as she was.

"Tell me of it again, please," said Submit.

"There aint much to tell. You know it all. Your mother came over from Scotland for the sea-voyage on account of her health. She wanted a quiet place, and one of my cousins in New York who saw her there sent her here. My own little baby had just died then, and she wanted me to nurse hers. I took you. Soon the doctors ordered her South. She had only two servants with her, for her husband was dead, and she had no relatives whom she liked to ask to travel with an invalid. I remember when she came here to bid you good-by that she said you were the last of that line of the McDonalds. She could not take you with her, her health was so poor. She said she should be back in a few months, and take you to Scotland with her. Not six months after, I saw her death in the paper; she died in Cuba. By that time I loved you as if you were my own little girl. I dreaded the time when one of the servants should come, but no one came. I learnt, almost to a certainty, that they were lost on a ship which was wrecked coming from Havana about that time. To quiet my conscience, I advertised, but not widely, I was so fearful. I have been afraid I've kept you from property in Scotland. It's haunted me like a sin, but I couldn't help it."

Submit hardly noticed the sadness of her foster-mother's voice.

"I should like to go to Scotland," she said.

Nothing more was said on the subject. Submit grew gradually better. The clear, soft, and yet crisp days that sometimes come in the last of autumn were now shedding their smiles of balm on the sea-side town.

Submit began to walk slowly up and down the beach with her mother to support her steps. Suddenly she asked:

"Where is Florian? You do not speak of him."

Mrs. Seabury looked frightened. "We did not think you were strong enough," she began, hesitatingly. "It is dreadful; I can hardly tell you. You remember the fire."

Submit's shudder replied for her.

"Poor Florian, he must have got lost in the woods—"

"Tell me!" cried Submit, "is he dead?"

Her companion bent her head. "The men found him the next day. They knew it must be he, the fire had suffocated without burning him much."

A bond of iron loosened from Submit's heart with the copious tears that came. At last she said:

"I can go home alone, mother; you need not wait." And Mrs. Seabury left her, she thought, to mourn over her dead lover. But it was rather to be thankful for his death, horrible though it had been. Submit walked to a point of rocks and sat down, drawing her shawl close about her, for the sun could not thoroughly warm the winds of November.

A subtle hope of gladness was in her heart, why, she knew not, for a happy love was shut from her. The sinking sun colored the fleeces through which it sank, and they doubled themselves upon the clear water. Invigoration and strength were in the air and scene, and a slight color came to Submit's thin cheeks.

"O, let this be a sign of peace," she thought, extending her clasped hands towards sky and sea. But it was not peace she felt. It was a tumult of pulses, a hurrying of red blood, a thrilling of some unaccountable emotion. The glory in the west deepened to intenser colors, and still she sat there, moved by some power she could not recognize, for was not he whom she loved forever parted from her?

A figure sprang over the rocks, stooped beside her, devoured her with glances at once powerful and soft.

"I could not stay," whispered Nicolson, sitting down by her and drawing her to him. "Love and holy nature are stronger than fends and traditions. I claim what God has given me, and knew that I am right."

"Our path opens in light," softly said Submit, pointing toward that stream of sunshine. And with such a chiasm of love descending on them, it is well to leave them.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER THE FUNERAL.

THE grief of Mrs. Raymond and her two children, for the death of the husband and father, was very sharp and poignant. Had he died at home of some lingering illness, their minds would have been prepared in some measure for the stroke. But cut off as he was in an instant, the blow fell upon them very heavily.

On the third day after the body was found, the funeral took place. Harry attended as chief mourner, for his mother was compelled to remain at home on account of illness. But when the funeral was over other cares forced themselves upon their attention. It is only the rich who can afford to give themselves up unreservedly to the luxury of grief. The poor must rouse themselves to battle for their bread. In Mr. Raymond's death his family had not only lost an affectionate husband and father, but the one upon whom they had leaned for support. How they were to live in future was a question which demanded their earliest consideration.

They were gathered in the little sitting-room one evening about a week after Mr. Raymond's death. Mrs. Raymond was looking sad and pale, while Harry's face was sober and earnest. He already began to realize that his father's cares and responsibilities had fallen on his young shoulders, and that it was his duty to take that father's place as well as he should be able.

"It is time, mother," he said, "that we began to talk about our future plans."

"I am sure I don't know what we shall do," said his mother, sighing, for to her the future looked formidable.

But Harry was young, healthy and sanguine, and his spirits were lighter.

"Whatever we do, mother," he said, "we won't despond. There are a great many ways of getting a living, and I know that we shall get along somehow."

"I don't know," said Mrs. Raymond, dubiously.

"Do you remember that piece I spoke the other day?"

"The one you got the prize for, Harry?" said his sister.

"It wasn't for that only, but for speaking the whole term. The piece began with 'Sink or Swim,' and I told you then that I meant to take that for my motto."

"What do you mean, Harry?"

"I mean this, mother," said Harry with energy, "that, sink or swim, I am going to do my best, and if I do that I think it'll be swim and not sink."

"But you are so young, Harry," said his mother, not very hopefully.

"I am fifteen," said Harry, drawing himself up. "I am well and strong, and I can work."

"I don't know what you can find to do."

"O, there are plenty of things," said Harry, cheerfully, though rather vaguely. It would, perhaps, have puzzled him to enumerate the plenty of things, but he was hopeful and confident, and that was in his favor.

"Do you think you could build houses, Harry?" asked Katy.

"None that would be worth living in," he said, smiling. "I don't mean to be a carpenter. It would take too long to learn, and the pay is never very large. But the first thing to do, mother, is to see how we stand."

"There's this house. That is all we have, and Squire Turner holds a mortgage on that."

"The mortgage is seven hundred dollars. How much has been paid on it?"

"Three hundred dollars."

"Then we own it all except four hundred dollars. It is worth fully twelve hundred dollars, so that we are worth at least eight hundred dollars."

"That won't last very long," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Not if we spend it, but I hope we shan't have to do that. Still it gives us something to fall back upon, in case I don't succeed very well at first. Then there is the furniture. That must be worth at least two hundred dollars."

"It cost considerably more."

"Never mind, we will call it two hundred dollars. You see," he added cheerfully, "we have got up to a thousand already. Now, mother, have you got any money in the house?"

"About twenty-five dollars."

"That is not much, but it is something. I suppose that is all."

"Yes, I suppose so."

"Well, it isn't so bad as it might be. Think of those who are left wholly destitute, with starvation staring them in the face.

When you think of that, we are quite rich in comparison."

"I might have had something to help along," said Mrs. Raymond, "but my father lost what little property we had before he died, and left nothing at all."

"Wasn't he a soldier in the war of 1812?" inquired Harry.

"Yes, he served for over a year."

"Didn't he get any pension, or anything else from government?"

"No, he got no pension. He got a grant of land—eighty acres, I believe—somewhere out in Wisconsin."

"What did he do with the land?"

"He never did anything. Land was only a dollar and a quarter an acre, and nobody would give him that. An agent offered him twenty-five dollars for his grant, but he would not take it. Then he put away the paper, and never did anything more about it."

"Have you got the paper now, mother?" asked Harry, interested.

"Yes, I believe so. I think I have it somewhere in my bureau."

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble I would like to see it. Can't I find it?"

"No, I will go for it."

Mrs. Raymond went up stairs, and shortly returned with a paper yellow with age, setting forth that Henry Mann, in consideration of services rendered to the government, was entitled to a quarter section of land, the location of which was specified.

"A quarter section?" said Harry. "That's a hundred and sixty acres—more than you thought."

"Is it?" said Mrs. Raymond, listlessly. "I suppose it doesn't make much difference now which it is. After so long a time there is no chance of getting it, and I suppose it wouldn't be worth much."

"I don't know about that," said Harry. "At any rate it's worth looking into. Shall I keep the paper?"

"Yes, if you wish."

"I will go round to-morrow, and see Squire Turner, and perhaps he can give me some information about it. But we haven't talked about our plans yet."

"I have thought of nothing."

"But I have. I will tell you about it, and see what you think. First, I thought of hiring some land, and turning farmer, but that's hard work, and requires more knowledge than I have got. Besides, I don't believe I could earn much."

"No, I don't think you could earn much that way."

"Then I thought I might go to the city, and get a small stock of goods, and go round peddling. Or, perhaps, I might get the agency for some popular article, and travel about with it."

"I am afraid it would be a great undertaking. Besides, you have no money to invest."

"That's true, but I could raise some. Squire Turner might advance me one hundred dollars, and increase the mortgage to that amount. A hundred dollars, or even less, would buy all the goods I should want at one time. That would be my capital in trade. As soon as I made money enough I would pay it back, and then we should be as well off as we are now."

"I don't know what to think," said Mrs. Raymond, sighing. "I never had any head for business. I always left those things to your father."

"But you will consent to my asking such a loan?"

"Yes, if you really think it will do any good."

"I do. Remember my motto, mother, 'Sink or swim' I've made up my mind to swim."

Thus ended the conference. Harry saw that it was as his mother said—she had no head for business. He must form his own plans, and carry them through without assistance.

CHAPTER V.

SQUIRE TURNER.

BEFORE doing anything else, Harry determined to consult some one about the land warrant. It might be worth nothing, or very little, but in their present circumstances they could not afford to give up even a little.

As he had suggested in his conversation with his mother, he decided to call on Squire Turner and ask his advice. He did not particularly like the squire, who was not popular in the neighborhood; but still he had the reputation of being well acquainted with matters of business, and, though not a regular lawyer, was accustomed to draw up deeds, and conveyances, and wills, and in fact supplied the place of a lawyer so far as his neighbors were concerned. There was no one in the village so likely as the squire to advise him correctly about the land warrant. So Harry put on his cap the next morning, and with the docu-

ment in his breast pocket set out on his way to Squire Turner's residence.

It was a large, square dwelling-house setting back some distance from the road. There were two gates, at the right and left hand, and a semi-circular drive-way extending from one to the other passed the front door.

It was half-past eight o'clock, and James Turner was standing on the front steps with his books under his arm. He had just come out, and was about to start for school. James surveyed Harry's approach with some curiosity.

"Halloo," said he, "what do you want?"

This was not a very civil or cordial greeting, and Harry did not feel compelled to satisfy his curiosity.

"My business is not with you," he said. "It is with your father."

"I suppose you've come for a job," said James, coarsely. "I suppose you'll be awful poor."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, coolly. "I guess I shall be able to make a living."

"Maybe my father'll hire you to saw wood."

"Thank you, but that isn't the business I am thinking of following."

"Perhaps you are going to be a merchant," sneered James.

"Very likely I may be some time."

Harry was not much troubled by the rudeness of James, for he cared nothing for him or his good opinion. James was a little nettled to find that his taunts rebounded so harmlessly, and this led him to one parting shot.

Harry had ascended the front steps, and was about to ring the bell, when James said, "You needn't ring. You can go round to the backdoor."

"Is that where you go in?" asked Harry.

"No."

"Then, if you use the front door, I shall," and Harry rang a peal a little louder than he would have otherwise done.

James muttered something about his not knowing his place; but before the door was opened marched off for school.

The door was speedily opened by a servant.

"Is Squire Turner in?" asked Harry.

"Yes, he is. Wont you come in?"

Harry entered, and passed into a room on the right, which the squire generally used as a sitting-room. It was provided with a desk, studded with pigeon-holes, most of which were filled with papers. Here it was that

the amateur lawyer received business calls, and transacted such business as came to his hands.

He looked round as Harry entered.

Squire Turner, whom I may as well describe here, was a tall man, with iron-gray hair, and a slight stoop in the shoulders. His face, which was rather harsh, began to show wrinkles. It was not, on the whole, a very pleasing or encouraging aspect, but Harry Raymond, who was used to the squire's looks, did not waste much thought upon this. It was his nature to go directly to the point.

"Did you want to see me?" asked the squire, adjusting his spectacles, and looking at our hero.

"Yes sir."

"Given in return for his services in the war of 1812."

"Yes sir. Is it worth anything?"

"Didn't he ever take up the land?"

"No sir."

"Why not?"

"I don't know, sir, except that Wisconsin was a good ways off, and I believe he had some property at that time, so that he did not need it. Mother says he was offered twenty-five dollars by an agent, but wouldn't accept it. After that, he appears to have put it away in his drawer, and forgotten it."

"Humph" said the squire, reflectively, running his eyes over the document.



HARRY'S INTERVIEW WITH SQUIRE TURNER.

"Yes sir," said Harry.

"I'm rather busy now. Be as quick as you can."

"My father's death," said Harry, his lip grieving a little as he said it, "makes it necessary for me to form some plans about getting along. I was reckoning up yesterday how much we had to start with, when my mother showed me a paper which may be worth something. Probably you will know. So I have brought it along to show you."

"Where is it?" asked Squire Turner.

Harry drew it out from his pocket, and handed it to the squire.

"I see it's a land warrant in favor of your grandfather," he said, after a little examination.

"Do you think I can get anything for it?" asked Harry.

"I am not prepared to say positively," said the squire, slowly. "My impression is, that after this length of time, it would be impossible to get anything for it."

"I was afraid that might be the case," said Harry. "Is there any way of finding out about it?"

"If you'll leave it with me, I will take steps to ascertain," said Squire Turner.

"Thank you, sir. If we get anything for it we shall of course be willing to pay you for your trouble."

Most men would at once have assured Harry that no payment would be necessary,

but Squire Turner was never known to refuse a fee—he was too fond of money for that—nor was it his intention to do so now. He accordingly answered, “Well, I will see about it. It may take some time.”

“There was something else I wished to speak to you about,” said Harry.

“Proceed.”

“You hold a mortgage upon our place.”

“Well?”

“It is now reduced to four hundred dollars by payments made by my father.”

“Do you wish to pay the remainder?”

“No sir, I am not able to. What I want is, to get another hundred dollars from you on the same security, making it five hundred dollars instead of four.”

“What do you want with the money?”

“I have been thinking that I might get a stock of goods in the city, and go about selling them. I have got to do something, and I think I might make money that way.”

“I couldn’t let you have the money,” said the squire.

“No sir, I suppose not. But mother is willing, as she will tell you herself.”

“I don’t know but I can do it,” said the squire, after a little pause. “Mind, I don’t give any advice as to the plan you have in view. You may make it pay, and you may not. Perhaps it would be better to get something to do about here.”

“There isn’t much chance in Vernon,” answered Harry, “and there are plenty to do what little work there is.”

“Well, that’s your affair. About the money, I will consider the matter, and if you will come round to-morrow, I will let you know what I have decided.”

“Thank you, sir.”

“And about the land warrant, I will write out to a lawyer I know in Milwaukie, and ask his opinion. When his answer comes, I will let you know.”

“Thank you, sir,” said Harry, and his business being at an end, he took his cap, and with a bow left the room.

On the whole he was better pleased with the result of the interview than he anticipated. Squire Turner had not been very cordial or sympathetic, it is true, but he seemed disposed to grant the request which he had made, and though Harry did not like him, he had a very good opinion of his business abilities.

“If we can only get a hundred dollars or so for the land warrant,” he said to himself, “it will be a great help.”

CHAPTER VI.

HARRY OBTAINS A PLACE.

ON the way back from Squire Turner’s Harry stepped into the village store, as he had one or two small articles to purchase for his mother. This store was kept by Jonas Porter, a man over fifty, in rather poor health. On this account he was obliged to depend considerably upon two young men, whom he employed as assistants. One of them, John Gaylord, was twenty-five years of age, and an efficient salesman. The other, Alfred Harper, was about eighteen, and of course less experienced and valuable. The last was employed partly in driving the store wagon with goods to different parts of the village.

Harry entered the store, and going up to the counter, said to the proprietor who was standing behind, “Mr. Porter, I want two pounds of brown sugar.”

“How is your mother?” asked the store-keeper.

“Not very well,” answered Harry.

“No, I suppose not. Your father’s death must be a great blow to her.”

“Yes sir. It is to all of us.”

“I hope she will soon be feeling better. Health is a blessing we don’t appreciate till we lose it. I have not been feeling very well, lately. In fact I am not fit to be in the store.”

“Where is Alfred Harper? I have not seen him for a day or two.”

“He has been taken sick, and has gone home. He may be sick some weeks. It is unlucky just now, for I am not fit to be in the store. I wish I could get somebody to take his place for a few weeks.”

Here an idea struck Harry. He was not as old as Alfred Harper, but he was strong, and he thought he might be able to do his work. He decided to suggest it to the store-keeper.

“If you thought I would do,” he said, “I should be glad to come into the store. I have got to go to work now.”

“I am afraid you are too young,” said Mr. Porter, doubtfully. “How old are you?”

“Fifteen, sir.”

“That is young.”

“Yes sir, but I am pretty stout and strong of my age.”

“You look so. Can you drive a horse?”

“O yes sir. I have done that a good many times.”

“I don’t know,” said the store-keeper hesi-

tating a little. "You couldn't do as much as Alfred; still you could help a good deal. I have always heard good accounts of you. Mr. Gaylord, how will it do to engage Harry Raymond a few weeks while Alfred is away?"

"I think it would be a good plan, sir," said John Gaylord, who was familiar with Harry's good reputation, and had a very favorable opinion of him. "It would lighten your labors a good deal."

"Very true, and I am really not able to be in the store. Well, Harry," he proceeded, "I guess you may come."

"When shall I come?"

"The sooner the better."

"Then I'll come this afternoon," said Harry, promptly. "I want to go home and split up a little wood for mother, enough to last her."

"Very well. About the pay, I will give you six dollars a week."

Six dollars a week! This seemed to Harry a large sum. His father had only been paid two dollars per day, and therefore received but twice as much. He had hoped, to be sure, to earn more as a peddler, but then his expenses would be large, and, after all, he might fail, for it was but an experiment. Here there was no risk, but a certain weekly income. Besides, and this was an important consideration, it would enable him to continue at home, and he knew that just at this time his mother and little Katy would feel his absence more than at any other time.

Good news always quickens the step. Harry entered the house briskly, and placed the parcels he had brought from the store upon the table.

"Here are the sugar and butter, mother," he said. "Now I'll go out and split you some wood, for I've got to go to work this afternoon."

"What kind of work?" asked Mrs. Raymond, looking up.

"Alfred Harper is sick, and so is Mr. Porter. So he has engaged me to take Alfred's place for the present, at a salary of six dollars a week. I think that's pretty lucky."

"Then you won't have to leave home," said his mother, brightening up for the first time. "I was so afraid you would have to, and that would make it very lonely for Katy and me."

"No, I shall be at home, only you won't see much of me, for I've got to go to the store early, and I suppose I shall get home late."

"At any rate you won't be away from

Vernon. I don't think I could bear to part from you just now."

"Did you call and see Squire Turner, Harry?" asked Katy.

"O yes, I almost forgot to tell you. He has taken the paper, and is going to write to a lawyer in Milwaukee about it."

"Does he think it is worth anything?"

"He doesn't give much hope, it's so many years ago, so we won't count upon it. I asked him about letting me have a hundred dollars to start in business with, and he said he would let me know to-morrow. I didn't know then that I could get a place with Mr. Porter."

"I would rather have you with Mr. Porter."

"Yes, I would rather stay there for the present. But you must remember that it won't last but a few weeks. After that I may have to do as I proposed."

Harry went out, and labored manfully at the woodpile for a couple of hours. Then he got the basket and carried in considerable and piled it up in the kitchen, so that his mother might not have the trouble of going out to get it.

Meanwhile Squire Turner was writing a letter to a Mr. Robinson, a Milwaukee lawyer, whom he knew. He stated the matter fully, giving his correspondent, however, the idea that the warrant had come into his own possession. In fact he had made up his mind, in case the paper should be worth anything, to turn it to his own benefit, by hook or by crook. He was a rich man already, to be sure, but he was not contented with what he had, nor was he likely to be. He was, as I have already stated, a grasping, avaricious man, and as long as money went into his pocket, he cared very little that it was at the expense of the widow and orphan. He did not build any very high hopes on the warrant. Still he was not a man to let a chance slip by.

In the course of a fortnight he received an answer to his letter. As it is of some importance, I will transcribe it here.

"Milwaukee, Wis., May 27, 18—

"MR. TURNER:—Dear sir, yours of the 21st, asking information as to the probable value of a certain land warrant in your possession, has come to hand. It appears that the land was located, though the owner never appeared to take possession of it. In consequence it has fallen into the hands of others. The tract in question is a valuable one, being situated

only a few miles out of Milwaukie, and has upon it several valuable buildings. My own opinion is, that if the matter is followed up, though you might not be able to get possession without a protracted law suit, so much value being involved, the present holders would be willing to pay a considerable sum by way of compromise. It might be worth while for you to come on, and see about the matter yourself. I will assist you to the best of my ability. Yours respectfully,
 "FRANCIS ROBINSON."

Squire Turner read this letter with lively interest. So the neglected yellow paper promised to be valuable, after all. Perhaps, indeed, it might be worth thousands of dollars. In that case, Mrs. Raymond would be very well off, after all.

The main question in Squire Turner's mind was, how could he manage so as to profit by it himself. He was meditating upon this as

he walked home from the post-office, when he met Harry Raymond, driving the store-wagon.

Harry paused, and hailed the squire.

"Squire Turner," he said, "have you found out anything yet about that paper I left with you?"

"Not yet," said the squire, falsely, for he had no intention of disclosing the truth at present. "I am afraid we can't get anything for it after so many years. When I hear anything I will let you know."

"I was afraid it was too long ago," said Harry; "so I am not much disappointed."

"I am thinking of taking a little trip to the West before long," said Squire Turner. "I may be able to find out something about it then."

Harry started the horse towards the store, and thought so little of the land warrant that he quite forgot to mention the matter to his mother in the evening.

JESUS BLESSED THE LITTLE ONES.

BY S. V. S.—.

Often, in my little Bible,
 I have read the story o'er,
 Of Christ blessing little children,
 And I love it more and more;
 For it seems so sweet and tender,
 With the love *he* only knew,
 When he blessed the little children,
 Saying, "Heaven is like to you."

If I could have stood beside him,
 And have heard him gently say
 "Little one, receive my blessing,"
 While his hand upon me lay,
 O, I should have been so happy,
 And I should have loved him so,
 As I know the little children
 Did, so long and long ago.

Every time I read the story,
 Kneeling low, I try to pray
 That I may receive his blessing,
 Though Heaven seems so far away;
 And I feel a gentle quiet
 Stealing o'er me, and I know
 Jesus loves the little children
 Just the same as long ago.

LOST AND FOUND.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

ONE day there was a great show of soldiers in Broadway, New York, and everybody ran to see it. Men, women and children crowded forward, pushing, treading on each other, making a muss generally. And when at length the regiment had gone by, some people found that they had lost their company, or lost their way, or lost their purses, or their clothes. Scarcely anybody came out of that crowd as they went into it.



NINA AND THE LOST CHILD.

A pretty French nursery-girl who had run down from the Fifth Avenue hotel to see the soldiers, lost her bonnet.

Now French nursery-girls do not usually wear bonnets, they wear white caps; but Nina Berger was a nursery-girl without any one to nurse, and could do as she pleased. The little girl who had been under her care was dead; and the parents kept Nina because they were fond of her.

"Well, that is fine, to lose one's bonnet," she said, with a laugh. "But then a veil is better than nothing."

So she threw her veil over her head, and was scampering back to her hotel again, when at a street corner she saw just in front of her a pair of eyes. I don't mean to say that she saw only one pair, and I don't mean to say

that there were nothing but eyes. But these eyes were so large, and bright, and sorrowful, and frightened, all together, that she could not help noticing them. There was a boy to them.

"He was a very pretty boy, white and delicate, with wavy black hair, and he was very prettily dressed in a Turkish costume.

Nina stopped and looked at him, and when she did that he went nearer to her, and tried to speak. But he was so near bursting right out crying that he couldn't say one word.

"Poor little boy!" says Nina, taking his hand in hers, and pushing up the brim of his hat a little, that she might see his face better. "Are you lost, dear? Tell me all about it."

Then the little boy told his story as well as he could. He and Tom had come out to see the soldiers, and Tom had been so saucy to a policeman, and the policeman had taken him by the shoulder, and lifted his billet to strike him, and the crowd had pressed between them, and the boy had been pushed, and pushed, till he couldn't find Tom. And that was all, only that he was lost, and didn't know where to go to.

"What is your name, little boy?" Nina asked, wiping his tears away. "And how old are you?"

"My name is Rubber Ball," said the boy. "But I don't know how old I am.

My father's forty years old. I heard him say so. But some days he says he is most a hundred."

"I should think you might be about seven years old," says Nina. "But what a name it is—Rubber Ball! What is your father's name?"

"His name is Bouncing Bill," answered the little boy, sighing.

Nina held up both her hands.

"My sakes!" she said. "I never did hear such names! Where do you live, little Rubber?"

The boy hesitated, as if he didn't know what to say.

"Can't you tell me?" asked Nina.

"We live most everywhere," answered Rubber, in his soft voice.

"Well, come home with me, and we will find out where your father is," Nina said, not liking very well to give such a beautiful boy up to a policeman, and not liking to stand there in the street any longer. For besides the great crowd, there was a tall man in a sugar-loaf hat and a cloak hanging back from his shoulders, who had been standing close by ever since she stopped, and staring at her or the boy, she did not know which. But since Nina was very pretty, she took for granted that he was staring at her.

So she took the little boy by the hand, and led him away, just glancing back once over her shoulder to see if the tall, black-whiskered man was still there. He was, she saw, and was looking after them with large, steady eyes. But now she perceived that the eyes were fixed on the boy, and not on her.

A thought struck her.

"Is your Tom a handsome, tall, pale gentleman in a cloak, and with a beautiful diamond in his shirt-front?" she asked.

"O no!" said Rubber. "He wears a red shirt, and his face is red, and he isn't tall."

So she led him home to the hotel, and in by a servants' door, and up to the parlor where her mistress was.

"See what I have found, madam," she said, leading the little boy to Mrs. Blake.

The lady was very pale and sober, and she was dressed in deep black for her little girl; but she held out her hand to Rubber, and smiled faintly when she asked his name.

"What lovely hair he has!" she said, when Nina had told his story; "and how oddly he is dressed. And such names, too! I cannot imagine what they mean. What does your father do, dear?"

"He rides horses," said the boy, looking all about the room, which was the most beautiful he had ever seen.

"Has he many horses?" the lady asked. "Is he rich?"

"O yes! He has lots of horses. And there are the black ponies, and the red ponies, and the white ponies."

"He must be rich if he has horses and ponies in New York," the lady said. "Take him to the table and show him the pictures, Nina; and when Mr. Blake comes in, he will see what is to be done for him."

The lady turned her head away, and looked

out into the avenue where a steady stream of carriages was going up; and Nina led the boy to a table not far away, and opening a book, began to show him the pictures.

It happened that she had opened a book full of pictures of animals, elephants, camelopards, and such, and the moment he saw them, the boy exclaimed with delight.

"O, that's Sultan!" he said, pointing to the picture of the elephant. "He takes me up with his trunk, and puts me on his back."

"O, that's an elephant!" said Nina.

"Our elephant's name is Sultan," the boy said. "And we've got a camelopard like that, and we've got lions in cages, and tigers, and—"

"Mercy on us!" cried out Mrs. Blake,



NINA SHOWING THE PICTURE BOOK.

turning round from the window. "That accounts for it. He is a circus boy! Don't keep him here. Take him out somewhere, and send for a policeman to carry him to his people."

"Do your people have a circus, and wild beasts?" asked Nina, as she led her little foundling out of the room.

"Yes," he answered, with tears in his eyes. He was very much hurt at being driven away so, and at the lady's voice, which was almost cross. "But I don't want to go to them. I want to stay with you."

Nina's eyes were full of tears; for she was already fond of the child, and ever since she found him had been thinking how glad she would be if Mr. and Mrs. Blake would adopt him for their own. It cut her to the heart to

have to send him away with a stranger, and never to see him again.

"Don't they use you well, my darling?" she asked, kneeling down by the child in the large hall, and putting her arm around him.

"No," said he, and began to cry. "Sometimes they whip me, and they make me ride the big horse when I am frightened, and they make me dance when I am tired. I want to go to my own home."

"Where is your own home?" Nina asked.

"I don't know. It's where papa is," the child answered.

"What is the matter with your little boy?" asked a voice close to them; and, looking up, Nina saw the same tall man who had stared at them in the street. But she wasn't afraid of him now. She was glad of some one to tell her story to.

As she told it, the man's face, that had been pale, grew very red; and he seemed to be weak all at once, for he sat down on a chair almost as if he fell into it, and drew the child to him, holding him by both hands, and looking at him in the strangest way.

Nina didn't know what to make of it; and when she looked at the boy she saw that he had stopped crying, and was staring steadily at the gentleman.

"Look at me! Look at me!" cried the gentleman, grasping the little hands close. "Do not you know me? Do you know your own name? O, my little one! My dear little Eugene!"

Every word of this was said in French; and when the little boy heard it, his pretty face blushed and brightened up, and he threw himself into the gentleman's arms, with his little arms around the gentleman's neck, and cried out, "O, my dear papa!"

And what the little boy said was also in French.

Well, such a crying and kissing as there was! and all that Nina could do was to stand by and hold up her hands, her heart full of wonder and delight.

"He is my own little boy!" said the gentleman, at length, holding the child tightly in his arms. "He was coming with his mother from France to live with me in Cuba, and the vessel was wrecked, and his mother was drowned. I thought that my child must be lost also, though I heard that a poor sailor tried to save him. But here he is, after three years! I saw him in the street, and I could not take my eyes from him, nor help following him. I knew my child!"

And again the gentleman hugged and kissed the boy, and laughed and cried over him.

Well, to make a long story short, it turned out as the gentleman said. A sailor had saved the child, not knowing his name, had brought him to New York, and left him with some poor people, and had gone away to sea again. The circus man had seen him, and had carried him off, thinking him a prize, he was so pretty and bright.

I don't think there was ever a happier father and son than those two; and when Monsieur Lablanche, for that was the Frenchman's name, asked Nina to be his boy's nurse, then there were three happy ones.

And by-and-by, when the gentleman found that Nina was not only pretty but good, and that she had a little education, he married her, and the three were happier still. And I don't see but the bride appears as nice as if she had been brought up rich.

But Mrs. Blake is sorry that she hadn't made more of the little foundling, for his father is a rich man; and now she can't make Eugene like her for her life.

BOB THE COSSET.

ONE cold night in March, my father came in from the barnyard, bringing a little lamb, which lay stiff and still in his arms, and appeared to be quite dead. But my mother, who was good and kind to all creatures, wrapped it in flannel, and, forcing open its teeth, poured some warm milk down its throat. Still it did not open its eyes or move, and when we went to bed it was lying motionless before the fire. It happened that my mother slept in a room opening out of the sitting-room, and in the

middle of the night she heard a little complaining voice, saying, "Ma!" She thought it must be some one of us, and so answered, "What, my child?" Again it came, "Ma!" and, turning round, she saw by the light of the moon the little lamb she had left for dead standing by her bedside. In the morning it was found that the own mother of "Bob" (for we gave him that name) had died of cold in the night; so we adopted the poor orphan into our family. We children took care of

him, and though it was a great trouble to bring him up by hand, we soon became attached to our charge, and grew very proud of his handsome growth and thriving condition. He would go into every room in the house, even mount the stairs and appear in our chambers in the morning, sometimes before we were up, to shame us with his early rising. But the place which of all others he decidedly preferred was the pantry. Here he was, I am sorry to say, once or twice guilty of breaking the commandment against stealing, by helping himself to fruit and to slices of bread which did not rightfully belong to him. But Bob, though playful and somewhat mischievous, had never any serious disagreement with the dogs, cats, pigs and poultry on the premises. My sister and I used to make wreaths for his neck, which he wore with such an evident attempt at display, that I sometimes feared he was more vain and proud than it was right for such an innocent and poetical animal to be.

But our trials did not really commence until Bob's horns began to sprout. It seemed that he had no sooner perceived those little protuberances in his looking-glass, the drinking-trough, than he took to butting, like any common pasture-reared sheep, who had been wholly without the advantages of education and good society. It was in vain that we tried to impress upon him that such was not correct conduct in a cosset of his breeding; he would still persevere in his little interesting trick of butting all such visitors as did not happen to strike his fancy. But he never treated us to his horns in that way, and so we let him go, like any other spoiled child, without punishing him severely, and laughed at his sauciness.

One day our minister, a stout elderly gentleman, solemn-faced and formal, had been making us a parochial visit, and as he was going away, we all went out into the yard to see him ride off on his old sorrel pacer. It seems he had no riding whip; so he reached up to break off a twig from an elm tree which hung over the gate. This was very high, and he was obliged to stand on tiptoe. Just then, before he had grasped the twig he wanted, Bob started out from under a large rose-bush near by, and ran against the reverend gentleman, butting him so violently as to take him quite off his feet. My father helped the good man up, and made a great many apologies for the impiety of our pet, while we children did our best to keep our faces straight. After our venerable visitor was gone, my father sternly

declared that he would not bear with Bob any longer, but that he should be turned into the pasture with the other sheep, for he would not have him about, insulting respectable people and butting ministers of the gospel at that rate.

So the next morning Bob was banished in disgrace from the house and yard, and obliged to mingle with the vulgar herd of his kind. With them I regret to say that he soon earned the name of being very bold and quarrelsome. As his horns grew and lengthened, he grew more and more proud of the consequence they gave him, and went forth butting and to butt. O, he was a terrible fellow!

One summer day, my brother Charles and a young man who lived with us were in the mill-pond washing the sheep which were soon to be sheared. I was standing on the bank, watching the work, when one of our neighbors, a hard, coarse man, came up, and calling to my brother, in a loud voice, asked if he had been hunting a raccoon the night before. "Yes sir, and I killed him too," answered my brother. "Well, young man," said the farmer, "did you pass through my field, and trample down the grain?" "I crossed the field, sir, but I hope I did no great damage," replied Charles, in a pleasant way. "Yes you *did*!" shouted the man, "and now, you young rascal, if I ever catch you on my land again, day or night, I'll thrash you!—I'll teach you something, if your father wont!" As he said this, stretching his great fist out threateningly towards my brother, he stood on the very edge of the steep bank. Just behind him were the sheep, headed by the redoubtable Bob, who suddenly darted forward, and, before the farmer could suspect what was coming, butted him head over heels into the pond! My brother went at once to the assistance of his enemy, who scrambled on to the shore, sputtering and dripping, but a good deal cooler in his rage. I suppose I was very wicked, but I *did* enjoy that!

For this one good turn, Bob was always quite a favorite, with all his faults, and year after year was spared, when worthier sheep were made mutton of. He was finally sold, with the rest of the flock, when he left the farm, and though he lived to a good old age, the wool of his last fleece must long since have been knit into socks and comforters, or woven into cloth—must have grown threadbare, and gone to dress scarecrows, or stop cellar windows, or been all trodden out in rag carpets.—*Grace Greenwood.*

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

CHICKEN BROTH.—Joint a chicken, wash the pieces, put them into a stewpan with three pints of water, and add two ounces of rice, two or three blades of mace, some white pepper whole, and a pinch of salt; let it come to a boil, skim frequently, and simmer for three hours; boil for five minutes in the soup some vermicelli, and serve with it in the soup.

BAKED COD.—Cut a large fine piece out of the middle of the fish, and skin it carefully; stuff it with a stuffing composed of the yolks of two eggs boiled hard, the roe half-boiled, bread crumbs, grated lemon-peel, butter, pepper, and salt to taste. Blind it with the undressed white of an egg, and sew in the stuffing with white thread, bake it in a Dutch oven before the fire, turn it frequently, and baste it with butter; serve with shrimp sauce, plain butter, or oyster sauce. A tin baking-dish is preferable to any other for cooking this fish.

COD FISH PIE.—Take a piece from the middle of a good sized fish, salt it well all night, then wash it, and season with salt, pepper, and a few grains of nutmeg, a little chopped parsley and some oysters, put all in your dish, with pieces of butter on the fish; add a cup of good second white stock and cream; cover it with a good crust, adding a little lemon juice in the gravy.

A SALT ROUND OF BEEF.—Use the spice as for the fillet of beef, but salt as usual for a round of beef. Let it lie for a week, frequently rubbing it; boil it in a cloth; send up carrots, and turnips, and suet dumplings, and a little gravy from what it was boiled in, adding a little consomme, or it will be too salt. Young cabbage in a dish, send up.

SCALLOPED OYSTERS.—Beard the oysters, wash in their own liquor, steep bread crumbs in the latter, put them with the oysters into scallop shells, with a bit of butter, and seasoning of salt, pepper and a little grated nutmeg; make a paste with bread crumbs and butter; cover and roast them before the fire, or in an oven.

STEWED OYSTERS.—The oysters should be bearded and rinsed in their own liquor which should then be strained and thickened with flour and butter, and placed with the oysters

in a stewpan; add mace, lemon-peel cut into shreds, and some white pepper whole; these ingredients had better be confined in a piece of muslin. The stew must simmer only, if it is suffered to boil, the oysters will become hard; serve with sippets of bread. This may be varied by adding a glass of wine to the liquor, before the oysters are put in and warmed.

FILLET OF BEEF ROASTED.—The fillet, which comes from the inside of the sirloin, may be larded or roasted plain; for high dinners it is larded. Baste with fresh butter. It must be a large fillet which takes longer than an hour and twenty minutes; serve with tomato sauce, and garnish with horseradish, unless served with currant jelly, then serve as with venison or hare.

MACKEREL.—Clean the fish thoroughly, remove the roe, steep it in vinegar and water, and replace it; place the fish in water from which the chill has been taken, and boil very slowly from fifteen to twenty minutes; the best criterion is the starting of the eyes and splitting of the tail—when that takes place, the fish is done; take it out instantly, or you will not preserve it whole. Garnish with parsley, and chopped parsley in melted butter, serve up as sauce.

RUMP OF BEEF.—Cut the beef in pieces, half boil them, put them into some beef broth or thin stock, unseasoned, and boil; when half done, stir some butter and flour moistened with broth in a stewpan over the fire until brown; put the beef into the pan with a dozen onions previously parboiled, a glass of sherry, a bay leaf, a bunch of sweet herbs, parsley, pepper and salt; stew till the beef and onions are quite done, then skim clean, cut an anchovy small, and put it with capers into the sauce; place the beef in the centre of the dish, and garnish with the onions round it.

TO FRICASSEE COLD ROAST BEEF.—Cut the beef into slices (which should be very thin), and put it with strong broth into a stewpan; add parsley chopped small, an onion scored, and a piece of butter; simmer fifteen minutes, then add a glass of port wine, a tea-spoonful of pyroligneous acid, and the yolk of a couple of eggs; mix well, stew quickly, pot the dish, rub it with a shalot, pour fricassee into it and serve.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

HIGH-HEELED BOOT DISEASE.—I treated myself the other night, says a Paris letter-writer, to a seat at the *Gaite*, to witness the spectacle called "*La Chatte Blanche*." I there met a medical friend, who told me that he had been called in to attend one of the fairy young ladies who had met with an accident. There was nothing wrong in it, but our conversation turned upon the clever eye and flesh painting, false hair, costumes, and strawberry cream-colored undress of the dozens of young ladies who in this incomprehensible but glittering drama represent the unearthly beauty of the fairy world. I observed that they now painted their ears as well as their eyes; some of the ears of the euhantresses or sylphides of the dance were of a pale pink coral tint, the eyes of course framed with a dark pencilling, the eyebrows heavily colored, and the flush of the rose laid on with no sparing hand. There is harm in all this; and my medical friend pointed out also the languor, the uncomfortable and fatigued attitude of some of the ladies in their magnificent costumes.

"Do you know why?"

"Tired, I suppose, and have played the part until they are careless."

"No," was the reply; "they are suffering from the high-heeled boot malady. This absurd fashion," continued my friend, "has produced distinct diseases, not only of the distorted foot but of the body. As the frame is thrown permanently into an unnatural position, it affects the spine, and as it is a question of balancing, nervous irritation sometimes occurs. You see by the expression of the face how much a woman suffers who has walked about or even stood long in high-heeled boots. Besides, we have accidents from falls very frequently."

There, ladies, will you cease to endeavor to trip up our indifference or invite our affections with a high-heeled boot torture which throws your figure out of drawing and affects your bodily health?

FASTING.—The Welsh fasting girl, who was first thought to be a prodigy, but subsequently something more than suspected of being an impostor, has had predecessors, whose capabilities of existing without food have been genuine and not feigned. There was of old one Samuel Clinton, of Timbary, near Bath, who often slept for a month at a stretch, of course fasting; and once he dozed from April to August. He awoke suddenly several times

during this long nap, but fell asleep again before food could be administered. Another case was that of Eupheme Lindsay, of Forfarshire; she slept eight weeks, taking nothing but a few drops of water. Most wonderful of all, however, was Angelica Vlies, of Delft; she was insensible from 1822 to 1828, six years at least, and only took the most minute quantities of tea, whey and water at intervals. No doubt man could exist for a long period without sustenance, provided he did nothing; once let him work, and his analogy to the steam-engine will forcibly present itself in his want of fuel. Shipwrecked mariners and buried miners have survived for many days without nourishment; and is there not a story of a prisoner in the Tower of London who gained a free pardon by abstaining from food and drink for six weeks?

A MASSACRE.—In a certain Lancashire village there lived an ancient maiden lady, very rich and very eccentric, who, among other peculiarities, was remarkable for her affection for cats and her aversion towards dogs. After her death a report was circulated, apparently on good foundation, that she had left a legacy of ten pounds to every householder who should thenceforward desist from keeping a dog; but as a proof of their *bona fides*, they were to bring the dead bodies of their favorites to the lady's baillif on the morning of the opening of the will. Accordingly, over night a general massacre of Snaps, Carlos, Rovers, and Flosses took place. The unlucky owners discovered too late that the report was a hoax, got up for the purpose of diminishing the canine population of the village.

AN IDEA FOR CRIMINALS.—A curious idea is started by a correspondent of the English periodical, *Land and Water*. He proposes that criminals be fed on horseflesh for meat. The advantages would, he thinks, be numerous. The flesh is good, wholesome and cheap. The criminals, as well as most others, have a great objection to eating it, however, and the restriction of the animal diet to this meat would, therefore, be a punishment and a mortification of the flesh without working any real injury to the culprit, while the prospect of having to live upon horse meat would be an excellent deterrent from crime, and the use of it would serve to utilize what it now wholly wasted.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

ONE OF GOUGH'S STORIES.—Mr. Gough tells the following as one of his experiences:

On one occasion I had made an appointment in a small town in Massachusetts, and, accompanied by a friend, I rode seven miles and arrived at the church as the people were assembling. Not knowing any one, I approached a plain-looking man, and asked if there was to be a lecture there.

"Yaas."

"Who is the lecturer?"

"Gough."

"Can you tell me where I can find the president of the society?"

"I spect I am the president."

"Ah! my name is Gough."

"Waal, it's most time to go in."

So in we went, and I sat in a pew till he came to me and said:

"You'd better go in the desk."

"Is there any one here to offer prayer?" I asked.

"No; the minister's away."

"Is there no deacon?"

"I spect I'm a deacon."

"Can't you pray?"

"No; I don't speak in meeting."

As I passed into the desk, he stood below and announced:

"Mr. Gough is in the desk, and is going to lectur."

So I "lectur'd" as well as I was able, and had no sooner taken my seat than I heard from below:

"We'll now proceed to take up a collection for the benefit of the lecturer."

As no one seemed inclined to move, he passed round with his hat, while the people were going out, and, dumping the contents on the table in front of the pulpit, and shaking the lining of his hat, said:

"There! that's all for you, and we shan't take nothing out for lights."

The amount did not exceed a dollar and a half, principally in cents; some of them the tokens that were then in vogue, and passing as current coin, stamped on one side with a jackass running away with the sub-treasury.

"I don't want it," I said.

"Why, there's a lot of it."

"I don't want it."

"Yer don't?"

"No."

"Waal, then I'll take it."

And sweeping the coin into his hat, and

holding it before him, he dipped his head into it, exclaiming:

"Waal, I guess I can carry it."

"You've got more cents in your hat than usual," I said.

"Waal, yes; I don't generally carry cents in my hat."

"But some of it is jackass cents."

"Waal, yes; I see there was some bung-towns in the heap."

And without another word he marched off, leaving me to laugh, which I did most heartily.

A PLEASANT PATCH.—Jack Whaly's wife one day chanced to find an elegant piece of white leather on the road, and she brought it home with her in great delight to mend Jack's small clothes, which she did very neatly. Jack set off the next day little suspecting what was in store for him; but when he had trotted about five miles—it was in the month of July—he began to feel mighty uneasy, in the saddle—a feeling that continued to increase at every moment, till at last he said, "It was like taking a canter on a bee-hive in swarming time;" and well he might, for the piece of leather was no other than a blister that the apothecary's boy had dropped that morning on the road.

ONE IDEA OF BAPTISM.—There lives in the village of E—, in Indiana, a good Baptist clergyman, whose son, four years old, had never until a few Sundays since witnessed the rite of baptism. On that occasion his father was called upon to immerse a lady convert; and as his wife wished to be present, the children were allowed to go and sit upon the shady river bank and witness the ceremony. On returning home Freddy approached the paternal and inquired why he put the woman under water. The father asked:

"Did you understand what I said to the lady?"

"O yes; you put your hand on the top of her head, and said, 'I baptize you in the name of the Father, and the Son, and here she goes!'"

A LECTURE ON POTATOES.—"Potatoes," said Pompey, a learned darkey, conversing with another gemman of color, "is a barboicious, zoological vegetable, what grows all under ground, 'cept de top, an' dat bear an carnivorous flower at de bottom. Potatoes is berry good biled, an' den dey am better roasted; but

if you can't 'teal de lard, de bes way of all is to fry him, becasse den de potato am meat, drink and sleep. Such am de great merits of dis 'ere esculent!"

JOHN JUMPSEY'S FITS.—It takes a person with very sharp wits to tell a drunken man from a man afflicted with fits. At all events it so appeared in a southern court the other day. John Jumpsey was accused of disturbing the peace, of being under the influence of liquor, and of several other minor misdemeanors.

"Are you guilty?" inquired the court.

"No, your honor."

"You deny being drunk, then?"

"Assuredly, sir."

"What was the matter with you, then?"

"I had fits, sir."

"Fits?"

"Fits, your honor. I have them very bad. They come upon me very suddenly. I have a rush of blood to the head—my eyes lose their sight—I grow dizzy—I foam at the mouth, and fall to the ground."

"Why, that's hydrophobia!" said the court, turning pale.

"Just look at my eyes!" said the prisoner, seeing the impression he had made, and approaching his mug very close to the judicial countenance.

"Keep away from me, man! keep away from me!" screamed the court, hastily vacating his chair, and taking refuge in a corner of the room.

"O, I feel the fit coming on me now," moaned the prisoner, beginning to stagger and roll his eyes; "I have very queer feelings!" And the man rapidly discovered symptoms of his dangerous disease. But the officer by no means designed his prisoner to escape so easily, and informed the court that when arrested the man was certainly drunk, for he smelt of whiskey.

"Is that so?"

This was a clincher. The judge began to contemplate the invalid with evident suspicion, and demanded to know how that was.

"Well, your honor, whenever I have fits I smell of liquor," replied the ingenious prisoner.

"Yes, and whenever such a man comes before me I send him to the workhouse;" which was accordingly done.

ANECDOTE OF MACREADY.—Mr. Macready was never popular with stock actors. He annoyed them exceedingly at rehearsals by giving every man his particular place on the stage, so that in the picture presented he should be the centre. This actor must stand here, that actor there—it was his will. On one of the nights of his last engagement in New Orleans, when he

was to play Hamlet, he was very particular at rehearsal in the disposition of characters at the fall of the curtain. He had selected the most commanding place on the stage well down to the lights, and declared that there he intended to die. It so happened, that as the fatal moment was approaching, just after Hamlet had stabbed the king, his majesty took it into his head to die on the spot selected by the philosophic Dane. The poison was burning in Hamlet's veins, he was in the agonies of death, but still he found time to say *otto voce* to his stepfather:

"Back, back, I'm going to die there."

The blood of outraged royalty was up, and the stabbed monarch replied:

"I'm king, and I'll die where I please—pick out a place for yourself;" and Hamlet was obliged to let out his soul further up the stage.

A RARE CLIENT.—A good joke is told of a young lawyer who sports a shingle in the vicinity of Wall street. On one of the days of last week, he was called upon by a Frenchman, with a request that he would immediately accompany him to his house, as he wanted his advice. Without a moment's loss of time our lawyer threw down his books and started, consoling himself, during a long walk up Hudson street, with the vision of a \$5 retainer, and a long bill of costs. On arriving at the domicile of his client, he was ushered upstairs, introduced to the wife of the Frenchman, and very complacently waited the opening of the business.

"Monsieur," said the client, "they ave got the small pox like de deuce down stairs, and up stairs they ave got it a great sight worse, and they have shut up my gangway."

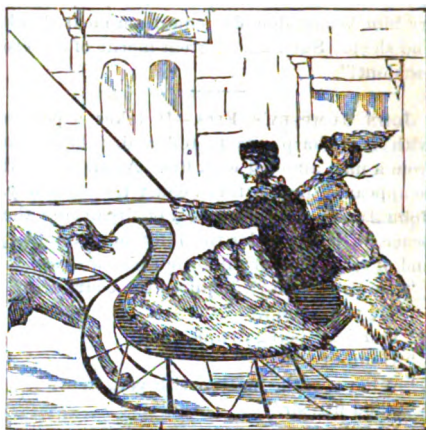
Without waiting to hear more, the lawyer caught up his hat, and giving the Frenchman a not very polite benediction, bolted the house, returning to his office in no very enviable feeling, after his walk of three miles, to give his advice to a man surrounded by small pox patients.

POPPING THE QUESTION.—Going over on the ferry boat the other day, the water was a little rough, and a lovely and estimable young lady, as the boat gave a sudden lurch, clung affrightedly to the extended elbow of her male companion. Looking up into his fond orbs she murmured, "O Henry, this is terrible!" "Yes, it is," he responded, "but lean on me and I will protect you." "Do you think it will be as rough as this all the way across?" anxiously inquired the female. "I do," responded Henry. "Then I guess I'll have to lean on you," said the lady. "For life?" whispered Henry, turning pale at the thought of refusal. "I—I don't know—the water is awful rough—I guess—yes—ask papa."

MR. JENKINS AND HIS SLEIGH-RIDE.



Mr. Jenkins bargains for a fast and steady horse.



Mr. and Mrs. Jenkins on the Brighton road.



The horse is a little faster than Jenkins expected.



The wreck.



The return home.

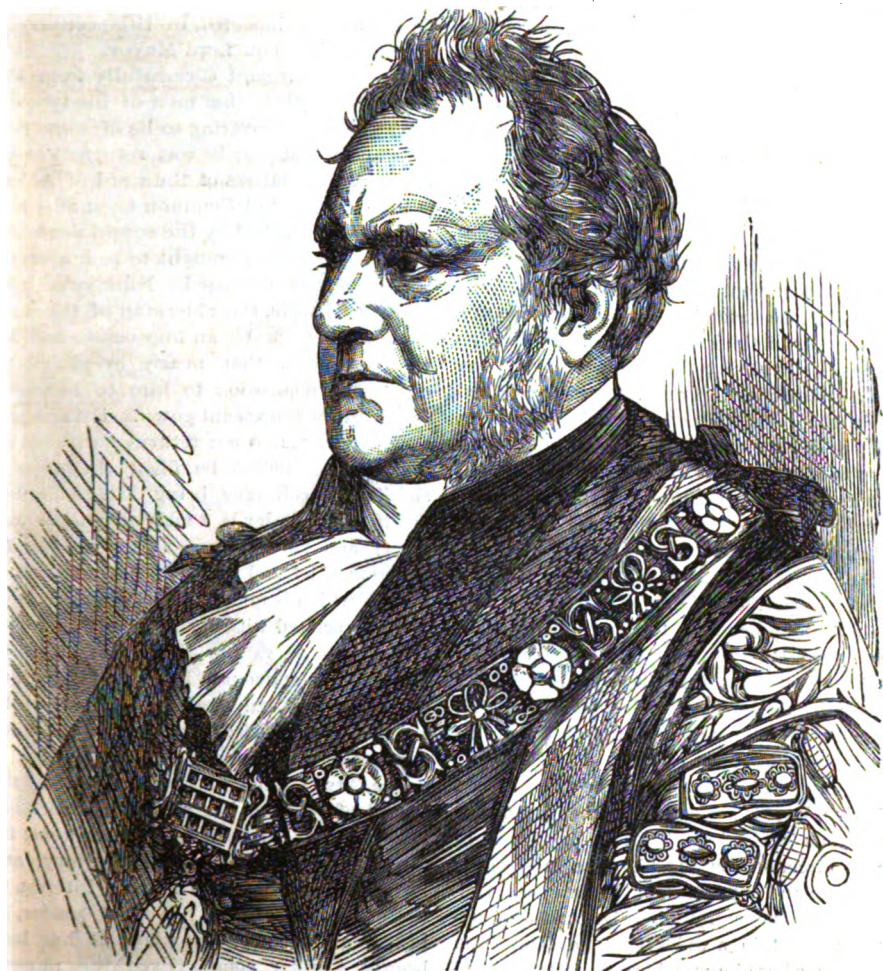


Mrs. Jenkins reproaches.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.



The City of London—that which is known as the centre of the vast metropolis, dating from the time of the Romans—contains but six hundred acres, and a population of less than 50,000. It occupies, according to act of Parliament, a radius of but three miles, and

was formerly a walled city, and to distinguish it from the external city, it was called "London within the walls." The wall, however, has for the most part disappeared, yet enough remains to show the old-time bound. To speak of "The City" to a Londoner, the lo-

cality is recognized at once. The only remaining city gate is at Temple Bar, a name very common in literature, which was designed by Sir Christopher Wren. The streets of the city are narrow and crooked, characteristic of old places everywhere, and London is old enough to be a model for almost all the other crooked places in the world.

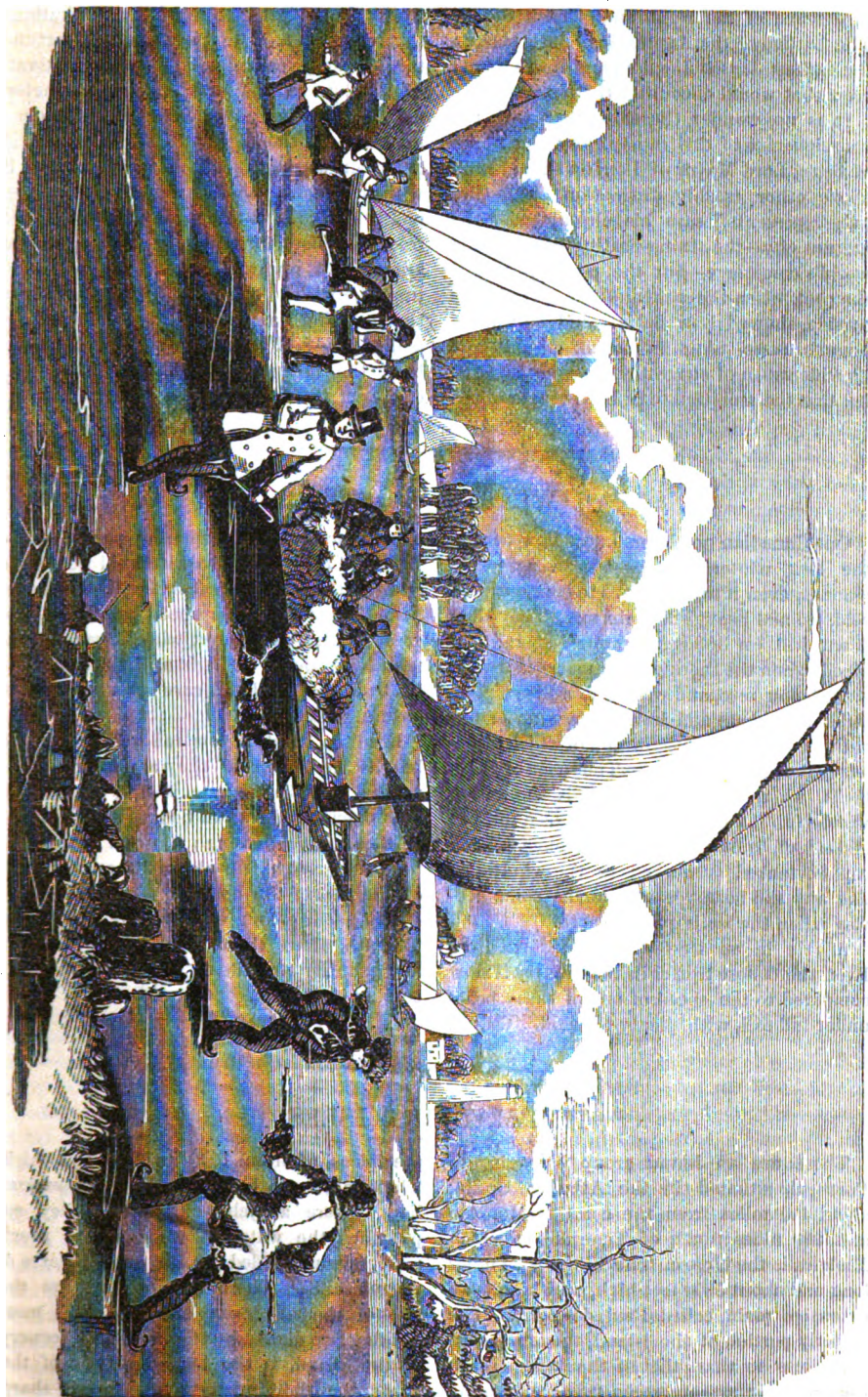
The government of the outside portion of London is vested in a home secretary, but "London within the walls" maintains its old position. It is under the exclusive superintendence of the corporation, one of the most influential and wealthy organizations in the world. This consists of the Lord Mayor, the Court of Aldermen, having 25 members exclusive of the Chief Magistrate, and 206 Common Councilmen. The Lord Mayor is elected annually from the Court of Aldermen, he having previously served as sheriff, and may be reelected. The aldermen hold office for life, and are elected one for each of the twenty-six wards of the city. The Lord Mayor is the representative of royalty in the civil government of the city, and on the death of the sovereign he becomes *pro tem.* a member of the Privy Council. He has the free use of the Mansion House and a salary of £8000 per annum, and is expected to maintain the reputation of the city's hospitality. Those filling the office are rich men, belonging to some of the many wealthy guilds that compose the corporation, and the inadequate sum is made up from the private purse of the incumbent. The day on which he enters into office (Nov. 9), "Lord Mayor's day," is kept as a partial holiday in the city. There is a state procession to Westminster Hall, and the parade of the state carriage, when he takes the oath, and in the evening he gives an entertainment at Guild Hall, at which all the foreign ministers and other big men air their vocabularies.

The present incumbent of the office, Robert Besley, Esq., is a very worthy member of the printer's profession. That is, he begun in that direction, serving his time in learning the arts and mysteries, but after a time, feeling that his energies might be turned to better account in a wider field, he came from Exeter, where he was born, in 1800, to London, and in the year 1820 abandoned the art of "setting" for that of "casting" type, and a lucky change it proved both for himself personally and type-founding generally. He at once applied himself to the task of improvement and development in this interest-

ing branch of the printing business. It is not necessary to enter into details, which would be only understood by the technically initiated; but it may be said that his types gained a wide popularity all over Europe, and to his taste and enterprise letter-press printing is indebted, there, for the present elegant ornamentation which it is capable of. He it was who first saw the superiority of the French artistic designs and introduced them into English printing. His zeal, taste and energy may be said to have entirely reformed the style in the art as practised in England and on the Continent. We do not know how far we may be indebted, in this country, to the taste of the new Lord Mayor.

After working most successfully from 1820 until 1852, he took what men of his type call relaxation in endeavoring to be of some public use. In that year he was returned as one of the representatives of the ward of Aldersgate in the Court of Common Council, where he was distinguished by the sound sense and practical wisdom he brought to bear upon the various matters discussed. Nine years later, Sir Peter Laurie, the alderman of the ward, died, and so favorable an impression had Mr. Besley created, that nearly every elector signed the requisition to him to become a candidate for the vacant gown. He accepted the invitation, and was returned without opposition. In 1864-5 he filled the office of sheriff, his colleague being Mr. Alderman Dakin. Mr. Besley is a man of considerable ability and shrewdness. His speeches are generally brief and pointed, with a dash of humor, which is none the less effective from being associated with a slight degree of provincialism. At various times the alderman has taken an active part in several important social and political movements, in which he has had for his colleagues some of the most eminent men of the day.

The City of London, though nominally the capital of England, has a wider importance than that. It is associated with the most interesting facts in the world's history, and hence it is invested with a living interest in the estimation of the American reader, of history or romance, with whom it has long been a familiar point. Even the nursery story of Whittington and his cat fixes it in the child's mind to quicken the eagerness of the youth or man in after time. In romance how often have we threaded it with Scott, and Ainsworth, and Dickens. Who has not read with delight of the gallant London Ap-



prentices and their prompt and ready union in defence of the right and of each other? The battles of the Apprentices date back to the earliest days of London, and it was a bold crew that would encounter their weapons.

It is no wonder, therefore, that, with the consciousness of this musty glory, the honor of being Lord Mayor of London should rank above other earthly distinction. "He not only represents," says his chronicler, "the present city—the strong-beating heart of the world's commerce—but the piled-up ages of the past, when the pen and the sword, side by side, showed how fields could be won in honor's cause. And in view of all this and its wide range of suggestion, it is not surprising that the ambition to be Lord Mayor of the

chief city, not alone of the kingdom but the world, should yet be one of the inspirations that conduct men to position and fortune through long years of toil, fortitude, cultivated intelligence and unblemished character, for it is scarcely possible for a fool and a rogue to attain to the dignity. There is a solid grandeur about the office which invests it with the richest value to men in ripened age, and to those about to shake the dust of time from their feet, for it is the civic crown that graces and rewards honorable age. And from the wish to obtain it who can estimate the good that has been wrought for families and society? For hundreds of years it has been the incentive to exertion among all classes of the industrial community."

WINTER SPORTS.

Our Canadian neighbors know how to pass the long winter months in an agreeable manner, even if they do have to contend with cold, ice and heavy snow-storms. They slide down hill (or tobogganing) often at railroad speed, when the thermometer marks many degrees below zero, and when the ice is in good order they skate and have all manner of fun with ice-boats, a representation of which is given on the preceding page. The speed of these boats, when the wind is fresh, is something wonderful. A mile in a minute, or a minute and a half, is of common occurrence. They can be tacked or worked to the windward, like any sail-boat, yet they make some leeway when the ice is quite smooth.

A ride in an ice-boat is quite exciting. Even the fastest trotter in the country is slow compared to the speed of one of these boats under full sail, with plenty of wind. Within

a few years, some enterprising people on the Hudson River have constructed ice-boats, and sail them with great skill and confidence. Sometimes matches for speed are made, and great is the excitement when a race is announced. Bets run high, and each boat has its backers. Skill and care are necessary to ensure success.

Reading Pond, a few miles from Boston, has its ice-boats, and they are liberally patronized. A ride in one is fully equal to a spurt over the Mill Dam behind a pair of fast trotters, and just enough snow on the ground to make a sleigh slip along without an effort on the part of the horses.

The scene of our engraving is the Bay of Toronto, where there is plenty of room for any quantity of boats to manœuvre, without coming in contact.

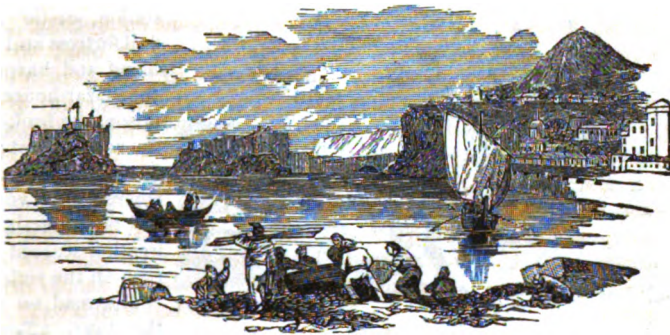
THE MADEIRA ISLES.

These are an island group belonging to Portugal, situated in the Atlantic Ocean, about 440 miles from the coast of Morocco and 210 miles north of Teneriffe, of which Madeira is the largest. This island is 34 miles long and about 5000 feet high, on which is an extensive plain, called Paul de Serra. The easterly portion of the island, though elevated, is less so than that of the west. From the central mass, are steep ridges extending to the coast, where they form perpendicular

precipices of from 1000 to 2000 feet high. These cliffs are interrupted by a few small bays, where a richly-cultivated valley approaches the water between abrupt precipices, or surrounded by an amphitheatre of rugged hills. These narrow bays are the sites of the villages of Madeira. The most striking peculiarity in the mountain scenery of the island, is the jagged outline of the ridge, the rudely-shaped towers and sharp pyramids of rock which appear elevated on

the tops and sides of the highest peaks, as well as on the lower elevations, and the deep, precipitous gorges which cut through the highest mountains almost to their very base. The most remarkable of these gorges is called the Curral or Coural. The road round the island is, in many places, exceedingly picturesque, being led often between lofty cliffs, or along the front of precipices overhanging the sea. One of the most remarkable portions of this winding road is the Estroza Pass, on the north side of the island. Although the island is rough and mountainous throughout, its steeps are clothed with rich and luxuriant verdure. Terraces are visible on every side, and every available and accessible spot is turned to advantage. On leaving Funchal, the capital of the island, fruits, flowers and vegetables crowd upon the sight; in the lower portions, groves of orange and lemon trees

This is the dry account which the encyclopedia gives of Madeira, but visitors and sojourners are eloquent in praise of its climate and the many delightful things to be enjoyed there, saying, "What a man seeks more than Madeira affords, savoreth of evil," and as Plato, they say, placed his Atlantis somewhere west of the Columns of Hercules, it is probable that Cape de Verdes, the Canaries and Madeira compose the Isles of the Blest, where the Grecian poets were wont to send their heroes when they were done with them. "In beauty and sublimity of scenery," we quote from one, "it is unsurpassed by lands more famous for both, while the matchless moderation and salubrity of climate are world-renowned. Its soil produces, spontaneously, the fruits of the tropics—the orange, the pomegranate, the banana, the guava, the citron and olive—and, with cultivation,



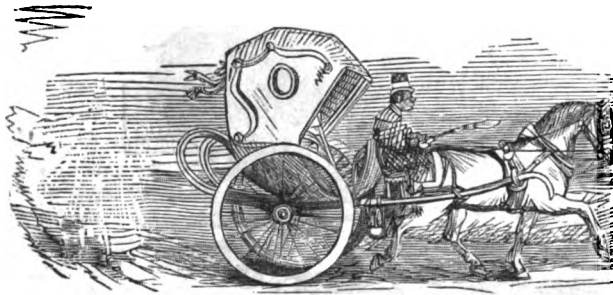
FUNCHAL.

are mingled with the vineyards; higher up, bananas, figs, pomegranates, etc., are seen; and again, still higher, the fruits of the temperate zone—namely, apples, currants, pears and peaches. Coffee and arrow-root, both of excellent quality, are also grown. Wheat, barley, rye and Indian corn are raised, but only to the extent of about one-fifth of the quantity consumed; consequently, the almost total destruction of the vines in 1852 brought the inhabitants into the greatest distress. The people are industrious, sober and civil. They are of the old Arabian stock, and have little if any mixed blood among them. The men are very muscular, rather above the medium height, strongly built, and capable of enduring great fatigue. The women are generally very ugly. The houses of the lower order are wretched huts, the door being the only aperture for light and smoke. The language is Portuguese, spoken rapidly.

though not in equal perfection, the pear and the apple, as well as other productions of colder latitudes. The grape that is nourished in most favored spots affords a wine of richer color and superior excellence to any of sunny France, or the boasted vineyards of Germany; while the fish of its waters, the game of its mountains, its herbage-fed and luscious beef, turkeys, and various web-footed birds, supply a rich and abundant table. What can one find more, in any country of Christendom, to gratify a well-informed taste?" Besides these advantages, it is spared the enervation of tropical countries, and culture, taste, refinement, control society as in lands nearer the social centres. Man never wants here occupation or amusement who is true to his own nature.

The city of Funchal, the capital of Madeira, is built upon the base of a large range of mountains, which rise to the height of 4000

feet above the level of the sea, and protecting it, like the sides of an amphitheatre form a magnificent background to the view from the deck of a vessel when approaching it. This is the best view of Funchal; in this the fact that "distance lends enchantment" is verified. At close contact it is prosaic. The streets are for the most part narrow and irregular, with little regard to symmetry or convenience. They are paved with cobble-stones gathered from the beach, and the clatter of horses' iron-shod feet along the way is not in harmony with the peaceful beauty and grace of the surroundings. Carriages are seldom known, the kind of vehicle most in use being a sort of sledge for transporting pipes of wine from one place to another. Travelling is performed in sedan-chairs or on horseback. There are several churches and convents, and in the centre of the town is an open square planted with exotic trees. The town is de-



A FUNCHAL VEHICLE.

fended by four forts. The English and Portuguese merchants have elegant villas in the suburbs, upon the terraced hillsides, where all fruits and flowers abound, and where the morning is ushered in with the songs of myriads of birds and the plashing of cool water from the mountain springs.

The views from these hills are of the most picturesque description. On the westerly side of the town is a road encircling the hills, that affords one used to being on the levels of life an indescribable feeling on travelling it. On one side it abuts upon the sea, and the traveller looks down several hundred perpendicular feet upon the beaches that vex the shores, and hears their angry murmurs as they break upon the repelling rocks. It is more fearful than at the Palisades to cast the eyes below. This road, at times, seems almost incapable of foothold, but its apparent danger lends it additional attractions. But compared with other roads, all over the island, that span

fearful chasms with tottering bridges, and descend almost perpendicular declivities, this road is an easy and agreeable promenade.

The road most coveted by sojourners—not by invalids whom the hope of health has sent to Madeira, but by the strong—is that leading to the "Mount Church," as it is called, standing on an eminence 2000 feet above Funchal, which is paved throughout, and which affords grand exercise for the aspirer. One of these thus describes it: "From the top of the church you have a panoramic view of surpassing magnificence. The church fronts the ocean. Between yourself and this ocean lies Funchal, with its white walls and chimneys glistening in the sun. Distance gives it beauty; for whatever of incongruity, disorder or imperfect architecture may appear to the nearer view—whatever is in any way liable to criticism, or repugnant to severer taste—is lost to the eye, thus removed. From this station, castle and cathedral, fortress and monastery, blend and harmonize with the lazaret-house and the prison, the broken wall and the vacated hut; while before, behind, and everywhere around you, precipice and ravine, crag, forest, and weather-scarred mountain, rush on the sight."

The road on the east of the town affords a very agreeable ride. This hugs

the cliffs all the way till you reach a ravine that unites with the sea, beyond which the cliffs rise almost perpendicularly, about which the road winds, less picturesquely, ending at the cape upon the ocean that forms the eastern horn of Funchal Bay, from which a view is had of a long range of cliffs rising on either side, one above the other, with furrowed features and grotesque heads innumerable. This cape, with a corresponding projection on the other side, forms a bay in which navies might ride.

The ride and scramble to the "Waterfall," another local attraction, is very difficult and exhausting. At a short distance from the church of San Roque, excursionists descend the side of a precipitous ravine, on reaching the bottom of which the pathway is altogether impracticable for horses. Then ensues a struggle against difficulties that nothing but enthusiasm on the part of the excursionist can enable him to overcome. The path lies

through the bed of the torrent, and boulders must be climbed and puddles must be waded for two hours before the waterfall is reached, which then compensates for all the trouble—to an enthusiast. The effect is grand. When the stream above is filled by rains, the fall breaks through the opening gorge, and descends nearly three hundred perpendicular feet, dashing tumultuously through the glen below and filling the sunlit ravine with the glory of a thousand rainbows.

The mountains which overlook Funchal are not the highest of the island; still they are some four thousand feet above the water-line, on the summits of which are plateaus, or table-lands, that are agreeable resting-places after the tedious climb. It was the remark of a crazy sojourner that go where he might he would not desire a better climb than that of Madeira! whereat the burroqueros all laughed as though they understood it. Nowhere amid Alpine scenery are views better calculated to excite and gratify the poetic fancy than those of Madeira, and none more terrible to excite the wildest fear while awaking within one all that is sublime.

Madeira received its name from the fact of its abounding with wood—the name, in Portuguese, signifying wood. The south side has been devastated, but the north retains its pristine characteristics. The trees remain untouched, save by Time. But Madeira is associated in our minds with the cultivation of the grape, and wine has hitherto formed the most of its commerce, but of late years, owing to disease of the vines, the stock has greatly diminished, causing ruin to proprietors and want to the people. At present not more than half a crop is attainable, and the quality has deteriorated. The grapes that furnish the best wines are not agreeable to the palate; there are other grapes, however, most grateful to the taste, that are highly prized. The wines of Madeira need no brandy to protect them, their own alcoholic properties being sufficient. No sea-change can affect them. Though all are known as Madeira wines, there is a great difference betwixt them—some dry, some full-bodied, some fruity, some light, some heavy. The wines of the South are the best, and comprise the Sercial, the Malmsey, the Bual, the Tinta or Burgundy Madeira, and the Tinto. These are the normal varieties, and

there are many shades of quality besides. "A glass of Sercial," a writer says, "after soup confirms the grace before, and predisposes the soul to the fullness of gratitude—the sense of favors to come." The Malmsey is too luscious a wine for ordinary use, and is used by women and children only. It is produced nowhere else but in Madeira.

The gathering of the vintage, in September, is made a half-holiday of. The women and girls, with a portion of the men, go into the vineyards with their baskets and gather the grapes very carefully. These they bring on their heads, nicely balanced. The grapes are then picked over, the best reserved for the



THE ESTROZA PASS, MADEIRA.

costliest wine. They are then thrown into the wine-press, a wide, clumsy trough of wood, into which men jump, barefooted, with their trousers rolled up, and trample out the juice. This mode of expressing the juice with the feet is said to tread out the seeds and stems without crushing them and giving their tastes to the wine. The pulp is then squeezed under a lever, when the liquid is conveyed to the juice-houses in goat-skins, and there emptied into casks for the process of fermentation, which usually lasts four or five weeks.

The equable climate of Madeira is well suited for pulmonary complaints. It knows no extreme of heat nor cold, and no sudden atmospheric reverses.

THE MESSENGER OF PEACE.

BY B. P. SHILLABER.



O sweet the holy pity of a child!
That melts at sight of misery and grief,
Budding in airs of glory undefiled,
To fructify in action and relief!

The old man sat within his humble cot,
The bleak winds moaning by the open door;
By friends, by fortune, e'en by death forgot,
He bowed his head and wept in sorrow sore.

Grim poverty sat waiting by his hearth,
In rags his vestment, falling to decay;
There seemed no beam of kindness on the earth
To light his darkness with one hopeful ray.

Alone! how sad the fate to be alone!
Even to fortune's pampered, cherished sons;
But how more sad where bitter want is known,
And life's chill river in the shadow runs.

He mused in anguish, while his silver hair
Waved in the breeze that wandered idly by;
No one his lot of bitterness to share,
No one to pity with the tear-dimmed eye.

A step within the door—a gentle tread—
A sweet face, like a glory, lit the room!
A childish hand lay on the hoary head,
Like Spring's first touch, the harbinger of bloom.

The soul of kindness spoke in accents clear,
Breathing rare words of comfort and of trust,
That fell in grateful cadence on the ear,
So soon to lose its office in the dust.

Something celestial seemed the tender voice,
Reaching his spirit with its pleading tone,
Until he felt his inmost heart rejoice,
And all the darkness of his mind had flown.

Then upward looking in the beaming face,
His clasping hands in ecstasy of prayer,
He felt the transport of illuming grace,
And triumph over misery and despair.

She was his angel through the wintry chill,
The blessed messenger of joy and peace,
To bid his stormy, troubled soul be still,
And all the tempests that beset to cease.

No white-winged being from supernal spheres,
Floating through ether in celestial light,
But just a tiny child, with pitying tears,
To lift his spirit up the heavenly height.

And wheresoe'er the human lot is cast
Such angels are, to minister and bless,
To give a zest to life in joy's repast,
Or light impart in hours of dreariness.

GENEVA, SWITZERLAND.

Geneva, upon Lake Leman, Switzerland, is situated on the declivities of two hills, in the centre of a basin, the sides of which are formed partly by the lower slopes of the Jura, and partly by secondary chains of the Alps, at the westerly extremity of the lake, where it narrows almost to a point, and receives the blue Rhone, here crossed by several bridges,

there are many handsome villas. The views from Geneva are very charming—the lake spreading far away to the north and west, and the nearer mountains of the south side of the lake showing to the southeast, with Mt. Blanc and the other giants of the snow range always visible in fine weather.

The public buildings are not numerous, but



dividing the town into two portions, the larger and more important of which is on the left or south bank. The environs are covered with handsome villas, and the town itself, when approached either by land or water, has a very imposing appearance. It is surrounded by walls flanked by bastions, which, though altogether unfit to sustain a regular siege, have repeatedly been effectual against a sudden assault, and is entered on the land side by three gates. The town is divided into two parts, an upper and a lower. The upper town is occupied chiefly by the burgher aristocracy and contains well-built houses and handsome hotels; the lower town is the seat of trade and residence of the poorer classes. The houses of this section are indifferently built, and are of all heights, the streets dark, narrow and irregular. There are exceptions to this along the banks of the Rhone, where

individually possess much interest. The more important are the cathedral or church of St. Pierre, a gothic structure of the 10th, 11th and 12th centuries, occupying the highest site in the town, and by its three towers forming the most conspicuous object within it, somewhat defaced externally by a very incongruous though magnificent Greek peristyle, but interesting within, from the purity of its style and the number of its monuments; the town-house, in the Florentine style; the Musée Rath, a neat building named after its founder, and containing a collection of pictures and other works of art, few of them of much merit; the arsenal, with a collection of ancient armor; the public library, founded by Bonnivard, the prisoner of Chillon, containing 50,000 volumes, 500 MSS., and a collection of autograph letters by Calvin and other distinguished reformers; the museum of natural

history, enriched with the geological collections of Saussure, and the fossil plants of Brogniart and Decandolle; the botanical garden, astronomical observatory, theatre, the old prison, originally the bishop's palace; the casino, penitentiary, hospital and house of correction.

Geneva is associated with the church in remote ages. It was here that Calvin labored, though the site of the house where he lived is not positively known, and the place of his sepulture is lost entirely, showing how much superior the spiritual man is to his accidents. The canopy of the pulpit, however, beneath which he preached, is said to be preserved in the Church of St. Pierre, as if it had become indued with a portion of the spiritual life of the great reformer, and was destined to share his spiritual duration. In speaking of Calvin, it may be well to mention the difference of recompense for preaching the Word betwixt then and now. With all his labor and devotedness to duty, he had at his death but 225 crowns, which he divided among his relatives and poor foreigners. On his reappearance in Geneva, after years of absence, and after six months of preaching, the town voted him six crowns as a compensation, because he had received nothing. This was his pay for that grand dogma which has so divided the world—Justification only by faith, and faith the gift of God—then pronounced the "Talmud of heresy."

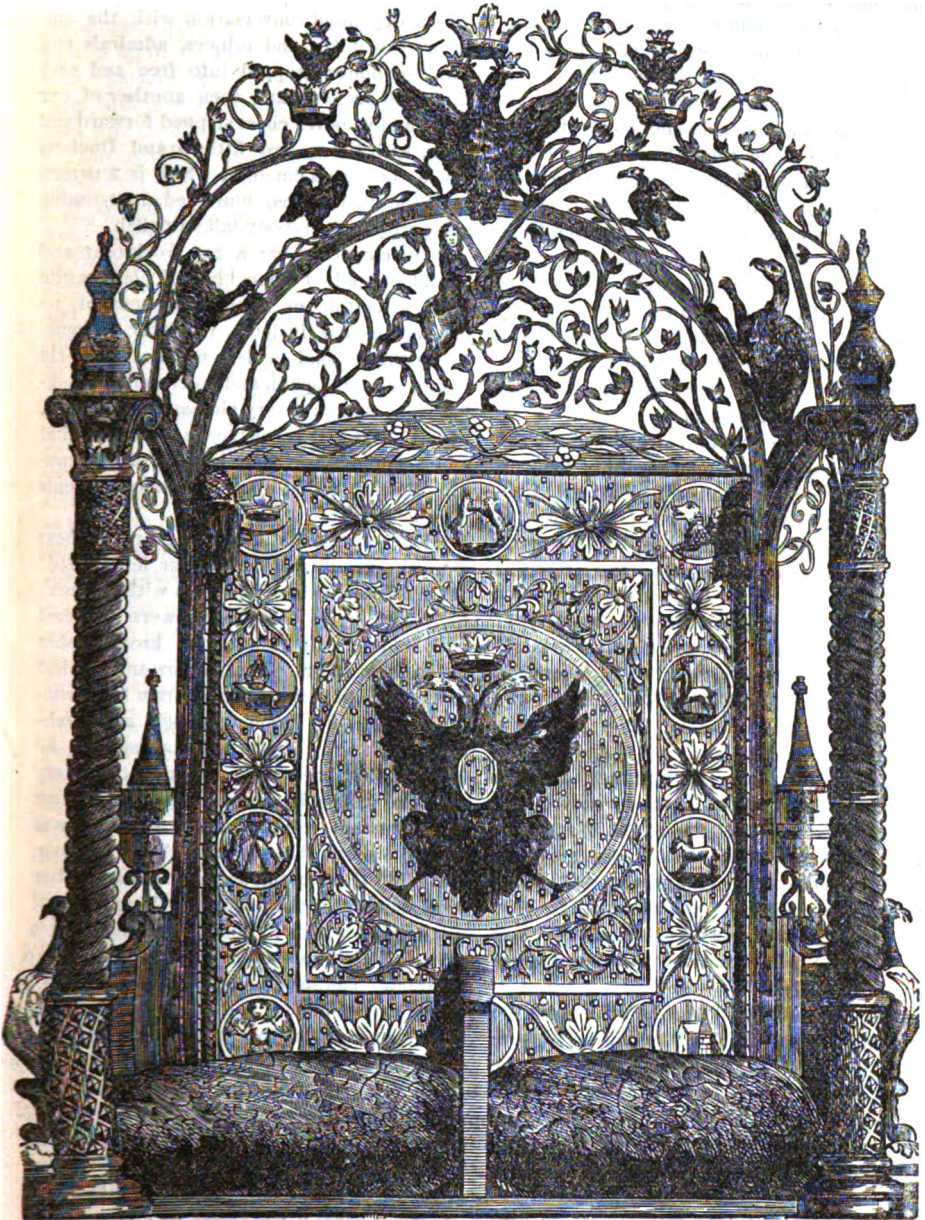
The manufactures of Geneva consist in making watches, music-boxes and toys, in which the larger portion of the inhabitants are engaged, expending vast quantities of the precious metals and jewels. Much of this product finds its way to this country through the avenues of trade, and Geneva and Boston have long been on very intimate terms. This is lessened somewhat by the growth of American manufacture of watches, but there must be a great trade here even in Swiss watches, owing to the increase of our population and the demand for good time-keepers.

In keeping with its theological reputation, Geneva has an eye to public education, and its schools are excellent, the population being generally very intelligent. Among the institutions for disseminating learning is the celebrated college that Calvin founded over three hundred years ago, that is to-day in a very flourishing condition. There are, besides, theological schools of various denominations, in which young men are prepared for preaching or the learned professions.

The origin of Geneva is unknown, but its antiquity is proved by the reference which Cæsar makes to it. On the invasion of the North, it was successively occupied by the Bourguignons, who made it their capital, the Ostrogoths and Franks. It next formed part of the second kingdom of Burgundy, and became incorporated with the Germanic empire. By a grant of the emperors, the temporal was added to the spiritual power of the bishops, and the counts of Savoy having succeeded in controlling the nomination of the bishop, became in a manner masters of Geneva. The state of matters was suddenly interrupted by the Reformation, to which the Genevese are indebted both for their civil and religious freedom. The celebrity which they afterwards acquired, chiefly under the guidance of Calvin and his distinguished associates, is matter of European history.

Lake Leman, or Geneva Lake, the largest of the Swiss lakes, measures on its north shore 55 miles, on its south shore 40 miles; its central breadth 6 miles; greatest depth 900 feet. It is in the form of a crescent, with its horns turned south, and is 1150 feet above the sea. Its scenery, though grand, is surpassed by that of several of the Swiss lakes. On the north the shore is low, and the ground behind ascends gradually in beautiful slopes, covered with vines. On the south, and particularly on the east side, the shore is rocky and abrupt, and lofty precipices often rise sheer from the water's edge. The numerous small boats on the lake, with their lateen sails, add much to the picturesqueness of the scene. The steamers have rather a different effect, but afford excellent facilities for visiting all that is interesting on the shores of the lake, or its immediate vicinity. A remarkable phenomenon in the lake is a sudden rise and fall, sometimes of five feet, but usually only two feet, and never lasting more than twenty five minutes. It is not produced by the wind, for it takes place when the air is perfectly still. Many conjectures have been formed as to the cause. The most probable is that which attributes it to the unequal pressure of the atmosphere on different parts of the surface. Owing to the depth of the lake, it never freezes entirely, though in severe winters its lower extremity becomes covered with ice. It contains various species of fish, and its water is remarkably pure, and of a beautiful blue color; a phenomenon, however, which is not observable in small quantities.

THE THRONE OF RUSSIA.



We present a view of the throne of Russia, the centre and symbol of a dominion over upwards of seventy millions of people. This is in the Kreml (not Kremlin) of Moscow, and upon it the emperors of Russia seat themselves after coronation, and receive the

homage of state officials and such of their subjects as may be admitted. The throne is a very elaborate and elegant piece of work. The two escutcheons forming a square are the arms of states successively united to the empire, represented, in the centre, by a

two-headed eagle, surmounted by an imperial crown. This eagle is repeated at the top, above the St. George and St. Michael, which emblemizes the emperor personally. The richness of the columns, arabesques and embroidery needs no description. It is one whole of superb and ornate magnificence, as should be so august a seat, at once the symbol of temporal and spiritual power, for the czar is at the same time their emperor and their pope, the chief of their bodies and their souls. He bears the name of father, rather than emperor, which better expresses their sentiments of submission. The Emperor Nicholas tested this feeling in a very practical manner. At the time of an insurrection that threatened his throne, he rode, alone and unarmed, into St. Petersburg among the insurgents, and brought to their knees those who were in mutiny against him.

The present emperor is worthy of all the conventional and personal regard of his people, and we as Americans feel attracted towards him for his many acts of kindness to our country and countrymen. The last instance of his kindly regard for the latter was in the case of the visit of the Quaker City pleasure-party that visited his majesty at Valta, on the Black Sea, where he was sojourning in summer recreation, an account of which is given by Mark Twain, one of the party, in his capital book, "The Innocents Abroad." After all sorts of imaginings regarding etiquette in the premises, and the preparation of addresses, the party found themselves in a circle before the door of the royal residence, where the emperor and his family received them very graciously, "punctuating his speech of welcome with a bow, thus: "Good-morning—I am glad to see you—I am gratified—I am delighted—I am happy to receive you!"

"All took off their hats," he says, "and the consul inflicted the address on him. He bore it with unflinching fortitude; then took the rusty-looking document and handed it to some great officer or other, to be filed away among the archives of Russia—in the stove. He thanked us for the address, and said he was very much pleased to see us, especially as such friendly relations existed between Russia and the United States. The empress said the Americans were favorites in Russia, and she hoped the Russians were similarly regarded in America. These were all the speeches that were made, and I recommend them to parties who present policemen with

gold watches, as models of brevity and point. After this the empress went and talked sociably (*frau empress*) with various ladies around the circle; several gentlemen entered into a disjointed conversation with the emperor; the dukes and princes, admirals and maids of honor dropped into free and easy chat with first one and then another of our party, and whoever chose stepped forward and spoke with the modest little Grand Duchess Marie, the czar's daughter. She is fourteen years old, light-haired, blue-eyed, unassuming and pretty. Everybody talks English.

"The emperor wore a cap, frock-coat and pantaloons, all of some kind of plain white drilling—cotton or linen—and sported no jewelry or any insignia whatever of rank. No costume could be less ostentatious. He is very tall and spare, and a determined-looking man, though a very pleasant-looking one, nevertheless. It is easy to see that he is kind and affectionate. There is none of the cunning in his eye that all of us noticed in Louis Napoleon's.

"The empress and the little grand duchess wore simple suits of foulard (or foulard silk, I don't know which is proper) with a small blue spot in it; the dresses were trimmed with blue; both ladies wore broad sashes about their waists; linen collars and clerical ties of muslin; low-crowned straw hats trimmed with blue velvet; parasols and flesh-colored gloves. The grand duchess had no heels on her shoes. I do not know this of my own knowledge, but one of our ladies told me so. I was not looking at her shoes. I was glad to observe that she wore her own hair, plaited in thick braids against the back of her head, instead of the uncomely thing they call a waterfall, which is about as much like a waterfall as a canvas-covered ham is like a cataract. Taking the kind expression that is in the emperor's face and the gentleness that is in his young daughter's into consideration, I wondered if it would not tax the czar's firmness to the utmost to condemn a supplicating wretch to misery in the wastes of Siberia, if she pleaded for him. Every time their eyes met, I saw more and more what a tremendous power that weak, diffident school-girl could wield if she chose to do it. Many and many a time she might rule the Autocrat of Russia, whose lightest word is law to seventy millions of human beings! She was only a girl, and she looked like a thousand others I have seen, but never a girl provoked such a novel and peculiar interest in me

before. A strange, new sensation is a rare thing in this humdrum life, and I had it here. There was nothing stale nor worn out about the thoughts and feelings the situation and the circumstances created. It seemed strange—stranger than I can tell—to think that the central figure in the cluster of men and women, chatting here under the trees like the most ordinary individual in the land, was a man who could open his lips and ships would fly through the waves, locomotives would speed over the plains, couriers would hurry from village to village, a hundred telegraphs would flash the word to the four corners of an empire that stretches its vast proportions over a seventh part of the habitable globe, and a countless multitude of men would spring to do his bidding. I had a vague desire to examine his hands and see if they were flesh and blood, like other men's. Here was a man who could do this wonderful thing, and yet, if I chose, I could knock him down. The case was plain, but it seemed preposterous, nevertheless—as preposterous as trying to knock down a mountain or wipe out a continent. If this man sprained his ankle, a million miles of telegraph would

carry the news over mountains—valleys—uninhabited deserts—under the trackless sea—and ten thousand newspapers would prate of it; if he were grievously ill, all the nations would know it before the sun rose again; if he dropped lifeless where he stood, his fall might shake the thrones of half a world! If I could have stolen his coat, I would have done it. When I meet a man like that, I want something to remember him by.”

He concludes by saying, that, after seeing the Emperor of Russia, he shall never believe in the kings of the stage again. “When they swagger around the stage in jewelled crowns and splendid robes, I shall feel bound to observe that all the emperors that ever I was personally acquainted with wore the commonest sort of clothes, and did not swagger. And when they come on the stage attended by a vast body guard of supes in helmets and tin breast-plates, it will be my duty as well as my pleasure to inform the ignorant that no crowned head of my acquaintance has a soldier anywhere about his house or his person.”

Such fill the throne of Russia.

MACE OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On page 218 we give our readers a correct picture of a “bauble,” or, in other words, the Mace of the House of Commons, the governing council of England. We all remember Cromwell's words, when he turned the members of the House of Parliament into the streets, for he had no further use for them. They impeded progress and his schemes. They quarrelled among themselves and kept the nation in confusion, so one day he entered the House, followed by some of his “iron-clads,” and said, pointing to the mace, “Take away that bauble;” and it was removed, and the Long Parliament was scattered like a flock of frightened sheep.

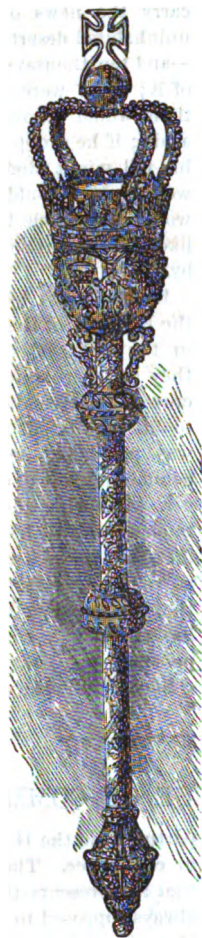
In these days, the mace is the ensign of the authority by virtue of which the House of Commons sits to hold “high converse and fierce debates” on the affairs and destinies of the nation. Richly carved and gilt, with its massive golden-headed crown, it is, when placed on the table before the Speaker, the symbol that the House is in full sitting. When it is removed in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms, the Speaker takes his de-

parture, and the House is then adjourned or in committee. The theory of the mace is that it represents the Royal person, which is always supposed to be present at the full deliberations of the House. The Commons are elected by the people; but by a principle, or if you like, a fiction of the law, they sit under writs issued by the crown. Therefore the sovereign, as the legal incarnation of the legislative functions, is always presumed to be present.

What became of the mace which Cromwell removed is not certainly known. The London Royal Society claims to have possession of the “bauble,” so does the Corporation of the City of London. But it is not improbable that the Puritan soldiers of the Protector sold it to some dealer in old curiosities, and years afterwards rival maces were introduced to the public as the real Simon Pure. But whether the present is the mace used in the time of the Long Parliament, and for generations of previous Houses of Commons—the officers of the House stoutly contend that it is; but they have only tradition

to support them, as with the Royal Society and the London Corporation—is quite immaterial, for if the present mace were lost, the House would quietly order the Chancellor of the Exchequer to supply it with another. And that would not involve any constitutional change or innovating precedent, for it is well known that James II. carried one *original* Great Seal with him on his flight, and Lord Thurlow had another *original* Great Seal stolen from him, that was never brought back by the daring thief. So a new one was ordered, and that, we believe, the present Lord Chancellor has in his possession.

As our antiquarian readers are aware, the mace, as a badge of magisterial authority, dates back to a very ancient time. No doubt it is derived from the first weapon that man fashioned—the club.



Hercules was the first mace-bearer in history. The Romans borrowed it from the Greeks, and the Britons from the Romans, and it has remained an honored guest among us ever since law was set up on its legs, and the country brought into subjection to wholesome discipline; for the mace bears a part in every corporate body in the land—even the beadle carries it about in decorous solemnity.

To the Speaker of the House of Commons it is the life of his official existence. It is borne before him on all state occasions. Whenever a person is called to be examined, the constant practice both in the House and at committees of the whole House is that the bar is down. And whenever any prisoner, already a prisoner, whether in custody of the sergeant or any other person, is brought to the bar as a witness, or to attend to the hearing of any case, he must be brought in by the sergeant, and the sergeant must stand by him at the bar with the mace during the time he continues there. So long as the mace is off the table no member can speak, not even to suggest questions to the chair. It is a mighty club, but seldom used for offensive purposes. No one is knocked down with it. Even the most unruly member of the House does not dread it, any more than representatives in Congress during an exciting discussion care for the Speaker's gavel. In Parliament the Commons may howl, cough, laugh and indulge in cat-calls, to their heart's content, and the Speaker and his mace of authority are unmoved by the blast that sweeps through the House.

HUDSON'S BAY.

The recent rebellion at Red River, a part of the Hudson Bay possession, and about the only post where the authority of the Company is not absolute, has attracted attention towards that territory, which, with a few reservations, has just been ceded to the New Dominion, Canada. The old English monarchs were always lavish of the property that did not attach to their crowns, but which, belonging to the heathen round about, they took possession of in the name of the Church and Civilization, backed their acts by power that was irresistible, and made all valid at the cannon's mouth. These gifts were awarded to trading companies, the crown not

even reserving to itself a due proportion of the jewels and valuables that might be found during their excavations into these *terra incognitas*, of which the world has hardly heard. Hence the Virginia Company, the East India Company, and, nearly as great as the latter, the Hudson Bay Company. This was a grand and wholesale gift to a few favorites, by Charles II. in 1670, and comprised nearly all the British possessions in North America, bounded north by the Polar regions, east by Labrador, Davis' Straits and Baffin's Bay, south by Canada and the United States, and westerly to an undetermined point, as far as they chose to go. The purpose

of the Company was to encourage the prosecution of search after a new passage to the South Sea, and to establish a trade in furs, minerals, and "other considerable commodities," and grant was made to the Company of the "sole trade and commerce of all the seas, straits, bays, rivers, lakes, creeks and sounds, in whatsoever latitude they shall be, that lie within the entrance commonly called Hudson's Straits, together with all the lands and territories upon the countries, coasts and confines of the sea, bays, lakes, rivers, creeks and sounds aforesaid," that had not been granted previously to any British subject, or were not held by those of any other Christian prince. It will be seen what vast power this gave the Company, that has never been relaxed, except, measurably, at Red River and Labrador, where free trade is allowed, that is withheld at all other ports, trade being exclusively enjoyed by the Company's agents to the present time. All that was asked by the crown to confirm this charter was the annual payment of "two elks and two black beavers," which was setting the affair remarkably low. They could establish stations, erect forts, form a government and do all the acts of a state, conforming simply to the organic law of England.

The original charter party is composed of great names—viz.: Prince Rupert, Christopher Duke of Albemarle, William Earl of Craven, Henry Lord Arlington, Anthony Lord Ashley, Sir John Robinson, Sir Robert Viner, Sir John Griffith, Sir Philip Carteret, and a half-dozen other names not bearing a noble prefix. It is safe to say that none of the original members retain any interest in the Company, except maybe in an incorporeal capacity.

The Hudson's Bay region has been regarded as fitted only for fur trappers and hunters, too remote from civilization to be desirable by any lover of comfort, and that it has been so regarded is owing to the exclusiveness of the Hudson's Bay Company itself. The region comprehends in its vast extent many descriptions of soil, and a variety of climate betwixt temperate and frigid, admitting of the growth of cereals in abundance, and all sorts of vegetables. From a company, however, that at one time controlled the fur trade of the world, of late years fallen off into a state of semi-syncope, that augured its demise, and on the establishment of the New Dominion, the Company ceded its vast territory, with the reservations mentioned, thereto, for the con-

sideration of £300,000 cash, the reservation being that the Company should still possess its trading stations, and have, around each, hunting-grounds as large in extent as average English counties. The Company by this means saves itself from extinction, which was threatened, lessens its liabilities, and enables the Dominion to stretch itself to the Rocky Mountains, and, over them, to the Pacific Ocean. One of the stations thus retained is Fort Yale, Frazer's River, a view of which we are enabled to present to our readers, which will be interesting as the scene of gold discovery a few years since, which sent thousands of Americans into that territory, and where one at least remained in stone, like the Cardiff giant, made such by drinking a fluid that was imprisoned in the quartz which petrified him! The scene of our illustration, though small, is a very busy trading station, and a description of it by a recent visitor may prove interesting to our readers:

"At six o'clock in the morning the massive bolts and bars are unlocked from the entrances to the stockade, and the English, Scotch, Irish, half-breeds, dogs, pigs and chickens begin to make their appearance. At a later hour in the morning the door of the saleroom is opened, and from that moment trade is unceasing, and a continuous stream of coin flows into the till of the Company until noon. After dinner business is resumed, and the same monotonous and unchanging routine is gone through until six P. M., when trade is again brought to a dead halt, the crowd disperses, and the business portion of the day is ended."

The hunters pitch their tents outside of the fort, and the scene presented is generally wild and picturesque. Among the many nationalities represented, who are eagerly pursuing trade, the poor Indian is a loser as he ever was. His skins are sold by barter, and we dare say a hand weighs down a pound of his skins and a foot two pounds, as in the honest days of our own early settlements. But the Indians and the Bay Company are on the best of terms, ostensibly, the former rendered harmless by a wise separation of them and keeping all the males on the hunt.

The Red River settlement was made by Lord Selkirk, a Scotch nobleman, in 1812, for which he obtained a grant of 12,000 acres from the Hudson's Bay Company, the right to which had long been disputed by the Northwest Fur Company, between which and the Hudson Bay Company there had always

been rivalry and some serious quarrels. Between the two the Red River settlement declined, and with varied fortunes at last

became amalgamated with the Hudson's Bay Company, retaining some of their original rights. Its existence, since the settlement of

British Columbia, has not been vigorous, and we were surprised the other day to hear of a rebellion having broken out there, which threatened very serious results. The occasion of the rebellion was the attempt on the part of the New Dominion to take control of the Red River colony, through the cession of the Hudson Bay territory, including that, and Governor McDougal was sent to assume the government, backed by official authority. The rebellion was led by Louis Rielle, a native of Red River, but educated in Montreal, in the same college that graduated General Dix. Though but twenty-four years old, he incited the poor and sparse population to resistance, which was successful, General McDougal being driven away, the government property seized, and independence declared.

The Hudson Bay territory will prove but a cumbrous load for Canada. It belongs of right to the United States, in spite of all the unreasonable grants that should have been annulled as unwise monopolies.



SCENE OF THE HUDSON BAY TROUBLES.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

PART SECOND.—III.

ABOUT the same hour that Jerry Small's telegram was read to Oliver Maverick, the young girl of whom the latter had spoken to his daughter as Anna May, the adopted daughter of Mrs. Roesselle, came down the broad gravel walk beneath the rows of magnificent elms which in summer time almost hid the house at Maverick from the roadway passer. She had passed the night before in watching at the bedside of Augustus Maverick, to relieve the nurse, whose vigils had worn her down; and as often happens after a sleepless night, the next morning found her wakeful and restless. Her foster-mother saw that her nerves needed quieting, and bade her go out for a walk.

She was a slender but symmetrical girl, and looked very shapely in her plain morning-dress, with a rustic hat upon her head. Her face was a type of a large class of our American female faces; a fresh red and white complexion, round outlines, small nose and mouth, low forehead, and set off by hair that was brown in the shade and golden in the sun. Eyes, too, of dark brown; very tender, handsome eyes, full of expression and thoughtfulness, which could sometimes kindle with generous fervor or glow with indignation. It was not a bold face; it must have been a rare occasion that could set its lineaments into a decided cast of firmness; but it was the face of a good, pure girl, whose soul was full of kindness and womanly gentleness to all.

She reached the broad gateway, and paused a moment, leaning upon one of the stone pillars to decide whither she should turn her steps for her walk. A little distance to the west was the Hudson, flashing brightly through the trees in the morning sun; the road along its bank would bring her with a short walk to Tarrytown; but her thoughts turned in another direction. A little less than a mile to the east ran an irregular range of low, rocky hills, which she had never visited, and which she had often wished to explore. Seen from the mansion they pre-

sented the boldest feature of the landscape. Fantastic shapes and profiles could be seen or imagined in their rocky projections, which were interspersed with scattered clumps of trees and bushes. It was only a fancy that prompted her to visit the place on this morning; but no human foresight could have directed her so well.

Her way for half a mile was along the highway upon which the mansion fronted; and then she took a path which led across the fields to the base of the hills. Threading her way upward among rocks and briars, and tangles of fallen trees which in some places barred the narrow track which the feet of hunters and excursionists had worn, she came to an enormous mass of rock that at this point crowned the hill. As she stood beside it, she saw that it projected out several feet above her head, in irregular shelves, which seemed to bar any higher ascent; but passing around it, she found a place where these shelves projected at the base, and rose towards the top in something like a rude flight of stairs. Clambering up with some exertion, she reached the summit; and seated here upon the very crown of the hills, she looked abroad and enjoyed the magnificent prospect that lay spread out like a map before her. There was the winding river, visible for miles, like a broad white ribbon, variegated with moving craft and the green mixture of foliage; the mountains soared up beyond, piercing the clouds, and looking blue and hazy in the distance; Maverick lay almost beneath her, and her eye lingered long on its massive stone front, its high-pitched roof and quaint gables and chimneys and windows, the stately pillars of stone that supported the front, approached by wide stone steps, the ample wooden wings, painted gray to harmonize with the stone of the main part, which had been added in later days, the noble elms that surround and embowered it, and lastly, on the broad expanse of meadow, forest, uplands for grazing, and arable fields, watered by a creek which ran through the entire farm and emptied into the Hudson. There was no

more valuable nor more slightly property in the neighborhood than *Maverick Farm*; it had been her home for eight years, and all her homelike affections were centered in it. Her dear foster-mother (than whom she had never known any other) had brought her here when she came; and here her years had passed in quiet domestic happiness, and in study under the tuition of *Mrs. Roesselle*. No wayward mood of the moody owner of the place had ever affected these two; their lives were as much apart from his as though they were passing under another roof, and whatever might have been the evil ways of *Augustus Maverick*, he had scrupulously sought to cloak them from the knowledge of these two.

Anna May might have sat there for hours, absorbed in the reveries which the contemplation of her home suggested, but a low rumble of thunder suddenly aroused and startled her. She rose to her feet and looked at the heavens. The sun, which had all the morning been shining warm and bright, was now concealed by a great black mass of clouds which had rapidly driven down from the northwest, and the air suddenly grew cold and dense. Almost in an instant an obscurity like that of twilight settled over the earth; the wind moaned dismally among the trees, and great drops of rain began to patter upon the rock. *Anna* soon made her way down the side of the rock; but the storm grew so fierce that she at once decided she must wait until it had subsided before she could venture to return home. A thought of the great cavernous opening under the rock, which she had seen a few moments before, befriended her at this critical moment, and she determined to take refuge in it. Feeling her way along the opening she quickly sheltered herself under the friendly projection, and rested from the exhaustion of her efforts and fears.

In any other situation than her present one of dubious safety, she would have enjoyed the magnificent spectacle which the warring elements now presented. The first darkness of the storm had passed away, giving place to a dusky gloom; the air was still chilly, and the thunder frequent and startling. But the wind now came sweeping down with almost the force of a hurricane, dashing the rain in torrents to the earth, and shrieking with an appalling uproar. Now and then as a brilliant lightning-flash illuminated the whole hillside, the girl looked down from her covert and saw huge tree-trunks splintered and strewn in pieces by the subtle element, and others up-

rooted by the force of the tempest and hurled more than their length among the rocks. The rain could not reach her in her retreat; but for the hour that the storm lasted the wind drove in upon her, chilling her with its keenness. She wrapped her light shawl more closely about her shoulders, and waited in anxious expectancy for the end of the storm.

It came at last; the wind sullenly died down; the rain ceased; and almost as abruptly as it had appeared did the black mass of cloud open and disperse. The sun came out again with his warm, bright rays, the frightened birds began their songs again, and the heart of the maiden was lifted in thankfulness for her preservation from the dangers of the tempest.

But her peril was not yet over. She was about to crawl out from the cavern, when a low, snarling sound fell with startling effect on her ears. It seemed to come from behind her. She looked around, and gazed into the darkness of the cave. At first sight it was all dark to her; she could distinguish nothing, and thought that her imagination had deceived her.

It had not. Again that snarl, fierce, more alarming than before. The warm, active blood of a vigorous man would have chilled at that ominous sound, heard in such a place; and the heart of the girl stood still an instant with fear.

She looked towards the direction of the sound. Her eyes were becoming accustomed to the darkness of the place; and out of that darkness, apparently a few feet from her, two fiery balls glowed and scintillated upon her! They were quite near together; and back of them, a dark, quivering mass, other than the darkness of the cavern, was partially defined.

Realizing with a flash of thought the horrors of her position, the girl sank to her knees from the half-upright posture in which the moment found her. A full minute more passed thus, she waiting in dreadful expectation while that low snarling sound continued.

"If it were only light, so that I could know what it is!" was her unspoken thought.

A tall growth of trees, a little way down from the mouth of the cavern, had hitherto thrown it in shadow, doubling the natural obscurity of the place. But moments in such crises of danger as this often change the aspect of the scene; and the thought was hardly conceived in her brain when the moving sun, rising to the zenith, passed above the treetops, and threw a vivid burst of light

directly into the cavern, lighting it up on the instant, and revealing the peril to her gaze. And she, kneeling there upon the rocky floor of the cavern, looked at the sight in terror—terror which was nearly coupled with admiration, at the beauty of the creature before her.

It sat upon all fours not seven feet away; and at sight of her its eyes seemed to burn alternately with ferocity and fear. It was an object four feet long at least, with a long, waving tail, which stroked its sides. Its body was covered with fur, of a deep brownish color on the head, back, neck and sides, changing to a yellowish tinge under the belly and down the nose and chin; while along the breast it was of a pure white. Its paws were armed with claws, and an occasional lifting of the lips showed a row of sharp white teeth. Its ears were actively in motion, now erect, and now down; and its lithe body was extended flat, but continually in motion, agitating the fur upon it, and causing it to show different shades as the animal continued to glide a few inches backwards and forwards by the muscular force of its paws. The head was held straight up; but the snarling had ceased, and a gentle though deep purring succeeded it.*

With all the stoutness of heart that she was able to summon to her aid in this emergency, Anna fixed her eyes steadily upon those of the animal, and remained perfectly motionless. She well knew that any attempt to fly precipitately from the cavern would be likely to bring the brute upon her; and she hoped to escape gradually, by retiring a step at a time, continuing to face him.

He grew uneasy as she looked steadily into his eyes, and the purring rose louder, and deepened in volume until it filled the cavern; while the animal's tail lashed his sides incessantly.

Still kneeling, Anna worked herself back a few feet with her hands. To her terror and dismay the puma rose and followed her till she ceased to move; and then he took his former position, at about the same distance from her as before.

* *The puma, a smaller species of the jaguar, or American tiger—of which the above is an excellent description, although infrequently found in northern latitudes, is by no means extinct. It is still found in our Northern States and the Canadas, is carnivorous and fierce, and has often been known to attack man.*

She dared not move again; she dared not cry aloud—though cries in this wild place could be expected to bring her no aid; and she dared not remove her eyes for an instant from the terrible eyes of the puma. Her limbs ached with the constraint of her position, but she dared not change it; she dared do nothing now, but stay there and wait for the spring of the ferocious creature, which was certain to bring her death.

Death in such a place, and alone—death by the jaws of a beast of prey, within sight of her home—such a death for her, this fair, good maiden! The terrible, sickening thought had the pang of death in it, and brought to her such mental agony as all her life had not known. She offered a brief prayer; and then, overcome with fear and despair, she covered her face in her shawl and hopelessly waited for the end which seemed inevitable.

The purring of the puma rose louder and louder, increasing almost to a roar; his body quivered in every muscle, his tail lashed his sides in rage, and his head was bent between his paws. His body was gathered for a spring; and feeling that her last moment had come, Anna sank down prone upon the stone. She had not heard the words which for the last minute had been whispered and repeated behind her, "Lie down! Lie down! Don't look nor speak—but lie down!" She heard nothing of them, for the loud, angry purring of the puma drowned the whisper, and she did not know that a deliverer was crouching on one knee at the mouth of the cavern, his rifle to his shoulder, and his eye glancing steadily along the sights, but unable to cover a vital spot of the animal while she remained kneeling.

"Lie down! Lie down! Quick—"

She fell upon her face at that instant, as if in obedience to the command which she had not heard. An explosion seven times louder than the report of a single rifle in the open air reverberated through the rocky chamber, and the smoke rolling inward filled it, and prevented the deliverer for a moment from seeing that his bullet had fairly split the puma's skull. Fearing that the animal might only be wounded he sprang in; and seizing the prostrate girl, dragged her more roughly than carefully out of the cave. She had not fainted; she stood upright with the assistance of his arm, and as the smoke gradually emptied itself from the cavern, she looked in the direction of his outstretched finger, and saw and realized through all the bewilderment

of her fright, that the animal was struggling upon its back, its glossy white breast streaked with its blood. The timely bullet had done its work well, and with a few wild jerks and cries the creature expired.

IV.

THE person to whom Anna owed her timely deliverance was a tall, well-formed young man about twenty-five years old, with a thoughtful face which bore marks of study, but which showed, too, that there was behind the student a nature of freem, exuberant humanity, with an ample breadth of kindness and manliness. He was evidently not one of the mere book-worm kind, but loved the world and its people, and its innocent pleasures. He was dressed in a plain suit of gray which had a city cut, and his bearing and manners were those of the best city-bred people. He interrupted Anna in her fervent expressions of gratitude by simply saying:

"I am glad indeed, miss, that chance or providence sent me here as it did, so that I could be of service to you. Sit down on this fallen tree until you entirely recover your composure. You have passed through a terrible ordeal, and I am bound to say that you have borne it with extraordinary bravery."

"I assure you I nearly died with fright, nevertheless," said Anna, still pale and trembling from fear. "Are you sure the creature is quite dead?"

"He'll make no more trouble," replied the other, glancing at the motionless body. "Now I'll reload; though I hardly expect a chance to kill any more such game hereabouts. It was decidedly lucky that I brought my rifle instead of the shot-gun; the bird-shot would have spoiled Mr. Tiger-Cat's handsome skin, and hurt him very little."

The speaker finished charging his rifle, and then continued his talk with admirable ease and readiness.

"We have met very unexpectedly, and under remarkable circumstances; and as I wish to know who it is that I have saved, I will take it for granted that you are not unwilling to be told who I am. My name is Roscoe Grayle; I graduated at the last commencement at Columbia, and I have come up here to find an aunt, a sister of my mother, whom I haven't seen for years. My mother wrote to me that she was living somewhere near Tarrytown, and to be sure to see her

before I came home; and thinking that the search might prove a long one, I brought my hunting apparatus along. I came up on a lumber sloop, for the variety of the thing; but after the old craft had lain in all night in the cove down yonder, discharging part of her cargo, which proceeding promised to consume all of to-day, I took my gun and came ashore, to kill time. I had rambled over a good part of these hills, without finding any game, when the storm came up, and I crawled into one of the crevices near by until it was over. I heard the purring of the puma as I was about to proceed; and having heard just such a noise before when I shot one in Texas, I knew what it was, and began to look about for it. And what followed then, you know."

"I must thank you again, sir," said Anna, "for your promptness and bravery. You have saved my life. My name is Anna May; I live at that mansion yonder." And she pointed to the roofs of Maverick, which were visible through an opening in the trees from where they sat.

The other looked and bowed; hesitated, lingered; and then said:

"I should be happy to be of farther service to you."

"Thank you; I think you have done quite enough for me. And as I have no wish to hunt pumas any more to-day, I think I will return home."

Mr. Grayle laughed and said:

"I think I have found diversion enough for one morning. It is about noon, and what they are pleased to call *dinner* on the sloop doesn't wait for anybody. My way lies in the same direction with you; shall we walk together?"

Anna was glad to consent, and they made their way down the hill together. His hand was often found convenient to assist her over the fallen branches and large stones with which the storm had littered the path, and some moments were occupied in getting back to the fields. Anna was inventing some appropriate form of words in which she might delicately explain the situation of affairs at home as an apology for not inviting him to the mansion to dine, when he exclaimed:

"You may be able to tell me, Miss May, something of my relative. Never having seen her at all, I must confess that I was not at all anxious for myself to come up here to find her; but it is so long since mother has seen her that I can't go back home to Maryland without carrying her some news of her sister.

They haven't corresponded for years, and without any reason at all for it, there has grown up a complete silence between them. This shouldn't be so, of course, and I am commissioned to find my aunt. I hope I shall like her when I find her."

"What is her name?" Anna asked.

Mr. Grayle laughed again, and now with some confusion.

"I am quite ashamed to say that I don't know," he replied. "I used to know the name, and my last letter from her contained it; but unfortunately I have lost the letter, and have nothing to depend upon but my mother's maiden name, which was Westcott. Ah—I do recollect that my aunt's Christian name was Helen. The name she took by marriage was a strange one—a very unusual name. I am afraid I shall be much troubled to find her, for she was married all of twenty years ago, and it is quite likely that she has removed somewhere."

Anna May's eyes were wide open with surprise.

"Did she marry a minister?" was her question.

"Yes, I think she did."

"Was the name Roesselle?"

"That's it exactly!" Mr. Grayle cried, clapping his hands. "Roesselle—Roesselle—Roesselle—I'll not forget it again. You know her then?"

"She is my best friend on earth," was the reply. "You have but a brief search now; she is my foster-mother, and the housekeeper at the mansion where I live."

Placed upon a footing by this unexpected discovery which gave them a common interest in acquaintance, and which removed all shadow of embarrassment, the two walked on towards the mansion; and the fifteen minutes occupied in reaching it sufficed to Anna to explain briefly to Mr. Grayle the peculiar relations of the people who dwelt at the mansion, and the situation of affairs there at the time. He listened attentively; and intimating nothing to his companion, his conclusion with himself was that the dying condition of Mr. Maverick would make it imperative upon him to satisfy his mother's instructions with a half hour's call, postponing a better acquaintance until a more favorable opportunity.

They entered the gateway shortly after meridian and walked up to the front of the house. The sun was quite warm for the season, and there was nothing stirring about

the grounds; but the vigilant eye of Jerry Small, peering up from the basement window, took note of their approach, and the spy was instantly on the alert to discover who the stranger was.

Ushering Mr. Grayle into the parlor, Anna went to find her foster-mother; and she met her descending the stairs. The sweet, delicate beauty of the Helen Roesselle of other days was now merged in the pale, serious, matronly face, shaded by its widow's cap, and paler by contrast with the dark garments which she would not discard. Some women preserve at the middle age of life a beauty which is hardly second to that of their girlhood; but not those women whom death and care have saddened. Faint tokens of silver threaded the hair over her brow; and while she was perfectly erect and vigorous, and while the consciousness that she had still a useful sphere to fill was evidenced in her appearance, yet that appearance chiefly conveyed the idea of a Christian woman who had met severe sorrow without breaking under it, and whom the grief of herself and others had not unfitted for a foremost place in the ranks of those who valiantly fight out to the last this great battle of life.

Anna waited for her at the foot of the stairs, and met her with the question:

"Is there any change?"

"None for the better," was the reply. "Doctor Thurman went away half an hour ago, saying that there would be no marked change before night; and he will come back then. Did somebody come in with you?"

"Yes; please come into the parlor, mother."

Mrs. Roesselle was surprised as well as gratified to find her nephew there; and the next hour was devoted to mutual inquiry, mingled with regrets that so long a silence had occurred between the families. It was easy for the widow to plead her troubles, which had, wrongly, she knew, drawn her too much within herself; and the nephew had to say that the cares of a large family had done the same for his mother. Both were pleased; and each was able to trace some family resemblance in the other; and it was only after a long and pleasant chat that Mrs. Roesselle remembered with regret the reason which would at this time prevent her asking her nephew to pass some weeks at the mansion. Mr. Grayle gracefully anticipated her, and alluding to the information that Anna had given him of the domestic affairs of

Maverick, he declared that it was a sufficient reason why no further hospitality should be offered to or expected by him. And he arose to make his farewell.

"O no, Roscoe—not quite so sudden as this," said the aunt. "I cannot allow you to go in this way. We have a nurse up stairs who relieves us of much of the watching and care, and we should be badly off indeed if we could not ask you to stay to dinner. Our patient is quite certain to linger through the day, and you will not embarrass us at all. It is now one; we will not dine till four. Will you stay?"

Mr. Grayle accepted the invitation; and the words of his acceptance were followed, before further remark could be made, by a stroke of the muffled knocker. Leaving her nephew with Anna, Mrs. Roesselle went to the door. An elderly man and a young lady were outside—both strangers to her. The man carried a portmanteau; a carriage was driving away from the gate.

"Is this Mrs. Roesselle?" asked the gentleman.

"It is, sir." And with the words the housekeeper remained where she stood, the door-knob in her hand, awaiting the announcement of their business.

"You are of course unacquainted with us," the explanation began. "I knew you only because I had heard that there was such a person here, and I judged that you were that person. I beg to present myself as Oliver Maverick, the brother of Mr. Augustus Maverick; and to present my daughter, Miss Laura Maverick."

The housekeeper stood, still motionless, amazed at what she heard and saw. Knowing, as all the neighborhood knew, that the people before her were the objects of the bitter hatred of Augustus Maverick, and that he had been, that he was, as completely estranged from them as though they had dwelt in another planet, the suspicion of such an occurrence as this had never crossed her mind. A great deal of thought passed through her mind in a half minute, during which she barred the way to the visitors. She knew that the man who lay in the weakness of approaching death up stairs would rage like a maniac did he know of the presence of these two beneath his roof; that he would be very likely to die in the convulsion caused by that knowledge. She knew that they had never dared to come to the mansion while Augustus Maverick was on his feet. But here they

were now—his brother and niece—his only surviving relatives. What could she do?

She would temporize, and make delay until she could come to a conclusion. She still stood there, expecting, not inviting further conversation.

"May I inquire the present condition of my brother?"

"He is very low." And then there was another pause.

Mrs. Roesselle was a woman of penetration, and she had already pierced the veneering of deference and sham politeness which Oliver Maverick had thought necessary to show for this occasion. With every word that he uttered, with every motion that he made, it was plain to her that he was acting a part. Knowing nothing of these people, had she seen before her, upon the announcement of their names, a man and a young woman exhibiting faces of concern and anxiety, if not real distress, she would have instantly conceded to herself that there was reason for the visit. She saw nothing of the kind. The man was plainly simulating something that he did not feel; the girl, not entering into the conversation, stood in her own nature, with a cold, defiant face. Mrs. Roesselle instantly determined that no feeling of kin for the dying man brought them here, and that they came for a purpose. Other thoughts, and features of other faces came with that determination; and as she stood with the door-knob in her hand she wished to bar them out.

"Has my brother asked for me during his sickness?"

The question was propounded as a forerunner of another; not that there could be any doubt about the answer, but the housekeeper promptly answered it.

"He never has."

"Let me speak plainly with you, madam," Oliver Maverick said. "We are the sole relatives of this man; we wish to be with him in his last moments. You surely will not refuse to admit us here? You would say that he does not wish us here; that he would drive us forth if he knew that we stood here now, and had the strength; in short, that my brother is my mortal enemy. Would you say this? O madam, madam—I beseech you as a Christian woman, as one who has suffered, and who can sympathize with the sufferings of a bleeding heart—I beseech you, madam, to remember how loudly does this unhappy enmity plead for our admission to the death-

bed! My brother is about to die; his heart may relent; he may forgive and bless me in his last words, if I am beside him to crave it. He need not, he must not know of our presence until the last agony approaches; we will remain secluded from him till then. Think, madam, as a Christian woman, what you would refuse in denying us admission at this awful hour, and then say nay if you can."

As a Christian woman, hating hypocrisy as all good Christians hate it, Mrs. Roesselle said to herself, "Oliver Maverick, you lie. You are brought here by a purpose; not by the spirit of brotherly love." As housekeeper at Maverick, standing as much in dread of the opinions and judgments of the world as do my reader and myself, and desiring to avoid for herself any cause of reproach connected with the feud of the Mavericks, she opened the door and allowed the unbidden guests to pass in.

She at once cut short the hypocritical expression of gratitude which began to pour forth, by summoning a servant from the basement. It was Jerry Small who appeared; as he had been waiting below with his hand on the door-latch for some moments, it could not well be any other. But no word or sign of recognition passed between him and the guests.

"Jerry," said the housekeeper, with a carefully measured voice, "Mr. Oliver Maverick and Miss Maverick will lodge here to-night; he in the blue chamber, third floor, she in the one opposite. You will take up their portmanteau, show them the way, and call them to dinner at four o'clock."

She had addressed not one word of welcome to them; her directions were entirely formal; at least, there was no hypocrisy with her. Jerry picked up the bag, and was half way up the first flight, followed by Laura, when Oliver Maverick paused and returned to say something further to the housekeeper.

"I may venture to hope, madam, that proper precautions will be taken to prevent any whisper of our presence here from reaching my brother."

"You have no occasion to fear anything of that sort," was the reply, given in a tone of voice that instantly gave him to understand that he had trespassed. "None but the doctor, the nurse, Miss May and myself have access to him. I shall not overlook it."

Up the first flight of stairs the guests went, preceded by Jerry; up the second; and not a word was spoken until they were inside the

blue chamber, with the key turned. Then Oliver Maverick turned eagerly to Jerry and said:

"Tell me anything—everything."

"Precious little to tell," was the reply. "The doctor seems to think he won't stand the night through. He's coming back in the evening. Nurse says he lies on his back, stiff and dumb, looking more like a corpse than a live man, and only opening his eyes once in a while to show that he is alive at all. No lawyer, no will; that I know."

"Good!" The eyes of both father and daughter sparkled with excitement. "Here's your ten dollars, Jerry; you're a good fellow; serve me faithfully in this business, and you'll be richly rewarded before long."

"I'll do it," said Jerry with a horrible squint out of his little weaselly eyes.

"Which is his chamber?" Laura asked.

"Inner chamber, green rooms, second floor," was the reply.

"I know it well," said the father. "It is a suite of three rooms, at the end of the hall. Is there anything new about the house?"

"No. Yes, there is, though; Mrs. Roesselle's nevy came along an hour ago, and is down in the parlor now. Don't know who he is, nor where he comes from, nor what he wants."

"Probably of no importance. But keep your eyes and ears open; and watch especially for messages to Tarrytown. Let me know as quick as you hear anything that I ought to know."

Jerry nodded and disappeared, and Laura retired to her chamber. The man without any explanation, understood the precise meaning of the presence of these two here, and was prepared to serve them with watchful fidelity.

Mrs. Roesselle turned away from the foot of the stairs as the new-comers went up, and entering her sitting-room, which was opposite the parlors, sat down and devoted some minutes to serious thought. Without at that moment forming any distinct conclusion as to what was the object of these people in coming here, for the reason, perhaps, that she was too seriously disturbed by the occurrence to allow a conclusion, she was still upon the track of the discovery. The project which could induce them to such a step as this must be a matter of magnitude, she knew; and with the faint shadowing of it in her mind came other thoughts which made her start uneasily in her chair, and regard the presence

of these strangers with jealous watchfulness. Resolving to keep a vigilant eye upon them, and feeling the need of a helper in the trouble that she feared, she returned to the parlor and told her nephew and Anna May of the arrival of the Mavericks. Without stating any suspicions or inferences, she said to Mr. Grayle:

"For reasons that I think imperative, Roscoe, I have changed my mind about asking you to stop. It will be a service to us, not a hospitality from us, if you will stay to-night, and perhaps to-morrow; in fact until the death that we are waiting for has happened. Will you?"

Mr. Grayle immediately consented, and his trunk was brought from the sloop the same afternoon and placed in one of the chambers—a little chamber on the second floor. Which fact was duly noted by Jerry Small, and by him immediately repeated to his employer. The information made the latter at once uneasy.

"What do you think of it?" he asked his daughter, after telling her.

"It looks like a counter-match," was her reply.

The father nodded.

"We must be wary with that housekeeper," he said. "There is something in her eye that I don't like at all. Can it be possible—"

He stopped abruptly, startled by the thought.

"Can she have wormed herself into the affections of Augustus, and already induced him to make a will in her own interest?"

The question was a startling one. Laura promptly answered it.

"No," she said, decidedly. "We need not fear that. I watched her face, and saw that she was astonished at first, and afterwards anxious. She is cool, ready and clever; but she could not hide that deep look of anxiety. If what you fear had been already obtained, why should she be anxious?"

"Right," exclaimed the other, "and cleverly answered. I am more than ever convinced that nothing adverse to us has as yet been accomplished. Be hopeful, my daughter, for I feel almost secure that we shall outgeneral them. Jerry Small is himself the game half won; and when the critical moment comes, if it does come, you will find that I have some knowledge in reserve that will wonderfully aid us."

The afternoon passed on, and these two kept their rooms; Mrs. Roesselle was in the

sick chamber, which she instructed the nurse to keep locked, and on no pretext to admit any person excepting herself and Anna. Promptly at four o'clock, Jerry Small came up to inform the Mavericks that dinner waited. So unsuspecting was the housekeeper of the doings of Jerry that she had detailed him to wait upon them during their stay, the housemaids being otherwise busy. Jerry communicated the fact to them with a chuckle at his own sharpness in keeping his operations hid.

The dinner was brief and rigidly formal. Both Anna and Mr. Grayle were absent from the table (at Mrs. Roesselle's request), and the housekeeper sat in silence, except when she answered a question in monosyllable, or inquired with laconic brevity after their wants. She ate nothing herself, reserving herself for the dinner which was to be eaten an hour later, by herself and the two absent ones. Such a meal could not last long; the guests perceived that the house had been put under repression with their coming, and their anxiety for the events of the hours which were close at hand left them little appetite.

"You will be informed when his last moments come," Mrs. Roesselle said, as they rose to retire. "Until then, you will please make no effort to hear of his condition from time to time. At present, it is unchanged."

Oliver Maverick bowed.

"We are playing shrewd games, Madam Roesselle," he thought, as he observed her watching them on their way up stairs. "Shrewd games; but you know little of my hand."

Swiftly and silently the hours sped away—the hours which brought on a night that was to become forever memorable in the story of the Mavericks.

V.

THE second dinner, eaten by the housekeeper, her nephew and Anna May, was concluded about half past five. Mrs. Roesselle conducted Mr. Grayle up to his room immediately after, and went herself into the sick chamber. The young man remained in his room but a few moments, making some slight changes in his attire, and then came into the hall, with the intention of taking a short walk through the grounds before night.

The possibility that he might find Anna May outside the house might have influenced him; but whatever was the motive, he went out with this pretext. At the same time Laura Maverick, restless and eager with anticipation, not fully understanding the procedure which her father meant to adopt, and leaving him pacing his chamber in an excitement which he was laboring in silence to repress, came from his room, shut the door, and walking to the balusters, leaned upon them and looked over into the hall below. She heard a man's step, and then a man's voice softly humming a line. Something in that voice startled her; she leaned further over, and presently saw the man appear at the head of the stairs below. He cast his eyes casually upward, and they met hers.

"Mr. Grayle?" she exclaimed, unable to repress the words that came quickly to her tongue.

He recognized her and paused, astonished and annoyed. Had his frame of mind toward her continued the same as it was when his letter was written, he would have desired to greet her civilly and give her a few moments of trifling talk; but other faces, other scenes had intervened, and he now bowed and wished to end the meeting there.

Laura Maverick's pride struggled an instant with the strong feeling that urged her to go down to him and say to him what her heart prompted; and pride succumbed. Poor woman, poor woman! She had thought that her love for him was obliterated forever when she destroyed his letter; she thought that no sight of his handsome face, no thought of his graceful, winning ways and his manly intellect would ever trouble her again; and in thinking so she had wofully deceived herself. The battle which she was to fight with her heart had been postponed, not won; her love was stronger than pride, stronger than herself; and as she saw that he meant to give her nothing but that cold, formal bow, she dismissed her maidenly reserve.

"A moment, Mr. Grayle, if you please."

He paused, and she came slowly down the stairs to where he stood.

"You did not know I was here?" She tried to speak carelessly; but he was not deceived by her tone.

"I did not," he replied. "I knew there were guests in the house, but I had no reason to suppose that you were one of them."

The girl hesitated, and nervously pulled her handkerchief. "Did you receive an an-

swer to your last letter?" she asked, studiously averting her eyes.

"An answer to it?" was the surprised question in return. "Do I understand you rightly, Miss Maverick? Have you written to me since you received my letter?"

"I have not," she said, becoming agitated.

"Then why your question?"

"Why did you not wish to speak to me just now?" she asked, evading his question, but raising her eyes to his face.

Roscoe Grayle looked at her curiously, almost compassionately. "Do you not realize, Miss Maverick," he asked, "that it will be better for both of us—for you, certainly—to pass no more than the common civilities of life while we are under the same roof?"

The intimation contained in his words was unmistakable, and showed that he had penetrated the secret of her heart. She did not resent it; she forced herself to be calm, and to look into his face.

"I do not know that," she said. "You did not understand the meaning of my question. I meant that you should understand that I wished to say something more to you. Something that I did not say in my letter."

The man to whom she spoke had studied human nature, and knew its manifold phases. In one moment he had discovered that this girl loved him in spite of himself. He leaned back defiantly upon the baluster, and waited to hear more, quite certain that nothing he could hear would now surprise him.

"Perhaps I said too much in my letter," she added. Her voice trembled, and she spoke fast, as though fearful of breaking down. "Perhaps you did not wholly understand me. No matter. If my letter told you that I could only marry with wealth, I take that back, too. You judged me rightly when you wrote that I had given you reason to think that I felt more than kind to you. I have felt so; I do; I cannot check the feeling, nor disguise it. I wish you to understand that there are no such obstacles in your way as my letter fancied. Something has happened since I wrote it."

She paused; her communication seemed to have no effect whatever on him to whom it was addressed. He stood looking coldly into her face, and exhibited no interest whatever in what she was saying.

"Roscoe Grayle, you are stupid or heartless!" she angrily cried. "Why do you not hasten to tell me that what I say rejoices you?"

"Because it does not," was his calm reply. "Because I feel no interest in you that I do not feel in most of God's creatures. Because, Miss Maverick, I fell into an ugly error in thinking that I loved you, and gladly took the chance you gave me to extricate myself. I shall not err again."

"Do not talk so," she cried, almost wild in her earnestness. She laid her hand upon his arm, and elevated her voice. "You cannot understand me; I must speak plainly. All this property is to be mine; all that Augustus Maverick owns is to be mine. Man, man, don't kill me with coldness; tell me now what you wrote to me first, and I will ask you to share it with me. I cannot help saying this; it is because I love you."

"I am sorry for you," was all that he replied; and while he was saying it, the door opening into the hall from the suite of rooms which embraced the sick room opened, and Mrs. Roesselle came out. Laura Maverick saw her, and fled up the stairs and into her chamber. She bolted the door, and throwing herself upon the bed, burst into a passion of tears and sobs. When she rose, the tears were dry upon her face, and her eyes glittered with a stern, unwomanly light. She bathed her face, and went to the glass to arrange her hair.

"He despises me; he never loved me," she thought. "I have been foolish and incautious. But it shall not happen again. I covet two objects, Roscoe Grayle is the least of them. Him I can do without; Maverick Farm I cannot. There will be some heart-pain about it; but women were made to suffer. I will conquer it, and think only of what brought me here."

The glass at that moment showed her a weary, wistful face; her hands were clasped over a weary, toiling heart. Her father tapped softly at the door; and banishing the last trace of emotion from her face, she admitted him.

Roscoe Grayle waited for his aunt after the flight of Laura, and Mrs. Roesselle's first question was, as she approached him:

"Have you met her before?"

The young man answered:

"In New York. Not elsewhere."

The housekeeper looked carefully about her, to see that there were no eavesdroppers.

"Did I hear her say," she added, "that she was to own all that belonged to Augustus Maverick?"

"She did say so," Mr. Grayle replied; and

then, discovering that his aunt wished to know what had led to such an extraordinary statement on her part to him, he frankly told her all he knew of Laura Maverick, and his own relations with her.

The housekeeper began to be enlightened. She uttered an exclamation, and her face grew stern and determined.

"Roscoe," she said, "please stay within call. Do not leave the house for more than a few minutes at a time; I may want your help on a moment's warning. I don't know what is to happen in this house to-night or to-morrow night; but I have fathomed a conspiracy that frightens me. You shall know more of what I have discovered in an hour or two; until then, remember not to be out of the way."

The young man promised, and in a few minutes was back in his room. At sunset Oliver Maverick was with his daughter in his daughter's chamber. Mrs. Roesselle and Anna, with the nurse, were at the sick-bed, and Mr. Grayle was thoughtfully pacing the back piazza, having notified his aunt where he could be found. The servants were at supper in the basement, excepting Jerry Small, who filled his plate and took it to the back windows, where he could, unobserved, watch Mr. Grayle. And thus the night found them all.

VI

THE lamps had been lighted, and Jerry Small, coming up to bring one to the guests, whispered as he delivered it:

"The doctor has not come, as he promised. They have sent for him; but Mr. Maverick is no worse."

Twenty minutes later he came again.

"The doctor has come," he said. "He has gone in to see him. The nurse just came down, and says he is no worse."

And one hour later he came again.

"Mrs. Roesselle just came down and asked for me. I was out at the stables, looking to see if any of the horses had been taken out, because I was bound to be sure that nobody left the place without my knowledge, and so she did not find me. When I came in, the girls told me I had been wanted, and not being found, she had spoken with my father. Where had he gone? Out to the barn, they thought, and so he had, and a very round-about way, too, so anxious was he to get away secretly. I went straight back, and

found him there, sure enough, saddling the roan pony. The old man has got fretful and cross lately, and I was afraid I couldn't get anything out of him. 'Where are you going, pop?' says I. 'None of your business, boy, if I must tell you,' says he. 'Now that aint kind of you, pop,' says I. 'You're too old to be riding around nights. Let me go for you.' 'Yes, you're mighty kind and officious, young 'un,' he growled. 'Why wasn't you eager to make that patch of wall-garden last week, when I wanted you to? Curos'ty, curos'ty—nothin' else. The servants say you're worse than Roger Brill, now-a-days, to ask questions. You'd like to know where I'm going, and what for, wouldn't you?' 'Yes, I would,' says I. 'Well, you wont, then—not for some time, anyway. Ma'am Roesselle told me to go, and if she'd wanted you, she'd told you.' 'She did look for me,' says I. 'No matter, she told me to go, and what's more, she told me to go fast, and say nothing, except to him I'm going to. I reckon I can go fast on the roan; and when Ma'am Roesselle tells me not to blab, it's pretty likely I shan't.'

"With that he trotted out of the yard. But I think I'll know whom he brings back."

For more than an hour longer the father and daughter waited for another report. They waited in anxious, nervous suspense, which was too anxious for conversation. Then they heard through the narrow opening of the window the trampling of horses below, and voices. In a few minutes more Jerry Small came softly up, and was admitted. They could see that his news was important, in the grimace with which he prefaced it.

"Mrs. Roesselle told me to tell you that Mr. Maverick is easy, and the doctor thinks he will live over to-morrow. He's been stimulating him; but I didn't get *that* from her. She says you need not expect to hear anything more from her to-night, and that you'd better go to bed. The doctor has gone again."

"This is not all?" Oliver Maverick eagerly said.

"No, but the rest I saw myself. The old man has come back with Mr. Jenks, the Tarrytown lawyer. The housekeeper met him at the back door, and took him straight up stairs. They went right into Mr. Maverick's rooms."

"Are the doors locked?" was the eager question.

"I was going to tell you. They were all locked last night; but I suspect she's managing different to-night. Pretty soon after she

had showed the lawyer in, she came out and knocked at her nevv'y's door, and took him back with her. Now I don't think it likely that the nevv'y's been taken into Mr. Maverick's sick room. He's a stranger, and I don't think she'd bring any more strange faces around him just now than was necessary. So I think he's to watch to-night in one of the outer rooms."

Hard as he tried to repress the signs of his excitement, Oliver Maverick was now trembling as if with an ague-fit.

"Can you find which one, Jerry?" he asked, beseechingly. "Find that, Jerry, and we may not have to trouble you any more; and we'll pay you more than you could ever expect. Do that for us, Jerry, and I'll give you a thousand dollars!"

"I'll try it," the man replied with alacrity; "but it's dangerous. I may be discovered—"

"Do your best; all that we are working for depends upon my knowing this."

Jerry was leaving the room, when he was called back.

"You know the closet at the right, in the first of those rooms?"

"Yes."

"Find if it is locked. Come back as quick as you can; time is worth everything now."

Jerry left the room, and Oliver Maverick sat down in a large easy-chair. "I ought to be strong now, stronger than ever before," he said. "But I am not; this terrible excitement weakens me; my nerves are all gone." He held out his hand, and his daughter saw that it shook to and fro without his own volition.

"I am strong, father; I am ready for our work. Tell me what I am to do, and you will find that I have the strength of will and nerve to try it."

"My brave Laura!" he said, looking up admiringly into her firm-set face, and noting the spirit that lurked in her eye. "My own girl, I know you will not shrink! It will be hazardous and difficult—"

"But it is to give us back our own," she interrupted. Her father drew her face down to him and kissed her; and with his weak, trembling hand clasped in her strong one, they waited for Jerry's return. He soon came.

"It was risky," he said, "and Ma'am Roesselle almost caught me at it; not quite. I listened at the first door till I thought there was no one inside, and then sneaked in. Nobody was there: it was dark, too. I made

for the closet first; the door was locked, but the key was in it. Here it is. I'd hardly taken it out, when I heard some one at the door I had just come through. I had just time to unlock the closed door, open it, jump in, and close it, when Ma'am Roesselle came through with a lamp and her square black box. I can tell you what she keeps in that box: pen, ink and paper. I held the closet door just a crack open, and I saw through into the next room as she passed in. There was a table in the middle of the floor, with a large lamp lighted; old mother Wadhams was nodding back in her rocking-chair, and the navvy, Mr. Ball—Snail—hang the name—"

"No matter. Go on."

"The navvy sat by the table, reading a book. Ma'am Roesselle went right through into the sick room, and shut the door behind her."

"Was the door left open between the closet-room and the other?"

"At first; but Mr. What's-his-name got up and shut it."

Oliver Maverick took a pencil from his pocket and dashed off a few words on a scrap of paper. "I hope to redeem that within a week," he said, pushing it toward Jerry. "You need watch no more for us to-night; you have done your part. It is all with us now. I will see you in the morning."

The man took the hint, and retired. By the light of the stationary lamp in the hall he examined the contents of the paper, and read it as follows:

Due to Jerry Small One Thousand Dollars.

OLIVER MAVERICK.

Shutting the door after him, Maverick returned to his seat.

"A few words, Laura," he said, "as quick as I can speak them. We must discover what is happening now in the sick room below us. The information that Jerry has just given makes it certain that we can discover it, by boldness and promptness. I am not able, in my present condition, to dare so much; my miserable nerves fail me when I most need them; I am all a-tremble, and I should surely be discovered. Detection would defeat us at once and forever. If—"

"I am ready and willing," Laura interrupted. "Only tell me quick what your plan is."

"Listen! This house is older than the Revolution; that is, the main part, which we are now in. It was built well back in the coloni-

al days of New York, when this region was not free from savage marauders, and when there was much trouble with the French. It was built to be used as a fortress, as well as a dwelling, if there should be need of it; and the inside of it was arranged in a peculiar manner. Many things about it I think Ezra Maverick never knew; Augustus never imagined what I am about to tell you. I learned it from an old soldier of the Revolution who used to hang about here. He was coaxing me for a little money to buy tobacco, and promised to tell me something that he thought nobody knew but himself. He began by saying that once during the war, when a British general had his headquarters here, the deliberations of a council of war were overheard by one of the servants: and he thought the information then obtained, which was transmitted to General Washington, enabled him to take Stony Point. When I tell you that this council of war was held in the very room in which Augustus Maverick now lies, you will see what the importance of this story is to us. The old fellow let me into the secret; and I have reason to think that it is a secret with me. Certainly, there is no one here now to suspect the existence of this means of discovery.

"It lies through the closet, of which Jerry brought us the key. The three rooms of that suite were built to correspond exactly, excepting as to the closets, which in the other two are on the opposite side. The outside walls of these rooms are on the same line, and you will find the closet let into the west wall, northwest corner of the first room. Do you perfectly understand it?"

"Perfectly," the compressed lips were opened to say.

"You must find it in the dark."

"I can. Go on."

"If everything remains as Jerry left it, you will have no trouble—unless you should be discovered in entering or leaving the closet. The sides of the closet are panelled; feel for the centre of the lower panel, at the corner nearest the left of the door, and by pushing steadily with both hands it will open in like a door, making a place large enough for you to get through by stooping down to it. The panel does not work with springs; it has hinges out of sight, but shuts tight into its case. Swing it clear back and it will not shut again of itself; but lest it should, you had better put something in the aperture. Once through it, you will find yourself in a passage of the

uniform height of the rooms, three feet wide, and extending back their whole length. Go back far enough, and you will be next to the sick room, and able to overhear every word spoken there. I hardly dare hope you can see; the furniture may be arranged so as to prevent, by covering one or two very narrow cracks where a little strip of plastering had fallen off between the lath. Or the room may have been replastered and repapered. In either event, I think you can discover all we wish to know."

Laura Maverick quietly removed her slippers, and pinned back the skirts of her dress so that they could not rustle on the carpets. Without waiting to exchange another word with her father, she left the room. She listened at the head of the stairs; there was not a sound, except the very faint noise of a door shut in the basement. Swiftly descending the stairs, she flew to the hall-lamp and extinguished it with her breath; and on the instant she heard the door of the suite open, and the voice of Mrs. Roesselle say, "How could the wind blow out that lamp?"

She heard the rustle of her dress as she came toward it; but the hall was now so dark that nothing whatever could be seen in it. Crouching close to the wall upon one side, Laura waited until the housekeeper had well passed her on her search for some suspected open door or window, and then crept noiselessly to the door from which Mrs. Roesselle had emerged. The door was partially open, and the room dark; that leading into the second room was close shut. Laura swiftly crossed the floor in the direction of the closet; and as she did so, a sickly thrill shot through her nerves. She had forgotten the key.

Had Jerry locked it, or left it locked? With loud beating heart she felt for the latch and softly lifted it; the door opened without noise at her pull. Fortune was favoring her nobly. She hurried into the closet and closed the door; and sinking to the floor to rest an instant from the effects of her excitement, she heard the opening and closing of doors outside, and the sweep of a dress. Mrs. Roesselle was returning.

The girl's heart still throbbed painfully with the revulsion of feeling caused by her two narrow escapes from discovery, and she

wished to rest where she was, and gather strength; but time pressed, and every flying moment might be weighted with the fate of Maverick. The lawyer had now been in the house not less than fifteen minutes; she had not one minute to lose.

Feeling about with her hands, in the darkness of the closet, she found that a pile of rags and rubbish, evidently the accumulation of some years, covered the floor at the left hand corner, and concealed the panel. Choking with the dust which rose as she moved them aside, and restraining a fit of coughing only by the most painful effort, her hands came in contact with the panel. It moved in readily at her push; time had warped the wood, so that it fitted loosely. She passed through the aperture with little difficulty, securing the panel behind her by shutting a fragment of loose cloth into its insertion. Rising to her feet, she found herself unrestricted in room, and in a pure air, which she eagerly inhaled.

A murmur, a faint sound of human voices, deadened by the intervening partition, came to her ear. She listened intently, but she could make out no words. But very quickly her attention was drawn away from these sounds by the sight of a thin, feeble glimmer of light that played upon the rough boards of the passage in front of her, to the right. It was so faint and fitting as she watched it, sometimes ceasing entirely for an instant, that she began to fear that it was an illusion; and she stepped softly toward it, feeling along the sides with both hands, bating her breath as she approached it. She was not deceived; it was light, blessed light, sent into that secret place, she thought, to guide her to the discovery she wished. Moving a little further, it fell across her hand as she held it up; and she now perceived that it came through a minute fissure in the partition just above her head. She dared not feel for supports for her hands, to help raise herself till her eyes were on its level; but leaning carefully against the partition, she rose on her tiptoes, and painfully maintained herself in that position, while she applied her eyes to the crack. With an exulting heart-bound she was in the sick room, with those who then occupied it.

SNOW FOLIAGE.

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

When Venus, as the poets feign,
 In Rhodes with bright Apollo dwelt,
 The conscious sky shed golden rain,
 And the cold earth such passion felt
 That roses, mixed with lilies, pressed,
 In full-blown beauty, from her breast.

In commerce sweet, what heavenly powers
 Are met beneath our northern sky,
 To bring these pearl and diamond showers
 Last night in splendor from on high,
 And this ethereal flowerage fair
 To charm from branches brown and bare?

The morning breaks, and trees of snow
 Spread whitely on the roseate air,
 The elm's long tresses downward flow,
 Enwrought of alabaster fair,
 The sun, with rose and emerald, gems
 The maple's mist of pearléd stems.

The poplar stands, a frost-built tower,
 The pine a pallid splendor leans,
 Each weed hath such a diamond flower
 As burns not on the breast of queens.
 It is as if the summer-tide
 Sprung from her grave beatified!

The busy man, the maiden gay,
 Cold age, and careless childhood stand
 Enraptured with the bright array,
 The airy pomp on every hand,
 And gaze with sweet solemnity
 On the white earth and sapphire sky.

And all that's best of life and love
 Returns upon the tranquil heart,
 Sweet thoughts of spirits fair above,
 From whom we feel no more apart.
 A sudden glimpse of heaven's heights,
 And angels on their far free flights!

O, surely Hope hath wed Despair
 And wiped his latest tear away,
 And therefore are the lawns so fair
 And all the woods in leaf to-day,
 In snowy leaf and snowy bloom,
 To deck their world-wide bridal room!

TWO GOOD MEN.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

WE were all there—Nettle, Kate, Max, Harry and I—and each one striving to outdo the others in his or her contribution to the evening's entertainment.

It was in Deacon Plummer's barn, and every youngster in town, from twelve to fifty, was there, snuggled away in the shadow of the haymow, or sitting out boldly upon the cornstalks, and stripping dry husks from golden ears.

There were our spinsters, at once the terror and pride of our set, sitting side by side with Deacon Plummer, Aaron Stebbins and other crusty bachelors. There were our staid married ladies, with eyes sharpened for the benefit of rascally sons and too happy daughters; and last and best of all, our rosy, merry girls and their admirers.

I could not keep my eyes from one couple, sitting cosily away from the others, in a little corner, formed, of course, purposely for them, and my blood quickened and my heart beat faster with every glance.

Nettle, my dead mother's baby, was my pride, and Max, handsome, true-hearted Max, was the man of all others I should have chosen for her. I watched them. I saw the pretty wreath of chestnut curls droop lower, to hide red flashes that shot across her round cheek. I saw him push them back with his brown hands, and once—when he had looked in every direction save mine, to see that there were no curious eyes—he put one hand beneath the pink chin, and drew her face up close to his own and kissed her.

I was care free. If they married, my darling was sure of life-long happiness, and I relieved of the burden I had borne patiently for many weary years. I thought of the pale, puny baby I had taken from mother's arms, and dragged, through long, sleepless nights, up to healthy childhood, and following swiftly behind came thememory of my self-denial, of the turned and darned dresses, of bonnets trimmed with home-dyed ribbons, of scanty meals and cheerless rooms.

For winters I denied myself every luxury. I ate the simplest food, and kept but one fire in the house, in the little back kitchen, and sat there day after day, because the sitting-

room and parlors were large, and required great fires to heat them. I piled my books in the old secretary and curtained the glass doors with thick cambric, that I might never see them, and with my needle went to work. Every sewing-woman could tell the same story, and I will not repeat mine. It was the old recital of deprivation and heart-straining, of long hours spent in misery and tears, of happy moments only when she came, with her joy bubbling up in merry child laughter, to thank me for some pretty trifle.

And in the midst of all, Max came. He was Uncle Richard's only child, a little four-year-old boy, motherless and neglected.

What could I do but open my heart and promise to be a mother to the handsome rogue until his father came back from his long and perilous voyage? Nothing; or at least I could think of nothing, and so I promised.

This was the turning in the road, long and patiently travelled. Uncle Richard was generous to a fault, and left the foundation of my future comfort by advancing for Max's board. At once my hitherto unoccupied rooms were fitted up, and, with perfect confidence in my ability, and with a surety of success, I advertised for pupils.

I was eighteen. I knew more than people gave me credit for, and could teach the frowzy-headed youngsters as well as Miss Plummer the deacon's sister, and consequently I filled my rooms. Money flowed in like water—I thought so—and my prospects quite dazzled me.

Next came news of the loss of the ship Argentine, and soon after Uncle Richard was brought up from the Cape in his shroud, and Max was fatherless, and without a friend in the world, save myself and our little baby Nettle.

I am afraid I wandered so far away from the husking-party, in imagination, that had not Kate tumbled a heap of cornstalks over into my lap, I should never have got back with them.

"Miriam, what are you doing?" she said, gayly. "I have been tossing ears of corn at you for ten minutes. See Nettle."

I looked over in the corner, but she had vanished, and Max was stripping the husks aside with a will, and looking straight down into the measure before him. Nettle was standing in the centre of the room, directly under the wreath of lanterns—Max's chandelier—and some one was talking to her. Some one, too, who was very interesting, for she was rosy and smiling, and played with the tangle of corn silk, which she held in her hand with that girlish, nervous way she always practised when pleased or slightly embarrassed. Of course I looked for her companion. He was close beside her, holding a red ear in hands whiter than her own, and turning a face—the handsomest I had ever seen—towards her—with a saucy air that made my blood boil.

I did not know him, but I knew at once that he was a gentleman and a man of the world, and, like a frightened hen in search of her chicks, I hurried towards her.

"Nettie, Max wants you," I called, abruptly.

"Did he send you, Mira?" she asked.

"Yes."

The lie hurt a little, but I wanted to get her away from this handsome, black-eyed stranger, and could think of nothing else to say.

"Well, let him wait a while. This is my sister, Mr. Prince. Mira, this is the nephew of our kind friend, Captain Prince."

"O yes; and this is my schoolmarm that was to have been, Miss Weston. I cried my eyes out at the suggestion, and lived on bread a whole week rather than face you. That was good ten years ago. Ah, I did not know as much as I now do."

I looked at him sharply. Yes, I did remember the time, years before, when his uncle proposed to send his nephew to me, but the extreme unwillingness of the boy prevented. Humph! I wish he had never come!

"I see you remember," he said, gayly. "Well, you will forgive me? I'll come regularly and take lessons, if you will let me."

His good-nature was contagious, and, in spite of myself, I laughed, saying:

"Yes, you may come every day, if you choose. There, Nettie, run to Max. He wants to see you."

She looked at me with her pretty face fairly ugly with vexation, but turned to go.

"One moment, Miss Nettie. There'll be a dance, by-and-by. Uncle and I have over-

come the deacon's prejudices, and you must dance with me."

"O yes." And she ran away.

I knew at once how it would end, unless I put forth my energies to order it otherwise, and, with my head as full of match-making as only a woman's can be, I walked my gentleman around to Kate Parlin, the handsomest girl in town, and introduced him. But he was used to style, and dash, and saucy fire from brunettes, and he did not mind her, but let his eyes wander after my darling, and neglected Kate in a shameful manner. After a while, when Kate had run away for a moment, I said:

"Isn't she pretty?"

"She is the sweetest, dearest little woman I ever saw. I should believe in angelic women, if they all had her face and voice. I have seen only that sort of creation for the last five years," and he actually pointed to the very person of whom I was speaking—my pupil Kate.

That sort of creature! Poor Kate! And Nettie was the sweetest, dearest little woman! Poor me!

Max filled and refilled his basket, and worked until the perspiration stood out upon his forehead, and when the barn-floor was cleared and the bell rang for supper, he insisted upon waiting, and helping Deacon Plummer carry to the granary the baskets of corn.

Then came the dance in the long kitchen—a real old-fashioned contra-dance, in which many of our prime spinsters and staid mothers participated, and Nettie, with handsome Charles Prince—or Prince Charlie, as Kate had named him—flew like children up and down the floor, through the quaint figures of Ladies' Chase.

Before it was over, Max came in, and, stealing up close behind me, said, testily:

"Miriam, I don't think well of this flirtation. I advise you to take Nettie home."

It was a good idea.

"Yes, Max, I'll take her home as soon as the dance ends. Go get the sleigh and bring it round."

"Bless you, Mira!"

"I don't want to go, Mira," pleaded Nettie. "It is early yet."

"Don't take her home, Miss Weston," put in Prince Charlie, leaning his head a great deal nearer than occasion demanded.

"It is all nonsense," put in my kind old friend, Captain Prince.

"I must go," I said, firmly.

"Well, I shall come to-morrow," said Charles. "You gave me permission."

"Yes, yes, Miss Nettie, Charlie shall come around to-morrow with our horses, and you can chat out on the Cleadon Road."

After this speech, Nettie's face brightened, and she graciously allowed herself to be shawled by gallant Prince Charlie, and was exceedingly kind to Kate and me, and even to Harry Brett, who was our only gentleman boarder, and who divided his time between his medical studies and our bonny Kate, and who managed to quarrel continually with Nettie.

When the sleigh came, we were all at the door. Kate and Harry bundled under one shawl, Prince Charlie and Nettie near enough to each other to be wrapped in another, and I, tired and sober, standing alone.

Max was cross, or he would have brought the double sleigh up nearer. As it was, there was a big drift to climb over.

"Can't you manage to drive nearer the door?" asked Prince Charlie.

"No!" was the short reply.

"Never mind," said Harry; "I can carry Kate and then come back for Mira, and I think that Mr. Prince—"

"Will follow suit."

And in a moment Nettie was in his strong arms, and he following Harry and his fair burden. I laughed, it was such a novel mode of conveyance, but refused their proffered aid, and clambered over the drift—or rather through it—and Max put me in the front seat beside Nettie.

He was in with us in an instant, and forgetting everything but his desire to leave the scene of his misery, he lashed our horses, and away we flew, leaving Prince Charlie in the very act of bidding us a graceful good-night.

"You are a noodle, Max Wentworth," snarled our Nettie.

"Thank you."

"I don't want your thanks. We might have stayed an hour longer, but for your jealous notion. But I don't know as it has done you any good. I am going to ride to-morrow with Mr. Prince."

He did not speak, but the hands upon the reins were clenched tightly, and a long, deep breath escaped. She laid her head upon my shoulder, and when we reached the door she was fast asleep.

"It don't trouble her—thank God!" he

whispered, as we paused. "It would kill me to see her suffer as I am suffering."

We went in, and, sleepy and cross, gathered around the parlor fire.

"Max is a— How I hate him!" growled Nettie, as she fidgeted with the ribbons of her hood. "He made a fool of himself to-night."

"So he did, Nettie. He don't begin to look as well as Prince Charlie."

"Of course not. Mira, isn't he a beauty? Dear me, he knows everything."

With this, the girls went up stairs, and I waited for Max. He came in a little while, with his handsome face wrinkled and gray with this new sorrow.

"O Mira!" he began, throwing himself in the old way down at my feet; "I believe Nettie was right. I am a fool! She don't care a snap of her white fingers for me. This fellow, Prince, as you call him, will step in, and she will love him, as sure as fate. Well, Mira, I cannot help myself. If he loves her as I do, I suppose it will be all right."

"Don't give up, Max; she is young and gay. You must not lose courage, because she looks favorably upon another gentleman. Nettie has known you for years, while her acquaintance with Prince is only of a few hours' standing. Don't be jealous, or, if you must be, don't let her see it. You know how she loves to tease you. She will not forget that you both have been lovers from childhood. Don't give up, Max."

"You are a blessed comforter, Mira, yet I cannot be happy to-night. It will undo me if I lose her."

He should not, I said to myself, when he stood up in the full glow of the firelight and I saw the beauty and nobility of his face. He should not lose my sister.

He went up stairs, and presently Nettie called me, and I went up to my nightly task of undressing my helpless little sister, and tried to forget that Max was in his chamber, walking up and down, striving to put away the terrible demon that tortured him. Before I left her, I leaned down and whispered:

"Nettie, Max hates a flirt."

"Stuff!" And the curly head was turned resolutely away.

I dreaded to see Prince Charlie come, but he did, early on the following afternoon, driving up with a grand flourish, and running in like an old friend, shaking hands with us all, and chatting like a schoolgirl.

"Not ready, Miss Nettie? Ah, somebody

monopolizes your valuable time, or you would not have so soon forgotten."

"I am all ready, and have been since early morning. It is you who should be called the tardy one." This all for Max's ears.

When they drove away, his arm was around me, his head on my shoulder, like the great baby that he was, and he said, very like a lovelorn girl:

"It will ruin me, Mira."

I did not laugh—I loved him too well; but I patted his head, and thought him a great silly boy.

I could run on for hours in telling you how this flirtation grew into love, but it is easier for us both, to simply say that before the springtime, they were engaged, and Max worn to a mere shadow of his former self. Night after night, when Prince Charlie and Nettie sat in the parlor, talking of their future, he sat at my side, patiently reading, or untangling worsted and silk, his eyes wandering away to the door which separated us from them, with an expression that made my heart ache. He had loved so long and hopefully that it was not easy to give her up. It was tearing away one-half his life, and I, with pitying eyes, plainly saw it.

"O Max, my boy," my heart said, "I pity you. God send a gleam of sunlight to dispel this fearful cloud!"

Prince Charlie and my darling never quarrelled. He was proud, tender and obedient, she loving, coquettish and yet reasonable; but there came at last a change. I saw it first. It came slowly—only a little frown now and then, or a fretful exclamation, but I saw it.

It was weeks before it arrived at any definite state, at a period proper for me to offer sympathy. I first found her lying with wide-open eyes, late at night, and ventured to speak of it.

"Awake! Was I awake? If I was, I must have been thinking how I should trim my blue merino."

This was my first answer, and I waited.

A few nights after, I stole in. She was sitting at the table, with a wrapper thrown over her long night-dress, and reading through tears something like an old letter. I walked softly. I reached her chair, and saw one word, "Baltimore," upon the white paper, and then she raised her eyes, and seeing me, crumpled the letter in her hand and dashed away a shower of tears.

"What are you doing, child? What were you reading?"

"An old composition," she answered, firmly; and it was far from my mind to doubt my little sister, so I went out to my own room.

Three years before Max had been in Baltimore, and that fact, combined with the word written upon the paper she held, gave me the best night's rest I had enjoyed for weeks. It might be—it might—O, I did not dare to think what might be.

The next thing Prince Charlie came to me.

"What troubles Nettie, Mira? She is not herself. She seems half-crazed at times."

I opened my eyes.

"Is she troubled? If so, I cannot tell you the cause. I cannot answer you. I hoped, that is I thought, that you were perfectly happy."

He was puzzled, and went away with a troubled face, and I turned my back to my labor, with an impression that there was a wrong somewhere.

Days after I again found her with those old letters, and I put my hand firmly upon her arm and held her there.

"Nettie, in all our lives there has never been a secret between us. It is rather hard to begin it now. I cannot bear it, darling."

She threw the letter from her and clasped me in her arms, crying, through her tears:

"Mira, sister, don't blame me. Love me, love me, for my heart is breaking!" Then she ran away from me, crying like a child, and I, more troubled than ever, went back to my work.

In April they were to be married. Captain Prince did not believe in long courtships, and Prince Charlie, nothing loth, urged Nettie into giving her consent, and preparations went slowly on. Somehow it all fell upon me. She never spoke of an article, and when they were brought to her, she laid them aside with a mournful expression that drove sleep from my pillow. The spring came on apace, the snow gradually melted, and the ice on the river fell away from the shore, and gave unmistakable signs of breaking up, and our trees began to shoot forth tender buds.

Before the ice broke up our young folks held a skating festival, as they had done for many years, and as usual everybody was there. There was, away at the lower end of the river, a long creek, which was never frozen over, but otherwise was a clear, shining surface, and the skaters were in high spirits.

Prince Charlie and Nettie drove down in the handsome little cutter, and sat there

watching the lithe figures as they glided over the polished ice, the admired of every beholder. I could not keep my eyes from them. I fancied that Nettie looked fairer than usual, in the worsted hood, with its pale-blue border shading her blonde hair, but there was a little cloud upon her face that spoiled my pleasure. It would be but a few weeks before I should have to give her away to her handsome Prince Charlie, and I should be sisterless. O, I should be content to give her to Max!

I was thinking this over, when there was a quick crash and a cry from a hundred frightened men and women, and then a sight met my gaze which made my strength forsake me and leave me almost helpless.

Straight across the ice fled the light horse, bearing the cutter on with fearful strides, and Prince Charlie standing up, pulling on the reins with all his strength, vainly trying to check the furious animal. He was making straight for the creek, where the dark, deep water flowed swiftly and steadily on to the sea.

"Lost!"

I heard the word with limbs fast benumbing and eyes growing dim, and saw faintly the distance lessening between the sleigh and the water.

My darling, my precious sister! O God, will no one save them!

Kate was holding my arms on one side and Harry on the other, when some one drove up with a sleigh and lifted me in. I did not need it, did not want it, but when a crowd of swift skaters suddenly struck with an idea of rescue started with lightning-like speed across the ice, I was thankful and begged to follow them.

The frightened horse was almost across, when from the shadow of the pines a figure shot forth and sped towards them. He was nearer the river than they were, and a shout went up as his intentions became positive. He would reach the water before they did, and stop the horse.

I was on my knees, praying and crying, yet never moving my eyes from them.

"Who is it? Who is it?"

"Max Wentworth!"

"Ah! Hurrah! They are safe! He has the horse by the bridle! See, they have sprang out! Father in heaven, the horse is in the water, and dragging Max with him!"

We were nearly there, but before we reached them they had dragged my hero from the wreck, and he was stretched lifeless

on the ice. Somebody was kneeling beside him. Somebody was crying:

"Max, Max, my darling, speak to me! He is dead! Don't you see? Why don't you take him home? O Mira!"

They lifted poor Nettie from him, but she followed, holding his hands when they bore him to the sleigh, and with a face as white as his held him tightly in her arms, in spite of all we could say or do, during the long ride home.

I did not dare to ask for Prince Charlie. I knew that he was far behind, and far from her thoughts, just then.

"O, he saved me, Mira! We should not have thought of springing out, but for him. He called to us, and we were out in a minute. Then O!—he went down—O Mira!" And the tears fell like rain upon the white face.

At home, in the warm kitchen, Kate, Harry, Nettie and I worked with hotdrops, warm flannels and spirits, until he opened his eyes. Then she forgot us all. She caught his hands in her own and kissed his lips.

"Max! Do you know me? Do you know your little Nettie? O speak, Max, just one little word to me!"

"My darling!"

That was all he said; and his arms were feebly raised and clasped around her, and his face was transfigured with the joy his heart felt.

A hand, cold and trembling, caught mine, and when I turned Prince Charlie stood beside me, looking at the pair with all of Max's hopelessness in his eyes.

"Mira, that was the trouble. She did not love me, all the while. And he, great, handsome, noble fellow—Mira, I am going to—"

I did not understand him, but he explained by springing forward and shaking Max by the shoulder.

"Max, God bless you! You saved my life and hers! and now—Well, Nettie has always loved you best. I cannot say more. You know the rest. I'm going away. Mira, give me your blessing."

I did so, and he, for all the world like my boy Max, looked back to me, with great tears almost blinding him.

In April we had a wedding, but Prince Charlie was far away, and sent sad but kind wishes for us all.

And my two children in their happiness are so selfish that I do not believe they ever think of him and the great sacrifice he made, when he gave Nettie up to Max.

JENNIE.

BY HELEN WOOD MANVILLE.

The sunlight falls down in a wondrous smile,
 And glints all the sweet valley o'er,
 The robins are winging their home way and singing,
 But we heed not their cadence, we see not the radiance
 Of gold on the hilltops, for the shadows before.
 We weep for our Jennie, the fairest of any
 And all of the band of earth-angels has
 Gone from our hearth evermore.

There's a little low mound in the sunlight to-day,
 But we see not the sunlight thereon,
 For the tears that are falling, the while we are calling:
 "Come, fair little blossom, come back to our bosom,
 Our darling, our birdling, our beautiful one!"
 Vain call, for our Jennie, the fairest of any
 And all of the band of earth-angels, to the
 Land of the angels has gone.

The earth was too rough for her delicate feet;
 Now they're sandalled with sapphire and pearl,
 Which round her are shedding their light as she's treading
 The far fields Elysian, too bright for our vision,
 And God will protect her, our own little girl,
 Our little lost Jennie, the fairest of any
 And all of the band of the angels who
 Walk with their sandals of pearl.

CAPTAIN DARRELL'S WARD.

BY W. H. MACY.

I AM, in this instance, *telling* a story, not *making* one; in fact, I am trying to repeat one, as it was told to me. My townsman and neighbor, Captain Darrell, is now an elderly man, in comfortable circumstances, of the strictest integrity, and not at all given to romancing. The Jessie Cameron of the story, the happy matron who presides over his household—ask her, if you will, whether Priam's word is to be relied on?

Thirty years ago, I was second mate of the *Warsaw*, lying in the port of Auckland, New Zealand. As we were bound on Japan the next season, touching at the Sandwich Islands, we received on board as passengers, a Scotchman, who had been for several years a resident of the colonies and his only child, a little girl of twelve.

David Cameron had recently lost his wife, who had long been in delicate health; and, closing up all his affairs, determined upon a change of residence, with a view of pushing his fortunes elsewhere. He had been a seaman in his youth, and was, of course, able to adapt himself easily to such accommodations as we could offer him in a whaler. He was tenderly attached to his little daughter, who soon became a favorite with every one on board.

It needed not the assurance of the stricken widower to satisfy us that Jessie had been in the hands of an excellent mother. She was an interesting and intelligent child, and had made the most of her opportunities, in a situation where educational advantages were necessarily very limited.

Thrown into daily contact with her, as I

was, it was not strange that I found a strong attraction drawing me to her. She was a study to me; for I could not help contrasting her, every hour in the day, with a little sister of mine, about the same age, whom I had left at home. It is true, Maria was a bright and pretty child, and so proud and fond of me, her sailor-brother! She believed that Priam Darrell was the incarnation of all that was grand and noble in manhood. But she had nothing of the quiet self-reliance to be observed in this child, who had been thrown so much upon her own resources. In book knowledge, as well as in the thousand little graces and arts acquired in society, she was, of course, the superior of Jessie Cameron; but in strength and force of character, she might well have been several years the younger.

When near French Rock, we encountered a gale of wind, which exceeded in violence anything which I have ever experienced, before or since, in the Pacific. But our little passenger was quite at home on shipboard, and appeared to have little fear or uneasiness. She remained on deck nearly all the time, until the wind and sea increased to such a degree that her father was compelled, by fears for her safety, to order her to keep close in the cabin.

The old Warsaw, owing to her stiffness, was a very ugly seaboard in a gale. And on the second day of the blow, all her storm canvas having been torn from the bolt-ropes, she lay wallowing at the mercy of the elements. It was found quite impossible to bend and set any new sails, and our situation became really dangerous.

We lay thus for several hours, occasionally shipping the top of a sea, but no material damage had been done. Towards night, we were favored with a lull, and advantage was taken of it to set a new mizzen-staysail, that we might have something to keep her head up to the sea.

All hands were above deck at the time; and I myself was on the mizzen-stay, half way up the mainmast, doing the last work of bending the sail to its hanks. The halyards and sheet were strongly manned, and every one in readiness, waiting for the word to "hoist away."

I was just about to slide down from my perch, when a great wall of water came roaring down upon us, and I knew, by the feel of the ship under me, that she would not rise clear of it. On it came; I clung involuntarily

to the stay, hearing confused cries of "Hold on!" "Look out!" It met us with a shock that seemed to have driven in the whole broadside of our stout craft.

It combed in nearly the whole length of the ship, fore and aft, giving no one time to escape, or to do anything but cling instinctively to the nearest support. All below me was a raging gulf of water, in which men and inanimate objects were promiscuously dashed about. I had enough to do to retain my hold where I was, looking down upon the dreadful sight. I felt that my fate would be decided in another minute or two. It must be the same as that of my shipmates, who were vainly stretching their hands towards me for succor, while here and there a cry rang in my ears, breaking the ceaseless roar of sea and wind. We were all to die together, unheard of; the simple record attached to our names, "Probably foundered at sea."

But, shuddering in every timber of her ancient fabric, the Warsaw rose again triumphant from what seemed her death-struggle with the elements. Her bare deck came into view as she shook herself free of the burden; for nearly all the bulwarks were swept away on both sides, as well as everything of a movable nature. But not a human being was to be seen, as, still clinging in my elevated position, I looked about me. All had been swallowed up and gone to their final account.

I had no time for sentiment; indeed I think the leading emotion in my mind was one of astonishment at feeling the ship still buoyant, for I had had no idea that she could ever rise again. I slid down to the deck, and watching my opportunity, darted below into the cabin. Everything was afloat there; for the companion-way had been dashed into splinters, and the sea had poured down in a cataract. I stood in the doorway leading into the after-cabin, drenched and shivering, looking up at the now open hatchway, and wondering how long it might be ere I should be engulfed; for the next sea that boarded us would probably fill and water-log the already shattered hull.

"Where's father?" said a tremulous little voice, behind me.

Until then I had not thought of the child. I turned at the sound, and saw the bright head protruding from the narrow opening of a state-room door. The blue eyes were unnaturally expanded with wonder and anxiety; but there was none of the childish weakness

of fear that might have been looked for under the circumstances.

"Mr. Darrell, where's father?" she repeated.

How could I answer the question? Only by a sign to her to keep close within her room, as I moved forward out of her range of vision, that my telltale face might be hidden.

Powerless, as regarded any effort I could make for safety against the storm, I awaited the moment when the ship should be engulfed, with little Jessie and myself. But as if the demon of wrath had been satiated, she now appeared to make better weather of it than she had done for hours before. Hope again revived, and I hastened to explain our position to the orphaned girl.

I knew not how to begin, rough seaman that I was, to break the sad intelligence to her. But I found it unnecessary to speak; she had already guessed the truth, in part, and a single look in my face was sufficient for her quick comprehension to take in the rest.

After the first burst of grief, which I suffered her to indulge unchecked, she became calm, wonderfully so, and was prepared to look the matter squarely in the face with a coolness and resolution far beyond her years.

"Do you think we shall be drowned, Mr. Darrell?" she asked.

"No," I answered. "At least I have strong hopes that we may be saved. I think the worst of the gale is over, and if we only don't happen to ship an unfortunate sea like that which—"

"My dear father! He was all that I had?" she moaned; and once more her miraculous fortitude gave way, and she broke down again.

The gale abated at midnight, and though the ship labored terribly in the tumbling swell, for want of canvas to steady her, we shipped no more heavy seas. I staid near my young charge all through the night; for, of course, neither of us could sleep. I promised her that I would ever be as a father to her, and that, come what would, she should share my fortunes and be to me as a sacred legacy.

Of course, no such idea as marriage with her had anything to do with what I said or felt at that time. I was twenty-five years old, and Jennie a child. Besides, I was under promise of marriage to a young lady of suitable age. She jilted me for another, during

my absence—but that has nothing to do with my story.

With the morning light came the necessity for effort, and a sense of responsibility new and strange to me. I sounded the well and found only two feet of water in the ship, this having worked down from above. I did not attempt, alone, to pump her out; but rejoiced in the assurance that I still had a tight vessel under me; for, had she sunk, I should have had no dependence beyond such a raft as I could have extemporized. Every boat had been swept away.

I loosed and let fall the foresail, and succeeded in setting it, with the child's assistance and the power of the windlass. The spanker I could easily manage with the brails; and these, with the lower staysails, were all the canvas I intended to make use of. I could do nothing with the loftier sails without more help.

The sun had come out brightly after the storm, and the aspect of the skies indicated a continuance of fine weather. I took observations and shaped my course towards the Hervey Islands, hoping to make Mangea or Raratonga. I had a good general knowledge of navigation, though I had little practice, and was unused to anything like responsible control of that department.

Of course, I was obliged to be at the helm most of the time. But I soon taught Jessie, so that she could steer well enough in fair weather, which gave me time to attend to many other matters. But as we could not steer all day and all night, the ship was necessarily left to her own guidance some part of the time.

I soon discovered that my knowledge of navigation, though it might tell me where I was, would not enable me to go where I wished. The winds and currents headed me off, so that we were making a drift to the westward; and it was impossible to remedy this, unless the ship were manned so as to be well steered and enabled to carry all sail. Spite of all that the child and I could do, she must go nearly where the elements might carry her. We should be more likely to make land somewhere among the Tongas or Feejees than in the direction I had hoped at first.

There was no fear of our running short of provisions or water, as we had more on board than we two could consume for years. The weather continued fine, and we were daily drifting into milder latitudes; but no sail

could be seen. A dozen times every day I climbed to the masthead, in the vain hope of descriing a ship; and as often descended to cheer up my little shipmate with the hope of seeing one to-morrow. Thus week after week wore away monotonously, while Jessie and I were all the world to each other, and every hour served to fasten the tendrils more firmly about my heart, as she leaned in her childish dependence upon me. I thought how miserable I might have been if entirely alone in a similar situation; and in return, clung to her, and gave thanks as for a blessing, heaven-sent, to become a part of my whole future life and being. I do not think I could have entertained the thought of ever parting with her.

My observations satisfied me that we had passed beyond the latitude of the Tonga and Feejee groups without having seen them. This knowledge was rather a relief to me; for we should, most likely, have fallen into the power of savage cannibals, who would have shown us no mercy. We could hardly fare worse by drifting on towards the equator; while there was still the possibility of meeting a ship with civilized men on board.

At length, on going aloft, as usual, one beautiful morning, the horizon line along under our lee presented the irregular, broken appearance which I had often seen before, and knew so well. The bunches or tufts of cocoanut trees growing upon very low land were the first objects that came into view; so that, as we neared them, the slender stems seemed to be rooted in the ocean, and to shoot up directly from its watery bed.

We were setting, by the force of a current, directly towards the island, and there was no possibility of propelling the ship away from it. But there was a chance that it might be uninhabited. If so, we could not land upon it, for we had no boat, and it was out of the question to think of managing a raft in the intricate channels of a coral reef.

But we had been seen, as it appeared, even before we had discovered the land. For within an hour the triangular sails of half a dozen large canoes rose into view coming rapidly up towards us. To escape with the ship was simply impossible. But it occurred to me that the savages could know nothing of our defenceless condition, though the appearance of the ship, under so little canvas in fine weather, must be strange and suspicious to them. They would not attempt any foul play with us, if they believed the vessel to be fully

manned and armed. They had come off to drive a barter trade with the white men, as was their usual custom.

I at once set to work, with the help of the child, who showed a ready comprehension of the situation, to manufacture a crew for the vessel. Seamen's clothes were abundant, and in a short time, every handspeike was rigged up in a motley suit. These were all stuffed out into shape, and topped with hats or caps. I disposed them in the most natural positions about decks, in the various parts of the ship, so as to give the whole the most lifelike appearance.

I loaded all the firearms we had on board, which amounted to only three muskets; and then went aloft to loose the mainsail, which had never been set since the gale in which the crew were swept overboard. I had felt unable, alone, to control such an immense sheet of canvas. But I must have it ready for use now, in case I should want to give the vessel more headway.

While on the mainyard, engaged in loosening it, a sail appeared in sight over the point of the island. Not a canoe—one could not be seen at that distance in range of the trees, but a ship! My heart leaped at the thought that help and deliverance were within a few miles of me.

"Bring up the ensign from the cabin, Jessie!" I shouted, as I let fall the bunt of the mainsail, and hurried down on deck. I caught it from her eager little arms, bent it to the halyards, and ran it up—half-mast, as a signal of distress.

I brailled the spanker, while the child put the helm up, and by the power of the foresail wore the ship round so as to be on the same tack with the strange vessel. I could not steer directly at her, without running the ship ashore; nor could she work to windward much against the force of the current. But my hope lay in her sending boats, as soon as those on board should see my flag of distress, and the strange trim of my sails.

I managed to swing the head-yards round, and set the foresail, after a fashion. But meanwhile the savages were fast closing with me, and I had not sufficient confidence in my sham seamen to believe that I could long deceive their sharp eyes. I might gain a little time; but the trick must be discovered, and I feared this would be before succor could reach me from the strange ship.

I kept Jessie at the wheel, steering as much off the wind as I dared; but I was fearful of

getting embayed, and not having room to clear the point. I let fall the mainsail, and gave it a kind of flying set, as well as I could. The ship felt this added power at once, and gathered headway, which I determined she should not lose; for if the barbarians once succeeded in getting on board, it would be too late for any attempt of boats to rescue us, even if we were not instantly put to death. It was no time now to think of the question whether I could ever get the sails in again. I must have the use of them now, at once; and I sprang aloft to loose the topsails.

I had only time to do this and let go the gear, so that they filled and bagged out in mid air; for of course I could not hoist the yards up. The leading canoe was now drawing very near me; and the ugly-looking wretches stood staring in silent bewilderment, as the ship drove past them. I saw by their gestures as they pointed at the handspike men, that they were already suspicious; probably from having noticed that they did not move about. But they rested on their paddles to confer with the next comers, and I had thus gained so much time, while I was doing what I could to push the *Warsaw* ahead.

I knew these people well enough to be sure that they would never attack, unless all the circumstances were overwhelmingly in their favor. They would move warily in reconnoitering; but, as soon as certain of the true state of things, they would make a dashing attempt to board the ship by force.

I had thus shaken off the first canoes, and left them in the wake. A stern chase is proverbially a long one, though their canoes would sail much faster than the ship could, under her bags and festoons. But other pursuers were fore-reaching upon me, and fresh reinforcements putting out from the shore as we neared the land obliquely. None seemed to care to visit the other ship; but all were attracted by the mysterious manœuvres of mine.

A large canoe, which contained one whom I judged to be a leading chief, placed herself in my track. I was obliged, necessarily, to pass her so closely, that their suspicions, already aroused by telegraphic signals from their baffled comrades, were rendered certainty. Our real weakness was now understood, and almost instantly communicated through the whole flotilla. All those which had been left in the rear gave chase under full power of sails and paddles; while five or six late arrivals, who had the advantage of

position disposed themselves for boarding the ship on both bows at once.

There was no alternative for me but to stand boldly on my course; and I had time, before closing with the enemy, to run up in the main rigging, and cast an anxious glance towards the ship, which was hugging the wind under all sail, in the endeavor to come to my relief. Better than all, I could see that two boats had left her side, and were pulling towards me.

But a crisis must come before they could arrive on the stage. I sprang on deck again, seized a boarding-knife, a terrible two-edged weapon, which would be far more effective at close quarters than any firearms, and took my stand on the fore-hatches, where I could jump quickly to either side. The bulwarks, as before said, had been nearly all swept away by the sea that boarded us. But this circumstance was quite as much in my favor as in that of the assailants.

I watched the approach of two canoes, which were nearly abreast the fore-chains, one each side. It seemed that they would both attack at the same instant. If so, I might be overwhelmed by one party boarding in my rear, while I was upsetting the other. I dropped the boarding-knife, and seizing a musket, the only reliable one I had, I took a hasty aim at the man in the head of one of the canoes and fired. He dropped his paddle, struck, as I suppose, in the arm. I was safe on that side, at present, as the confusion and loss of headway would be sufficient to cause her to lose her chance of grasping the chain-plates.

I rushed across the deck just in time to meet the other canoe as she fell alongside. One of my Quaker mariners with a hickory backbone stood conveniently at hand. I lifted it and dashed it full upon the heads of the savages, felling two of them. They also lost their hold and drifted astern. But, by this time, a third and fourth were almost upon me. I was ready, with weapons on both sides, and, now that I was fairly in for it, felt far less anxiety than when the fight was only in anticipation.

One of them made clumsy work of it, dashing her prow violently against the ship's side, and being thrown adrift on the rebound. But while I was observing this, the other, on the starboard side, had secured a firm hold, and two grinning warriors had made good their footing on the plankshear. A rush, with the thought that I was striking for my own life

and the child's; a single sweep of the keen boarding-knife, and the two mangled barbarians fell backwards upon their comrades. I was clear of that crew, by a single cut dividing their warp of cocoanut cordage. I had received a wound in the side from a spear thrown at me—a ragged cut by a series of shark's teeth—but I hardly felt it then.

Meanwhile, the brave little girl had stood at the helm, steering the ship as well as I could have done it myself, and carefully noting my orders, conveyed to her by a wave of my hand. There were still two more canoes ahead; but I led one of them into a trap by directing Jessie to make a broad yaw, and then suddenly bringing the ship back to her former course. Taken by surprise, he had no time to get clear from under our bows. The canoe was crushed and sunk instantly, though it was quite impossible to drown her amphibious navigators. Her consort kept out of reach, and fell in abeam of us at a safe distance, not daring to make an attack unsupported.

I felt now comparatively safe; for, although all the canoes astern were steadily gaining upon us, they must approach at great disadvantage, and, besides, they had lost confidence and prestige; for, with savages, the first surprise is everything. I could now take my stand aft, near my little companion; and could use firearms with deliberation.

But while doing so, with deadly effect upon the man whom I supposed to be the high chief, as beforementioned, I was startled by a cry from Jessie; and turning, beheld the shabby head of a stalwart savage rising into view on the other quarter. He had poised his spear for the act of darting at me, when, quick as thought, the little girl, who had let go the helm, slung a small billet of wood directly in his face. He was thrown off his balance and fell backwards, while the spear dropped harmlessly in on deck. I was on the spot before another man could climb up; and the danger was over. The breeze was freshening a little, and the two boats were now plainly in view and fast nearing us. I directed Jessie to keep a little more off, so as to head directly for them; for I had more sea-room now, and felt that I could afford to laugh at the whole bloodthirsty pack, who, now in full cry, were hovering in our wake.

The warps of the two fully-manned whale-boats were skillfully thrown up to me, and with those twelve resolute seamen on her deck, the Warsaw might bid defiance to any

number of piratical canoes. The topsails were hoisted at once, and everything trimmed. We closed rapidly with the other ship, and I soon had the pleasure of shaking by the hand my former shipmate, Baylies, now in command of the Calypso, and of presenting my heroic little lieutenant, Jessie.

A gang of men were spared sufficient to work the Warsaw, and together the two ships bore away for Sydney. Here the damages were repaired, a crew shipped, and the consul put me in charge of her to take her home.

The little Scotch girl, thus left upon the world, became a member of our family. My mother and Maria would have assented to any arrangement, if I had suggested it; but their whole hearts were enlisted in the orphan's welfare, when they learned the whole story of the adventures which she had shared with me. The small sum of money found among her father's effects was carefully applied towards her clothing and education; and bidding her a tender farewell, I left her, to follow up my profession.

I made two long voyages after this, and at each return I found Jessie all that the fondest and most careful guardian could desire. In all respects she was equal, in some, superior, to my sister; and, had they been twins, they could not have loved each other better.

Jessie was twenty years old at the time I arrived home in command of the Greenwich. I know not at what particular time during that voyage I began to think it were possible that she and I might love each other. I think this feeling came upon me very gradually. Perhaps it may have been something in the tone of her letters; for she always wrote to me. Much as a sister might write to an elder brother; but her letters, on this voyage, were not quite as affectionate as at first. There was a little embarrassment in the manner and style.

Yet this was but natural, when I reflected upon it. But it must have been this very change that put me in the way of reflecting. There was, after all, nothing very awkward or anomalous in our position towards each other. She was simply a member of our family, an adopted daughter, as it were, of my mother. But, wishing to support herself, she had found employment as a teacher, and insisted upon paying her board. This I had learned from the various letters received; and, of course, I admired her independent spirit.

I kept pondering upon this matter till it formed the chief subject of my thoughts

through many a long night-watch. I did not know of any other woman whom I could love so well—I was only thirty-three, even though I *had* been a bearded second mate when she was a wee sprite of a child. After all, the disparity of age was not so very great, and perhaps—

But I could not bear the thought of having her marry me—as perhaps she might, if I asked her—from any feeling of gratitude or obligation. Though I am satisfied since that I wronged her, even in thinking that she might do so.

She had developed into a beautiful woman when we next met. She was evidently as fond of me as ever, for the tears came into her eyes at sight of me. But she did not, of course, rush into my arms and kiss me with the old childish *abandon*. All of which was natural enough, when I came to consider upon it.

I took occasion very soon after my arrival to speak to my sister, alone, about Jessie. I think I asked if she had any suitor. And perhaps I was transparent enough to betray a little of the interest I felt in Maria's answer. At any rate, she looked at me very roguishly.

"No," said she, "none that I know of. I wish she might have—that is, an accepted or acceptable one. I didn't mean to say that no suitors had applied—only that she has none now."

"Is she so hard to suit, then?" I asked.

"Very," said Maria. "Yet I think I know a man whom she would not refuse."

"Indeed? Who is the favored one?"

"You are the last person who ought to ask the question. Go look in the glass," she added, as she rose to leave me.

"But I am too old, Maria." This in spite of having long ago argued myself into the belief that I was not.

"Too old to look in the glass, do you mean?" asked my sister, innocently. "*She* doesn't think so," mischievously, again.

"Stay!" said I, detaining her, and becoming very imperative and serious all at once. "I am your brother, Maria. Do not jest or trifle with my feelings."

"Not for worlds!" she returned, even more seriously than I myself had spoken. "Neither with yours, Priam, nor with hers, for is she not as my twin sister?"

"But how do you know all this?"

"O, the unreasonable inquisitiveness of man! To ask a *woman* how she knows, in a case like this! There, let me go, now. But, Priam," added the dear girl, turning back, and striking a tragic attitude, "thou canst not say I did it!"

Of course I couldn't; but I thought I might do it myself, on this hint. And I think I was hardly happier myself than were Maria and our mother, when they learned that Jessie and I were to sail the voyage of life together. She doesn't know, any better than I do on the other hand, at what particular time she found out that she loved her old guardian. But we both agree that it is of no great consequence.

SWEET SLEEP.

BY CLIQ STANLEY.

Come—let us seek sweet sleep!
 Embalmed in tears,
 Lie on her tender bosom through the night,
 And when the shadows take their lingering
 flight,
 Forgetful then to weep,
 Let us awake to greet the day's dear light!

There, in the land serene,
 Calm all our fears,
 And, waking, feel some genial influence
 Binding us sweetly to a world of sense;
 Bright heaven and earth between,
 Bless the good angel, Sleep, who led us
 thence!

SOMEBODY'S FORTUNE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

WE had done everything that we could think of to make the time pass happily to us in our nest among the hills. We had climbed every mountain of the gigantic ring that shut us in, we had dived into every dell, we had viewed every waterfall, traced every path, fished in every brook, sat on every lover's seat; we had wandered about the valley by moonlight, promenaded on the veranda of our hotel, danced, sung, flirted, told stories, read, slept, sulked, eaten, drunk—O! I don't know a thing which we had not done, except one. We hadn't had our fortunes told.

And now the time of our departure was near at hand. September had come, the trees were putting on scarlet and gold, the air had got a frosty sting, and we began to find our dresses and wrappings too thin. Moreover, the city, which we had shrunk from in August, which had seemed to us the embodiment of dust, heat, noise and desolation, now assumed to our minds' eyes quite other characteristics. O, the bright, broad pavement, the gay crowds, the play, the church, the concert, the *shopping*.

Still, the country held us a little with its gorgeous beauty, and, like a *passé* and half-discarded mistress, painted herself with carmine and powdered herself with gold to entice us yet a little longer.

"One week, then we will go," was the agreement. "One week; and let it be a jolly one."

Reader, did you ever say, or hear any one else say that "Let us be jolly," and observe at once that a wet blanket seemed to have descended on the company? The gods give merriment, and we must take it as it comes. If we reach to snatch it, they withhold. So it was with us. No sooner did we propose to crown our rich draught of the summer with a week all bubble, than everything became stale, flat and unprofitable. The lovers all got out with each other, the unengaged persons all took colds in their heads, mosquitoes came suddenly, unannounced, and in one night made us look as if we had highly pronounced cases of the measles, and, to cap the climax, the store of Java coffee which our host had laid in for the summer gave out,

and we were reduced to Rio, fit only for tobacco-chewers.

I think that the nucleus of all these troubles was plain to every eye. If Professor Cranston and Althea Dorman had not turned the cold shoulder on each other, none of the ills which we deplored would have come upon us. They had been the life of the party all summer. Looking back, we could see that under their happy piloting we had gone over greater rocks and reefs than those we now stuck fast on. In June, July or August, we would have laughed at mosquito-bites, we would have made a merry trip to the nearest town for coffee, we would have mediated between the lovers and reconciled them, and we would so affectionately have dosed the invalids that they would have enjoyed the sickness so much, nothing but gratitude would have induced them to get well. Now, the sunshine withdrawn, our clouds were clouds, damp and chill, and no longer rosy mists.

We were disappointed about the professor and Althea. After all the ladies had tried to get the professor, and failed, and all the gentlemen had tried to get Althea, and failed, we all, with one consent, gave them to each other, and our blessing into the bargain. How lovely was her smile and her brightening face to him! How charming it was to see her frank preference, with its faint tinge of shyness! How we liked our cavaliers to see the model admirer in one who delighted to do his lady honor, who wasn't afraid to present his flowers to her in the face of everybody, who asked for her when she was missing, and greeted her with joy when she came. Evidently there had been no love talked between them. But when they had returned to the city, and each felt the restraints of conventional life closing between them, we knew that he would break through that silence, dash aside the barrier, take her to greater nearness than ever, and that she would not say him nay.

Now the dish was upset. By what slight nothing, by what word, glance or act, or what omission of word, glance or act, we knew not, they were drifting apart. Althea professed herself weary of the country, but

determined to stay the allotted time, if she had to sleep through it. The professor took a sudden interest in geology, went about clipping rocks, and smoked unlimited cigars. Not cigars alone; he smoked a pipe, at which Althea put her handkerchief over her nose and withdrew as far as possible from his vicinity. Seeing the motion, the professor frowned like a thundercloud, refilled his pipe, and strode off to smoke it in the woods.

"I'll tell you what I think started it," Bertie Lynn whispered to me, drawing her shawl closer, and wiping her little red nose, which was nearly wiped away already. She was one of those who had a cold.

"Do you recollect John Morton saying weeks ago that Professor Cranston thought the German ladies excelled the American ladies in modesty. They always waited to be sought, the professor said. Althea hasn't been the same since then. And it was only the next day she said before us all that she did not approve of mixing nationalities, and thought it better an American girl should marry an American."

Professor Cranston had a German mother, was born in Germany, and had lived there till he was near twenty-five years old. He was now but thirty-two.

While we spoke Althea entered the parlor. She was a graceful creature, not very beautiful, but had beautiful moods, and she was as sweet as a flower, both body and soul of her. But the rose has its thorns, and Althea had a little defensive armor, a backbone to her sweetness. She wore this thorn in sight now, and she wore the rose too, a lovely bloom in each cheek, and on lip as well. But it was an uneasy brightness, and seemed to come from excitement rather than pleasure. I called her to us and she came, smiling, and ready, and chatted almost as usual, quite as brightly and wittily, scarcely as softly. Her manner now was to her former ways as a well-done wax flower is to the real one.

I looked at her while we talked, and the sight pained me. It seemed to me that her heart was bleeding into her cheeks. I could guess the pain and tenderness that were stirring there, hidden as much as her pride could hide them.

While we talked, Professor Cranston came strolling along the piazza outside the sunny window in which we stood. I knew by a slight chilling of Althea's manner that she caught the first sound of his step.

Glancing out at him, I saw that he had

got back his summer face—almost. The blackness was gone from his brows, his blue eyes were bright and alert, the corners of his mouth had softened, and, instead of walking with the erect, soldierly stiffness which had lately distinguished his movements, his step was light and elastic again.

Some people think that the most fiery natures are those which belong to people of dark eyes and hair. Perhaps that may be true in the majority of cases; but I have known the most ardent and impulsive souls imprisoned in those fair-haired, blue-eyed beings who have so little color about them that they look almost tame, when quenched, or quiescent.

As I looked at the professor now, I thought that his soul might be a flame, not burning steadily, but wavering in the breath of a strong emotion, on the point of consuming and sweeping his body out of sight on the instant. It seemed likely that there would be a scene at once.

But I had miscalculated the man's self-control. There was a flicker, then in an instant all became calm, only that the frown and the stern mouth did not come back. Instead of them was a latent softness in the mouth that was almost a smile, and a light in the eyes that were downcast as if to hide it.

Just before he came within range of the vision of Althea, who stood a little back from the window, she turned carelessly away, and began walking down the room, turning slowly round and round to the tune she was humming, her white dress and scarlet mantle floating out gracefully, her small feet just visible, her lovely face appearing and disappearing, her whole being seeming wrapped away in that self-ensphering motion. She was as completely isolated from us as if she were miles away.

The professor leaned in the window, and looked after her with love-lighted eyes, watching her slow, graceful motion till she had waltzed herself out of the room. Then he said, with smiling coolness, "Miss Dorman is a perfect waltzer. One does not often see such slow grace. Most ladies are too rapid and jerking."

"Thank you!" said I, dryly.

"O!" said the professor, looking at me deprecatingly, "I know you never waltz. But your *walk* is not walking, it is floating."

"Thank you!" I said again, not dryly this time.

The professor was a very agreeable man.

"I have come to say good-by for twenty-four hours," he said. "I am going down to Cameron. Will you make my compliments to Miss Dorman and the others? I am off this minute. Good-by!"

The stage was at the door while he spoke, and he went to get into it. Althea came back into the room, her face a little startled. Evidently she had heard the good-by, or caught a glimpse of him through the open hall-door.

"The professor is going down to Cameron for a day," I made haste to explain; "and since you turned your back on him, he asked us to make his compliments for him. Come and wave your handkerchief after the coach. He is looking back."

"I've got my handkerchief around my throat," said Althea carelessly, not coming near the window, but turning away toward the piano.

The afternoon passed rather dully. Nobody felt in tune, and the absence of one was felt for all. Althea alone tried to be gay; but I could see that she was on the point of breaking down. I caught a quiver in her lip which she turned away her face to hide, and an occasional fixed and yearning gaze, as if her heart was far away.

The evening came on, and we all sulked in various holes and corners, as unsocial as bears.

"I do wish that somebody would propose something," said I, snappishly. "What is the use of people staying here if they will not make themselves agreeable?"

"I don't think that you are setting a very agreeable example," retorted John Morton from his tilted back chair out on the piazza.

I hated John Morton.

"Speak when you're spoken to," says I.

Somebody came gliding toward me in the shadowy room, sank on the cushion at my feet, and laid her forehead in my hands.

"How your head aches, dear!" I said, tenderly.

"Yes!" whispered Althea.

After a little while our landlord, Mr. Grant, came in. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began through the darkness, addressing his audience by faith rather than by sight, "there's an Indian fortune-teller out in the garden. If any of you would like to have your fortunes told, he will do it for a quarter apiece."

"O, coot!" said Bertie Lynn, whose cold, ever on the increase, had shut off about half

the consonants for her. "That's subthig to kill tibe. I'll have bide tode. Does he ever tell adythig true, Bister Grat?"

"He's been telling the servants," the landlord replied, "and they all say that he knows everything about 'em."

John Morton got up and stretched his lazy length. "I'll make a sacrifice of myself," he said, "and go first. 'If he tells anything worth hearing, the rest can go. Where is he, Grant?"

"He is sitting in the chair just under that great willow," was the reply. "You are to go to him one by one, and say 'I have come to know the future.' You mustn't laugh, or he will be angry."

"Is he safe?" I asked. "Shouldn't we be afraid of him?"

"O no! I think not," the landlord replied. "The Indians about here are always harmless. They wouldn't dare to do any hurt. Besides, he is near the house."

John Morton pulled his hat over his forehead, and strode down to the great willow that hung like a green fountain over the sward, pushed aside its drooping branches, and disappeared. We all waited in silence till he came back. "He is worth a quarter," was his comment. "You go next, Bertie."

"To you thig it's safe?" asked Bertie, growing more stuffed every moment.

"Perfectly so!" says John, and sat down on the window-sill at the elbow of my chair. I gave my shoulder a hitch, and attended to Althea.

Bertie fussed a little, then went. Presently she came back, and entered the room without saying a word. But instead of taking her former seat by the old bachelor Grimes, she sat by herself near another window.

"Who's to go next, Bertie?" asked John Morton, leaning into the room, bracing himself on the arm of my chair. "Each one must name his or her successor."

"Well," said Bertie hesitatingly, and in a soft voice dropped almost to a whisper, "Bister Sobes bite go."

Bertie hadn't spoken to Mr. Somes for three days.

He got up from a sofa in the farthest Plutonian darkness of a corner, and came toward the open long window, on his way stopping to drop a shawl into Bertie's lap. "You ought to keep that on," he said gently.

She obediently put it on, and he went out.

As he stepped out the window by us, I started, and had nearly made an exclamation;

for in the shadow of his going somebody had kissed my hand.

I snatched it away, and bent over Althea.

"Are you going?" I asked.

"Yes," she whispered; "but I won't trust myself alone to him. We will go out together, and when you have had yours told, you come out and slip round to the other side of the tree while I go in. I am a coward, you know."

"But I shall hear your fortune," I said in a whisper.

"You may," she replied. "I don't care."

"Where there's whispering, there's always something said," remarked John Morton.

I didn't condescend to answer. I was too angry with him for his impudence, and too much astonished also. We hadn't been very good friends lately, and for more than a week he had not come to sit by my chair as to-night.

"Are you angry?" he asked, in the very lowest of whispers; and, before I was aware of his intention, put his hand to my cheek, and felt the indignant blush that in the darkness he could not see.

"Come, Althea," I said, starting up abruptly, seeing Mr. *Somes* returning.

He came in, named me as his successor, then went to sit beside Bertie. Really, it seemed that the coming of the fortune-teller had had a reconciling effect.

"You go first," said Althea, "and I will stand a little way off in front. When you are through call out to me, and as I come in you seem to slip away, but go to the other side of the tree. I'm a simpleton, of course; but I can't help it."

I pushed aside the branches, and stepped into the green tent they made, dropping them behind me. It was very dark then, only light enough to show a large Indian seated in the garden chair, his blanket wrapped about him, his hat on, his face turned toward me.

"Who's that outside?" he demanded, harshly.

"A friend of mine," I replied. "She is to come in next, and is waiting her turn."

"I don't want any one to listen," he said.

"She isn't listening," I answered. "She can't hear where she is."

"Are you afraid?" asked the savage, in a still harsher voice.

"Indeed not!" I replied, almost angrily.

"You wouldn't dare say a word to displease me. There are a score of men within call."

He laughed a little under his breath, then

asked more gently, "And your friend out there, is she afraid?"

"You can ask her when she comes," I replied. "Now I want my fortune told."

"I must take your hand," said the Indian, gruffly.

I gave it to him.

What great, lazy scamps those Indians are! Doing nothing more manly than basket-making, and letting their wives wait on them. This man's long, slim hands were as soft as mine, though there was an intimation of a power in them to grip.

He took my finger-tips in his hand, then passed the tips of his right fingers softly over the open palm.

"You are rich, you are proud, you write much, you love and hate much, you like to go off alone much, then be in a crowd, you like to do as you please, and you like to have a man with blue eyes and broad shoulders at your feet. When you get him there again, don't set your foot on him. He's too good, and he loves you. He likes to appear ugly, because you are ugly to him; but he loves you. He will soon tell you so."

"What else?" I asked, after a moment.

"Nothing else," was the curt reply.

"Am I going to be famous? Am I going to have a set of diamonds? Am I going to marry a titled foreigner and have all the American folks breaking their backs bowing to me? Am I—"

"You are going to be loved all your life, and that is enough for any woman," was the reply, but not harshly given.

"I don't call it much of a fortune for a quarter," I said.

"Send that other girl in," said the Indian, roughly.

I called Althea, and as she came in, squeezing my hand in passing, I slipped around the large clustered trunks of the tree and hid there where I could hear every word.

"You are too proud," the fortune-teller said, in a voice that had softened wonderfully.

"He whom you love loves you truly, deeply, and you make him unhappy. If anything was reported to you which you didn't like, it was not meant for you. He loves the ground you walk on. O my love—"

I started up from where I crouched, at the same instant that Althea uttered a faint cry.

"Professor Cranston! This masquerade—"

"What will not love attempt?" said the fortune-teller, throwing his blanket at my feet. "O Althea!—"

I stole away, but Althea didn't follow. Here was a pretty plot indeed!

Instead of going into the house, I turned off down a garden path. A heavy step came striding after me.

"What did he tell you?" asked John Morton at my elbow.

"A mess of trash," I answered. "Professor Cranston doesn't understand fortune-telling."

"Who said he did?" asked John, in a tone of surprise.

"Nobody. But I say he doesn't," I replied shortly.

"What has Professor Cranston to do with it?" queried John, in apparent astonishment.

"What are you talking about?"

"Don't you know, John?" I asked, facing him.

"On my honor I don't," he answered. "Do tell me what you mean."

"Let's go into the house," I said, turning back.

"No," said John, unceremoniously taking me by the arm. "Bertie and Len Somes are courting in the parlor, Sallie Brent and James Marshall are courting on the piazza, and—"

"No matter," I interrupted. "They needn't stop for me."

"And you and I are going to do our—"

Well, no matter about the rest of John's impudence. Come to think of it, I'm not the heroine of this story; Althea is.

I think that girl never made her appearance till eleven o'clock, and then she went through the hall and up stairs without speaking to any one.

The next morning the professor appeared at the breakfast-table. He had come back sooner than he expected to, he said with per-

fect gravity. But Althea glanced at me, and blushed crimson.

"How long did you stop?" she whispered, as we got up from the table.

"Long enough to know where you got that ring you wear," I answered, glancing at a sparkling diamond on her left fore-finger.

She smiled, but said nothing, saw nothing, though I had been holding my hand before my face for some minutes.

"I like my ring best," I remarked, disgusted at her stupidity.

She stared, looked at my hand, then laughed.

"You darling creature, I'm so glad!" she said, putting her arm around my waist.

"Althea," said the professor's voice behind us, "do you wish to go down to the dell, or up the mountain this morning?"

"Either," she said softly, then blushed when we both laughed.

"Professor," I said, "I forgive you all your insults of last evening. In return, confess that you overheard Bertie telling me why Althea was angry with you."

"Whad is it about me?" asked Bertie, coming up.

"I confess!" said the professor, laughing. "That blessed Bertie put me on the right track. Miss Lynn, I am forever your debtor."

"O! brovezzer," said Bertie, "Ibe dot sure dat I wat any bad to be forever iddedded to be. You bay seddle wid Adthea. Adthea, lake hib pay cobpoud idterest."

"Come, Bertie!" called a voice outside the window.

"Ibe cubbid," said Bertie, blushing, and wiping her nose; or, as she would have said, "wipid 'er dose."



HOW I FOUND MY MARIA.

BY N. P. DARLING.

My name is Smith—"one of the few immortal names that were not born to die"—Jabez Smith, and I am not a married man, though I expect to be one soon, very soon. My hair stands on end like the quills upon the fretful porcupine, when I think upon the doom that awaits me. It is hard, for one so young, so beautiful, and with such bright hopes as were mine only a few short hours ago, with the world all before me, as one might say, with the exception of what is behind me, to be thus doomed to drag out a weary existence as the husband of a woman I never saw but once, who is ten years my senior, and who has only one thing to recommend herself to my love—her name, which was Jones.

Now there is nothing in the simple name of Jones to cause a man's heart to palpitate, perhaps you think, my lovely reader. Under ordinary circumstances, I agree with you; but if for three long years (one was leap year) and more, you had loved with your whole heart a girl who bore the euphonious name of Jones; if for one thousand and ninety-six consecutive nights ("an unprecedented run") you had retired to your virtuous couch with the name of Jones upon your lips, and the fancied image of Maria Jones before your eyes, would it be strange if you came to love the name only less than its lovely owner? Would it be strange if the name of Jones, no matter where you saw it, should fix your attention? Would it be as all singular if you became intensely interested in everybody and everything belonging to the whole Jones family, or rather all the families and members of families who bear the name of Jones, not excepting the celebrated Davy, and his famous locker? I rather think not. This was the case with me. I was interested in everybody by the name of Jones; I loved the name, but alas! I loved Maria better.

Maria, the beautiful, the dark-haired, the hazel-eyed, the loveliest Jones of all the Joneses, O, where was she? "Ask of the winds that far around with fragments strewed the sea," as the late Mrs. Hemans replied when questioned as to the whereabouts of the boy who stood on the burning deck.

I don't think the above quotation quite appropriate, but it was the only thing I could think of, and I felt just as though I must quote something. My feelings have been so wrought upon in the last few hours, that nothing but mental pictures of those people who at some period of their lives found themselves in a worse situation than I am at present, afford me the slightest relief. It made me almost cheerful when I thought of young Cassabianca, for, although my situation is horrible to contemplate, his was certainly worse.

But to my story. I must tell it, for I can find relief no other way, and I have but a few minutes to do it in. The marriage ceremony is to take place at two o'clock this afternoon. The minister is engaged, and my particular friend William Williamson has just left me for the purpose of obtaining the marriage certificate. I am alone with my thoughts.

Where, O where is Maria? I know not, but ah! let me forget her. She can never be mine. It is three years now since these eyes of mine dwelt upon her beautiful countenance, since she told me that she loved me. During those long years I have been a wanderer in distant lands, with nothing but her dear letters and a comfortable salary to comfort me.

I made her acquaintance while I was principal of the P— High School. She was one of my pupils. When she graduated it was our idea to marry, and open an academy for young ladies and gentlemen, where we could instruct the young idea in the art of shooting on the most approved plan.

But before the arrival of the day that was to make us both supremely happy, I received such a very liberal offer from a Mr. Jordan, the father of one of my pupils, to become his son's tutor and travelling companion, while the lad made a tour through Europe, for the benefit of his health, which had become much impaired by study, that I thought, and Maria agreed with me, that it would be very foolish of me not to accept. And so, bidding adieu to the dear girl, who had wound herself like a corkscrew through the very core of my

heart, I kissed her upon both cheeks, and promising to be true to her, as well as to the rest of the Joneses, whom I loved sincerely for her sake, I tore myself away from her, and that very day, in company with my pupil, embarked in the *Asia* for Liverpool.

For three years, as I remarked before, I travelled or sojourned in Europe. We passed our first winter in Nice, which is a very nice place to spend a winter, though some crabbed people don't pronounce it so; the second in Venice, and the third in Paris; and although I saw many beautiful women, I am happy to state that the needle of my heart never for one instant "wobbled," but pointed steadily to the north star of my existence, Maria Jones.

Meantime that dear creature amused herself (she always was fond of amusements), by teaching school in the rural districts, and in writing to her dear Smithy, as she called me, and in reading the letters I sent her, containing glowing descriptions of the various countries, cities, peoples and incidents, that I visited and met with in my journey; and so the time passed.

At last, I stood once more upon the soil of my own native land. This interesting and rather difficult feat (for I have seen those who couldn't stand thus without help) I executed for the first time in three years, just one week ago to-day in the city of New York.

What my feelings were I shall not attempt to describe. It would take too long. It is enough to say that I was supremely happy in the thought that I was once more near my own Maria, and that in a few days, at most, I should press her beauteous form to my wildly throbbing heart.

With the utmost despatch I transacted what little business I had in the city, and then started for the village of M—, where I expected to find my Dukinea. Alas! she had gone from there, no one knew whither. All that I could learn was, that her brother had returned from Australia, immensely rich, and that he was going to settle somewhere in his native country, and Maria was to live with him.

I believe that I have not told you that my love was an orphan. Knowing how tender-hearted you are, dear reader, I didn't want to harrow up your feelings, and I shouldn't have mentioned her fatherless and motherless condition even now, if I did not think it was positively necessary for you to know it. I loved her better on that account. You see I

had been in the habit of falling in love with young ladies that *had* fathers who had money, and the said fathers had been in the habit of declining my proposals, sometimes viciously, to speak mildly, until I retired at last in disgust and centered my affections upon the orphan Maria, congratulating myself that at last I had anchored in a port from which no cruel parent could drive me.

My love had a sister some years older than herself, whom I had never seen, and a brother in Australia, whom I had never called upon. But of course the former would not undertake to influence Maria in the choice of a husband, and as to the latter, I never expected to see him.

But here he had returned, with wealth, and his sister was under his charge. I knew not where to find them, and if I did, perhaps this brother would object to making over his sister into the hands of a poor tutor. Alas! was I always to be balked by crabbed fathers and wealthy brothers?

Hardly knowing which way to turn or what to do, I tarried in M— nearly a week, in a state of dreadful uncertainty. But in the meantime I wrote to my old friend William Williamson, informing him of my return to "my dear native land." His answer reached me before I had decided upon any particular plan of action. It contained an invitation for me to visit him immediately at his home in the town of Becklinburg, where he was keeping bachelor's hall, his family being away.

Without more ado, I immediately packed up, and started for Becklinburg, via. New York and New London per steamer.

The steamboat train, as it is called, reaches Becklinburg at about four o'clock in the morning; and at that hour of this very morning I found myself landed at a dark and dismal depot, from which I hurried out into the street, in search of my friend Williamson's house.

I have been here in Becklinburg many times before, and I am quite familiar with the streets of the town, or at least I was three years ago, and time has made but few changes. To be sure the town is larger, and quite a number of buildings have been erected in my absence, as I noticed this morning while walking through its deserted streets. I noticed in particular, that some one had built a house on the lot adjoining my friend Williamson's, and so much like his in every respect, that it would have been difficult for

a stranger to distinguish between them. However, I had visited the house too often to experience any difficulty on that score, or at least I thought so, for I pride myself a great deal upon the fact that I never forget a face that I have once seen, a road that I have once travelled, or a house whose threshold I have once crossed.

When I reached Williamson's gate I was undecided what course to pursue. It was really too bad to ring a man up at four o'clock in the morning, even if he was your friend, if I could effect an entrance without; and I knew I could, as I had done it many a time before, in company with Williamson, when we were boys, and slightly wild, perhaps.

Around the house ran a veranda, the top of which was easily reached by some trellis work at the side and from there I could step into one of the chamber windows without troubling any one. This I resolved to do.

I succeeded in climbing to the roof of the veranda without any serious difficulty, and with but little noise, and then a few cautious steps brought me to the window of Williamson's room, which I raised noiselessly and entered, not without some trepidation, although as I knew my friend had never been in the habit of keeping firearms about him, the danger, even if he should awaken, was slight.

Once in the room I paused to listen, for it was so dark that I could make nothing out but the dim outlines of the bed and furniture. I believe I trembled slightly, but the regular breathing of the occupant of the bed reassured me, and so cautiously closing the window I advanced into the room.

Still Williamson slept. Peering through the darkness, I could discover his form lying very near the edge of the bed, having plenty of room for me to slip in on the other side without disturbing him, or at least I thought so, remembering that he was a heavy sleeper.

It was with a chuckle of satisfaction and delight that I threw off my clothes, thinking meanwhile what would be the surprise of Williamson when he awoke in the morning to find his old friend Smith comfortably reposing beside him. I could hardly restrain myself from laughing outright, as my fancy pictured to me the sleeper's wonderment and perhaps alarm, or that which would be his, to find a bedfellow. Would he take me for the ghost of Smith, and run screaming away, or—just at this moment the sleeper turned over, and I became quiet as a mouse, hardly

daring to breathe; but he did not awake, and I, having completed my preparations, crept softly toward the bed, cautiously turned back the sheet, and slipped in.

Egad! how the bedstead creaked. Williamson flopped over, but he did not wake. He moaned musically, and then he muttered "Smithy," and I knew he was dreaming of me.

My grandmother used to tell me that if you pinch a sleeping person's toe he will answer any question you may ask. I had never tried it; but here was certainly an excellent opportunity. I began to search for Williamson's toe, but very carefully. Slowly I slipped my hand beneath the sheets, slowly I—

"What the—Moses?"

"Murder! Help! help! help!"

It wasn't Williamson!

I sprang out on the front side, and the other party sprang out on the back side of the bed, yelling murder, and crying for help at the top of her voice (it was a female voice, or the voice of a female), while I stood shivering with the cold, and trembling with fear, endeavoring to persuade the lady to "hush up," declaring that I was a gentleman of honor, and that it was all a mistake, and that what wasn't right then we'd make right in the morning, but I really don't believe she heard a word that I said; and just as the lady became exhausted with screaming, and might have been persuaded to listen to reason, I heard footsteps outside the door.

There is nothing like presence of mind in a case like this. Some people wouldn't have known what to do at this juncture. I did. With the greatest presence of mind I seized my pantaloons, and jumping into them (I never had a pair go on with more ease), I very coolly made a dash at the window, dashed through it, of course dashing it all to "smithereens," and landed myself handsomely on the roof of the veranda, my face, hands and legs beautifully ornamented with "cuts;" but I did not stop to admire these, but with the greatest celerity I made my way down the trellis work to the ground, followed by cries of "robbers!" "thieves!" etc., from my unknown bedfellow, and a fat, puffy gentleman in a red nightcap who had popped himself out of the window with a lamp in one hand and a "seven-shooter" in the other, who began to "let it off" just as soon as I disappeared from his view.

"Bang, bang, bang!" He discharged every barrel, but fortunately he was a poor shot at

long range. He missed me, but awakened all his neighbors. Lights flashed up in the houses on both sides of the street. Windows flew up and nightcaps popped out to see what was the matter.

Fortunately for me, at this moment I saw a face appear at a window in the next house, that seemed familiar. It was Williamson. I sprang forward, and leaping the garden wall called to him to come down.

"Who is it?" cried he.

"Smith—Jabez Smith," I replied, as softly as I could.

"Where'd you come from at this time, and in such a plight, Smith?"

"Don't stop to ask questions now, but come down and let me in."

"Go around to the door then."

I did so, and was admitted. Williamson closed the door behind me, staring at me in the greatest astonishment.

"What is thunder, does this mean, Smith?" he cried, grasping my hand, "your face and hands are covered with blood, and—ha, ha, ha—where are your pantaloons?"

I looked down. Egad, I had jumped into the unknown's balmoral skirt!

"Where have you been?"

"I've been roaming, I've been roaming, my dear boy, and I lost my reckoning, and slipped into bed with a female in the next house, thinking it was you; and I dashed myself through a window; and I've been shot at, and if we can't hush this matter up, I'm ruined. Hide me, William, hide me, from the terrible man next door."

Williamson pulled me into the parlor, and throwing himself on the sofa roared with laughter.

"Don't laugh, or you'll betray me. Bless me, there's the doorbell!"

"Hush! keep quiet. Wait here and I'll go and see what is wanted," said Williamson, beginning to be alarmed.

"Don't betray me—don't."

He took the lamp, and closing the door after him, left me alone.

It was a moment of terrible suspense for me. If I had been seen to enter Williamson's house, if they searched and found me there, what would be the consequences? I dared not think. I had been guilty of something worse than burglary, and although I might be able to prove that I was innocent of any bad intentions, still my situation was dreadful to contemplate. At this moment I heard a strange voice at the hall door.

"But I tell you I saw him enter this house, Mr. Williamson," cried the voice, in a tone that assured me that the speaker was terribly in earnest; "and although I have not a search warrant, unless you mean to harbor a thief, you certainly can have no objections to my satisfying myself that he is not here."

"But he certainly wasn't a thief," said my friend.

"How do you know that, Mr. Williamson?"

My friend was nonplussed.

"Come," said he, "come in, and I will explain it all."

"You explain it! What, are you the man?"

"No, but it was a friend of mine. Close the door, and let us keep this matter entirely to ourselves."

"Certainly, if your friend is an honorable man, and is willing to do the right thing."

"But it was a mistake, you see."

"Yes, and a very bad one, Mr. Williamson, and if men will make blunders they must pay for them."

"But my friend mistook the house. He thought it was my room that he was entering, and he thought it was I in the bed."

"But it was my sister."

"Well, there was no harm in that."

"How the deuce do I know, Mr. Williamson? I merely know the facts in the case, just as I have stated them, and I am bound to have satisfaction of your friend. He must marry the lady, even if she is compelled to sue for a divorce the next day after."

"And lose my Maria?" I yelled, forgetting in the agony of that thought the necessity for silence.

"Ha! that's him," cried the fat gentleman, rushing into the room, followed by a long, thin, peaked-nosed, peaked-chinned lady of thirty-five, perhaps, whose face was the color of tan bark, and whose eyes were as red as a soldier's button-hole.

"O, ho, Mr. What's-your-name," cried the tan-colored lady, springing forward, and clutching my hair, "aren't you ashamed of yourself, sir?"

"Danged if I aint," I answered, trying to sink into my balmoral.

"And what are you going to do about it, sir? Just tell me that, will you?" inquired the fat gentleman, grasping me by the arm. "Didn't you know that it was a high crime and a misdemeanor, for which you might be impeached, sir? Didn't you know that you might be lynched, sir, and don't you think

you deserve to be lynched, sir, for attempting to sleep with my sister contrary to the laws of the Commonwealth, and against the peace and dignity of the State?"

Looking at the tan-colored sister, I could but answer in the affirmative.

"And now what do you propose to do about it?" cried the fat gentleman.

"Why," said I, "I'm very sorry, sir; and for you, madam, I beg your pardon. It was all a mistake, I assure you, and my friend Williamson will tell you so."

"Quite likely, sir; but suppose such miserable mistakes should become common? They must be nipped in the bud, sir, nipped in the bud," and the fat gentleman looked exceedingly fierce. "To come to the point, you must either marry my sister, or—"

"What?" I gasped, fixing my eyes upon the countenance of the tan-colored female, who gave me an amorous glance at this point.

"Marry my sister, or I'll shoot you like a dog.

"Choose," cried the tan-colored one.

"And quick, too," yelled the fat one, growing excited.

"I'll marry her," I faltered.

"When?" inquired the lady.

"Name the day yourself. The sooner the better."

"This afternoon, then, at two o'clock."

"And meantime you will remain a prisoner in one of the chambers," said the fat gentleman, "and your friend must have no intercourse with you."

"I submit."

"Very good," said the fat gentleman; "and now follow me."

He led me to this room, brought my clothes, and locked me in. I have taken a bath since, and am now dressed ready for the execution—or the marriage ceremony, rather. Shall I ever survive it?

—"Hold heart;

And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up."

I hear a footstep at the door. My time is almost come. The fat gentleman enters. Adieu, my own beloved Maria, adieu!

Three o'clock, P. M. The ceremony is concluded, and I still live. Truly

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will."

The fat gentleman conveyed me to his house, where I found his sister, arrayed in her best the minister, and Williamson waiting for us.

I was introduced to the minister, and then Williamson asked me if I was all ready, and I answered that I was.

"You can take your places then," said the minister.

"Place me on the trap, and draw the cap over my eyes."

"The lady isn't here," said Williamson.

"Yes, I am," answered a voice from the door.

I sprang forward, almost crazy with astonishment and delight.

"That voice!" I cried, "that form, those eyes, them nose! It is, it is my own, my darling Maria!"

"You bet!" she exclaimed, throwing herself into my arms.

We kissed.

"And this is your brother from Australia?" I asked.

"Yes, love. And this is my sister; but you are not going to marry her. We found out who you were, by some of my letters which I found in your coat, after your abrupt departure this morning from my room."

"Then it was your room that I entered—not your sister's?"

"Exactly. But don't make such a mistake again, my dear."

"Wont I, though?"

Then we took our places, and the minister made us one flesh.

And this is a true account of how and where I found my Maria.



LOST AND FOUND.

BY EMMA GARRISON JONES.

MARGUERITE was her name, but we called her Little Pearl, Philip and I. She was our first baby, the daintiest, dearest, little thing that ever you set eyes on; cheeks like half-blown rosebuds, hair like rings of sunshine, and eyes as blue as the depths of a June sky. Darling little Pearl, how we loved her. We had been married just a year and a half, when Philip caught the Western fever. Philip was my husband, you know, tender, and true, and devoted, and so noble and handsome that my eyes filled with tears of fond pride whenever I looked at him. But he was an ambitious man, a man who aspired to set his mark high in the world. I don't think I fully sympathized with him in those days of our early wedded life; we had been so differently raised, Philip and I, and our natures were so widely dissimilar.

He was a New England man, a keen thinker, and an untiring worker, with a will as strong and unyielding as the granite of his native hills; while I was a lover of my ease, an indolent Southern woman, who had been reared in the very lap of affluence and luxury, and in the midst of warm, tropical beauty. Previous to the time of my marriage, my life had never known a care or a sorrow.

I loved my husband with an intensity bordering on idolatry, but when he told me of his intention to leave our beautiful cottage, and seek his fortune in the far West, it was a terrible blow to me. We had lived at Rosedale ever since our marriage, and I could see no reason why we should not continue to live there. Truly the place belonged to my uncle, but then it would be ours at his death, and why should Philip fret and chafe so under a foolish sense of dependence? We had everything, elegant rooms, flowers, birds, pleasure-grounds, and servants enough to keep our hands from anything like labor, and uncle gave it all ungrudgingly, still my husband was not content.

"I can't live this life, Belle," he said, "I wasn't made for it. My work awaits me somewhere in the world, and I must hunt it up. My little ones won't respect their father by-and-by, if he is nothing more than a drone in the hive of life."

The idea of a man going out to hunt up his life-work seemed to me, who from day to day sought only to avoid work and to pass my hours in luxurious leisure, utterly preposterous. I laughed at first, and then I wept and expostulated, but ridicule, tears, and expostulations were alike unavailing. My husband had a will of iron.

"I am sorry, Belle," he said, "that you cannot see as I do, but I know my duty, and must do it, despite the pain it gives me to act in opposition to your wishes."

I was vexed and angry at first, and said a great many things that were unwise and unwomanly, but Philip pursued the even tenor of his way, all patience and forbearance. Our preparations were soon made, the few things we held most precious were packed up, and bidding adieu to our sunny Southern home, we started Westward.

The excitement of the journey, together with my husband's constant tenderness and encouragement, reconciled me in a measure to the change in my life; and when we reached our little Western cottage, my impulsive nature, always rushing to one extreme or the other, carried me into an ecstasy of delight and anticipation, even beyond anything my steadfast husband exhibited. But he seemed greatly relieved to see me growing so thoroughly contented, and we began our new life very bravely.

The cottage was comfortable enough, but bare and humble in comparison to what we had hitherto been accustomed; the square, white-washed rooms had a dreadfully forlorn look, and the little kitchen, with its one staring window, and the cooking-stove standing in the middle of the floor, filled me with shuddering disgust every time I entered it. But I had made up my mind to endure all and everything, and as I have said, we began our new life very bravely.

For the first two or three months I had help, not very efficient help truly; but better far than none. Philip entered at once upon the practice of law, and as his office was some distance from home he did not return until evening, so we had no great amount of cooking to do, and between us, we managed to

keep the cottage tidy, and to take care of Little Pearl.

Looking back through the hazy mist of long departed years, those early days of my Western life seem infinitely happy. They were autumn days, and the great prairies rolled out before our door like seas of billowy gold, and the distant river lapsed and murmured between its flowery banks, with a music as soothing as a mother's lullaby.

Philip was all life and hope; his eye was like an eagle's, his brow crowned with perpetual sunshine. The ambition and aspiration of his life were about to win success; the consummation of all he hoped and wished for was within his grasp.

Every afternoon we went to meet him, taking Little Pearl, through the grand and gorgeous prairies, and as often as his happy eyes caught sight of us he would hasten forward with fond embraces and approving words.

"Ah, Belle," he would say, "I believe I am the happiest man in the universe, and you are growing contented, too, dear—I can see it in your bright face."

I ought to have been contented, I surely must have been, despite the influences of my false training; looking back at those days, it seems to me that they must have fled by like a dream of bliss, yet the seeds of discord, and self-love, and indolence were still in my heart, ready to spring up and bear fruit at any moment. It is a mistaken kindness in friends to rear their children as I was raised; better by far, is it to push them out into the fierce storms of life, and teach them that it is God's command that they shall earn their bread in the sweat of their brow.

I linger along my life-path here, dreading to go forward, for beyond these sunny days of hope and promise lies the blackness of darkness, the gulf of sorrow and despair which opened like a yawning tomb across our way.

The glory of autumn faded, and the chill November rains set in, bringing dreary, sunless days, and changing the gorgeous prairie-bloom into endless leagues of sodden gray. My girl left me, and Little Pearl grew cross and fretful in her teething. In addition to his law business, Philip had gone into farming, and we had two or three laborers to feed and lodge, which greatly increased the housework. Under this accumulation of trials my patience began to give way. I worked late and early, but I grew morose and fretful, and

never had a pleasant word for my husband. But he never complained.

"Poor Belle," he would say, "poor, overworked little wife, be as brave as you can—better days will come by-and-by. Just as soon as I can get off from my business, I'll go to the city and obtain permanent help. In the meantime, don't fret the roses from your cheeks and the brightness from your eyes."

But despite my husband's loving words and constant help, for he took one half the household labor on his own hands, I continued to murmur at my fate, and one morning the crisis came.

A dreadfully desolate morning; the clouds rolling down to the very river brink, in ragged, leaden masses, and a penetrating, misty rain dripping, dripping with a ceaseless, wearisome patter. Everything seemed to go bad with me that morning. Breakfast was unusually late, Little Pearl cross to absolute fretfulness, and the sick laborer up stairs in need of constant attention. Philip was obliged to leave early, and after coaxing and hushing Pearl to sleep, I laid her in her dainty little crib, and went about my morning's work. And there was plenty of it to do; dishes to be cleaned and put in order, baby's clothes to wash, and the rooms to be cleared of the black prairie-mud that stuck to the floors in huge cakes. To increase my vexation, and to render everything more comfortless, the sudden gusts of wind that came souging from the east, brought the smoke and ashes from the stove in great blinding puffs.

I went to work, heart and head both throbbing with absolute misery; and through all the gloom, and smoke, and discomfort, bright glimpses of my girlhood's old home coming back to me like visions in a beautiful dream, I felt wronged and injured, and while I worked away, dusting off the soot and ashes, and scrubbing up the mud, the hot tears fell so fast as almost to blind me. My husband had been cruel, heartless, I thought, to tear me from a home where all was beauty and pleasure, and bring me to that dreadful place to wear my life out in hateful drudgery. I would sooner be in my grave than to live on so from year to year.

In the midst of this outburst of egotistic despair, I heard the sick man calling from above, and dropping my scrubbing-brush, hurried up to him. His fever was rising again, he needed cooling draughts, and ice-cloths to his head. I went to work to prepare them, trembling with nervous haste, for

the morning was slipping by, and the noon meal must be in readiness for the farming-hands. In the midst of my work and hurry, Little Pearl's sharp, imperative cry came piping from below. What should I do? I had just spent over half an hour lulling her to sleep, and here she was on my hands again.

"I won't go down," I cried, in real anger. "She may have her cry out—O dear, I wish I had no baby!"

But the instant the unwomanly wish had passed my lips, I repented of having uttered it. No baby, no Little Pearl! The bare thought filled me with shuddering terror. Hurriedly administering the sick man's potion, I hastened down, eager to compensate for my unmotherly words by fond caresses. There stood the little cradle in its accustomed corner, the dainty lace coverlid thrown back, the pillow still damp and warm from the impress of the little curly head, but Little Pearl was gone!

For an instant I stood dumb, breathless; then in frantic foolishness I searched the rooms, the yard, calling upon the child's name as if she could hear and answer me! And then at last a happy thought broke like sunlight upon me. My husband had been home, and stolen away the child to tease me. I set about preparing dinner, looking every moment to see him come in. In a little while the noon bell rang, bringing the laborers from the clearing. I hurried out to meet them.

"Where is Mr. Weston?" I questioned, with my heart in my mouth.

"Haven't seen him, ma'am, since this morning."

"Not seen him? You surely have, he's got my baby."

But the men shook their heads, and catching up my shawl, I hurried off in the direction of his office.

Half a mile from the cottage I met him on his way home.

"Why, Belle," he cried, catching my arm, and looking down in consternation at my dragged garments and muddy feet, "in God's name where are you going? what is the matter?"

"O Phillip, the baby, Little Pearl, what have you done with her?"

"Done with Little Pearl? are you going mad, Belle? for God's sake tell me what you mean?"

"She's gone, Little Pearl's gone—I came down stairs and found her cradle empty, and I was so sure you had her."

He stood silent a moment, his face growing as white and stern as death; then he said, solemnly:

"No, Belle, I haven't seen the child. I haven't been home since morning."

He started on before me with long, rapid strides, into the cottage, and up to the little cradle standing in the corner, as if to satisfy his own eyes. Then he turned back to the yard, and began to examine the tracks in the mud around the doorway. The farm-hands were examining them also.

"Moccasin tracks, Boss," said one old man, significantly, pointing to an indenture in the yielding soil. "Injuna, I guess."

My husband's face grew a shade whiter.

"Yes," he responded, "that's it, come, my lads, we haven't a moment to lose."

He started off, followed by the laborers, but a few rods from the house he turned back.

"Poor Belle," he said, putting his arms round me, "this is terrible for you, but you must be strong, and hope for the best. The Indians have passed here, and it was they, no doubt, who stole the child. We must try to intercept them before they cross the river; we may not be back to-night; you had better go over to Mr. Delevan's and stay till we return."

But I did not go. I went into the lonely cottage, and fell on my knees beside the little empty crib. God had given me my wish, I had no baby. Ah me, the self-torture, the bitterness of those long, long night hours can never be described!

Morning dawned at last, lurid and misty, a red sun struggling up through ragged billows of gray fog. About ten o'clock my husband and his party returned, weary, haggard and hopeless. They had followed the Indians all night, but when at last they came up with them, far beyond the river, they could gain no tidings of the child. And all our after efforts were equally unsuccessful. We offered rewards, and instituted every means of inquiry, but in vain. Little Pearl was gone! I had no baby!

There was ample time for leisure then; no peevish cries, no busy little hands, no little baby wants to occupy me! But I, who had hated labor, fled to it now as my sole refuge and comfort. The only ease I found was in constant action. My husband worked too, but his life seemed to have lost its impelling force, its happiest inspiration.

Years went by, and not content with my simple household duties I took charge of a

neighboring school—later I aided my husband in his office. My mind expanded, my ideas enlarged. I was no longer an indolent, helpless repiner, but a strong, self-reliant, labor-loving woman, a true helpmate for my husband. Success crowned our united efforts, wealth and renown flowed in upon us, my husband was elected Judge, and spoken of for Congress—but we were childless, for no more babies came.

I cannot say that I regretted this, for I could not bear to think of seeing another baby face in my little lost one's place. I could never forget her. Hundreds and hundreds of times I seemed to hear again the sharp, imperative cry, as I heard it that morning, and I would drop my work, and rush away to the empty cradle, with a foolish fancy that I should see again the little rosy face, with its azure eyes and golden rings of hair. But it was all fancy—the pretty little cradle was empty, and would forever remain so; and I should go down to my grave yearning and longing for the cooling voice, the velvet lips, the baby caresses that would never be mine again. Little Pearl was gone!

Ten years after our removal to the West, we received intelligence of my uncle's death, and being his only heirs, we went down at once to attend to the settlement of his estates. Returning homeward, we made a tour of Niagara and the principal Northern cities.

One September night found us in New York, and at the opera. The house was unusually gay, the music divine, but through all the glamour and perfume of gorgeous tûilets, amid the wailing of the music, and the triumph strains of the singers, I sat unconscious, almost indifferent, the old yearning in my heart roused up to strange and sudden intensity. Only one thought possessed me, and that was of my lost baby, Little Pearl. I seemed to be living over that terrible morning and long, long night again, and my soul cried out for my child with a longing that would not be silenced. Yet in the gay house and exquisite music there was nothing suggestive of her short, sweet little life; why then did she seem so near me? what was it thrilled and shook me so?

The opera over we started for our hotel. At one of the crossings the carriage made a sudden halt.

"Nothing but a strap broke loose, all right in a moment, sir," said the driver, in answer to my husband's inquiry.

I leaned out while he was arranging it,

looking over the great silent city, and up into the solemn summer night. The sky was blue and cloudless, the stars mellow and misty, and a full moon hung like a golden jewel in the far west. My eyes filled with tears, and an inexpressible yearning filled my soul.

"Where is my baby, where is Little Pearl to-night?" I murmured.

"Please madam, just one penny!"

The slender, childish voice, mellow and sweet as the note of a blackbird, startled me out of my reverie; and looking down, I saw a tiny figure, and an appealing baby-face, below me in the misty moonlight.

"Please madam, I never begged before, but grandmarm is so sick, and she's eat nothing since yesterday."

Just then the driver sprang to his box, and the carriage whirled off again, leaving the little thing far behind; but I caught at my husband's arm, in breathless eagerness.

"Phillip," I entreated, "stop the carriage. I must see that child."

He glanced back hesitatingly, and there the little thing stood in the moonlight, just as we had left her.

"I must, Phillip," I repeated, "don't deny me."

And my husband bade the driver turn back, which he did with a muttered imprecation.

"Now, my little girl," I said, leaning out, and extending my hand, "come here, and tell me how I can help you."

"Grandmarm is so sick," she replied, coming close up to the wheels, and raising her soft blue eyes to my face, "and so hungry, and I never begged before, madam!"

"And where does your grandma live, dear?"

"Right down this street, in that row of tenements."

"Take her up, Phillip, we must look into this case."

My husband obeyed, and the driver being promised double pay, turned down towards the tenements. I seated the little girl beside me, and took her little brown hand in mine. The bare touch of her slender fingers made the very blood in my heart thrill, and I wanted to clasp her in my arms, and cover her poor, wan little face with kisses, with a longing that was absolute pain.

"How pretty she is," I said, smoothing back the tangled golden hair that shaded her white forehead and sweet blue eyes.

"She looks like a frightened bird," said my

husband, smiling; "what shall you do with her, Belle?"

"Keep her forever, if I can," I replied, with a feeling of intense happiness at my heart.

Just then we reached the tenements.

"That's grandmarm's room," said the child, pointing upward to a window in which a dim light was burning.

We left the carriage, and followed her up the long flights of stairs, and into the bare, humble room. On a rude couch lay an old woman, her strong, worn face wearing that pallor which never knows no change.

"Grandmarm," cried the child, running to the bedside, "here's a good, nice lady come, and she'll give you some tea, and you'll get well now."

The old woman turned her head, her eager eyes fastening themselves upon us.

"Thank God," she murmured. "I thought I should die, and leave her alone."

"What can we do for you, madam?" I asked, bending over her.

"Nothing for me, I'm past help, it's the child I want looked after."

"Yes, but you must have nourishment—Philip, go out for some tea, and we'll have a fire at once."

"Woman," she said, solemnly, "listen to me. I'm dying—in a few hours I shall be in the other world—I could drink a drop o' wine, but nothing else."

My husband procured it in a few moments, and after drinking it, she seemed somewhat revived.

"Now," she said, "while I'm strong enough, let me speak about the child—when I'm gone she wont have a friend in the world—you look like a rich woman, would you—"

"I'll take her, and be a mother to her," I interrupted, eagerly.

"Come round here and let me see your face."

I obeyed, bending down to the dying eyes that searched my face so keenly. After a moment she drew a deep breath.

"Yes," she said, "I can trust you, your face is good and honest—God has sent you—come here, little Rose—this is your new mother, you must love her, and be a good child when I'm gone."

I held out my arms, and the little thing nestled close to my bosom, looking up into my face with wondering eyes.

"I will be good to her," I said; "as God hears me, I will."

"I believe you, and now I can die in peace. I should a' been dead long ago, but for leavin' the child—that kept me back. She aint a friend in the world, and she's no flesh and blood o' mine. Ten years ago, my old man was alive then, and runnin' a flatboat on a Western river, we fell in with a party o' Injuns. They had a white baby with 'em, the prettiest, daintiest little thing I ever set eyes on. I had jest buried my own baby, and I couldn't bear to see 'em carry the poor little thing away, so I persuaded my old man to buy it. They were willing enough to sell, so I took the child and raised it as my own. I meant to hunt up its folks, but I named it after my own baby, and got sich a likin' for the little creater, I couldn't bear to give her up—but I was sorry enough after my old man died, and we come to want. But I've kept the clothes she had on, and maybe, madam, you may hear of her people some day."

"Let us see the clothes," gasped my husband, his face as white as death.

"Look in the box and get 'em, Rose."

The child obeyed, bringing a small bundle carefully wrapped up. I unfolded it with trembling hands, and then as my eyes fell upon the embroidered frock, the little crimson sack, and the dainty blue shoes, my own baby's clothes, for the first time in my life I dropped down in a dead faint.

When consciousness returned, I found my husband, bending over me with a radiant face, and little Rose, my own Little Pearl, closely clasped in his arms.

"Found at last, Belle," he murmured, tremulously. "God be thanked, we are not childless now."

Then sitting down by the bedside we told our story, and the dying woman listened with tears of joy.

"God's work," she said, solemnly, "God Almighty's own work."

And a few hours later, just as the sweet September stars faded, and the golden dawn-tints began to glimmer above the sleeping city, her spirit took its flight in peace. And when the funeral rites were over we journeyed back to our Western home, how happy, how grateful to God I need not try to express. From henceforth our lives were perfect—Little Pearl was found.

FAITH WILD'S BONDAGE.

BY FRANK H. ANGLIER.

FAITH WILD had been to the city; and to say this of an unsophisticated country girl, who had never before been a dozen miles from the paternal roof, means a great deal. To Faith the assertion imported not only that she had looked upon the roofs of the metropolis, from the windows of the State House lantern, and beheld its imposing aggregate of domes and spires from the railing of Cambridge bridge, but also that she was no longer the simple-minded Faith who had left Willowville for Boston three months ago.

When Abner Markham helped her into the stage-coach, on the day of her departure, and, with a sinking heart, waved her a sad goodbye as the conveyance vanished down the road in a cloud of dust, he bade farewell forever to the girlish, open-hearted Faith Wild, whose image had grown into his heart. It was another woman who came back to him three months afterward. Not that Faith had learned, in this short interval, to despise the little village wherein she had been born and bred, or to look with disdain upon the simple rustic youths and maidens who had been her companions from childhood. She was too true-hearted and sincere a girl to assume any attributes which did not properly belong to her, and not even the most envious of her Willowville friends ever thought to accuse her of "putting on airs." But her visit to the city had been Faith Wild's Rubicon. The experience had widened her conception of life, and had built up an intangible barrier between her and her old associates. She had grown out of their humble sphere, and although there was nothing of scornful pride nor any assumption of superiority in her intercourse with them, a host of new desires and ambitions had been born in Faith's bosom, which made her heart ache, with a pain it had never known before, when she thought how very hopeless these ambitions were.

Thus Faith Wild's visit to the city had to her a grave meaning. If she had never gone, she would have been quite content to marry Abner Markham and to settle down into a quiet, domestic, homespun life at Willowville, without once dreaming of what she had

learned in metropolitan company—that she was remarkably smart and pretty, and capable of improving much better opportunities than Willowville was ever likely to offer her. Of course this new knowledge of herself brought its pain as well as pleasure. With the first thrill of delight at finding her own charms attractive to city eyes, came a humiliating recollection of her own deficiencies in education and accomplishments, a recollection which made her half miserable with vexation.

"But I can improve in these things," thought Faith; "and I shall never accomplish anything whatever in life, if I marry Abner Markham."

And one afternoon she told him so.

"I thought you would marry me, Faith," said Abner, digging his knife savagely into the log on which they were sitting. "I always expected it. I suppose I was a fool for thinking so, but you led me yourself to believe it, although I had never asked you."

"I wish you had not asked me now," said Faith, looking at him kindly from her bright, blue eyes. "O Abner! we have been friends together since we were little children. Why can't we be the same to each other still?"

"Because we can't, Faith," he replied. "I have loved you all my life, and I shall love you until I die. If I had told you this before you went to the city you would have taken me, and you know it."

"Yes," said Faith, "I should; and I rejoice for your own sake, Abner, that you did not tell me then, for since I came back I seem to have come into another world. All my life is changed to me. I should only have made you miserable, if I had married you, feeling so. Don't think, Abner, that I have learned to despise you and my old friends here in Willowville. It is not that, indeed."

"I understand," he said. "Since you saw something of the world, you have found that we are not the only people in it. I don't blame you—only if it had been I who had gone to the city, no length of time would have changed my feelings toward you."

Faith bit her lip and tapped her little foot impatiently on the grass.

"If I don't love you," she said, "I can't help it. Let us talk of something else."

"The time will come," said Abner, vehemently, "when you shall be my wife, Faith. Some day you will believe me worthy of you. I shall never be as good as you, but you will find that I am capable of better things than you have ever seen me do."

"We cannot tell what changes time may bring," replied Faith, smiling. "I give you no hope, Abner. I am going up the mountain a little way, after some berries for tea. Will you go too?"

"No," he replied. "I want to sit here for a while and think this over."

"Good-by, then," said Faith, placing her hand on his shoulder as she rose. "Don't think hard of me. You will see, some day, that it was all for the best."

She waved her hand to him and tripped lightly away among the trees, taking with her, as it seemed to Abner, all the sunshine from the spot where she had been sitting, and all the fragrance from the wild flowers that grew around it. As she reached a turn in the road she paused a moment to look back, and as her eyes fell upon Abner Markham, still digging his knife spitefully into the old log, a shade of something like regret came over Faith's heart and stung her with a slight spasm of remorse.

"It is too bad," she said to herself. "I almost wish I had never gone away. I believe he loves me, and I am sorry for him. Poor Abner!"

She turned away along the path that led up the side of the gray old mountain which overshadowed Willowville, and tried to dismiss the matter from her mind entirely. But as she passed leisurely onward, looking on either hand for berries, the briars became entangled in her dress so provokingly, and her foot slipped upon the stones so many times, that she could hardly help thinking that Abner's assistance would be very acceptable, and wondering why he had refused to come with her. She was not quite sure that she had done right in treating him thus. Abner Markham was the finest young fellow in Willowville, and the little circle of her acquaintance was not likely to offer so many chances that she could afford to throw them away without serious deliberation. But Faith had set her heart on higher things.

"I don't care," she said, shutting her teeth determinedly together. "I'll do better than that, or die an old maid. See if I don't."

The berries were scarce, and Faith unconsciously wandered from the path, in her search, and had climbed half way up the mountain side before she became aware of her whereabouts. She had no fear of getting lost, for the trees that found a foothold among the rocks were so few and scattered that she could always have a fair view of the country below, and as for the terrible tales which she had heard of these stony ledges, she believed them too little to feel any cause for alarm.

And so Faith wandered on, heedless of her footsteps, and had barely filled her basket as she reached the "shoulder" of the mountain, a ledge of rough, precipitous rocks which overhung the spot whereon she stood. The sun was sinking slowly in the west, and the whole earth below was brightened by the level bars of gold which came slanting across the landscape. Willowville, almost at Faith's feet, lay sleeping peacefully in the evening light, and the smoke from a hundred scattered farmhouses in the valley curled gently upward in the clear, still air. So lovely was the picture beneath her that Faith stopped still in admiration. A chord within her nature, ever susceptible to an appeal from the beautiful, thrilled at the splendor of the scene before her. But as she remained thus, lost in contemplation of the view, Faith became vaguely conscious of some disturbing influence breaking in upon her reverie. It seemed to her that some one or something was watching her, and she cast her eyes around involuntarily to see who or what it was. She glanced behind her and saw nothing. She turned to look toward the top of the ledge above her, but there was no one there. Her eyes dropped to the ground again and fell upon a coiled and shining reptile which had disposed itself in graceful folds almost at her feet.

Faith had usually a shuddering fear of snakes, but there was something in the position of this monster that aroused in her a strange curiosity. Instead of running away, she stood still and waited for it to move. There was something so horribly beautiful in the arrangement of its coils and in the contour of its glistening head, as it was raised motionless in the air, that Faith felt a curious attraction toward it. So still did the reptile remain, that she, after a while, began to doubt whether it were a snake at all, and questioned whether she had not been deceived. Perhaps her eyes had misled her, or mayhap it was only the ghost of a snake, the

spirit of some one of the old *crotali* with which tradition infested the mountain. And then, carrying her fancy still further, she queried whether it were not the Genius of the mountain himself, who had assumed this form to terrify her into retracing her steps. What if there were treasures in the hill behind these rocks which it was the duty of this beautiful monster to guard?

And as Faith thought of these things, and amused herself with such idle fancies, the glittering black eyes of the creature seemed to enlarge, and from their depths to send forth coruscations of fire. She scarcely noticed the phenomenon as unusual, so busy was her mind with the dreamy musings which this thing at her feet had suggested. The air around her became filled with a confused, golden light, from the midst of which the terribly black eyes, each moment growing larger and wider, were fixed upon her with a fierce intensity. A rich voluptuous languor stole over her frame, and a sweet, drowsy hum, like the droning of bees among the clover blossoms, sounded vaguely in her ears. A dim consciousness came over her that in some way she was being drawn under the influence of a fearful spell, but the brilliant glare of the horribly beautiful eyes bound her to the spot, and she could not have moved for her life.

What followed within the next five minutes Faith Wild never knew. The whole earth seemed to dissolve around her and to melt into thin air. The sun was blotted out. And then she felt three cruel blows that stunned her into unconsciousness, and she sank fainting to the ground.

"Faith! Faith! Don't you know me? Dear Faith! look at me."

It was Abner who spoke, and it was Abner's arms which were clasped so tightly around her. Faith opened her eyes languidly, and shudderingly closed them again.

"Speak to me, Faith!"

She started up with a convulsive cry. "Where am I?" she asked.

"On Bald Mountain," said Abner, smiling to reassure her, "right in the middle of rattlesnakes. Not a very safe place for either of us, and we will get out of it as soon as you feel able to walk."

"What has happened?" she asked, still bewildered. "You struck me," she cried, shrinking from him, as a confused remembrance of what had occurred came back to her. "Why did you do that?"

"I?" said Abner, in astonishment. "I struck you? Faith, you are dreaming."

"Yes, you struck me thrice across my shoulders, and I fell. You nearly killed me."

"No," said Abner, amazed at her singular words; "this is what I struck, and three blows did the business for him. In a moment more I should have been too late. Look here!"

He thrust his cane into the bushes and drew out the flaccid body of a huge *crotalus*, so horrible in its scaly convolutions that Faith drew back with a shudder.

"Five rattles," observed Abner, swinging the creature through the air upon the end of his stick and casting it away from him down the mountain. It was a lucky escape."

"You have saved my life," said Faith, resting her head upon his shoulder. "I thank you, Abner. I shall never forget it."

"And you thought I struck you," said Abner, reproachfully.

"Every blow which you gave that monster I felt, too," replied Faith. "I suppose that accounts for it. Let us leave this dreadful place. I will lean upon your arm if you will let me."

As they descended the mountain, Abner carrying Faith's basket in one hand and assisting her tottering footsteps with the other, the young man pondered deeply upon what Faith had said. If it was true that she had felt the strokes inflicted upon the serpent, did it argue that the reptile had for the moment made her a part of itself? Or was the solution of the mystery to be found in the fact that Faith possessed a singular degree of sensibility, which, in the tensely drawn condition of her nerves, had assumed to itself the pain wrought upon another creature? Or did Abner himself possess that power which had, without his knowledge, brought Faith within its influence, and led him unconsciously to transfer to her a reflex of the blows which had broken the back of the enemy?

Abner was no metaphysician, but he had heard of animal magnetism, and had seen one of his own acquaintances "mesmerized" by a popular lecturer who had once visited Willowville. Whether Faith's curious experience had anything in common with the extraordinary statements which the lecturer had given as facts, he could not tell, but a secret wonder came across his mind whether he himself did not possess some such gift as that exercised by the mesmerist, and whether he could not command the wills and move-

ments of others, as he had heard that some men could do.

The matter puzzled his brain for days afterwards, until, in despair of coming to any lucid conclusion, he rejected the entire idea as ridiculous. Nevertheless, before a week had elapsed, an opportunity presented itself to settle his doubts and to furnish a definite answer to the questions which filled his mind.

One lazy afternoon, as he was hay-making in his father's meadow, he caught sight of Faith Wild's trim little figure passing down the lane full half a mile away. It was past four o'clock, and he knew that she was going to the "Corners" post-office for letters. An irresistible impulse to put at rest his own uncertainty as to his influence over this girl, led him to hide himself behind a tree and to bid her come to him. From his place of concealment he watched her as she came opposite the barway which led into the meadow. He saw her stop and hesitate, in apparent indecision, then she advanced a step and halted again. Finally she turned towards the meadow, let down the bars, and came slowly towards Abner. Thus far his experiment had been successful, and filled with a wild excitement at his unexpected victory, he bent the full energies of his will to drive her back again. She had advanced nearly half way to him, before she stopped once more. Then she turned quickly around and rapidly retraced her steps to the road.

This test, though it would scarcely have convinced a skeptical mind, was perfectly satisfactory to Abner Markham. From that hour he knew that he held Faith Wild's destiny in the hollow of his hand. To her his will was a law to which she was bound in passive obedience. And, as the days passed on, he found ample opportunity to verify this conclusion. Exulting in the discovery of his power, he used it upon every occasion which gave him a chance to exercise it. He called Faith to him from across the fields where no echo of his voice could reach her. He extended his control to the minor details of her life, and fastened upon her the iron chains of a bondage such as few women ever know. It was a sweet revenge for the slight which he felt she had put upon him, although he could not but himself acknowledge how dangerous a power it was which he possessed. In tampering thus with the main springs of Faith's life, he knew that he was playing with fire. Yet he had no conception of his own

meanness, or thought of that other danger—to him the most dreaded of all calamities—that even Faith's kindly feeling towards him might be changed to hate, when she came to realize her position, and that, like a hunted tigress, she might some day turn and rend him. Abner loved Faith Wild with all his soul. He would have laid down his life at her request, but there was an exultant delight in this ability to sway the heart, the passions, the very life of a young and lovely girl, which formed a temptation too brilliant for a man like Abner Markham to resist.

And poor Faith, at first dimly conscious of all this, at last came to know her enchanter and to realize how terrible was the spell in which he held her. The serpent upon the mountain had not had for her a more fearful fascination than this man had unaccountably acquired. She learned to shrink from him, in a vague, wild terror when she met him, and yet was drawn to him by a subtle attraction to which she was powerless to offer resistance. And it was not only in his presence that she felt the magician's spell. His influence extended to the most private relations of her life. It caused her to do those things against which her whole nature revolted. It pressed upon her soul like some terrible weight, which was crushing her existence into a shapeless mass of contradictions and anomalies.

"Abner! Abner!" she cried, when one day an irresistible impulse to seek him had led her to him at his work, "have you no mercy for me?"

"Mercy?" repeated Abner. "What do you mean, Faith?"

"What charm have you thrown around me, that I feel no longer myself?" said Faith. "You bid me come to you, and I come. You have bewitched me, and you know it."

A faint smile of triumph stole over Abner's features, and he leaned upon his rake to look at her more closely.

"So you acknowledge my power," he said. "It is true, Faith. Do you remember what I told you, weeks ago?"

"You will never bring me to it thus," replied Faith. "You may make me your slave, but you will make me hate you. You have been to me a valued friend, Abner, since we were children together. I don't know what you have done to me. I don't know what strange power you have acquired, but my will is no longer my own. Some spell has been

cast upon me, and I know that it is you who are my master. Abner, if you would not have me your enemy, release me."

"Faith," he said, fixing his eye steadily upon her, "I would not for the world cause you a moment's pain in a matter less dear to my heart. I will release you on one condition. Love me."

She threw her arms about his neck with a despairing cry.

"I love you," she said, "and I hate you. If I become your wife, my love shall be the love of a serpent. I warn you of your own danger. Now let me go."

Abner looked down into Faith's face, as it lay upon his breast, and marked how pale it was. He sadly unclasped her white arms from about his neck, and held both her hands in his, while into his own countenance there came a look which betokened a mental struggle beneath the surface, most terrible in its intensity. If he resigned his claim upon her now, his power was gone forever. Hitherto he had looked only upon his own side of the problem, and at this moment a sense of his own selfishness came upon his inward vision and proceeded to do pitched battle with his love for Faith. At this very instant he possessed her. Did he love her well enough to lose her of his own volition? Could he drive her from him, for her own sake, and so stifle forever, with his own hand, the hope which still filled his heart? These were the questions which racked his brain as he looked down into Faith's beseeching eyes, and in them read his answer. It was love that conquered.

"Go, Faith!" he said. "You shall be free henceforth. Dear as you are to me, I will win you fairly or not at all."

Did Abner Markham guess, as the blue eyes were turned to him in gratitude, that Faith was half won already?

Faith herself did not dream of such a thing, but she went home and sat down to think it over and to surprise herself in making excuses for Abner. Had she possessed this wondrous strength of will, would she have used it less cruelly than he? she wondered. She doubted it. If his love for her was really such as to cause him to renounce its very object, rather than by ignoble means to gain the end he sought, was not the love of such man a pearl of too great price to relinquish hastily? She hardly knew. He was not her ideal hero, but she half-questioned whether, for that reason, he were any less heroic.

She might have ended in marrying him, after all, were it not that at this most critical juncture of Abner's destiny there appeared upon the scene a new actor, in the shape of one of Faith's metropolitan admirers, who came, as he elegantly but not very lucidly expressed it, "to visit the humming-bird in her native wilds," meaning, perhaps, that he came to see how Faith looked at home. Jack Ellersly was a formidable rival to Abner. He could make French quotations glibly, read poetic extracts neatly, and the fact that he came from the city covered up whatever mental or moral deficiencies he possessed, and enthroned him as a prime favorite among the Willowville girls. With Jack's advent the green-eyed monster made sad havoc among the rustic gallants of the village, but Ellersly had no intention of meddling in their affairs. It was Faith who had enchained him, and it was Faith whom he had journeyed all this distance to woo.

And silly little Faith, who would have accepted Jack without question before her adventure upon the mountain, now trembles with apprehension lest he should ask her to marry him. She was pleased with the attention, but she was not ready to commit herself beyond recall as yet. She could look across the pew in church and see Abner's weary face watching herself and Jack with a look of pain so keen that her heart would be filled with pity for him. She could see him stop his work to gaze after her as she passed down the road, with Ellersly holding her basket or her parasol, or helping her through the bars, or bestowing upon her a thousand of those little attentions which he knew so well how to use with advantage, and of which Abner understood nothing. And Faith appreciated the sacrifice, and knew that, though Abner suffered in silence, he suffered none the less acutely.

One Sunday evening, when it seemed to Abner that matters between Ellersly and Faith must be approaching a crisis, he stood upon the steps of the village church waiting for them to come out. A new look in Ellersly's eyes, as he stood for a moment in the light which streamed from the doorway out into the night, crushed whatever lingering hope there still remained in Abner's heart. It was a look of conscious triumph—of a certainty of victory—a look which to Abner was a deathblow to all his chance of winning Faith forever. He leaned against the churchyard fence, among the shadows, and

wrung his hands hard together. With one word he knew that he could wrest the prize from this man's grasp even now. A slight exercise of the boundless power which he possessed over Faith's whole being would give her to him for life. Should the word be spoken? Could he stand despairingly by and let the woman, who was to him as his very life, be taken from his bosom without lifting a hand in defence of his own great love for her? No, no! Back through the long years which they had passed together since the golden days of childhood, back over the dark waters of Time, which had parted him from the sunny shores which her presence made glorious, his heart called to her with a despairing cry. Not yet! not yet! He could not throw himself upon a sword, even though Faith's hand held it, and the words which, in the anguish of his heart, he had spoken to himself, found utterance on his lips. He fixed his eye upon her and called to her softly from out of the darkness:

"Faith! Come to me!"

He knew that she could not see him, but he saw her leave Ellersly's side and step hesitatingly towards him. And as Abner stood quietly awaiting her approach, he held with one hand tightly to the pickets of the fence, and with the other beckoned to her. With uncertain step she came across the churchyard, peering anxiously into the darkness.

"Abner! It is you. Where are you?"

The opening of a window-blind in the church let loose a stream of light across the churchyard, reaching, in a narrow, luminous lane, to where Abner stood. As she slowly advanced towards him, down this narrow path between the tombstones, she seemed to Abner as a spirit from another world, surrounded by the radiant halo of her own celestial glory. But her features wore a look so sad and reproachful that Abner's beckoning hand fell powerless at his side.

"No, no, Faith," he cried. "Go back, go back—I have not kept my word. I am not worthy of you. My heart may break, but you shall be spared."

"Abner!"

"He loves you," said Abner, waving her back from him with both hands. "See! Ellersly is waiting for you. He, at least, has won you honorably."

He moved slowly away among the graves, while Faith stood where she had first halted, at the end of the radiant lane whose golden walls commenced at the window of the church.

"Farewell, Faith!"

Poor Faith Wild's heart came up to her throat in a convulsive gasp. There was something more than heroic in this man, who could thus, through love, resign a victory that was already his own, rather than gain the battle with dishonor. At that moment there came to her a consciousness which made her whole frame tremble and her heart turn cold as ice—a consciousness that if Abner Markham went out from her presence now, all life would be to her but as a living death. Back to her from the outer darkness came his voice, calling softly in tones which trembled with the sadness of a last farewell. He was leaving her and she felt that it was forever.

"Abner! Abner!"

He stopped and partly turned towards her. She came slowly to him and twined her arms about his neck.

"The victory is yours," she whispered. "I rebel no more."

With a strange light glittering in his eyes, he placed his hands upon her shoulders and held her from him.

"Let me understand you," he said, quickly.

"Is this because you pity me?"

She looked into his face and smiled upon him through her tears.

"I have loved you all my life," she said.



THE FALLING SNOW.

BY F. M. CREEKBAUM.

How beautifully falls the snow!
Like heavenly blessings in disguise;
Like angel messages from the skies
To mourning ones below!
It falleth so soft and slow.

Down through the ambient air,
Like rifted shreds of the Milky Way,
The beautiful flakes forever stray,
As pure as an infant's prayer,
Unsullied by sin or care.

They say it is cold and chill,
But I feel it not, for I only see
The beautiful bloom on shrub and tree,
And the robe on the distant hill,
So waveless, and white, and still.

It falls with a gentle moan
That spreads a softness over the breast,
That lulls the storms of passion to rest
And maketh the heart its own,
Like far, faint music's tone.

As the cooing of some far dove
That floats at eve o'er the twilight plain,
It comes in its sweetness, a holy strain,
Awaking the soul to love
For the pure and the holy above.

Sweet dreams of the long ago!
When a form of gladness would softly glide,
With fairy-like gentleness to my side,
To gaze at the falling snow,
Flecking the earth below.

And the snow is falling now!
I list to its music, but listen alone,
O where, with thy gladness and silvery tone,
My beautiful one, art thou?
With thy fair and radiant brow!

Where the snow lieth smooth and even,
Neath her waveless pall she taketh her rest;
With her white hands clasped on her pulseless breast,
And her spirit far up in heaven—
The high and holy heaven.

THE HAUNTED HOUSE AT WICKLOW.

BY ARTHUR L. MESERVE.

WHY I left the filthy and gloomy office of Messrs. Bite & Tear, "Attorneys and Counselors at Law," as their legend read, and where I had acted in the capacity of clerk for the past dozen years, was for a two-fold reason. The first was, my health was beginning to fail, from too close application to my business, and the old doctor, who had been in our family for years, declared that I must have country air, and plenty of it, before I could hope to be better; and the other was, I wanted to pay a visit to my old friend and chum at school, Tom Jones, whom I had seen but once since I had entered the employ of Messrs. Bite & Tear. These reasons being deemed sufficient by my employers, I was granted a leave of absence for a couple of months, and throwing together a modest amount of apparel I sallied forth for the depot, and was soon whirling along towards the place of my destination.

I had learned that the train did not run nearer to Wicklow than half a score of miles; but I was told, on board, that I should find a conveyance at the little wayside station which would take me there, and therefore I felt somewhat disappointed, when I stepped on the lonely, unsheltered platform, to find that I was monarch of all I surveyed, there not being a road, or a human habitation in sight.

A cross-road led away into what seemed to be the heart of a wilderness, but which one to take, the right or the left, was more than I could possibly conjecture. In my uncertainty and doubt, I blamed myself for not having written Tom to meet me at the station, as he would gladly have done, but then I wanted to take him by surprise. In one thing I had succeeded, and that was in surprising myself, for I had not the least idea that such a wild, wilderness-looking place could be found before the end of a day's ride from the Hub.

I was just on the point of adopting that method which all lost travellers are supposed to put in practice, that of setting up a stick and bending my steps in the direction which it fell, when, much to my relief, I heard the clatter of wheels, and a loud voice, apparently

addressed to the beast its owner was driving, and in a moment more a rough-looking team appeared coming down the road, and in a little time it had driven round to the platform with a flourish.

"Going to Wicklow?" he asked, as he took me in at a glance, and picked up the small mail-bag, which, up to this time, had been lying all unnoticed at my feet.

I replied in the affirmative.

"Get aboard, then, ahnt got no time to lose. Most half an hour behind time, and Old Mail-keys, at Wicklow, will be as mad as a hornet if I'm late. Anybody would think he was post-master general by the airs he puts on."

I meekly obeyed this rather imperative summons, took my place on the seat with him, and away we went towards Wicklow at a round pace.

The country was wild nearly all the way there, and my companion was by no means communicative, answering my questions by the shortest possible answers. Once only did he seem inclined to open his mouth, and that was when our journey was nearly over, and my attention had been attracted by an old, dilapidated and apparently deserted house, standing in a dark grove of cedars a little back from the roadside. I inquired who lived there, and he replied, with a sharp look in my face:

"Nobody."

"Why not?"

"It's haunted."

"By what?"

"A ghost, to be sure," he answered, with another glance into my face.

"Of whom?" I went on.

"Of a man who was murdered there ten years ago, or thereabouts."

"Why does he walk?" was my next question.

My driver looked at me as though my question astonished him.

"What makes ghosts come back anyway?" he said, answering my question by asking another.

"I don't believe they do," I answered. "But why do people hereabouts say this house is haunted?"

"Because of the lights and noises seen and heard here on dark nights, and of the blood-stain on the kitchen floor."

"Where the former owner of the house was killed?"

"Yes."

"What of it? Anything more than a dark stain, as is usually the case where human blood is spilt upon wood?"

"Yes, much more. On certain nights, when the ghost walks, and also during the day before, the dark stains upon the floor turn to a blood-red, as though blood had been but just spilt there."

"That can hardly be. People who think they witness this miracle have to draw largely on their imagination, and allow their eyes to deceive them."

"There is no chance for your being deceived. It is there as plain as the nose on your face. But yonder is Wicklow."

He pointed to the village lying some half mile away on a slight elevation. This turned the topic of our conversation, and the haunted house was not again recurred to.

I gave Tom a genuine surprise, as I had intended to, and he was glad to see me, as I knew he would be.

One day I said to him, the thought suddenly occurring to my mind:

"What is it, Tom, about that haunted house over yonder? The driver told me something about it the other day as we came along."

My friend looked grave.

"I hardly know what to tell you," he said. "People that live over yonder say that the house is haunted, and I must confess that I have seen things there that I cannot account for."

"You, Tom?"

"Yes, I myself. You may think that I am foolish and smile if you will, but I have seen things there that cannot rationally be explained."

"What are they, Tom?"

"Probably the same as the driver told you, though I have seen none of the lights or heard the sounds; but I have seen the blood-stain when it was almost as dark as ink, and then again when it was a light crimson—like fresh blood. How this should be I doubt if you can explain."

I could not. The most I could do was to say that he must be mistaken. That his eyes had played him false, and that the change in the blood-stain was owing to the manner in

which the light fell upon it. But he would not be convinced; neither would I.

One morning Tom was called away. He was going to a town some twenty miles distant, and would not return until late in the night, perhaps not until the next day. He invited me to go with him, but I declined. I had a project of my own on foot. I meant to pay a visit to the haunted house, and I did not want Tom to know of it. So his absence was the chance I coveted.

Tom took an early start, but I did not; I had less than a mile and a half to go, and I was in no hurry. So I lingered about the house, making company for Tom's mother until nearly the middle of the forenoon. Then I took down Tom's rifle, and, with the remark that I was going out shooting for an hour or two, I left the house.

I promised to be back by noon, in season for dinner, so, once out of sight of the window where I had left Tom's mother sewing, I increased my pace to a smart walk, and in a half hour's time I stood in front of, and curiously contemplating, the haunted house.

There was nothing very peculiar about it to distinguish it from other old houses that had been deserted for a number of years. It had the same lonesome, weather-beaten, deserted appearance that all such old buildings have, and as there was no one to stay the ravages of time, it was fast going to decay. Beneath the eaves the swallows had built their nests, and were flying busily to and fro in the sunlight. They, at least, were not afraid of the blood-stain, or the ghostly sights and sounds that came sometimes from within.

The front door was fastened, so I could not effect an entrance there, and I clambered over a dilapidated fence and went round to the backside, in search of another entrance. Here I found one, and the door, instead of being fastened, I found standing open a foot or more.

I may as well confess that I paused for a moment before I went in. I may as well, also, own up, that I caught myself listening to catch some sound that might come from within. But all was as still as death; so I pushed open the door and entered.

I found myself in a sort of back hall, or entry, from which a door opened upon either side. One of these rooms, I reasoned, must be the kitchen, and in it I should find the token of the terrible deed which had helped give the house its bad repute.

I turned to the left, and pushed open the door. A glance about the room showed me that it was the kitchen. So I was standing in the room where a murder had been committed, in the years that had passed.

I must confess that I did not give the surroundings more than a passing glance. My eyes, almost in spite of myself, I found were sweeping the floor, and they were not long in resting upon the blood-stain. There it was, about half way from the broad open fireplace to the sink on the opposite side of the room, and, what was more, it was of a blood-red, as though the life fluid had been spilled there ten minutes before.

This I had not expected, notwithstanding the story which Tom had told. I did not believe that the blood-stain could change its color, but here was the proof right before my eyes. I knew that it could not have retained it from the first; therefore what could it mean? What I had before learned now flashed upon my mind. The blood-stain turned only to a crimson when there was to be a new manifestation. To-night, then, the ghost would walk again.

Leaving the kitchen, and the stain, which would rivet my eyes in spite of all that I could do, I walked over the rest of the house. But I made no new discoveries there. To all appearances the house had not been disturbed since the family of the murdered man moved out of it. After examining every room, I ventured down into the cellar. I will here acknowledge that I had hesitated a moment before doing so, but I went, and there I made a discovery.

Near where the stairs descended there was an angle in the wall, and near it a cellar window, and it chanced, at this time of day, the sunlight fell through it, and rested on the earth behind the step, and there it revealed an object which at once attracted my attention. It was nothing more or less than a tin basin half full of newly-mixed red paint!

In a moment light flashed upon my mind, and I sprang up the steps two at a time, and rushed straight for the blood-stain, where I knelt down and drew my hand across it, an act which I would not have done ten minutes before. I raised my hand, and saw that it was stained by some red substance. It was not the gore of the murdered man that lay thereon; but red paint, like that in the basin below stairs.

In a moment the trick was all plain to me. Ghosts would have no need of this device, but

human beings might. Whenever the old stain was repainted, then some sort of a band assembled there, who, for reasons of their own, did not care to have company, or too much light thrown upon their operations; hence this device of theirs which had proved so efficacious.

I was not long in making up my mind to solve this mystery, which had puzzled the good people of Wicklow so long. I would pass the night there and see what it brought forth.

A glance at my watch showed me that it was nearly twelve, and that Tom's mother would soon have dinner in readiness, for the good woman would have considered it almost the unpardonable sin if the noontide repast was not ready when the "sun was square in the window," as she always went by that when it was fair.

When I got back, minus game, the good woman rallied me somewhat on my want of luck; and then I told her of my visit to the haunted house, but not of the discoveries I had made there. This part I kept to myself, as did I, also, the determination I had formed of spending the night there. When at sunset I imparted this information to her, the good woman received it almost with alacrity, and begged me not to do it, but I answered her that my mind was fully made up on this point, and begged her not to impart my intentions to any one unless it was Tom, should he return. This she promised, and as soon as the sun went down I set out upon my self-imposed task.

When I arrived at the deserted house I found everything quiet, and as I had left it; and, entering the kitchen, I stowed myself away in a small closet opening therefrom, the door of which I left open a little way, so that I could command a view of the door by which I had entered, and also of that which led to the cellar beneath. Thus ensconced, I waited, with what patience I could, for any development which might take place.

Slowly the minutes dragged themselves along. An hour went by, and still all was as silent as death. Another hour was well told, and then I began to grow impatient. Would those for whom I was looking never come? At last I heard a footfall outside the door. Instinctively I placed my hand upon the revolver I carried in my pocket. Would I have occasion to use it?

The footstep sounded closer, and at last it was on the threshold. The door was pushed

open, and a footfall sounded in the entry. Then there came another, and I was aware that two men were standing in the room.

I heard them moving along the floor, and then the scratching of a match. It gave a promise of burning, and then went out, and an impatient voice exclaimed:

"D—n the match. Give me another, Jim, this is gone out."

The voice sounded familiar. Surely I had heard it since I had come to Wicklow; but where I could not bring to mind.

The next match did its duty, and communicated its blaze to the candle which one of the men held, and in a little time it was burning clearly, diffusing a bright light about the apartment. It revealed the faces of the two men to me and as I gazed upon one of them, I was no longer in doubt as to where I had heard his voice before. It was the driver of the express wagon who had taken me from the depot, and who had first given me the history of the house in which we now stood. It was he who had addressed his companion as "Jim," and now they both moved along to the spot which had possessed such fascination in my eyes until I had solved the mystery connected with it.

Jim held the candle above it, moving it to and fro, but taking care to shade the blaze with his hand, so that it might not shine out too brightly through the windows.

"Do you know whether any one has been here to-day, Sam?" asked the one who had not before spoken.

"Yes, one sure; that chap I brought over from the depot t'other day was in here this forenoon."

I gave a start of surprise. How did he know this? Had my movements been watched, and, if so, did they not know that I was even then secreted somewhere about the house?

"He here! Then he must be a detective, as we thought he was, in the first place," said the other, in evident alarm.

"No, I don't think he is," returned my driver. "I've made all sorts of inquiries, and I have found that he is really an old friend of Tom Jones's, and that prying his nose into other folks' affairs aint in his line; but if he makes it so, he had better not have come to Wicklow, that's all."

"So I say," replied the other, emphatically; "we've too good a thing here to be blown on if we can help it."

"You are right, there, Jim; but let us go

down. The rest of the boys will be along soon."

I held my breath as the two villains passed along to the cellar door, which I had left standing open, and descended the stairs leaving the old kitchen again in total darkness.

What was their errand below? I asked myself this question, and at once resolved that I would find out if possible. Noiselessly I glided out from the closet and felt my way along to the cellar door, where I paused and listened. A faint light came up from below, and the hum of distant voices.

Silently I descended the stairs. When I reached the bottom I found myself in total darkness. The light had disappeared, and the hum of voices had ceased.

What had become of them? It seemed as though the earth had opened and swallowed them up.

Suddenly I heard a sound above my head; others of the gang were crossing the kitchen floor towards the entrance to the cellar, and in a moment more they would be coming down upon me.

Hastily I crept in beneath the stairs, knocking over the basin of paint, with one hand and dashing its contents over my hands and face. Once under the stairs there was plenty of room, and I drew myself up into as small a compass as possible against the wall, and with my hand upon my revolver waited for what the next minutes would bring forth.

Tramp, tramp, above my head, sounded the footsteps, and by them I was assured that three more had entered the cellar, and were groping their way about in the darkness. Suddenly a voice exclaimed impatiently:

"Why don't the boys show that light? I shall break my neck over something that may be lying about here."

"Give the signal and they will show it!" said another.

A sharp, short whistle cut the air like a knife, and it had not died away before a door in the wall, which had escaped my notice on my previous visit, was thrown open and a bright light flashed out, revealing a room of considerable dimensions beyond, in which were tables and benches ranged about. The light was too brilliant to proceed from a tallow candle, for it lighted up the cellar without, revealing the forms of the three men distinctly, and had either of them chanced to have turned their heads they must have seen me crouching beneath the stairs. But as luck would have it they did not, but passed

at once into the further apartment, closing the door behind them, leaving me in darkness more profound than before.

Thrice was this repeated, and I had seen ten men enter the secret chamber. Then came a long interval, which convinced me, at last, that they had all arrived who would be there that night. I reflected upon what should be my next move.

To attempt to pry any further into their mysteries that night, I thought, would avail me nothing and it might get me into difficulties. I had learned enough already to forever lay the ghost in the haunted house; and to bring a pack of villains to justice. That they were a gang of base coiners, or counterfeiters, I had not the least doubt, and I felt that it would be my duty to unearth them to the authorities.

I felt considerable interest in the discoveries I had made, and I knew that I should be the lion of Wicklow for the next seven days at least. People would say to one another:

"There goes the man who laid the ghost," and I should also be an object of interest to the young ladies in the church the next Sabbath. At that moment I felt myself quite a hero, but it suddenly occurred to me that I should remember the old adage "not to crow until you are out of the woods." I had forgotten that.

I now came back to my immediate surroundings, and reflected on what I should do next. Should I remain where I was, and see them emerge from their den and take their departure, or should I leave at once, and return to Tom's mother, while the coast was clear?

I decided upon the latter, and was about to crawl out from my hiding-place, when I heard footsteps again in the kitchen. More of them were coming, so I shrank back into my corner to witness their descent.

The footsteps went round the room and at last came to the cellar door, where they paused for a moment, while a light, as from a lantern, flashed down the stairs. Then the footsteps began slowly to descend. I counted them one by one until they reached the bottom, and the new-comer stood close to, but with his back towards me. In one hand he carried a common lantern, and as he moved away from the foot of the stairs, I thought that his figure looked very familiar.

He held the lantern up as he went round, and from his motions I could not help deciding that he was a stranger to the spot, and

not a member of the gang beyond the wall. At last his steps brought him close to the door, through which I had seen the members of the gang pass, and at this instant his face was turned by chance for a moment towards me, and I plainly saw his features. It was my friend, Tom Jones.

I hardly checked myself in time to prevent giving utterance to an exclamation of surprise at beholding him, for I had not supposed that he had returned. But here he was in the flesh, and I knew his errand at once. His mother had told him where I had gone, and he had come in search of me.

I was about to call out to him in a low tone, but before I could do so he had seen the door, and, evidently with the intention of entering, he placed his hand upon the latch and finding it fastened he gave it a violent shake. It produced no result, so he gave it another, and the next moment it flew open, revealing nothing but a dark void beyond.

Taking a step forward, despite the low warning I gave him, he held his lantern out, that its light might show his way, but in a moment more it was dashed from his hands and all was total darkness.

"Villains, unhand me," I heard Tom cry; then there was a short struggle, followed by a blow and a heavy fall, and then all was still.

Poor Tom! Had they taken his life, and I close by, without lifting a hand to prevent it? I heard the door shut to with a clang, and then all was still.

What should I do? Should I fly to his assistance, and with my simple arm combat the whole gang and try to save his life? or should I make the best of my way out of the accursed spot, and run to the village and give the alarm? For a moment I was undecided. Either way it seemed that Tom's life was at stake.

At last I formed the resolution to go for help, and was just edging my way out from beneath the stairs, when the door of the secret apartment was again thrown open, and the brilliant light which I had seen before flashed out.

Hastily I fell back against the wall, fearing that I should be discovered; and there I lay holding my breath, while three or four of the gang went peering about the cellar and up through the house seeking for any companions which Tom might have brought with him. At last they were apparently satisfied that he came alone, and returned to their den, leaving me undiscovered.

No sooner was the door shut, than, having changed my mind as to the course of procedure, I emerged from my hiding-place, and crept noiselessly up the stairs, across the kitchen, out into the open air.

Here, in the thick shrubbery which grew close to the house, I secreted myself, and there remained motionless, until I counted as many leave the house as I had seen enter the cellar. Then when I had given them a chance to get well clear of the premises, I reentered the house, and hastened down to the cellar to hear if possible the fate of Tom. I carried with me a rusty iron bar which I had stumbled upon outside, with which I meant to break in the door, could I not open it in any other manner.

Feeling my way to the door, which I tried and found securely fastened, I placed my ear to the crevice and listened intently. At first I heard nothing, and then a sound fell upon my ear which I was sure was a groan.

"Tom," I cried, through the crevice; "you are not dead, I hope?"

Another groan and then a faint voice said: "Not quite; can't you get to me?"

My only answer was a blow upon the door with that bar, another and another I dealt upon it; till at last the bolt was broken, the door swung back, and I rushed into the secret chamber.

"Tom, where are you?" I cried.

"Here," said a voice, at my feet; and reaching down I encountered the face of Tom, which in another moment I should have put my foot on.

"Thank God that you are alive, Tom; but are you much hurt?" I cried, searching for his hand, that I might give it a friendly pressure.

"Some, I am afraid; my head don't feel just right yet. You must find my hand there. The villains have fastened them behind me, and my legs are bound too."

"The rascals! but they shall suffer for this," I said, as with my pocket-knife I set Tom free, and then helped him upon his feet, where for a minute he was unable to stand alone, his head was so dizzy.

"Lead me out of this room. The air is stifling. Get me out beneath the stars and I shall feel better."

"Lean on me and I will soon get you there, Tom," I replied; and, half-supporting him, I led him out through the cellar, up over the stairs, through the kitchen, and so had him out where the cool air could bathe

his brow and bring him fairly to himself again.

In a little time he had in a measure recovered his strength, and we had set out for home.

"Did you recognize any of them, Tom?" I said, as we went along.

"No, not one," he replied. "It was not light enough."

"Why did they bind your hand and foot? Do you remember what they said about it?"

"Yes, plainly. They tried to make me take a horrid oath that I would never reveal what I had discovered of their hiding-place, but I refused to do it. Then they told me that I should never leave the place alive until I had taken the oath, and that they would starve me to it, or to death. So they bound me and left me there till you came."

Then, in return, I told him of what I had witnessed, and by that time we were at his mother's.

It was past midnight, and the good woman was fearfully frightened. Tom had come home sooner than he had promised, and had gone at once to the haunted house for me. She had watched anxiously for our return, and when, at last, we did present ourselves, she was frightened more than ever. Tom's face and clothes were covered with blood, which had flowed from the wound in his head, while I presented an equally gory appearance on account of the red paint with which I was plentifully besprinkled.

Leaving Tom to acquaint his mother with the details of our adventures, I made my way to the village, and soon had the proper officers alert to their duty; for I knew if we wanted to make a haul we must do it before they would have a chance to return to see to their prisoner. Quietly we proceeded to the old house, and there found that which I had expected to find, namely, tools, plates and presses of a gang of counterfeiters, and a large amount of spurious currency, which they had all ready to send to their agents in various parts of the country.

It was near morning when we got round to call upon my old friend the driver, and it must be confessed that we somewhat surprised that worthy when we accommodated him with a pair of bracelets. When he saw me, he was convinced that I was in reality a detective, and that I already knew all; so he made a clean breast of it and implicated all of his companions, whereby we were enabled to secure the whole gang, and thus break up a

combination which extended over a large area of territory to which no clue had before been obtained.

It was daylight when I got back to Tom's mother's, and I found that neither of them had been abed, so anxious were they to know how it all turned out, and when I had told my story they were of one mind, that I had done a good night's work, which conclusion I also coincided in.

I stayed in Wicklow until the villains had had their examination and been carried away to jail, and I was all the lion that I had

imagined I should be. Old ladies would stop to look at me in the street, and so would the boys; but the young ladies, I must confess, though it hurts my vanity to do so, only gave me a look, and then their eyes followed some other better looking fellow who chanced to be going by.

I hear from Tom quite often now. He says the ghost no longer walks in the haunted house, and that the blood-stain retains its dark hue from one year's end to another. When it changes its spots again I shall make another trip to Wicklow.

FIVE LETTERS.

TRANSCRIBED BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

LETTER FIRST.

DEAR CLARA:—Mrs. Alden made all the trouble, I think, in the affair you mentioned. You must have heard of Laura's marriage; it was very brilliant, took place in New York, but under the protest of Laura's mother. Mrs. Alden was a singular woman, always. After losing seven children, she reared Laura, who was her idol, of course. She never wanted her to marry; she was a very miser in the matter of affection. Besides, she had not been happy in her married life, and she naturally looked upon men as monsters. The idea of Laura's marriage was repugnant to her in every sense of the word.

But Laura loved young Lincoln; she met him at a picnic, and I think it was love at sight on both sides. He was an honorable young man—and possessed great personal beauty. Laura is a passionate creature, and she worshipped him with all the warmth of her fervid nature. I believe she truly loves him now.

Well, she married him, and Mrs. Alden was so miserable about it, that she was taken ill, and came near losing her life. At last she consented that Laura should accompany her husband to New York, stipulating that she should spend a certain part of the year with her daughter, during the winter, and that Laura must stay with her through the summer season.

It was a convenient arrangement, for Hadley is not far from the city, you know. Young Lincoln could drive back and forth in his own carriage, or take the cars.

The first winter passed agreeably with one exception; Mrs. Alden interfered too much with the business and pleasures of the young people. She had been accustomed to the supreme domineering of her own house, and could not give up her arbitrary love of rule. Her temper was not gentle, by any means. Laura did not see these things in the same light as her high-spirited husband did; she was accustomed to her mother's whims and caprices; he was not, and it made him uneasy and unhappy. He wanted a house, and Laura to himself. This yearning would not have been so strong if Mrs. Alden had exercised a little common sense. But though she had a beautifully furnished suite of apartments, she intruded her company on her daughter and son-in-law, so that naturally they felt some restraint in her presence. Finally, she took command of the cook, and even ventured, to young Lincoln's great surprise and indignation, to countermand his orders, merely offering the briefest apology.

Sometimes he expostulated, and then bitter blame was thrown upon him in the presence of Laura. He loved his wife most tenderly, but he could not bear too much, and when it came to this, that in every little matter of difference between Laura and his wife, Mrs. Alden interfered, always taking sides against him, he angrily declared that his wife must either part with her mother, or with him.

Then came confusion worse confounded. There was no calm friend to advise. Mrs. Alden went into fainting fits, and from that into hysterics. Laura wept passionately and

accused her husband of wishing to kill her mamma. Then her mother left the house, and went to that of her brother, where she was taken ill again. Laura flew to her mother, who wept the tears of weakness and of anger, declared she should die without her child—that she was a poor, lonely widow with nobody to love her; that her darling's affections had been stolen from her, and much more of the same kind of nonsense.

What was Laura to do? She had not been trained to independence in matters of judgment, and I am sorry to say the wilful mother conquered. Laura wrote to her husband that she must, for the time at least, remain with her mother.

LETTER SECOND.

Laura's mother is dead; they have been expecting it for some time. The poor girl has no one to go to, for she has not heard from her husband since he went away six months ago. I sometimes think it is cruel of him not to write her.

The poor girl was wild with grief for a time, but she is calmer now.

Such suffering either exalts or debases; I think it exalts Laura. She has a sweet and noble beauty of countenance; with a different mother, she would have been a higher order of woman. As it is, trouble has changed her character, materially.

Last night Laura was with me when the young minister of the new church came over. He is just married; his bride is a lovely creature, exceedingly winning in speech and manner.

Laura's eyes filled as she witnessed their happiness. I knew of whom she was thinking.

After they had gone, for the first time she spoke to me of her husband. Poor thing! she has sacrificed much on the altar of filial love. She thinks she shall never see him again—that he has forgotten her. I am not so sure of that. I believe he loved her tenderly and truly, but there was no comfort at home, and she deliberately chose to go with her mother. It was a hard case—I confess it. And she is by herself too much, mourning over the past. She needs a motive.

Yesterday, I thought it might rouse her to witness a little suffering. So I drove to a miserable house on the outskirts of the town. The woman I called to see was dead.

"She'd bad news, ma'm, of her husband,"

said the person who was watching; "he was killed at sea, by a fall, and that ended her, miss; she died just on the stroke of twelve."

"And what's to be done for this dear little girl?" I asked, taking the miserably clad child on my knee. "See, Laura, dear, what a beautiful face she has."

"Sure she must go to the poor-us;" replied the woman, stolidly.

"No," said Laura, "at least not for the present. I will take charge of the poor little orphan, gladly. She will be company for me."

Now this is just the thing for Laura; it will save her, for it occupies her mind constantly. It is such a lovely little creature, too, with long lashes and soft brown eyes; and as grateful as she can be. And Laura will recover her good spirits, I am sure she will. I hailed the first smile this morning with real delight. And still she hears no tidings of her husband.

LETTER THIRD.

Our young pastor is doing a good work. The spirit of reform is coming to our village. Do you remember Dolly Day? Hers was a woful fall. Her mother died in consequence, for she was a proud woman, and since that time Dolly has shunned society. It is a curious place she has chosen for her abode—in a little ruined hut just within the shelter of the woods close by, and kept cleared, is a little grave—that of Dolly's unfortunate child. It died at its birth, and she lives in sight of it—a perpetual reminder.

We have seemed to forget her of late. Our minister's little wife heard of her, and off she posted, taking me for company. Dear little thing! she dreaded to go in, but she did, and came back delighted.

Her eyes sparkled as she told me of her success.

"At first you can't think how shy she was," she said, "but she looked neat, and so sad, so very sad. Finally I spoke of that little grave and then she broke down. I don't believe she has cried for years as she did to-day. And she told me all her sorrowful story, and wept and sobbed as if her heart was almost broken."

Well, the ending of the whole matter is, Dolly is a good Christian. She has come out humbly and meekly before all Israel and the sun, and nobody seems to cast her sin at her. Laura has a fearful temper, as I believe I

have told you once before. Yesterday in my presence she gave way to it. Little Anna had displeased her, she was frightened, and perhaps willful.

"You are a wicked little thing," cried Laura, stamping with vexation. "I won't keep you, and nobody else will be willing to bear with your stubbornness and ugly temper. I don't care if somebody takes you away, this very day."

How much that was like her mother, I need not tell you. The child sobbed bitterly, and Laura was not prepared for what happened not long after.

I was at tea with Laura. The girl came in from the kitchen saying that a sailor wanted to see the lady of the house. He was asked into the sitting-room to wait; Anna was there with her doll. We all heard a glad scream.

"Papa, papa!" and hurried out to see our beautiful pet clinging to the neck of a great bearded sailor man.

So he had not fallen from the masthead as his poor wife heard.

Whether he will take the child or not we cannot tell; but Laura believes it is a judgment upon her.

LETTER FOURTH.

The sailor has gone to sea again, and left little Anna with Laura. He probably sees that it will be for his child's advantage. Laura grows more gentle every day, but still I can see that the old trouble wears upon her. She often speaks of her husband, but not to blame him.

"What could he do?" she asks, with tears in her beautiful eyes; "home was not home without me."

"Trust me, dear, you will hear from him, soon," I said.

"What makes you think so?" her face was eager.

"I feel it in my bones," I said, laughing; "that's all I can tell you."

A little later, Mr. Graves the minister came over here, wishing to see me alone. We went into our cool little back parlor. Feeling nervous, not knowing exactly why I was, I busied myself for a moment in thrusting the woodbine that peeped into the window, outside, and closing the blind. Then I sat down smiling at my own fears, opposite "our young friend," as Judge Story calls him.

"I hardly know in what way to approach the subject," he said, "but I believe I have found a clue to Mrs. Lincoln's husband."

I was instantly in a tremor of anxiety.

"Is he here?"

"No, not here, but at Leedsville, some ten miles from here. I was there yesterday, and was called in to see a sick man, who was thought to be dying."

"O!" I clasped my hands hard and felt my face grow pale.

"He was better, though, when I saw him, though very weak, indeed."

"And why should you think it was Mr. Lincoln?"

"I will tell you. I mentioned the name of our village."

"Do you know anything about Hadley?" he asked.

"I told him I was settled here."

"Are you acquainted with a widow Alden?" he further questioned me.

"I was," I said.

"You were?" with a long, painful glance.

"Yes, but she is dead. I attended her funeral several months ago."

"But her daughter—but Laura?" he almost gasped.

"She is still in the old place?"

"Happy?"

"Contented—but I should judge not happy," I said. "She feels keenly her husband's absence and long silence."

"His features worked a little, and he was silent. I tried to think of some way of alluding to the matter that occupied my thoughts, but could not take the initiative on so delicate a subject. I believe the gentleman is there under an assumed name, for gentleman he is, undoubtedly."

"He had not heard of Mrs. Alden's death, then?"

"I judge not, by his extreme emotion. He feels, doubtless, that he has been in error, and does not like to intrude himself upon her notice, before he can learn how she views his desertion. I presume he was coming on here, when he was taken ill. At one time, as I said, they thought him dying, and he requested to see a clergyman; I was called in, the proprietor of the house being acquainted with me."

"It must be dear Laura's husband," I said, joyfully. "I will tell her as gently as I can, and then I know what she will do."

So the minister went away.

LETTER FIFTH.

Well, here I have written nearly three sheets, and have not told you the principal items of news—good news, yet. The sailor, Anna's father, is dead. Poor man, he came to his death in the very way it was reported before; was it not singular? So the sweet child is an orphan.

You remember Judge Story, the good, kind "woman-hater," as he has been called. Well, he is at last going to the altar, like a lamb to the sacrifice. Methinks I hear you cry out with uplifted hands, "who will marry that eccentric, ugly old fellow?" Well, I will tell you—but, listen, I deny in toto your scandalous assertions. In the first place, the judge is only forty-two, and his affianced bride is all of thirty-eight. Can you guess who it is, now? Of course not, and you will *never* guess, so I will tell you her first name is Augusta, old-fashioned and trim. Her other name is—but you have divined it by this time. And now you know why I deny your

assertion. To think I have lived thirty-eight years, to be married at last. But it's the way of the world, isn't it?

I have just come from Laura's. You never saw a happier couple than she and her husband, as cosy as birds in a nest, and they have adopted little Anna. I couldn't undertake to tell you how the reconciliation came about, only it *did*, and through the efforts of our good little minister.

There were tears, kisses, smiles, but no reproaches. They are very happy, and Laura is so altered that I do not think they will ever have any more trouble, for she puts a strict watch upon herself, a guard on her quick temper.

The judge is at the door. Homely—bless him! he's a beauty, and I say it if I should not—although he is marked a little with the small-pox, and there is just the slightest cast in his dear blue eyes. Well, good-by—I will let you know in time, so that you can come to the wedding. Yours, AUGUSTA.

 THE SIEGE OF THE LOG CABIN.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"I HAVE been reading," said the old lady, "how Rose Bradwardine saw the three Highlanders lay dead at her father's door at Jully-Veolan, and the incident has set me to thinking of an episode of my own early days."

"O Aunt Ormand!" said Mabel—for we all called her "aunt," though she was no relative of ours—"do tell us of the Indians again! This is just the day and the scene for it; see how heavy the apple trees are with snow, and the stumps and the rocks look as if they might get up and walk about. I can imagine a warrior peering at us from behind the well-curb with the white flakes in his eagle quills!"

"Why, Bel! how romantic," said bright little Maud; "do you suppose those eagle quills would make your scalp come any easier? For my part, I believe an Indian is just an Indian—the romance writers put on the quills, or at best they are only partridge feathers!"

"Was the dark and bloody ground anything like the scene we now look upon?" asked Mabel; "for this is very rugged, and it seems wild enough to me."

"O no, my child," replied Mrs. Ormand,

"it was a level country, but the forest appeared to go on and on forever—an ocean of gnarled oaks and great towering pines. There were smooth, open spaces at intervals; yet, bordering the whole, and winding away, and standing like a wall against the sky, was the same prodigious growth of giants. In front of our house was a plain, beyond which were seen the treetops. It narrowed near the cabin, and the lines of forest meeting in our rear shut us within a triangle between the enormous walls.

"In the summer, this open space was beautiful with flowers, and all around the borders of the forest were scarlet and gold and azure fringes, composed of thousands upon thousands of starry blooms. But in the winter, one could have dreamed that we were hemmed about with phantoms. The great oak had his turrets and his warders, and beneath the swaying limbs what long, dim chambers of gloom! The whole Shawnee tribe might have been imagined standing or crouching with belt and hatchet close to our little cabin, when not a living thing was near—for there were all shapes in the forest that ever fancy drew.

"My mother was a nervous and timid woman, very lovely in face and form, and possessing a sweetness and sociability of temper which would have made her beloved in a civilized community; but she was utterly unfit for a life in the wilderness. True, she loved the flowers and the wild and beautiful scenery, but she had a horror of the Indians and panthers, and in the bitter days of winter she saw either the one or the other in every shape assumed by the fantastic snow. I, on the other hand, resembling my father, suffered little from anticipations of evil. The winter inspired me with strength of spirit, and the summer was a volume of whose pictures and songs I never tired. I had one brother, a little, blue-eyed child, who at the time of which I am about to speak was only three years old; and thus we four comprised our household. My sources of amusement were very different from yours—did you ever fire a gun, Mabel?"

"O goodness, no, Aunt Ormand! I should never expect to survive it."

"But I have," said Maud; "the mark of the bullet is on the old apple tree, yonder, only it is all covered with snow. It was Cousin Frank's gun, and how frightened he was because it stretched me flat on the grass. I declare, I don't see how an army escapes self-destruction. I should think the first fire would be fatal to all concerned."

"You did not hold it right," said Aunt Ormand, smiling; "you allowed it too great latitude to 'kick.' Now I, in the wild woods, was taught differently; I learned that the gun should be suffered to kill only at one end. Father would sometimes call me his 'little tom-boy,' when I begged him to let me practise with his rifle, yet he was pleased when he saw the bark fly from a tree-trunk before my ball, and still more so when I struck a mark he had made with his axe directly in the centre."

"I believe you would encourage that girl to go out on a panther hunt!" remarked my mother, laughing; for though she feared I would be harmed with the rifle, she was amused at my dexterity in shooting, and once or twice went with me to the trees while I pointed out the place where the bullet had ploughed along. But at last there came a time when the bullet did not plough along, but went straight into the tree, centering the mark at every fire.

"Who knows," said father, one day, in my hearing, "but this may turn to good? We

are in the heart of a wilderness, where the rifle is the only law of those around us. In an Indian fight it would be better than a Latin grammar. But Margaret does not neglect her grammar either"—and I did not, Mabel, for mother taught me—"and if her uncommon beauty,"—I was young then, Mabel—"should win her a cultivated admirer, and she should find her home in a more polished community, she will not be unprepared; but should she continue to dwell in the wilds—should she be left alone upon occasion with little children around her, like Oscar here, would she not feel it a happy circumstance that her hand is no stranger to the rifle? That hand is no less beautiful, nor is her heart less feminine, than would be the case if she had never heard the whistling of a bullet and knew not how to send one to its mark."

"This expression, which father did not know that I had overheard, impressed me very strongly. I looked at little Oscar and thought of the Shawnees, and wished that I had a rifle of my own. My mother wrote a humorous account of my proficiency in marksmanship to my Uncle Arthur, her brother, with whom I was a great favorite; and shortly afterwards, upon the occasion of his making a journey to visit us, he surprised me with the present of the most handsomely finished rifle that I ever saw. He laughed heartily on presenting it, and I do believe that my face would almost have burned your hand; for I had never till then realized what a 'tom-boy' was."

"Uncle Arthur, however, seconding my father's views, told me that there was nothing in my woodland tastes to be ashamed of. 'A shot over your father's shoulder when his gun was empty, might make one the less Shawnee,' he said, 'and be very opportune.' I tried my skill in his presence, as he insisted that I should do. My father watched me, while mother laughed merrily, and little Oscar stood wondering in the doorway."

"Not a long aim!" cried Uncle Arthur, "remember that! Quick and decisive! Never let your gun stop—bring it steadily up, and the instant it covers the mark, fire!"

"Father had often told me the same thing. 'Ping!' sang the bullet, and running forward, how my heart thrilled to see a small round hole in the bull's eye on the oak! From that moment my mortification passed away. Did not Uncle Arthur know well enough that I was no amazon, no wild, masculine, strong-minded creature that passed for a woman?"

Surely he did. I was only a woodland girl who could fire a rifle. I looked in the glass to see if I had grown masculine—I examined my own tastes and fancies, and knew that I had all a girl's heart. Then I felt at ease upon the subject; for I have no sympathy with a woman who is almost a man.

"After a pleasant sojourn at our cabin, Uncle Arthur departed, and not long subsequent, father was obliged to leave home on business relating to some property of his. It was the first time he had ever left us, and nothing but the most urgent necessity constrained him to do so; for it was now winter, and the wilderness lay about us like a great, rugged ocean, across which no aid could reach us in the day of need. Besides, we had learned that the Shawnees had become more than usually troublesome. Always a warlike people, whose feats of arms were as old as tradition itself, they had not yet ceased to be the terror of the 'dark and bloody ground.' Father paused long at the door.

"'Remain in the house,' he said, 'there will be nothing to call you out. The cattle can drink at the spring, for it never freezes, and they can go in and out of the stable at pleasure. There is sufficient hay within their reach, and you need not attend to them at all.'

"He then caught up Oscar. It was hard to turn from the door! I knew that he was thinking of the Shawnees.

"'Do not be troubled about the Indians,' he said, 'they are a long way off. But, Marge,' he added, as we passed a moment from mother's hearing—if they should come, remember your rifle. You are a brave girl, but they might confuse and frighten you. Think them only targets such as you have been used to firing at. But what am I saying? Was there a probability of attack, I would not leave you here alone for the whole continent of North America.'

"At last he put down little Oscar and strode away; but it was a dreadfully sad parting. Love is stronger in woods than cities; home is dearer, and sorrow is a thousand times more piercing—like a bitter wind from which there is no shelter.

"What a gloomy night succeeded! Oscar slept sweetly, as if a thousand friends were near, but mother and I caught only fitful naps. We had no especial reason for supposing that the Indians would molest us, yet mother, as I have said, was always nervous, and I could not help in some degree feeling the influence

of her terror as one might feel the edge of a shadow. Nor was this all; in my short and fitful slumbers, I seemed to see moccasin trails winding all about in the snow, and Indians that changed to wolves, and wolves that changed to Indians. At last, while wide awake, as much so as at this moment, I experienced a most singular sensation, as if I were two persons, the one troubled, tired and affrighted, hemmed about with darkness and knowing nothing about the future; the other, calm and confident, a second self, risen above the first, and buoyed up by inspiration. It was a mirage of the soul, and in that clear moment of intuitive perception, I knew the work that was before me. How or why I knew, I did not ask. I had seen nothing; but still the impression amounted to an absolute certainty. I rose on my elbow and looked long at dear little Oscar. I thought of my father, far away, anxious and troubled for his little cherub, and worshipping every lock of his bright head. Mother was not sleeping; why should she not know it at once and brace her mind for the reality?

"'Mother,' I said, 'nothing will molest us to-night; but to-morrow it will snow, and then—'

"'What then, my child? and why do you think it will snow? there is no appearance of a storm.'

"'I know there is not at present, mother; the sky is clear and bright; but to-morrow it will snow, and after the snow begins we must fight for our lives. The Shawnees are coming!'

"Mother thought I had been dreaming, but I was sure it would snow, and equally sure that blankets and scalp-locks and tawny faces would steal all about us under the feathery flakes—for the broad daylight and a snow-storm were as plainly marked in my impression as the attack itself—yet I do not believe in visions, nor was this anything more than a presentiment, struck by a type upon the soul.

"Morning came—a remarkably pleasant one for winter—and as the sun flashed over the great wall of trees, mother's spirits rose accordingly. Soon, however, a dark, harl, iron-like cloud stretched all along the east; the whole sky was presently hidden, and just before noon large flakes of snow came fluttering down. In a few minutes they darkened the air; and we might have imagined ourselves at the bottom of an immense ocean, from whose billows out of sight, were sinking down to us myriads upon myriads of foam-

white pearls. Often I took up the rifle which Uncle Arthur had given me, and aimed it at various objects, so fearful was I that my hand might forget its cunning or my eye lose something of its hair-breadth steadiness. But O, what a feeble hope I had! The snow had come—the Indians were coming—this was all I knew. The result was hidden. And what was I? A girl of sixteen! Was I to combat, rifle in hand, the terrible braves of the dark and bloody ground? Somehow the very touch of my rifle reassured me when I trembled. I knew that a bolt of death lay within that iron tube, and for my father's sake, for my mother's sake, for little Oscar's sake—I could send it home!

"I had a vague impression that the Indians would endeavor to entice us from the house. It seemed to me that I had dreamed something of the kind. They could not know that father was absent, and to draw him out of his fortress by stratagem would give them an easy victory. Mother still hoped they would not come.

"It would have snowed just the same," she said, "if you had not felt the impression. That was only a coincidence, and the rest may not be verified."

"And there would have been famine in Egypt, if Pharaoh had not dreamed of the lean kine," I replied. "Hark! what was that? A wolf?"

"A snarling yelp, apparently of pain, was followed by a long and dismal howl. Then came the yelp and snarl once more, succeeded as at first by the howling. Climbing to one of the high, small windows, I peered through the thick storm with a kind of misgiving that this hideous sound might be only the prelude to voices still more terrible—for wolves and Indians had been all the morning mixed in my imagination.

"There is a wolf in one of father's traps!" I cried. "I can just catch a glimpse of him behind the trees. If father was here, he would shoot the poor creature at once and end his suffering."

"At the moment the words left my lips, I started and my heart gave a suffocating flutter. The storm was so very thick that I could not see distinctly, but my eyes were quick to catch the least suspicious sign. I stepped hastily down from the window, caught up my rifle, and then convulsively embracing little Oscar, kissed his beautiful baby lips. In a moment more, I was in the loft of the cabin, and had removed the fastening from a loop-

hole that was made fronting the wolf trap.

"You cannot hit him," said mother from below. "I would not try, Margaret; there is so little of him in sight, and the storm is so thick."

"O mother!" I said—but then I stopped. She would know soon enough. A wolf, indeed! O, that it were nothing worse! I dropped on one knee by the loophole. At intervals, a small portion of the creature would appear in sight, as it seemed to struggle behind a huge log, and then it would entirely vanish.

"No, no," my heart said silently and with a kind of fierceness, "your fine trickery shall not shield you. How glad I am that father is away; he would have rushed out at once, and it would have been so dreadful! There, there—O, if my heart would stop beating so! My hand trembles! A quick aim, father says—mind the 'sights,' be sure they are right; but, once right, fire! There he is again!"

"It seemed to me that he must see the muzzle of the gun as I placed it in the loophole—that he must hear my heart beat. My thumb was on the hammer—'click!' it sprang back. 'There, there! that must be the top of his head! Now he lifts it a little! Quick, now! O, if he will stay just so!' I clapped my face to the rifle and rose with the breech quickly but steadily, while the muzzle rested in the loophole. My hands so trembled that I could hardly have held it an instant on the mark; but it seemed as if a voice shot through my brain, as for a fraction of a second the two 'sights' hid the object—*pull!*"

"The crack of my rifle resounded through the cabin. Throwing it down, I pressed my face to the loophole.

"O mother! mother!" I cried, "I have killed him! It is a great, tall Indian in a wolf-skin, and he has dropped on the snow! There are others behind the trees. They would have killed father had he been here. They must have found the trap, and then this stratagem occurred to them. For Heaven's sake, mother, be strong! Yes, yes, I knew they would yell! Only quiet Oscar and keep him where the bullets cannot hit him! I know it is awful, but they always yell so. Don't cry, Oscar, they cannot get you! Margie will fight them, and they will all run away!"

"Run away! O, that I could have believed it! The braves who had discomfited Harnmar and put St. Clair to rout—no, they would not run away! Wild yells arose from every side,

but I felt nerved for any danger, and when the next bullet was driven into my rifle, it was no trembling hand that thrust it down. I cannot describe the thrilling inspiration which seemed to possess me. It was a flood tide of the spirit, and I felt, and heard, and saw, as I had never done before.

"And now the attack commenced. Hither and thither the Shawnees darted among the trees, all the while sending forth their unimaginable shrieks. Bullets came through the narrow windows, which happily were not large enough to admit a human form; and even the clay which stopped the interstices between the logs was often sent spinning across the cabin, while the ball which drove it in struck with an appalling 'chick!' against the opposite wall.

"Our cattle, with head and tail erect, went floundering through the snow, and wheeling and staring in terror. Some escaped to the woods; some, bellowing with wounds, rolled over and died in the white drifts—and all the while, yell upon yell rang in my ears. Mother stood pale and motionless in a corner, and little Oscar, cowering behind her, cried with all his might. The storm was now absolutely blinding to any one without, and the warriors, dodging from the haystack to the barn, from the barn to the woodpile, with the thick, white mass in the hair of their wolf and bearskins, looked like snow-men. The fire of their rifles flashed vividly among the dampening flakes, and 'ping!' 'pat!' 'chick!' came those messengers whose touch was death!

"Soon they attacked the door, thundering against it with heavy logs. It was exceedingly strong, but I feared that it might fall. Over it was a projection formed for the purpose of defence, and stealing quietly up to this, I removed the cover from a narrow aperture which permitted me to look down. Careful as I was, however, the Indians discovered the newly opened loophole, and dropping their log retreated with a surprised yell. I have since been glad that they did so, for though at the moment I had the heart to slaughter them without mercy, I should not now like to reflect upon such an act. Their discovery of the danger was, however, sufficient to protect the door from any further assault.

"For a short time there was silence, and I endeavored by every means in my power to ascertain the position of the enemy. I peered through the small bullet holes in the

clay, and removed, just a little, one or two of the wooden plugs that stopped the loopholes, but all in vain. Mother and I both knew that this was a terrible moment—a thousand times the more so for its silence. With my rifle half raised, and the hammer drawn back, I stood and waited.

"Suddenly a sheet of flame and powder-smoke shot across the room, and the simultaneous crash of half a dozen rifles pierced our ears like a thunderbolt. The Indians had crept close to the house, and putting the muzzles of their guns against the clay between two of the logs, had all fired at once. Then, dropping close under cover, they were completely sheltered from my aim. We feared that the cries of poor little Oscar would reveal his position to the Shawnees, and at my suggestion mother carried him into the loft, while I, standing at one end of the rent in the wall, awaited the reappearance of the scalp-locks, as they should rise for a second fire. My position was such that they could not easily harm me from that side, but what was my perplexity, and, I might say, despair, when the same manœuvre was repeated on the opposite side of the house, the clay being hurled all around me! Wholly unprepared for this, I, as before, failed to return the fire. A process of attack more trying to the besieged could hardly have been chosen. And now, from what quarter might I expect a third volley?

"It occurred to me that the voice of Oscar in the loft—for he cried incessantly—and the silence below, must at last induce the Shawnees to suppose that the garrison had taken shelter above stairs, and I resolved to await whatever demonstration might result from this mistake. My eyes swept the two openings almost at one glance, and as neither breach was more than an inch wide, and as moreover a dim gloom pervaded the cabin, I could better see without than could the Indians within, should they attempt to discover me.

"Presently, at the first opening which had been made, a tuft of quills rose cautiously in sight. Ah ha! now I would be ready! But the gray feathers did not rise high enough. The warrior's head was below the log. He could not be aware that his eagle plumes were thus visible above the crevice. O, how I watched! like a female panther when her prey stirs among the leaves but is not quite defined. My fingers seemed almost to indent the rifle stock. What could he be doing? A

little higher! just an inch, a little inch! Would that brown head never come up? But what of the opposite breach? For the moment I had forgotten it. I glanced aside, and my blood leaped. Four copper faces were peeping in at the crevice, while a fifth warrior having already drawn back, had raised his rifle to a range above the log—a brown hand at the lock and a keen black eye at the breach! Probably, however, in changing his position, he had partly or wholly lost sight of me. An instant would decide all. Never moving my feet, I turned the upper portion of my body, throwing my cheek against the rifle. My eye caught the ‘sights,’ and as they broke the light of the crevice, I fired. Simultaneously came the shot of the Indian, and I felt the black smoke in my face, but his ball only grazed my hair. I caught a glimpse of his copper hand and the quick flap of his bearskin blanket as he fell.

“The remaining four Indians upon that side, together with the one who had been used to distract my attention at the opposite opening, now poured their bullets into the cabin, and after a series of yells took to cover as before. A long silence succeeded. It was growing dark, and the snowstorm was so violent and the air so bitterly cold, that it seemed as if the warriors must for the present abandon the attack. We had out-houses of logs, in which we finally concluded that they had sought shelter.

“All night the storm howled fearfully, and when morning came, we saw nothing of the Indians. Our apprehensions, however, of a second attack increased as the tempest abated. Between the cabin and the out-houses the wind had swept away the snow; but we perceived that a great tree, which for its height and beauty father had left standing, had fallen directly upon a stable which formed a wing of the barn, crushing the roof, pushing one of the walls in and the other out, and bringing down the whole in a complete wreck, whereon it now lay with all its prodigious weight. Upon the whole rested a huge drift of snow, from which here and there protruded the end of a log.

“The entire morning passed quickly, and at noon the sun shone out.

“‘Mother,’ I said, ‘they would not have gone away in the storm—can it be that they are all this time in the barn hoping to put us off our guard? Who knows but—there, O there?’

“I had looked again and again at the pile

of wrecked logs, hoping but not daring to believe what I hoped. But now, a rifle-barrel came up through the snow! It was moved, as if with difficulty, back and forth. They were there! Trapped like the gray wolves, they were deep under the logs and snow! But would they not escape? What a fearful question! No, not all of them; they would not all escape, for my rifle was already in the loophole, and the first, I knew, would fall, and perhaps the second.

“At length an arm appeared, and a large copper hand was placed against the fallen tree as if with an endeavor to push it aside. I took a steady aim at the hand, but I could not fire. ‘No, no—if the tree should move,’ I thought—‘if the logs should be forced apart—I will not wait a moment; but I cannot fire at that poor struggling hand!’

“But what was to be done? I could not ascertain the exact condition of the Shawnees, for to approach the spot might be death; neither would it be possible for me to watch them after dark. They might be dreadfully mangled by the logs, or remain wholly uninjured—be securely imprisoned, or on the very verge of escape. The suspense was trying; but I hoped that my father would reach home before nightfall, when with such an accession to the garrison, we might feel comparatively secure. And thus, as the shadows crept eastward along the snow, I watched and watched—never taking my eyes from the fallen tree or my rifle from the loophole. How I dreaded the sunset! how I measured its approach by the growth of that shadow which the fallen treetop cast! and perhaps no one ever longed more earnestly for the power of a Joshua.

“It was just as the last flicker of gold died upon the snowdrifts that my heart leaped at the sound of father’s voice. He had approached from a direction opposite that of the Indians, and knew nothing of the tragedy enacted about his home. Opening the door, mother and myself were about to rush into his arms, when we were startled at seeing close in his footsteps a tall Indian.

“‘He is a friend,’ said father, answering our looks of terror—‘he is “Hollow Tree,” a Shawnee chief. I have been fortunate enough to render him a service, and he has come with me to protect you from a band of his people who, he says, have taken the war-path in this neighborhood. I feared that they might already have attacked you, and so made all the speed I could through the snow.’

"O father! I cried, 'they have indeed attacked us. The snow covers the traces of the fight, or you would have seen the logs with which they assailed the door. We kept them at bay yesterday, and last night when they were in the stable it was crushed by that great tree, and they are all under the ruins. For Heaven's sake, secure them before they can get out. I have been watching ever so long—ever so long!'

"Thus saying, I sprang back to the loophole—for, Mabel, with five hostile Indians under the woodpile yonder, you would not feel very secure even with your father in the house.

"O father, father! I cried, 'bar the door, bar the door at once!' My head bent to the rifle-sight, the butt was pressed to my shoulder; and just as Hollow Tree struck my weapon with his hand, the bullet whistled forth. A stout warrior had leaped out upon the logs. Little he thought that but for Hollow Tree's hand, the ball that took a quill from his decoration, would have stretched him on the snow. I shall never forget his resounding whoop, as, standing in full view, he returned my fire.

"Old Hollow Tree darted to the door. 'Young squaw no fire more!' he cried. 'Hollow Tree talk with his people!'

"We are safe, Margie,' said my father. 'I have won the good-will of the chief. In a fight with a wounded panther, he had slipped and so fallen that his right arm was caught between a tree and a large rock, and his foothold being very slight and treacherous, he could not extricate himself. I was fortunate enough to save him from a miserable death.'

"Still, father barred the door behind the chief, for he knew not what Hollow Tree's braves might do. One after another they started from beneath the logs, each with a shrill yell, succeeded by a loud 'ugh!' of astonishment as they recognized the advancing sachem. We watched the conference. The warriors, apparently confused by the turn of affairs, stood covered from the range of my loophole, their scalp-locks now and then nodding above the logs; while Hollow Tree, assuming an imposing and noble attitude, evidently poured forth in his own language a 'big talk' of peace.

"Then the whole band approached the cabin. Father opened the door fearlessly, for he had the stately sachem's word, and what was of far more importance, his gratitude. O, with what interest I watched those grim Indians, as entering the house they examined gravely the bullet marks of their rifles within the lately beleagued fortress. Only one of them besides the chief could speak English. He was the warrior who had lost the eagle quill.

"Young squaw make very big fight!' he said. 'Harmar run, St. Clair run, young squaw no run!'

"My fancy was busy; it flew to the scene of Harmar's tragedy and St. Clair's awful rout. The braves whose yells had struck terror to the hardy soldiery, and whose hatchets had broken the lines of bristling bayonets, were before me. I had a kind of admiration for their gravity, their simplicity, their unwearying endurance. True they had beleagued me, a woman, in a little cot, but this was the manner of their people—they would just as readily have rushed to the deadliest battle.

"The Indians had been chilled through and through, but the logs had not injured them in the least. We had a large stock of provisions in the house, and after eating what they would, they turned gravely away for their march to the Shawnee country; but first they deposited their dead in a rude receptacle of logs secure from the wolves.

"When ground thawed, then Shawnee come and bury,' said Hollow Tree, and in a moment he was gone—passing along the forest aisles at the head of his warriors.

"When the ground thawed, he came accordingly, with a dozen of his braves, and the simple rites of that Indian burial interested me exceedingly. I asked myself if the red man was not nearer than ourselves to the Great Spirit. Hollow Tree brought presents for my father and myself. During subsequent years he occasionally visited us, and his warriors held our cabin sacred. But after the great battle of Tippecanoe, he came no more. He was found dead among the piles of slain, his unloaded rifle beneath him, and the hatchet in his hand."





SINK OR SWIM:

—OR—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A MEAN TRICK.

HARRY RAYMOND had been employed in Mr. Porter's store but a few days when he had a difficulty with James Turner which deserves to be chronicled. For various reasons James cherished a dislike of our hero, which he was not likely to get over very soon. Harry had always distanced him in his studies, and, as we have seen, had carried off the prize for declamation which James persuaded himself would have been his but for the partiality of Mr. Tower. Again, James aspired to be a leader among the boys at school and in the village. He felt that this position was due to him on account of the superior wealth of his father. When boys assert this claim to consideration, it is generally a sign that they have little else to boast of, and this was precisely the case with James Turner.

Now it may appear strange, that though Squire Turner was the richest man in the village and Mr. Raymond one of the poorest, the boys paid much more respect to Harry

than to the son of the wealthy squire. Harry was put forward prominently on all occasions, as, for example, when a military company was formed, he was elected captain, while James could not even obtain the post of simple corporal. Of course the latter withdrew his name from the roll in disgust, but the company, so far from being thrown into consternation, appeared to thrive about as well as before. This military organization went by the name of the Vernon Guards, and consisted of about thirty boys. They used to parade on Saturday afternoons, when a sufficient number could be gathered for duty, and the young captain, who had studied up his duties, discharged them in a very creditable manner.

James Turner, however, had one consolation in all this strange neglect. His superiority was conceded by one boy, who was in the habit of revolving round him like a humble satellite. This was Tom Barton, who has already been referred to. Tom was a born sycophant, and was ready on all occasions to flatter James and join him in abusing Harry and Harry's friends. Tom's father was in

California at the mines. His mother was a weak woman, of an envious disposition, who was always bewailing her fate in having married a poor man instead of a certain other person who had turned out rich, and who, as she asserted, had offered her his hand in early life. In fact, it was generally supposed that her complaints had driven her husband to California to seek for the fortune for which she was continually pining. As for Tom, she considered him one of the smartest boys in America, and as might be expected, asserted that he took after her, and not after his father.

"There aint any Barton about him," she said. "He's all Jessup."

This was not far from true. Tom certainly did inherit his mother's mean and disagreeable qualities, and there were very few points in which he resembled his father, who was really a worthy man, and deserved a better wife than had been allotted to him.

It might have been supposed that Harry's misfortune in losing his father would have led to a suspension of ill feeling on the part of James and his sycophant. But I have already said that James was a mean boy, and Tom was in this respect a very fitting companion for him. Indeed Tom, besides espousing James's quarrel, had a personal grievance of his own. At the time that Alfred Harper entered the village store, Mr. Porter had an application for the place from Tom, which he had seen fit to decline without assigning any reasons for so doing. In fact, Tom had the reputation of being lazy and self-sufficient, and the storekeeper rightly concluded that he would not be likely to prove a very valuable assistant. When Tom heard that the coveted place had been given to Harry he felt highly indignant, not only with Mr. Porter, but with Harry himself, and was anxious for an opportunity of wreaking vengeance upon our hero. Now the manliest way would have been to make a direct assault upon him, but this he did not care to do. He knew that Harry had a pair of good strong arms, and was ready on all occasions to defend himself. If he should venture upon an attack, it was pretty clear to him that he would get the worst of it, and this would be very far from suiting him. He preferred to wait for some secret way of injuring him.

That opportunity came about a week after Harry had entered upon his duties in Mr. Porter's store.

It has already been said that one of his

duties was to drive the store-wagon, and deliver groceries in different parts of the village. One afternoon he was driving at about half a mile distance from the store. Among other articles in the wagon was a basket containing three dozen eggs, which, by the way, were to be delivered to Squire Turner's housekeeper.

Just about this part of the road there was a cliff on one side, about twenty feet in height, with a steep, almost perpendicular descent. The field terminating thus abruptly belonged to Squire Turner. It so happened that James Turner and Tom Barton were walking leisurely along the cliff just as Harry came driving by.

"There's Harry Raymond," said Tom, spitefully. "Old Barton must have been hard up for a clerk when he took him."

"I suppose he took pity on him," said James, "and gave him the situation to keep him out of the poorhouse."

"That isn't the way he looks at it," said Tom. "He puts on as many airs as if he owned the store himself."

"Didn't you try for the place once, Tom?"

"Why, not exactly," said Tom. "I told him I would take it if he couldn't get anybody else. It isn't much of a place."

Of course this was only a salvo for Tom's wounded pride, for he had been eager to enter the store.

"I'll tell you what," added Tom, after a pause, "suppose we play a trick on Raymond."

"What sort of a trick?"

"Suppose we pitch a stone into that basket of eggs. There'll be an awful smash, and he can't see who did it."

This was a proposition which just suited James. It would get Harry into trouble with his employer, and this of course would be rare sport. Then, as they could easily withdraw from sight, he would never know to whom he was indebted for the favor. All these considerations darted through James Turner's mind more quickly than I have stated them, and he responded:

"All right, Tom. You do it. You can fire straighter than I."

Tom needed no second approval. He seized a stone about as large as his two fists, or perhaps a little larger, and bending over the cliff, fired it directly at the basket.

His success was all that he could have wished. His aim was a true one, and the first Harry knew of the "trick," there was a loud crash behind him, and the contents of

the eggs were partially splattered over him. Glancing quickly back, he saw that the work was almost total. Of the three dozen eggs not one third had escaped destruction.

Now, though Harry was naturally good-natured, he felt that this was a little too much for good-nature. It might be a joke, but he could not see it in that light. He knew that he was likely to be blamed for the accident, and he resolved to find out how it came about. It was not very probable that the stone came into the basket of its own volition. There was evidently some human agency concerned, and this agency Harry determined to ascertain.

Looking up he just caught a glimpse of Tom Barton peering over to see what mischief had been done.

"It's that mean Tom Barton," he said to himself. "He's about the only fellow mean enough to play such a trick. Perhaps he thinks I'm going to stand it."

"Whoa!" shouted Harry.

In obedience to the summons the horse came to a halt.

Harry drew him to the side of the road, and jumped out of the wagon. He hesitated about leaving the horse unattended, but just at that moment Will Pomeroy came along.

"Just mind the horse a minute, Will," said Harry.

"Where are you going?"

"I'll tell you when I come back."

Our hero felt that there was no time for explanation. He began to clamber up the side of the cliff. This was a hard job, for it was nearly perpendicular, but here and there were roots and bushes that helped him along. Probably his indignation helped him, for in a very short time he reached the top.

Tom Barton was elated at the success of his trick. After first looking over to see the extent of the damage, he withdrew to a short distance and threw himself under a tree by the side of James Turner. He felt entirely safe, not having the least idea that Harry would undertake to climb the cliff.

The two boys were laughing together over the success of their trick, when the figure of our hero, his face red with excitement, and his hands chafed and torn, presented itself unexpectedly.

Tom sprang to his feet in dismay.

"Look here, Tom Barton," said Harry, in a quick, peremptory way, "what did you mean by pitching a stone into my basket of eggs?"

"Don't be afraid," said James Turner, in a low voice, "I'll stand by you."

This emboldened Tom. Though he would not have liked to engage in single combat with Harry, he concluded that our hero would be in no haste to engage both. So he answered insolently:

"None of your business!"

"It strikes me that it is my business," said Harry, warmly. "It was a mean, contemptible trick."

"What are you going to do about it?" sneered Tom.

Now I am not going to justify Harry for the course he took, but it was certainly very natural.

"Stand up here, if you dare, and you'll see," he answered, with compressed lips.

"Let's give him a licking, James," said Tom. "It'll do him good."

Both boys sprang to their feet, and advanced towards our hero. He saw that his task was not going to be an easy one. The united strength of both of his assailants was undoubtedly greater than his own. If he allowed the two to come to close quarters with him he would probably get the worst of it. Here was a chance for strategy, and he resolved to improve it.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE BATTLE OF THE CLIFF.

SOME of my readers are no doubt familiar with the memorable combat between the Horatii and the Curiatii, told in all the Roman histories. There were three brothers on each side, and the contest between them was to decide the fortunes of the armies to which they respectively belonged. After a time two of the Horatii lay dead upon the field. The third unhurt found himself opposed to three adversaries, all of whom, however, were wounded. These he managed to engage singly, and was thus enabled to overcome them in turn.

I am not sure whether Harry Raymond had heard of this historical combat, but when he found himself opposed to two enemies, it struck him at once that this was his proper course, if he wanted to come off victorious.

As Tom and James advanced upon him he feigned to retreat.

"He's afraid," said Tom, in exultation.

"Let's give him a licking."

James had no possible objection. Indeed

he felt that there was nothing he would enjoy so much as to see our hero humiliated. He would not have ventured to attack him alone, but now with Tom's assistance there seemed an excellent opportunity, such as might not again present itself.

"Go ahead!" he called out. "I'll help you."

Tom did go ahead. Being a faster runner than James he found himself separated from him by a considerable distance in the impetuosity of his pursuit.

Harry turned his head, and seeing that his opportunity had come, suddenly faced round upon his astonished adversary.

Tom, unable to check himself, almost rushed into the arms of our hero.

"Now defend yourself!" shouted Harry.

So saying he clinched Tom, who was too astonished to defend himself properly, and with a quick movement of the leg brought him down heavily upon the ground—with Harry on top.

Lying on the ground in such a position as to fit into the small of Tom's back was a stone about as large as the one he had thrown into the basket of eggs. The sensation which resulted from falling upon it was by no means pleasant.

"O!" he whined, "I've broken my backbone. Get off from me, Harry Raymond."

"I guess you'll get over it," said Harry, who knew that the hurt could not be very serious.

"Jim Turner?" shouted the fallen hero.

James, who had witnessed his friend's discomfiture, paused at a little distance. He began to doubt whether it would be prudent to take an active part in the hostilities. His confederate was disabled, and he strongly suspected that Harry was more than a match for him. Still he was rather ashamed to hold aloof.

"Let him alone!" he called out, from the place where he stood, making no motion to advance.

"Come and help me, Jim. You said you would," said Tom.

"I'll have you arrested," said James, preparing to war with his tongue.

"Take him off!" entreated Tom.

Thus adjured, James advanced with hesitating steps to the rescue. He would rather have been excused, and had there been any decent pretext for giving up the undertaking he would have done so. But though his sentiment of honor was not very keen, it did occur to him that it would be rather mean to

leave Tom in the lurch, after he had urged him on to the assault with the promise of assistance.

"Let him alone!" he exclaimed, reinforcing his failing courage with a little bluster, "or you'll get the worst licking you ever had."

"Who'll give it to me?" asked Harry, composedly.

He had merely retained his position, pinning Tom to the ground, but not striking him, for he was too honorable to strike a prostrate foe.

"I will," said James, with a boldness of manner which did not by any means correspond to his inward feelings.

So saying he made a step or two in advance in a threatening manner.

Harry sprang up suddenly, and advanced upon his new foe.

"I'm ready for you, James Turner," he said, "now or at any other time. Come on if you dare."

James paused in his advance. He did not like the position of affairs at all. He had never bargained to meet, Harry in single combat, and now it appeared likely that he would have to do so.

"Get up, Tom," he called out. "The two of us can whip him soundly."

"I can't do anything," whined Tom. "My back's most broke."

He rose slowly from the ground, and began with a rueful face to rub the injured portion of his frame.

Thus left to himself James saw that there was no backing out. He had provoked the contest, and must take the consequences. What these were likely to be he was cheerfully reminded by Tom's doleful face. He resolved to secure his cooperation if possible.

"Come along, Tom," he urged. "Just help me a little, and I'll manage him."

"I can't," said Tom, dismally. "That plaguy rock's worn a hole in my back."

"I'll stand you both," said Harry, stoutly. "You've served me a mean trick, and you ought to be punished."

Just then James noticed a stone about the size of his fist lying on the ground before him. It was a mean and cowardly impulse that led him to pick it up, and fire it full at our hero's head. Had it struck him, the injury would have been serious, if not fatal, but Harry quickly divined his intention, and dropped suddenly to the ground. The stone passed harmlessly over his head.

"You shall pay for that, James Turner,"

he said, angrily. "No one but a coward would do such a thing."

As he spoke he sprang forward, and grappled with his adversary. James, having a premonition of defeat, defended himself poorly, flinging out blows at random. In less than a minute he too was prostrate with Harry on top.

"Help!" he screamed, making desperate efforts to unseat his opponent.

But Harry held him down with a tight grip. Tom had had enough fighting, and did not stir to his assistance.

"Get up, you ragamuffin!" he screamed. In fact he was more mortified that his defeat should have come from Harry Raymond than if his opponent had been of his own position. That a poor boy like Harry should treat with such indignity his father's son was a gross outrage which filled him with vexation.

"Let me up, you beggar!" he cried, again.

"You'll have to speak to me in a different style before I let you up," said Harry, coolly, for he felt that the advantage was in his hands, and that it was for him to dictate terms of submission.

"I called you by your right name," said James, provoked beyond the limits of prudence. "You are a ragamuffin and a beggar."

"It strikes me that you are the beggar just now," said our hero.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you are begging me to let you up."

"If you don't I'll have you arrested," said James, with another violent but ineffectual struggle.

"You're welcome to do it," said Harry. "Perhaps there'll be something to say on my side as well as yours."

"If you don't come and help me, Tom Barton, I'll never speak to you again," said James, whose anger was now directed against his confederate.

"I would if I could," said Tom, "but my back's too sore."

The fact was, that Tom's back was not quite so much hurt as he wished to have it believed, but he had no inclination to attack Harry again. The ease with which he had been thrown caused him to realize that Harry carried "too many guns for him," as the phrase is, and, though he was ready to fawn upon James, he was not willing to compromise his personal safety for him. But a bright idea occurred to him.

"I'll go and call your father," he said.

James did not answer. He would rather have had Tom's personal aid, but that he was not likely to obtain. Tom Barton, glad to get away limped off towards the road.

"Are you going to let me up?" demanded James, fiercely.

"That depends upon whether you are going to behave yourself. Promise to fire no more stones at me."

"I won't."

"You won't fire any stones?"

"No, I won't promise."

"Very well. Then you may lie here a little longer."

So the two remained in their old position. Five minutes passed, and James renewed his demand.

"As soon as you will say that you won't fire any more stones you shall get up."

"I don't mean to," said James, sullenly.

"All right! That's all I want," said Harry; and he relaxed his hold upon his prostrate foe, and rose to his feet.

James picked himself up, and glared at Harry with a look by no means friendly.

"You shall pay for this," he said.

"Who's going to pay for the eggs you broke?" retorted our hero.

"I didn't break them."

"You approved it, at any rate."

"Yes, I did," said James.

"You probably didn't know where I was carrying them."

"Where?" James condescended to ask.

"To your house. I've lost time enough already, and must be getting back."

Harry hurried to the road, where he found the wagon safe under the charge of Will Pomeroy. Jumping in, he drove in haste to Squire Turner's residence, and taking the basket of eggs carried them round to the side door, which was opened by Mrs. Murray the housekeeper.

"Here are some eggs from the store," said Harry, holding out the basket.

"Why, they're all broke," said the housekeeper, in dismay.

"I know it," said Harry. "If you want to know how it happened ask James."

"Well, I never!" ejaculated the housekeeper, mechanically taking the basket. "The squire'll have to do without his omelet to-night, that's sure"

CHAPTER V.

FIRE!

JAMES did not fail to make a report to his father of the outrage which he had received at the hands of Harry Raymond. Over the trick which Tom and he had played upon our hero he passed rather lightly.

"It seems there were two of you," said the squire. "Why didn't you give him such a lesson as he would have remembered?"

"I would if Tom had stood by me."

"Why didn't he?"

"O, he pretended to be very much hurt," said James.

"Couldn't you manage young Raymond alone?"

"No; he's as strong as a bull. He's had to work for a living, and that has given him muscle."

"Then you and Tom had better watch your chance, and give him a sound thrashing. I am perfectly willing."

This was not quite what James wanted. The result of the first contest had not been such as to encourage him much to renew it, even with Tom's assistance, and this might fail him at a critical moment as on a former occasion.

"Haven't you got a mortgage on his mother's place?" he asked, hesitating.

"Well, what of it?" said the squire.

"Can't you call for the money, and if she can't pay it, turn her out of the house?"

"I don't care to do it at present," said the squire. "You must settle your quarrel in some other way."

"Are you going to pay for the broken eggs?"

"As long as you broke them, I can't very well refuse."

"It wasn't me. It was Tom."

"There's little difference."

James was rather astonished at the moderate view which his father took of the matter. He had been fully convinced that the squire would sympathize with him in the affair, and be ready to join in any scheme to punish Harry Raymond for his insolence. Under ordinary circumstances, this was precisely what his father would have done. But there was a secret cause for his present conduct, and this shall at once be explained.

It has been said that Squire Turner had offered himself in marriage to Mrs. Raymond in early life, and that she had seen fit to decline his proposal. Both she and the squire had married, but now, by the dispensation of

Providence, she was a widow and he a widower. Though now thirty-five, Mrs. Raymond was still a handsome woman, and, if surrounded by the appliances of wealth, she would make a wife of whom any man might be proud. Certainly she presented a very favorable contrast to the late Mrs. Turner, who had a sour, acid visage, and a temper to match, as her husband had often experienced to his cost. There is reason to believe that when that amiable lady was removed by death her husband was not disconsolate, but consoled himself with the fact that she could not carry away the property which she had brought him, and without which she would never have become Mrs. Turner.

Now the squire had had some vague thoughts that he might marry again, but no one in particular had occurred to him as worthy to fill the place of the late Mrs. Turner. But when Mrs. Raymond was suddenly left a widow, and the report of the lawyer in Milwaukie rendered it likely that she might come into possession of a considerable sum of money, it set the squire to thinking.

Mrs. Raymond was still a young woman, and he had never got over the fancy he had felt for her in earlier years. Indeed she was the only one that had ever touched the squire's rather flinty heart. He had not even liked the late Mrs. Turner, which was not much to be wondered at, for it is doubtful whether the warmest-hearted person could have felt much affection for so disagreeable a woman. He was rather pleased with the idea of offering his hand to his first love, especially if she could bring him a handsome addition to his present property. The chances of this he thought very fair. The lawyer had written very encouragingly, and he knew how rapidly real estate appreciated at the West.

There was one important question—would Mrs. Raymond smile upon his suit, or would she repulse him as before? The squire thought with proper management he might secure her consent. She had outlived the period of romance, there was no rival in the way, and for the sake of her children she would find it advisable to accept a proposal which would at once remove all pecuniary anxiety. Of course, if she knew of the probable value of the land warrant, that would make a great difference. But Squire Turner resolved to keep her in ignorance of this until he had time to settle his matrimonial plans.

It will now be understood why James failed

to win his father's cooperation in his schemes of retaliation upon Harry. It was the squire's cue to be friendly and conciliatory, even to our hero, who he suspected had considerable influence over his mother, and might use that influence to defeat his plans. In his secret heart, however, Squire Turner disliked Harry not a little, and would have been very glad of any little disaster which might come to our hero. Should he receive a beating at the hands of Tom Barton and James, the squire would not be likely to censure either very much.

That very evening something happened which went far to increase the dislike and aversion of the squire to our hero, and in the end had considerable influence upon Harry's career.

It was between eleven and twelve o'clock that Mrs. Raymond came suddenly into Harry's room, and waked him up.

"Harry," she said, in a tone of excitement, "Katy is taken sick, and is in great pain. I want you to put on your clothes at once, and go as fast as you can to Dr. Lamson's."

Harry needed no second bidding. He could hear Katy moaning, and shared in his mother's alarm. He dressed in "double quick time," and set off by the nearest route for the house of Dr. Lamson.

The doctor lived at considerable distance. By the road it was full a mile and a quarter. But there was a way of cutting off from a quarter to a third of a mile by "cutting across lots." This made the journey rather a dark and lonely one, especially as there was no moon, and there were but few stars out. Harry had a stout heart and a clear conscience, and was not easily daunted. Besides, he had his little sister to think of, and this was enough to fill his mind to the exclusion of anything else.

In due time he reached the doctor's door, and knocked. He had to repeat his knock. Upon doing so the doctor put out his head from an upper window.

"Who's there?" he asked.

"It's I—Harry Raymond."

"O, it's you, Harry. Anybody sick at home?"

"Yes, my sister Katy. She is in a good deal of pain. Can you come right off?"

"I'll get ready at once. Will you stop and ride with me?"

"No, thank you, doctor. I'll run home and tell mother you're coming."

"I may be there first, Harry. However, perhaps you will feel better to go."

The doctor knew that when a friend or relative is in danger, nothing is harder to bear than passive suspense, and that action is a relief. So he interposed no objections to Harry's wish.

Harry naturally decided to return by the same short cut by which he had come. On the way was a lonely old building, aloof from the road, but very near his path, which had recently fallen into possession of Squire Turner. It was not tenanted, and would require considerable repairs before it would be in order to receive tenants. Ten years before it had been insured with a fire insurance company for an amount below its value at that time. The insurance had been kept up, but the value had so depreciated, that it would be a profitable thing for the proprietor if it should be consumed by fire.

Squire Turner was aware of this, and in an evil hour, under the influence of cupidity, determined to set fire to his own building, in order to realize the insurance money.

Being in a lonely situation, he thought he should be able to set fire to the house, and return home before the village awoke to the fact that there was a fire, while there was not much chance of the wheezy old engine getting to the spot in time to arrest the conflagration.

Harry was a few rods from the house when his attention was arrested by a sight which struck him with dismay. A man muffled in an overcoat, was stooping over a basket of shavings. In a moment there was a tiny light, proceeding from a match. This was communicated to the shavings, which caught at once. The man threw the basket with its combustible contents into the house through a broken sash, and after pausing a moment to judge whether it was likely to accomplish his purpose, turned swiftly away. His coat collar was up, and his hat was drawn down over his face as he turned round. His amazement may be imagined when he found that the midnight incendiary was no other than Squire Turner himself!

"What can it mean?" he thought, bewildered.

Fifteen minutes later the house, which was a mere tinder-box, was in flames, and the startled villagers, aroused from their slumbers, saw a bright flame reflected against the dark midnight sky.

A WATER-CURE.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

THEY all went down to the shore, and stepped into the boat, all the summer-boarders at Mrs. Beal's farm, ten of them, five ladies, and five gentlemen. But there were eleven of the party; for it would never do to overlook Prince Charles.

Prince Charles was one of those Newfoundland dogs who are worth their weight in gold, a great strong, shaggy, knowing crea-



THE SAILING PARTY.

ture, a splendid swimmer, and as handsome as a picture. His master wouldn't have taken any money for him. His master was Mr. Charles Blandon, the gentleman who, with his two hands on the side of the boat, over which he has been leaning, looks round to listen while Miss Bertie Nelson strikes the light guitar. Just behind Bertie stands Mark Tracy who shuts his teeth hard, and thinks that Charles Blandon need not have taken such pains to place himself by the young lady's elbow, and that his looking over to see the color of the water is a mere pretence. John Shore stands just behind Charles; and

Nettle Lane, Jane Clement and Fred James sit in the stern, Fred with the tiller. No matter about the other three. Prince Charles lies in the bottom of the boat.

This is a company of city folks who are spending a few weeks in a plain country place, and enjoying themselves much more than if they were at some styled hotel where all their time would be spent in dressing and dancing. The five young ladies are devoted and inseparable friends, and all belonged to the last but one graduating class of the Normal school. Not one is over eighteen. Three of the young men, Charles Blandon, John Shore and Mark Tracy, are college students on a vacation. Fred James is older, a patriarch of nearly thirty.

Now while they go skimming over the pond with laugh, and song, and jest, let us go back a few days to explain.

Bertie Nelson, being as much a belle as a girl just out of school can well be, has had rather more than a fair share of attention from the young men, a fact which did not in the least displease her. How could it? It was only when she noticed that Charles Blandon and Mark Tracy were less friendly with each other on her account that she felt disturbed. She was a sweet and truly amiable girl, and liked to see everybody friends; and it must be owned that she wanted them to think very well of her. However, that was no harm.

"My dear," says Mattie Lane, who was the eldest of the girls, "there can be no doubt but both Mark and Charles are in love with you."

Bertie blushed crimson. "I should think you'd be ashamed to talk such nonsense!" she exclaimed, in vexation. "I am only seventeen years old, and little at that, and I don't mean to think of a beau till I am twenty."

"Possibly," replied Mattie, with great coolness, letting down her back hair as she stood before the dressing-table, and shaking it out with both hands. "You are not obliged to think of a beau; but you can't help it if a beau thinks of you."

The company had all been on a tramp in the woods that afternoon, and the girls were now brushing up to be ready for tea. The

doors between their chambers were open and they ran to and fro, as girls will, exchanging confidences, borrowing hair-pins, helping arrange each other's hair, admiring each other's dresses and trinkets, laughing and joking.

"Such a lovely dress, and so becoming!" sighed Jane Clement, as Bertie smoothed out the tunic of a green-striped organdie. "It just sets off your fair hair and fresh complexion. Now I am so slow and horrid that I always look worse in the last dress than in the one before."

Presently they were all ready, and went rustling down stairs in a pretty, flower-hued procession, a light perfume hovering about them, their faces bright with smiles. Bertie and Mattie Lane brought up the rear, their arms around each other's waists. Bertie's cheeks were very red, for she had not forgotten the conversation about beaux; but before tea was done she had quite got over that nonsense, and was chatting away as gayly as ever. Then in the evening they all went down and walked on the shore of the pond near the house.

It so happened that Bertie and Charles Blandon got by themselves, and stood, with the moon shining in their faces, talking quite seriously. Charles was a generous young fellow of twenty, and he told his companion what he meant to make of himself, and how determined he was to be a great man.

"I am going to be a doctor, and I mean to be a first class one," he said proudly. "As soon as I graduate, I shall commence my studies. Then I am going to Paris for lectures."

"What are you going to do then?" asked Bertie, much interested.

"I shall put up a sign, and—get married!"

Charles laughed as he brought out these last two words with a jerk, but he also blushed so deeply that Bertie could see the color by the moonlight.

She hardly knew what to say, and was beginning to feel a little embarrassed, when a step sounded near them, and a shadow fell across their path.

"Do I interrupt?" asked Mark Tracy's voice, in a not very pleasant tone.

"O no!" answered Bertie, hastily, Charles answering not at all. "It is time we should go into the house. Where are the girls?"

They had all gone in, Mark said.

"Come then!" said Bertie; but after a few steps found that only one of the young men

followed her. Charles remained standing on the shore, with his back to them.

"Aren't you coming?" Bertie called out to him, sorry now that their friendly talk had been interrupted.

"No!" he answered, quite shortly.

"I didn't mean to offend him," Mark said, in a tone that showed he was himself annoyed. "But, really, he is too touchy."

Bertie glanced back, and saw Charles still standing where they had left him. "Perhaps he isn't vexed," she answered, gently.

Mark glanced down at her pretty face. "Yes, he is! His dislike for me breaks out at the least provocation."

"Why?" Bertie exclaimed. "What can he dislike you for?"

Mark hesitated. He didn't want to reply, "He dislikes me because I like you;" for he suspected that Bertie would not be displeased with Charles for that. He knew but too well that Charles was the favorite, and he felt a little temptation to say something which would injure him—not very much, but enough to make this girl think a little less of him. Without meaning to, Bertie helped him along. She really liked Charles Blandon very much, and wished to know all she could about him. Besides, she had begun unconsciously to take pleasure in having him spoken of.

"I hope that you and he haven't quarrelled about anything," she said, presently.

"I'm in for it now," thought Mark, and went on without giving himself time to think. "It's nothing very great; but since you ask, I will tell you. It is a little affair that happened at college. You see, some of the fellows play cards there, and sometimes they play for money. Well, one night Charles played an unfair trick, and won, and I hauled him up for it. I thought it was made all up; but I don't believe he has ever forgiven me. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told; but I know you won't mention it."

"O no!" answered Bertie, faintly.

Charles Blandon, whom she had begun to make a hero of, 'a gambler and a cheat.' For that was the plain English of it. She didn't want to hear any more. She didn't want to hear anything just now. To her this was a dreadful shock. She had been very strictly brought up, and had none of those easy ways by which many girls excuse almost any sin in a man. She knew that she was a good girl, and she didn't want to be on friendly terms with a dishonest young man.

And yet, it was hard; for really Charles was very pleasant.

She was glad when they got into the house, and glad that, since Mattie was playing and singing, she was not obliged to talk, but could sit by a window, and make believe listen, though, in truth, she could not for her life have told what Mattie was singing. After full half an hour she saw Charles Blandon strolling slowly up toward the house.

"Let's go to bed," she said hastily to Jane Clement. "I am tired and sleepy."

"I don't want to speak to him again to-night," she thought, as she hurried up stairs just as Charles's graceful form appeared in the door. Then the next day was the sail.

There hadn't been much chance for any one to talk at breakfast time; and while they were on their way to the boat Bertie kept close to Mattie and Jane, one on either side of her. It was only when they reached the shore that she was obliged to speak to Charles. He stood there ready to hand the girls on board, and there was no escape for her.

"I am sorry I spoke so rudely to you last night," he said in a very low voice, as he handed her over the rocks among which the boat was drawn up. "Will you forgive me?"

"O, it's no matter," Bertie replied, without looking at him, knowing that he was looking very earnestly at her, knowing also that Mark Tracy was watching them from the boat.

"What's the sense of having that great clumsy dog with us?" Mark asked sharply, as Prince Charles came trotting over the rocks. "He's as heavy as a man."

"I'll pay his passage," Charles Brandon answered, flushing angrily. "He's going, any way."

"O yes!" the girls all said in chorus, the Newfoundland being a favorite with them.

Presently they were off, and in spite of the little cloud over two of the young men, theirs was apparently a gay and happy party. They sang choruses, Bertie sang to her guitar, and they enjoyed the day and the scene. It was very beautiful, clear and bright, with a slight breeze from the west, and the loveliest sparkle in the water. Fishes jumped and sank again, looking like jewels as the sun shone on them, and bird-songs and perfumes came off from the shore.

"If only Mark hadn't told me that, I should be happy," thought Bertie.

"If I hadn't snapped her up so last night, she would talk to me to-day," thought Charles, leaning over the boatside, close behind Bertie.

"What does he want to stick so close to her for?" thought Mark Tracy, having hard work to keep a pleasant face on him.

They went across the pond to a beautiful wooded point where they got out, and took a two miles' walk, through the woods to a wonderful cascade which they had made this expedition to see. This cascade was in the depth of the woods, where a brook, after wandering slowly, mile after mile, gathering smaller streams here and there, came suddenly to a mossy ledge between two tall trees, and made a leap into the basin below.

Exclamations of delight broke from all the party as they came out in front of this waterfall. Green branches far aloft hung their leafy tent to keep out the sunbeams, all but a few golden drops that would sift through, flowers embroidered the sod all about, and were sprinkled with spray by the falling waters, and all sorts of vines and shrubs grew luxuriantly under the trees.

The company spent an hour in this charming retreat, then unwillingly started to return, lading themselves with flowers, pine-cones, and branches of young acorns. Mattie, who sketched very nicely, made a little drawing of the fall, and put Bertie into it.

Arrived at the point again, there was their boat all right, and Prince Charles mounted guard over the luncheon-basket.

"Good fellow!" his master said, patting him on the head. "He is always faithful, if he is only a quadruped."

As he spoke he happened to glance at Mark, who colored, and looked uneasy. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and perhaps he wondered if Charles suspected him.

"I'm famished!" Mattie exclaimed. "Do give the basket here as quick as you can. Bustle round, girls, and get the cloth spread. Now there."

But in spite of Mattie's gayety and good-nature, and in spite of the efforts of others, there was a stiffness over the party. Without knowing what was the trouble, they all saw that there was a coldness between Mark and Charles, and that it had increased since the morning. So they hurried through their luncheon quickly, and started for home.

Beautiful as it had been at starting, it was still more beautiful now. The sun was setting, and threw bright reflections on the water, every ripple crested with crimson flame, the breeze had freshened, and their boat flew before it like a bird.

"Better sit down, Mark," Fred James said.

"The wind is gusty, and you may upset us."

Mark turned angrily to answer, mortified at being spoken to reprovingly, when at a puff of air the sail struck him, and before they knew what had happened, ~~he was overboard.~~

"Out, Prince! Catch him!" cried Charles Blandon, hastily pulling his coat off, all thought of enmity gone.

Bertie caught his arm. "Don't jump overboard!" she prayed, her face as pale as death. "Let Prince get him. Don't! I beg of you!"

"No, Charlie!" Fred James put in. "I'll throw this rope. There he comes!"

Charles held himself in readiness, determined to go after his friend if Prince should prove unsuccessful.

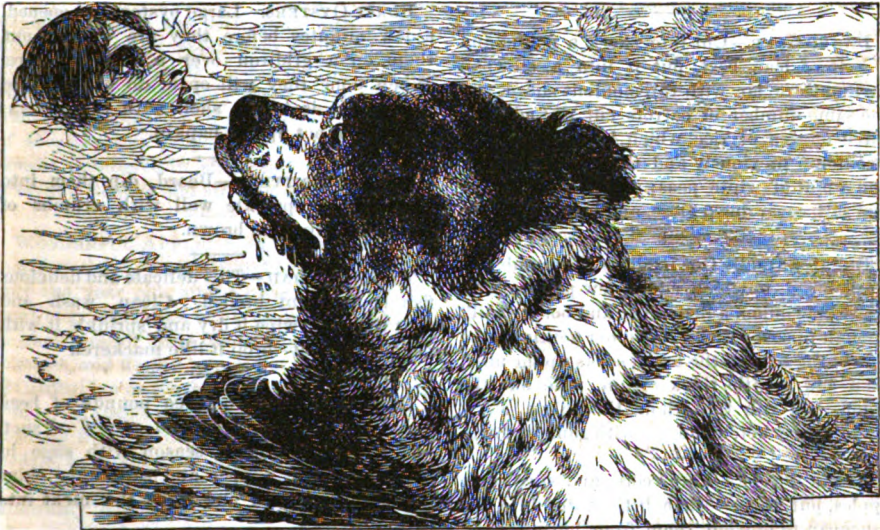
The girls hushed their cries, and, clinging

without hope. He felt powerless to struggle, and had sense enough to know that he should soon sink again.

"O Lord, have mercy on me!" he gasped, as the fresh air struck in his face.

A shout rang in his ears, something near him splashed the water, and breathed heavily, something fastened in his coat-collar and drew him up as he was sinking again, and he felt Prince Charles's shaggy mane against his face. He was pulled along, strong arms grasped him, lifted him, clasped him, and Charles Blandon, bursting into tears of joy, bent and kissed him on the cheek.

"Dear old boy, if you had gone when my last word to you was a cross one, I should never have got over it."



RESCUE OF MARK.

together, leaned to watch. The young men took in the sail, put the boat about, and used their oars.

Meantime, Mark had gone over so suddenly that he was perfectly paralyzed, and could not have swam a stroke, even if he had not been encumbered with his clothes. He felt the water close over him, gasped, shivered and sank. Was it a moment, or a year?

There was time for him to recollect the lie he had told of Charles Blandon, poor, generous Charles, who had always been a true friend to him; and not only that, but to recollect every wrong thing he had done in his whole life. It was terrible. Then the darkness gave way to light, he saw the sunshine and the sky as he rose to the surface, but

Mark opened his eyes, and looked up into his friend's face, forgetting all about Bertie.

"I have acted like a villain," he said, faintly. "But I'll make it up, Charlie."

And make it up he did. That very night he confessed to Bertie that he had belied his friend, and told her why he did so.

"I give you up," he said, with tears in his eyes. "Charlie is worthy of you—I am not."

Bertie forgave him freely, but said nothing to the last part of the speech. Perhaps she quite agreed with the speaker.

And I shouldn't be at all surprised, if when Charles's studies are finished, and his lectures heard, and his sign put out, Bertie and he would set up housekeeping together. It looks like it now.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SAGO SOUP.—Take three pounds of lean beef, a slice of lean ham, and lay them in a stewpan with a lump of butter, draw the gravy gently, and two quarts of water, and a sliced onion which has been browned by frying in fresh butter; also add a bunch of sweet herbs, six cloves, a blade of mace, a tea spoonful of allspice, and one of black pepper whole; stew until the soup is rich and brown, then remove the meat, and strain the soup clear, put it into a clean stewpan, and thicken it to a good consistency with sago.

BAKED SOUP.—Cut into slices a pound and a half of lean beef, put it into a stewpan earthenware jar, with three onions sliced, and the same number of carrots cut up; add also three ounces of rice, which has been soaked two hours previously and thoroughly washed, and a pint of white peas; season with pepper and salt, cover down close, and bake two hours.

BREAD SAUCE.—Cut in slices the crumb of a French roll, to which add a few peppercorns, one whole onion, a little salt, and boiling milk enough to cover it; let it simmer gently by the side of the fire till the bread soaks up the milk, then add a little thick cream, take out the onion, and rub the whole through a sieve, make it very hot, and serve with game or fowl.

APPLE SAUCE.—Pare, core, and slice some apples, put them with a little water into the saucepan to prevent them from burning, and add a little lemon peel; when sufficiently done, take out the latter, bruise the apples, put in a bit of butter, and sweeten it.

BAKED APPLE SAUCE.—Put a table-spoonful of water into a basin, and fill it with apples, pared, quartered and cored; put them into a moderate oven, until they are reduced to a pulp; beat them with a wooden spoon, adding a little sugar, and fresh butter.

TO STEW CRANBERRIES.—To a pound of cranberries allow a pound of sugar; dissolve the sugar in a very little water, boil it for ten minutes, and skim it well; put them with the sugar and boil them slowly till they are quite soft.

CRANBERRY SAUCE.—A quart of cranberries are washed and stewed with sufficient water

to cover them; when they burst mix with them a pound of brown sugar and stir them well. Before you take them from the fire, all the berries should have burst. They will be jellied when cold.

STEWED APPLE SAUCE.—Pare and core some apples, put them into a preserve-pot, cover and set it in a saucepan of water, to boil; when soft, mix them with some butter, and sweeten with brown sugar.

ROAST OYSTERS.—Large oysters not opened, a few minutes before they are wanted, put them on a gridiron over a moderate fire. When done they will open, do not lose the liquor that is in the shell with the oysters; serve them hot upon a napkin.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Beard, dip them into an omelette, sprinkle well with crumbs of bread, and fry them brown.

TO BROIL SHAD.—This delicate and delicious fish is excellent broiled. Clean, wash and split the shad, wipe it dry and sprinkle it with pepper and salt—broil it like mackerel.

BEEF SAUSAGE.—To three pounds of beef, very lean, put one pound and a half of suet, and chop very finely; season with sage in powder, allspice, pepper and salt; have skins thoroughly cleaned and force the meat into them.

MUTTON CHOPS AS BEEF STEAKS.—Cut thick from a leg of mutton, and rub each steak with a shalot; broil over a quick fire; rub your dish with a shalot; when on the dish pepper and salt them; send them up quite hot.

HOW TO CHOOSE BEEF.—True well-fed beef may be known by the texture and color; the lean will exhibit an open grain of deep coral red, and the fat will appear of a healthy, oily smoothness, rather inclining to white than yellow; the suet firm and white. Yellow fat is a test of meat of an inferior quality. Heifer beef is but little inferior to ox beef; the lean is of a closer grain, the red paler, and the fat whiter. Cow beef may be detected by the same signs, save that the older the beast the texture of the meat will appear closer, and the flesh closer to the sight, as well as harder to the touch.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A BRIGHT IDEA.—There are few persons, who have not, at some time or other, experienced the inconvenience of driving up and down on a dark night, with the assistance of a probably stupid and possibly surly coachman, in search of an invisible door-number. A French chymist, struck by the unpleasantness attending on these nocturnal explorations, has invented a method of rendering the number of houses and names of shops as easily visible by night as by day. It consists in rubbing the figures and letters with a certain phosphoric paste, which, though not discernible in the daylight, will in the dark shine with perfect distinctness. The application would only require renewing about once a month, and involves a very trifling expense. A commission has been appointed to report on the desirability of adopting this proposal. Certainly a row of houses numbered in characters of fire would present a curious and striking *coup d'œil*.

WONDERFUL APPLICATION.—Sanderson, the mathematician, lost his sight in 1683, when only one year old, after a severe attack of the smallpox. But spite of his complete blindness he gave himself up to the assiduous duty of the sciences, and finally lectured at the University of Cambridge on mathematics and optics, with wonderful success. His sense of touch was exquisitely fine. Thus, in a collection of Roman medals, he could distinguish the genuine from the false, although the latter were often so admirably counterfeited as to deceive those who examined them with their eyes. By the different feeling of the air on his face he could tell when an object was placed before him. And his hearing was so accurate in seizing and appreciating the slightest sound, that he could determine the height of any chamber into which he was introduced, and his distance from the wall.

HOW BEES TREAT MOTHS.—There is a large moth, commonly known as the death's-head moth, from its having a curious mark on its back like a skull and crossbones sculptured on an old tombstone, which makes very free with the bees' honey. It flies in the dusk of the evening when the bees are at rest, and enters the hole in the hive, pokes its long sucker through the wax walls which surround the comb, and draws much honey into its stomach. Very often in the long evenings there are

many bees hovering round about the hive, but if the death's-head alights and moves towards the door they do not take much notice; yet one sting would kill it, and it has no means of hurting the bee in return. So much troubled are some hives by these curious visitors, that the bees erect a flat wall of wax just within the hive-door, allowing a small opening to exist on either hand. This, as a rule, puzzles the moth, and it cannot enter. On the other hand, if a moth gets right into the hive, the bees do not kill it, but either let it alone or use all their ingenuity to stop its honey-stealing propensities. While the moth is enjoying its meal, the bees occasionally pull down some of the honeycomb behind it, and mould the wax quickly so as to form a dense wall. When the moth has finished its meal, and turns to get out of the hive, it finds itself walled up and imprisoned for life.

LIGHT AND LIFE.—It has been proved by recent researches in France, that the red rays of the spectrum are those to which the important physiological function exercised by the sun on plants is exclusively to be ascribed. The leaves act as analyzers of the white light which falls upon them; they reject and reflect the green rays, and thus get their natural color. If plants were exposed to green illumination only, they would be virtually in the dark. The light which the vegetable world thus refuses to absorb, is precisely that which is coveted by animals. Red, the complimentary color of green, is that which, owing to the blood, tinges the skin of the healthy human subject just as the green color of plants is the complement of that which they absorb.

These facts have been fully stated and illustrated in a paper read by M. Dubrunfant before the French Academy of Science; and from them he deduces certain practical suggestions. All kinds of red should be avoided in our furniture, except curtains. Our clothes which play the part of screens, should never be green. He also dwells upon the salubrious influence of sunshine. He mentions cases, of patients whose broken constitutions were restored by continual exposure to the sun in gardens where there were no trees; and gives an account of four children, become weak and sickly by living in a narrow street in Paris, that regained their health under the influence of the solar rays on a sandy seacoast.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

WHAT HE THOUGHT.—The repeated disasters during the racing week on the New Orleans Shell Road were ludicrously illustrated by the misfortunes of a nice young man. He had taken his *dulcinea* out, and was showing her how to make "two-forty on the shell," when his lines accidentally broke, and the youth tumbled backwards over the seat, the heel of his boot hanging in the lady's crinoline, and his body dragged along in this way by the increased and now dangerous speed of the horses. The lady had grasped the dash-board, and holding on for dear life, while supporting the dragging weight of her beau.

"Hold fast!" he cried, in terror.

"Let go, you brute!" she screamed.

"I can't!" he mumbled.

Amid scream and cry and bitter upbraiding, the horses dashed along until at last some kindly hand checked their speed, and the unfortunate pleasure-seekers were relieved from their uncomfortable situation.

"How dare you do that?" the lady asked, of her escort, indignantly.

"Do what?"

"Hold on to my dress in that way."

"Was that your dress?"

"Yes."

"I beg pardon, then; I thought it was a *wire fence*."

LOYAL TO THE LAST.—We have heard some tough stories of "Virginia mud," but the following extract from a letter from Stafford Court House, during the war, beats all the mud stories extant:

"As an illustration of muddy travelling, I may relate a story of a march, which came from one of the officers on General Slocum's staff. As he rode to the top of an eminence, on the way down, he says, 'I saw a driver astride of his team, in a distant mud-hole, jerking vigorously at the single line with which he drove his four mules, and waving his hat furiously above his head. At first I thought he was trying to urge his team over the slough, but soon saw it made no progress forward, while the driver continued his exertions, but looked anxiously backwards. I rode forward as fast as the mud would permit; driver and mules were fast disappearing; but he never ceased his exertions, and the thought of deserting his saddle appeared not to have entered his head. I reached the spot, but the hand and head of the driver alone remained

above the mud. I saw him throw his hat towards me with a convulsive movement, heard him cry three cheers for the American Union, and the mud closed over him.'"

KEEPING OFF OFFICERS.—An instance of how successfully cunning may evade the officers of justice is exemplified in the case of an old darkey at New Orleans recently who had committed some sort of offence, and was in hourly expectation of a visit from the police.

To prevent this, he procured a yellow flag and hung it out at his door. "Small-pox" in the house was an effectual preventive of any intrusive visits. Weeks went by, and still the yellow flag fluttered from the door post. The officers grew impatient, and at last one more adventurous than the rest knocked at the door.

"Who dar?"

"Officers! Open, in the name of the law."

"Golly, boss, got de small-pox."

"That wont do. You were seen upon the street last night."

"Yes, I know, boss; but I has him in de day time."

"I don't believe it, and am coming in."

"Better stay out, boss! catch the small-pox, shore."

The officer persisted in coming in, and the old fox was caught in his lair, looking sleek and marvellously well. With a broad grin on his face, he saluted the officer with the remark:

"You didn't catch de small-pox, boss, but you catch me."

It is needless to say that the yellow flag was taken down.

SIGNIFICANCE OF A WINK.—Smith, the auctioneer, is a popular man, a wit and a gentleman. No person is offended at what he says, and many a hearty laugh has been provoked by his sayings. He was recently engaged in the sale of venerable household furniture and fixings. He had just got to "Going, going, and a half, going," when he saw a smiling countenance on agricultural shoulders wink at him.

A wink is as good as a nod to a blind horse or a sharp-sighted auctioneer; so Smith winked and the man winked, and Smith kept "Going, going," with a lot of glass ware, stove-pipes, carpets, pots, and perfumery, and finally this lot was knocked down.

"To whom?" said Smith, gazing at the smiling stranger.

"Who? Golly!" said the stranger, "I don't know who."

"Why, you, sir!" said Smith.

"Who? Me?"

"Yes, you bid on the lot," said Smith.

"Me? Hang me if I did," insisted the stranger.

"Why, did you not wink and keep winking?" asked Smith.

"Winking! Well, I did, and so did you at me. I thought you was winking as much as to say, 'keep dark; I'll stick somebody on this lot of stuff;' and I winked as much as to say, 'I'll be hanged if you don't, mister.'"

PATIENT WAITING.—At the — Hotel in Cairo, they are noted for despatch in filling orders for meals. If a warm dinner is ordered, some time is taken to cook it. Not long since I stopped there, and sat down at the table with an elderly gentleman, who ordered a squirrel. I waited some time for my dinner, but was almost through, and the old gentleman was still waiting for his squirrel. But his patience was at last exhausted, and he beckoned the steward to him and said:

"Has the man got a good gun?"

"What man?" asked the steward.

"The man that's gone to shoot the squirrel I ordered," said the old gentleman, with gravity.

Just then I choked, and did not hear the steward's answer; but I saw him disappear and in a few seconds the old gentleman was devouring his squirrel with apparent relish.

A CONVERT.—There was a great revival in the region where old Smithers, as everybody called him, lived, and it took hold of him one day. Smithers was a dreadful mean man, oppressive to the poor and all of that, and never paying a debt if he could help it. He had been known to turn a poor widow with a family of small children out into the street of a cold winter's day, because she was unable to pay the rent of the miserable shanty she had of him. He was known as "Old Smithers," although he wasn't so very old either, but we have noticed that mean men have the prefix old attached to their names generally, when their neighbors speak of them.

Old Smithers "took a habit," as they say in Wisconsin, to attend one of the "protracted meetings." He was struck with a conviction the first night, and hopefully converted, as he claimed, the next. After his conversion he was announced to address his fellow-sinners and sinnersesses on the following Sunday afternoon. The news that Old Smithers had got religion spread all about the neighborhood. Some doubted it; said he was putting it on so

as to skin folks a little closer; others, more charitable, said it might be true, and they hoped he wouldn't be so mean in the future if it was.

When Sunday afternoon arrived the church was crowded. The entire neighborhood turned out to hear what so mean a man as Old Smithers would say for himself after passing through conviction and conversion. All was still in the church when Old Smithers arose to speak. He began by telling what a mean man he had been all his life. He said he had probably done more mean things than any man of his years and opportunities living, and if there was any mean thing he had failed to do, it was because he hadn't thought of it, or there was no good chance. After going somewhat into a detail regarding his meanness, astonishing even those who thought they knew him best, with the recital, and declaring his utter unworthiness, he resumed his seat.

There was a brief pause, after which a neighbor of Old Smithers, a member of the church, arose and said:

"I have lived nigh neighbor to Brother Smithers for a long time. I have just listened to Brother Smithers's remarks, and from an intimate acquaintance with him and his actions for many years, I am prepared to endorse in the fullest manner all the charges he has made against himself, and more too. He is certainly the meanest man I ever knew in the whole course of my life;" and sat down.

Then arose Old Smithers, pale and trembling with rage, and exclaimed:

"It's a d— lie, and I'll whip you as soon as you leave the church."

EXTRACT FROM A CELTIC LETTER.—Bridget darling, come across to me then; its myself is doing a nate business here with a son of Father Malone's—sure its with his brother I mane. He keeps a wishkey store here, and I does the waiten. He tould me the other morning that he had no money, and I tould him I would take part of the shtock every Saturday as wages; but says he, sure, Pat, if I pay you that way, I will soon have no shtock at all left, and you will have it all. Says I to him, says I, sure you can work for me then, alanna, and earn it back agin, and so we can keep it up, and be mashters month in and month out, and wages will come alsy to both of us."

A schoolmaster asked one of his boys, on a cold winter morning, what was the Latin word for cold. The boy hesitated a little, when the master said, "What, sirrah, can't you tell me?" "Yes sir," said the boy, "I have it at my finger ends."

THE HORSE CARS.



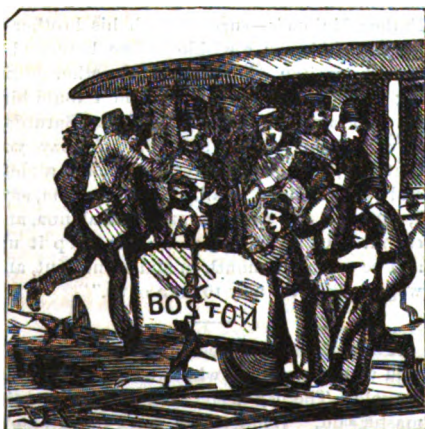
Never full, pack 'em in;
Move up, fat man; squeeze in, thin.
Market baskets without number,

Owners easy, nod in slumber.
Thirty seated, forty standing,
A dozen or more on either landing.



Toes are trod on, hats are smashed,
Dresses soiled, hoop skirts crashed.
Thieves are busy, bent on plunder;

Still we rattle on like thunder.
Packed together, unwashed bodies,
Bathed in fumes of whiskey toddies,



Tobacco, garlic, cheese and beer
Perfume the heated atmosphere;
Old boots, pipes, leather and tan,



And if in luck, a "soap fat man."
Aren't we jolly! What a blessing!
A horse-car hash, with such a dressing!

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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JAPANESE SCENES AND CUSTOMS.

We judge of things by making comparisons, and while we laugh or sneer at peculiarities in other nations, that seem such through their difference from our modes and manners, we forget that, if we were born and bred in one of those nations, it is very likely we

there and our own. Whether we can lay more claim to refinement or civilization than the Japanese is a question; though we lead them in the matter of clothes, and have more steam engines than they, they lead us in many respects, and therefore, on the whole,

the balance may be about equal, after all. Human nature is the same everywhere and in Japan and New England like leads to like in regulating intercourse and running the wheels of society—the same love, hate, generosity, ambition, revenge, virtue, exist in Japan and New England, exerting the same influence and working the same results. People exist, marry, trade and die, and arrive at the end of things about the same, though they do manage differently in the accomplishment, and a grave is a grave in one place as well as another. There is very little of the glory of dress and orange wreaths, and lace veils in a Japanese wedding, and the bride is less angelic in appearance than we are accustomed to see, but she is as beautiful maybe to her ardent groom, as if arrayed as sumptuously as a queen. Marriage is a very simple thing in Japan, with little of the fuss and feathers that attends the ceremony in more "civilized" lands. On the night appointed for a wedding in Japan,



WOMEN OF JAPAN.

should laugh or sneer at peculiarities seen in this great and glorious land, as, being born and bred in Japan, or other foreign lands, would be equivalent to being a native, and customs there in that case would not seem so strange as now; with which very profound remark we introduce several scenes in Japan, showing the difference between the customs

the bride's father, having invited all his kinsfolk, by a simpler mode than the many-card system of our own, entertains them previous to the bride's departure. About midnight the bridal party set out on palanquins, the bride first, then the bride's mother, and finally her father. The bride is attended by two servants, and the whole party proceed to the

house of the bridegroom, accompanied by men bearing torches and lanterns. On arriving at the house, the bride, accompanied by two of her chosen friends, enters the room where the ceremony is to be celebrated. The formality of the marriage consists in drinking wine in a particular manner. The marriage is afterwards consecrated by the prayers and benedictions of the priests of the temple to which the young couple belong, and who there register it.

A glimpse of the humanity of Japan is seen in the following from a recent letter writer:

"The better class are a fine bold set of men. Like knights of old, they are ever ready to avenge a wrong, or even to provoke a quarrel; and with their terrible two-handed swords would be anything but contemptible antagonists in hand to hand fighting. Their manners are polished in the extreme. As a rule they are exceedingly good-natured, and have a keen sense of the ridiculous—rather too much so; for we believe that if the most dutiful son, possessed of the greatest filial piety, were to see his father dying, he could not repress a laugh if the old gentleman were to do so in at all a comical way. The Japanese ladies are almost as fair-skinned as their sisters of the West. Small but neatly—nay, sometimes faultlessly—shaped; their flowing robes displaying in its own gracefulness the model that nature has adopted, and which none of the meretricious deceptions of civilization can improve upon; with pretty, captivating manners, and a language musical and soft as Italian, the laughter-loving nymphs of the Rising Sun have many powerful charms. No one who has been in Japan will deny their claim to beauty."

Japanese towns, with their odd architecture, are exceedingly interesting to an observer, and we have a view of Oosaka, the second in Japan, in point of size, that commends itself to us by its picturesqueness. Its queer houses, walls, bridges, boats—the river flowing in the midst under the light of the new moon—form a picture "peculiar," but natural. Water, whether in Hindostan or Boston is the same—no change of language can affect the formula " H_2O ," and its ripple is a universal tongue. And the individual houses that compose these towns are as odd as the whole in combination. Each house has another house within itself. The outer house is thus described:

"Of the better classes, the houses are of stone, or are constructed of a frame-work of

bamboo, or lath, covered with tenacious mud; this, being covered with a coat of plaster, is either painted or becomes bleached by exposure. Mouldings are often arranged in diagonal lines over the surface of the building, and these being painted white, and contrasting with the dark ground behind, give the house a curious piebald look. The roofs are often of tiles, colored alternately black and white, the eaves being extended low down in front of the walls, so as to protect the inmates from the sun, and the oiled paper windows from the effects of the rain. There are, besides, movable shutters, which by night are fastened to the posts which support the verandas. The inner house is a large frame-work raised two feet above the ground, and divided into several compartments by means of sliding panels. The raised floor, which extends over the whole area of the house, is covered with white mats, made soft and thick by being lined at the bottom with straw. These are very neatly woven and bound with cloth, and are all of the uniform size prescribed by law, being three feet by six, and placed in rows upon the floor so neatly as to have the appearance of one piece. Upon these mats the people sit to take their meals, to converse with their friends, and lie down at night to sleep, having then a quilted mat for a cover and a hard box for a pillow."

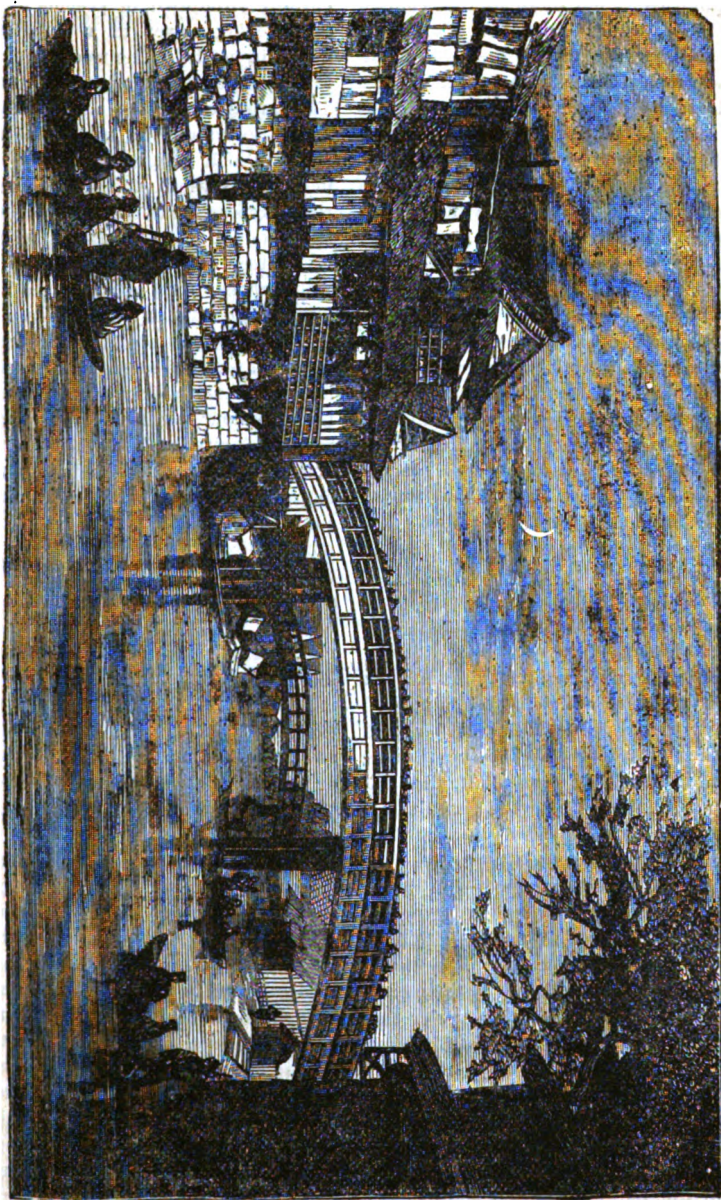
Ap[ro]pos of these pillows and the arrangements for sleeping in Japan, we have the following from a recent sojourner in Japan:

"As I was about to pass my first night in a Japanese house, I watched anxiously the preparations for sleeping. These were simple enough; a mattress in the form of a very thick quilt, about seven feet long by four wide, was spread on the floor; and over it was spread an ample robe, very long and heavily padded, and provided with very large sleeves. Having put on this night dress, the sleeper covers himself with another quilt, and sleeps, as if he has had some years' experience in the use of this bed. But the most remarkable feature about a Japanese bed is the pillow. This is a wooden box about four inches high, eight inches long and two inches wide at the top. It has a cushion of folded papers on the upper side to rest the neck on, for the elaborate manner of dressing the hair does not permit the Japanese, especially the women, to press the head on the pillow. Every morning the uppermost paper is taken off from the cushion, thus exposing a clean

surface without the expense of washing a pillow-case. I passed a greater part of the night in learning how to poise my head in this novel manner, and when I finally closed my eyes, it was to dream that I was being

chop-sticks, and accustoming my palate to raw fresh fish, but the attempt to balance my head on a two-inch pillow I gave up in despair, after trying in vain to secure the box by tying it to my neck and head."

THE BRIDGE AT OOSAKA, JAPAN.



slowly beheaded, and to wake at the crisis to find the pillow bottom-side up, and my neck resting on the sharp lower edge of the box. During my stay in the country, I acquired many of its customs, mastering the use of

The Japanese are especially favored with gods, deities abounding and controlling all the duties and destinies of life. Wayside temples and altars attract devotees everywhere, and they are seen kneeling before

them with as much reverence as the Christian at his altar and apparently with as good an effect. The two religious systems in Japan are Shintuism and Buddhism. The Sun goddess, Ten-sio-dai-zin, is the chief deity of Shintuism; but there are thousands of inferior ones, called kami, of whom the greater number are deified men. It inculcates the worship of the kami, both in temples and private habitations, and pilgrimage at certain seasons. The principal decorations of their temples consist of images of the kami; a mirror, the emblem of the purity of the soul; and various strips of white paper, called gohei, also an emblem of purity. On festivals, the worshipper visits a temple, performs his ablutions in a reservoir provided for the purpose, kneels in the veranda, from whence, through a grated window, he gazes at the mirror, offers up his prayers, with his sacrifice of rice, fruit, tea, drops his coin into the money-box, and retires. Every principle, passion and virtue have godlike exponents, and temples where the votaries come, and in the home are altars erected to tutelary divinities, that do the worshipper much good, doubtless, or if they think so it is just as well. Justice is the divinity to whom appeal is made oftenest, as Justice is a virtue cultivated by the Japanese, but Mercy has her shrine to soften the visitings of the stern deity. Mercy is a female, of course, and combines all the graces that denote amiability of mind and temper. We may quote Bishop Heber, and sing of the "heathen in his blindness" bowing down to wood and stone, but, after all, does it not all amount to the same thing, Christianity and heathenism showing their works in the life? It is the sincere belief in both that influences for good—the belief sanctifies and quickens, and a professed Christian, without this, is no more than a professed heathen without it. The heart, which is beyond and above systems and nationalities, fills with devotion under this faith, which flows out into the life of Christian and heathen alike.

The natives of Japan appear to have an intense love and reverence for their own country, and every individual in the empire seems to have a deep and thorough appreciation of the natural beauties and delights of the country. To this the genial climate, the rich soil, and the variety of the surface contribute. The islands lie at such a latitude as to make the air in summer warm without being hot, and in winter cold without being

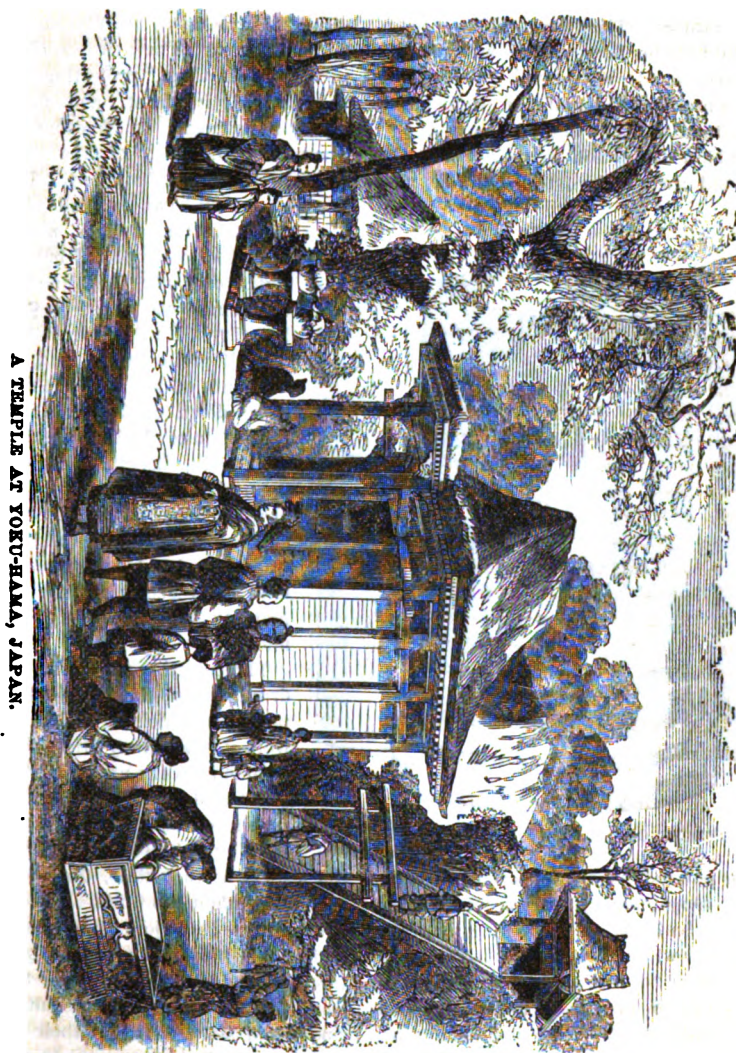
raw. The soil, as in all recent lava soils, is of a rich black mould, raising the finest crops of millet, wheat and sugar-cane, and when supplied in unstinted profusion rearing splendid timber, or capable, when almost entirely withdrawn, of keeping life and vigor and seeding power in a pine tree of two inches in height. The trees have a tendency to break out into excrescences from plethora. The variety of surface arises from the great height to which the mountains rise in an island which slopes gradually from the mountain tops to the sea. Some of these ridges appear to rise to the height of Mont Blanc, one of them, Fusi-yama, being upwards of thirteen thousand feet in height, and it would appear that other ranges are higher. The great beauty of this mountain consists in its rising singly out of a low country with a beautifully-curved sweep to a conical apex; and the atmospheric effects changing from hour to hour, as it is seen from thirteen provinces, give such a variety to this single object that it is rightly called by a name to express the feeling that there are not two such in the world. The variations of atmospheric density make it look at one time much higher than at another. It may be seen with its head clear in the blue sky rising out of a thick base of clouds, or the clouds rise and roll in masses about the middle, leaving the gentle curve to be filled up by the mind's eye from the base to the apex. Again, the whole contour, in a sort of proud, queenly sweep, stands out against a cloudless ether, or with a little vapor drifting to leeward of the summit, giving the appearance of a crater, or, after a cool night in September, the eye is arrested by the appearance of the bursting downwards of a flattened shell, the pure white snow filling the valleys from the top, the haze of the morning half concealing the hill beneath. Every hour brings a change upon a landscape, which consists of a single object that the lover of nature can never weary of admiring, in a climate where seventy miles of atmosphere do not obscure the larger features on the face of the mountain to the naked eye.

Well may the Japanese have this admiration of their own country, and probably as they contemplate ours and us from that distant standpoint—seeing our costume of close-fitting suits, tight boots and high hats—reading of our costumes at weddings or worship—they may be led to say "How peculiar!" and congratulate themselves on their loose garments, felt shoes and turbans.

Mr. Pompelly, in his book upon Japan, thus speaks of the respect for the dead, evinced by the Japanese, and the cemeteries in which they are buried:

"These cities of the dead were always interesting to me. Often built on the side of a hill, covering a large area, and commanding a

their construction. Thousands of small paved terraces, surrounded by stone balustrades, form family lots containing commemorative stones of every shape and size, and every variety of proper ornamentation. The sculptured inscriptions in the Chinese character always excited my admiration,



A TEMPLE AT TOKU-HAMA, JAPAN.

fine view, their neatly-kept avenues offer the place for quiet walks, where one is sure to find none of the revolting sights so common in China. On all that relates to their dead, the Japanese exhibit a refinement one does not expect to find out of Christian countries. Thus we find great care bestowed on the tombs, and much taste and art displayed in

being much more finished than common with us. On the night of the festival corresponding with All Soul's Day, the cemeteries are illuminated with myriads of lanterns, which, seen from a distance, produce the effect of as many openings into a mountain burning within. Cremation and interment seem to be about equally practised,

though it does not appear which is the more ancient custom."

The Japanese are very fond of amusements (the theatre with a sanguinary cast being the most prominent), skilled in, and admirers of, jugglery and athleticism. Not chaste as a people, grossness mingles with their performances and renders them disgusting often to civilized visitors. They are a cleanly people, and delight in the bath, public and private, but conventional restraints between the sexes are not regarded, and men, women and children indulge in the luxury together.

The widest distinction exists between the people and their rulers, the daimios, who

and rode in his stocking feet. The stocking here is made of black cloth, and has a thumb to it, in which the great toe is received; and between this and the others passes the cord which laces the sandal to the foot and ankle. These Japanese nobility deport themselves quite haughtily towards their inferiors among the common people. As among themselves their manners are exceedingly urbane and deferential. Their two swords are omnipresent with them, projecting stiffly both behind and in front, and must be no small impediment to freedom of movement beyond that of the stiffest and most perpendicular courtesy. I saw one of these two-sworded Japs meet and accost a civilian, a well-dressed and good-looking man, but without insignia of rank. The greeting of the commoner was most profound in its humility. He did not quite prostrate himself prone in the mud, but placing his hands on his thighs, thence sliding them down on his knees, he bowed himself quite double repeatedly, again and again, keeping one eye cocked upon the daimio, to note by his expression when he might cease bowing, and when this was finished he still stood up with his hands clasped in a kind of beseeching attitude before the haughty yet handsome looking nobleman."

The besetting sin of the Japanese is drunkenness, the principal tiple that produces which is a liquor distilled from rice, and they drink to excess, all indulging in the use of it. There is no business done in the latter part of the day in consequence of this, and in the large cities it is often dangerous to walk

the streets at that time, the people are in such a turbulent condition. The women are not permitted to join generally in these orgies, but have a period assigned them, wherein they can indulge to the top of their bent. At this time the masculines are excluded and allowed to get their own meals, or procure male assistance. At the expiration of the period allotted them, they are expected to fall at once into the old routine, but in case the wives of the lower classes do not recover in time they are liable to receive a severe beating.

Those foreigners who visit Japan are not so impressed with it that they care to remain there, and the Japs don't desire them to.



A SHRINE OF THE GODDESS OF MERCY.

use their power in the most arbitrary manner, the people having no voice in making law, and submitting to everything with the most abject willingness. "One afternoon," says Pompelly, "I met a Japanese nobleman of some degree or other, mounted on a scraggy-looking pony—their ponies are all such—and at his side was running a little retainer bearing his two swords, and a little behind was running another carrying his umbrella. Though going at full gallop, his retainers must keep up with him, and they were, therefore, in full run. But so agile were their movements that they did not appear to labor hard to keep their places. The daimio was handsomely clad in silk robes,

AN INTERNATIONAL YACHT RACE.

Some time in July we are to have an international yacht race, Mr. Bennett of New York having at length prevailed upon Mr. Ashbury of England to try conclusions for superiority. It is to be an ocean race from Kinsale Head to Sandy Hook and elsewhere as the parties may agree. Mr. Bennett owns the *Dauntless*, and Mr. Ashbury the *Cambria*. Both yachts are noted for their speed and sea-going qualities, but which is inferior to the other will be answered after the race, and even then the conclusions may not be satisfactory.

Mr. Ashbury proposes, after his arrival in this country, to contend for the plate won by the *America* in her great contest with a fleet of English yachts in English waters; but we trust that his proposal will not be accepted, for we must keep the prize which was so handsomely won. Let another piece of plate be put up and contended for, but not the prize which we have held for so many years. There is no fairness or justice in asking that it should be subjected to a contest, now that so many years have elapsed since it was won against great odds.

Mr. Bennett has made great exertions to get up an international race. He went to Europe with his yacht for that purpose. He won renown while there, but no prizes, for no one would accept his challenges unless certain stipulations were consented to, and to have accepted them would insure defeat, and Mr. Bennett was not ambitious of that. He wanted fair play or nothing. As he could not obtain it he returned home, and recently Mr. Ashbury was goaded into conceding something by the English press, so the race was arranged by telegraph, and, unless some further difficulty occurs, will come off, say about the fourth of July, both yachts starting from Kinsale Head, Ireland, for New York, at the same moment.

On page 812 we give our readers an excellent picture of the *Cambria*, under full sail, opposite the Royal Yacht Club House, West Cowes, England. She looks dangerous, as an antagonist, but still we trust that rough weather will be too much for her sailing qualities. We hope the *Dauntless* will win, but want no unfair advantage.

West Cowes is the headquarters of yachting. The Royal Yacht Club House—the subject of our illustration—is at West Cowes;

and the Royal Thames Yacht Club make East Cowes their summer station. So that in the season Cowes is the rendezvous for whole fleets of the white-winged doves of the sea, presenting on gala and match days one of the most beautiful nautical sights in the kingdom.

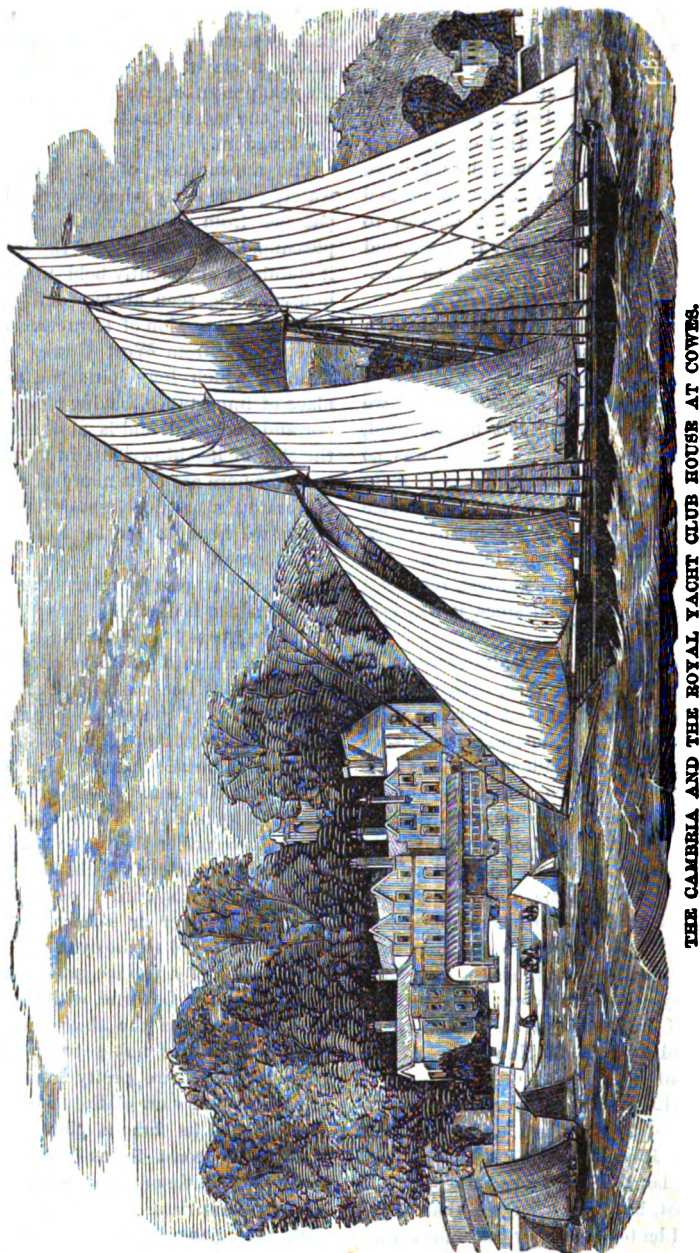
The appearance of the town from the water, particularly when approached by the passage from Southampton, is extremely pleasing, as the acclivity of the hill on which it stands is sufficiently bold to admit of the houses being seen above each other, as if built in a succession of terraces. East Cowes is separated from West Cowes by the river Medina, which here joins the sea. It is a place of importance, having a capacious harbor and dockyard, and is also celebrated for the skill of its shipwrights in naval architecture, for here are built many of the yachts so celebrated in nautical annals, and a fleet of which we hope to see in American waters this summer.

Within the past quarter of a century the island, as the Isle of Wight is now affectionately designated by Englishmen, has grown more and more in public estimation, until at length it has become almost the accepted headquarters of those who love the soft pictures of pastoral and rural life, diversified by splendid mansions, parks, and groves, combined with the beauty and grandeur of the sea in all its moods. To those who when out for pleasure prefer the sea to the land, a voyage round the Isle of Wight is a positive delight. Going eastward from Cowes Harbor, either by steamer or sailing craft, the first objects presented to the eye are Norris Castle, the mansion of a private gentleman, and the Royal Palace of Osborne, with their extensive lawns sweeping to the shore, shaded by numerous groups of noble trees. Then, after passing one or two pretty creeks, there is a comprehensive view of the fashionable town of Ryde, and its famous pier. Hence to St. Helen's the coast forms several fine bays, lined with gentlemen's seats and villas, hamlets and luxuriant woods. Brading Haven, with the adjacent villages of Bamberidge, St. Helen's, and Brading—the whole encompassed by a semi-circular range of lofty hills—form a very agreeable picture.

Two miles further are the lofty Culver cliffs, forming the north side of Sandown Bay, on

whose shores stand the village and fort of the same name. At the southern extremity of this extensive bay rise the dark precipices of Dunnose, penetrated by the Chines of

gantic steps that seem to lead from the lofty hills on the shore to the summit of the grand, perpendicular wall that bounds it on the land side. East-end, the lovely village of Bon-



THE CAMBRIA AND THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB HOUSE AT COWES.

Shanklin and Luccombe. Near the latter commences the celebrated tract called the Undercliff, whose varied and unique charms are nowhere so advantageously seen as from the water, whence it rises like a series of gi-

church, the prosperous town of Ventnor, and the stately castle of Sleephill, all come into view, and afford a sight that is worth a trip to England to view.

ANCIENT AND MODERN HAIR-DRESSING.

Since we published our last engraving of ancient and modern fashions—(see *BALLOU'S MAGAZINE* for January, 1870)—we have received more than twenty letters written by ladies of education and position, requesting us to give them some more illustra-

that she is wrong and you are right? It has been tried, but no marked success reported as yet. If women think they look better with their hair frizzled, crimped, ratted, braided or waterfallled, and fashion leads the way, they will torture their tresses into won-



tions of the "frights" of other days. Most of the letters contain postscripts (all letters written by ladies have postscripts), in which they state that the modern fashion for arranging the hair is far superior to the old, which we will admit without argument, for who can argue with a woman and convince her

derful shapes, and men must admire but not condemn, for when the latter course is adopted they are told that they don't know "what they are talking about," which silences, if it does not convince.

We are pleased to comply with the request of our patrons, and present on this page an

illustration of ancient and modern hair-dressing. No. 20 represents Marie de Medici, the great queen of the French, and it shows how, with false taste, she delighted to pile her hair, and no doubt the hair of others, in a huge tower upon her head. We can only say of her coiffure that it is not quite so bad as that of Queen Elizabeth and her ladies.

But good taste was very soon resumed. The hair was now parted horizontally across the brow—a very small portion cut short and allowed to fall as a fringe, sometimes straight, sometimes waved, occasionally curled in regular small ringlets, and commonly called the King Charles style. The rest of the head was dressed in short ringlets, graduated in length from the forehead, or a single long curl hung over the shoulder from the back. But the style shown in No. 21 preceded this. After the portion of hair had been combed as a fringe over the forehead, the rest, being brought back to the crown of the head, was made into a long plait and twisted into a knot, with the exception of the sides curled or frizzed out. At a later date tresses were curled, and allowed to fall behind on the poll of the neck, as in No. 23. A ribbon was often bound round the head like the Scotch snood. No. 22—a style coeval with No. 21, and almost the same in arrangement—is remarkable for the resemblance of the head-gear to that which we now adopt. The little flat crown of the bonnet can be seen on the top of the head; the broad strings are pinned in great loops each side of the chin, just as they used to be a few years since; while the mantilla veil falling round the head, and secured on the bosom by a brooch, is precisely like those seen a few months since.

Leaving the good taste of the seventeenth century with regret, we plunge at once into a period marked by the greatest monstrosities ever perpetrated in the world of hair-dressing, and alternately smile and wonder at the eccentricities of the eighteenth century. Matters began gently. The hair was simply raised at first over a cushion seven or eight inches in height, and shaped like a cocoanut. After a while, this headdress began to rise higher and higher. All sorts of objects were sought to be imitated in coiffures. Here a lady is represented with her hair dressed upright in the form of a lyre. There a second has hers arranged like a string of cherries on a stick (see No. 24). A third lady luxuriates in a huge mass rolled over pads, surmounted by a double fan of lace and artificial flowers.

These heads were dressed over solid cushions. An immense deal of false hair was used, and the mass cemented with a hard pomade of hog's lard and marrow, liberally used. After dressing, the whole was well powdered. As these chevelures took a long time, and were costly to arrange, it was not considered possible to remake them often; therefore one dressing usually sufficed for at least a month. Previously to any grand ball, ladies' heads were often dressed a week, and even a fortnight in advance. To have it dressed a night or two before was nothing. The lady sat up and slept in a chair in the interval, full of terror, lest, during her fitful slumbers, she should damage her coiffure. Paint and washes were in vogue. The fashion of wearing hair-powder was introduced to conceal the grayness of a certain high personage, whose name has not descended to us.

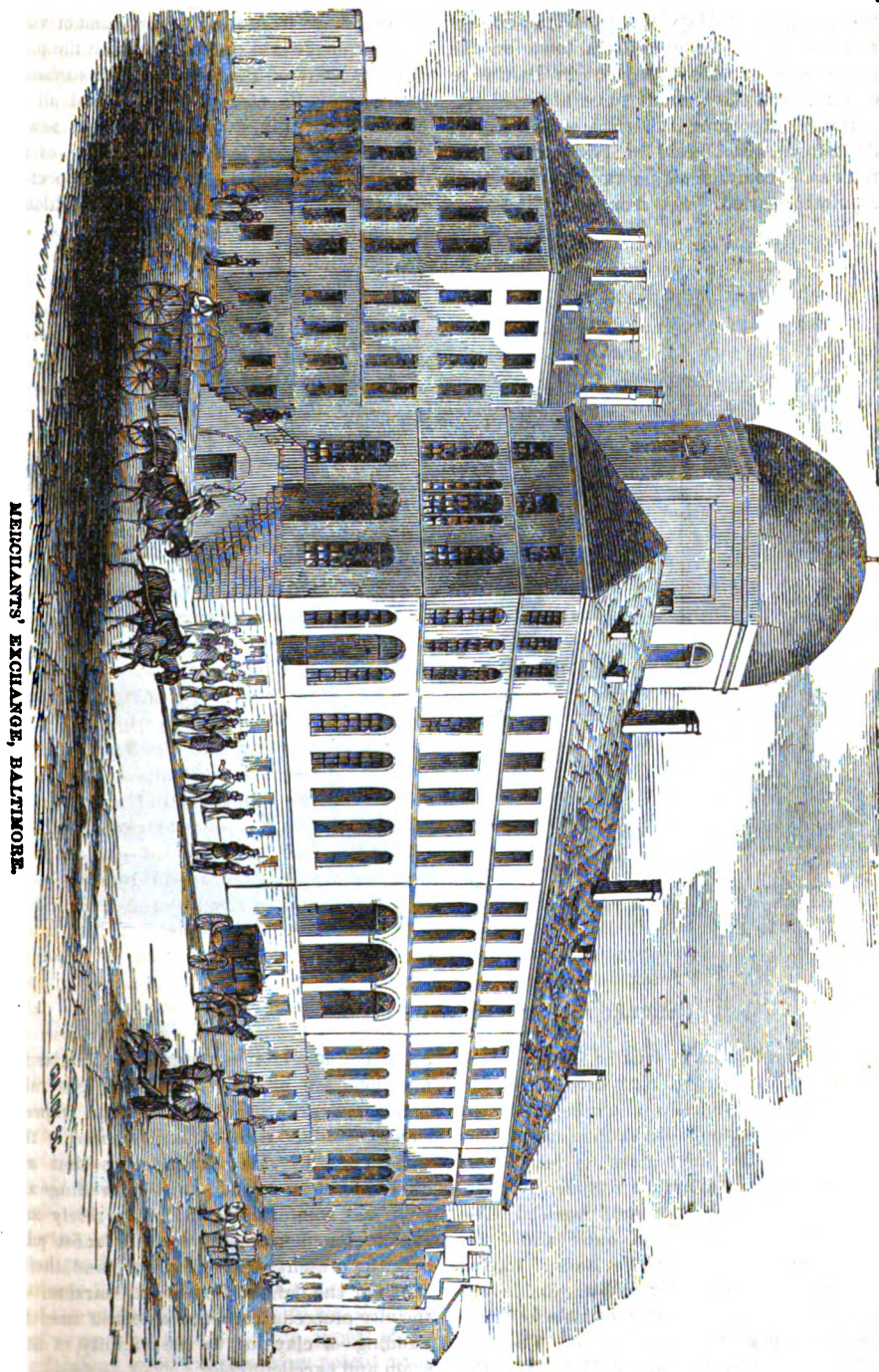
Early in the nineteenth century many wore the hair in a crop, and amongst a crowd of ugly modes one or two graceful ones can be discovered, such as No. 27.

We pass on to the days of bows, of which No. 28 is an illustration. A lady of this period, wore five bows and a bird of paradise feather for company. The French curls at each side of the face were fixed with tortoiseshell combs above them.

The more recent modes of hair-dressing can be remembered by most persons. The topknot twisted round and round with plaits; the fancy arrangement of plaits at the back of the head; the bands flat and looped near the ears; the puffs extended far out at either side of the face; the rolls of hair sloping from the forehead all round towards the back, in the Joan of Arc style, often encircled by a plait, called a coronet, of hair, and always ornamented with bows of ribbons, lace, or flowers placed at the nape of the neck; the mere loose thrusting of the hair into nets; the Empress style, first so censured as giving a bold look to the face; the chignon, and now the Watteau coiffure (see No. 29). The Watteau, at one time popular in Paris, is very graceful. It is not unlike some of the coiffures of the eighteenth century, sans powder. The double comb, with its rows of beads like nobs, was introduced by the Princess Metternich, one of the beauties of the French court and a leader of fashion.

But we have already exceeded our limits, and must close, hoping at some other time to resume the subject.

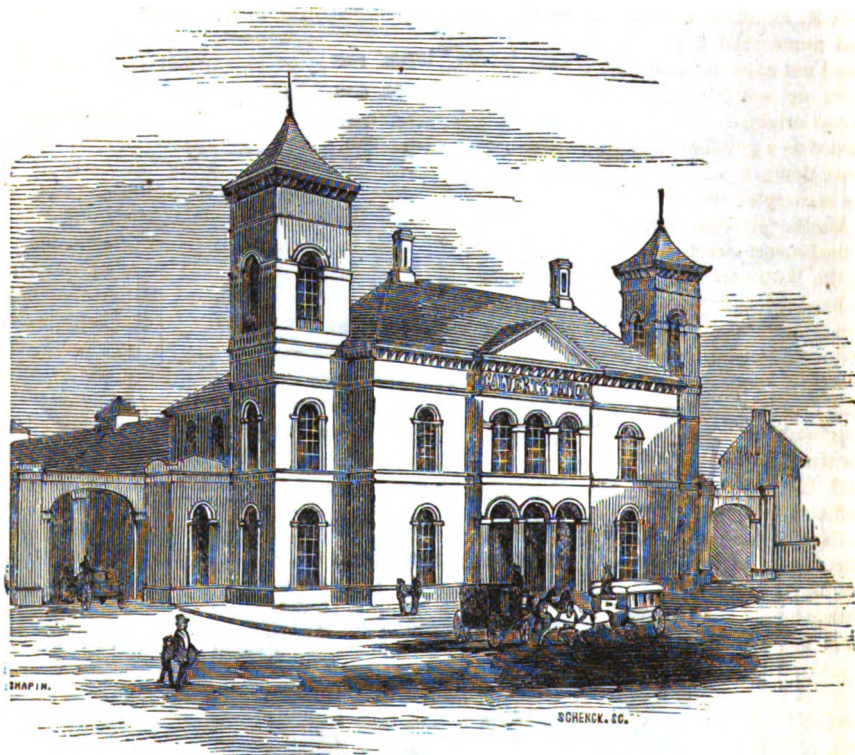
BALTIMORE—MERCHANTS' EXCHANGE.



Baltimore, the third city of the United States in point of size and importance, did not have existence as a town till 1729, though it was originally settled in 1633. That year the assembly of Maryland passed an act entitled—"An act for erecting a town on the north side of the Patapsco in Baltimore county," and the town at once assumed importance, absorbing the rival settlement of Jonestown, established in 1732, and taking rank as a commercial point. For this it is admirably suited. The arm of the Patapsco

fort at Saller's Point, about eight miles below the city.

The general appearance of Baltimore is striking and picturesque, and it appears to advantage from nearly every point of view. It is regularly laid out, but not with the painful monotony of Philadelphia. Its surface is not so even, its streets are wide, and all remarkably cleanly, owing to excellent sewerage. Its climate is fine, and it is one of the healthiest cities in the world. An aspect of cheerful elegance pervades the place, which is



CALVERT STREET RAILWAY STATION, BALTIMORE.

on which Baltimore is situated is about three miles long, varying in length from one eighth to one and three-fourths of a mile, having its extreme breadth opposite to the eastern part of the city. This inlet gives an easy access to the place and a harbor sufficiently capacious to hold two thousand vessels. The harbor is divided into an outer and inner bay, the inner bay, or "The Basin," having but twelve feet of water and navigable but by small vessels; the outer capable of floating the largest merchant ships. The entrance is guarded by Fort McHenry and the

peculiarly attractive to strangers. The larger mansions are in good taste, with generally handsome yards attached, giving an impression of ease and comfort, unlike those of the same class in other large cities that are crowded together. The smaller dwellings are neat and comfortable, with very rarely any squalid tenements, and for the most part bear the presentment of industry and thrift. Much of the light and pleasant character of the city proceeds from the material used in building—a clay dug in the vicinity, of fine grain and excellent color.

Baltimore is called "the Monumental City," and the different monuments that give it its name were noticed in a former number of our Magazine. There are, besides, many grand monuments of its greatness, in its public buildings—its schools, its cathedrals, its colleges and churches. Of these we present, on page 315, a picture of the Merchants' Exchange, on the corner of Gay and Pratt streets, a building of great importance to the mercantile portion of the city. The edifice was originally planned to combine a hotel, similar to the Boston Exchange, but it was speedily found, as in the case of the latter, that commercial business and hotel-keeping could not exist together, and therefore it was given up entirely for commercial purposes. It cost originally \$600,000, and was and is regarded as a grand architectural specimen, its great dome being a conspicuous feature in the scenery as viewed from Federal Hill.

Another structure, represented on page 316, is the Calvert street railway station, the depot of the Baltimore and Susquehanna Railroad, a handsome freestone-front building, that when erected was regarded as the largest and most elegant in the country. There is, however, such a rivalry in railroad matters that it is impossible for one depot to remain long without a superior. The main edifice for the reception of the cars is 315 feet long and 120 wide, is supported by 42 granite columns, and roofed with sheet iron.

Calvert, the name of the street on which this station is situated, is a name respected by Marylanders, as it was to the Calverts, father and son, Lords Baltimore, that Maryland was originally indebted for its charter.

The former was a favorite of James I., man- gre his Catholic sentiments, who kept him in his privy council though he was compelled to resign as secretary of state, and created him Baron Baltimore, of Longford, Ireland. Calvert had long been imbued with the idea of planting colonial establishments in America, and obtained a grant from King James, which created him sole lord and proprietor of a part of Newfoundland, and with all the rights and privileges of nobility. He called it Ferryland, and after spending £25,000 in improvements, including a splendid residence, he came over to take possession, but was much disappointed. After a few years he abandoned the colony and went to Virginia, where they did not receive him very well, and he returned to England. He was delighted, however, with Chesapeake Bay, its tributaries and climate, giving his name to the oriole, and adopting its beautiful black and orange plumage for his livery. He came back to Newfoundland, and afterwards had the location of his grant changed to include the territory now forming the States of Maryland and Delaware, but he died before taking possession, and the charter was renewed to his son Cecilus, June 20, 1632, in which Lord Baltimore held tenure by payment of two Indian arrows yearly. This Lord Baltimore never visited his possession, but his power was conveyed to his brother Leonard, who was the first governor of Maryland, leaving Cowes, in 1633, with two hundred persons, in the Ark, a ship of three hundred tons, and the Dove, of fifty tons, the shallow of Lord Baltimore. The original name of the city was St. Mary.

JOHN ROGERS.

Those familiar with that classic, "Foxe's Book of the Martyrs," have been attracted by the picture of the good John Rogers, surrounded by his wife and ten children, to whom he is addressing words of spiritual consolation, while he is bound to a stake, his body wreathed in flame. Few have read this without a feeling of intense pity for the unfortunate man, thus given to sacrifice, and indignation at the bigotry that consigned him to this cruel death. The depicted grief of the wife and children added also to the tide of sympathy, and the mute appeal of that ridiculous wood cut was more potent against

Catholicism than all the preaching of all the pulpits. The Catholic church has found that simple "Book of Martyrs," full of misrepresentation, doubtless, and pious fraud, the most effective worker in the cause of the opposition, against which no refutation or explanation could avail. It is said that every back is fitted for its burden, and martyrdom was easy to those who encountered it with a temper as fierce as those who inflicted it. There was on one hand the holy spite of the church that sought God's service through the punishment of heresy by the stake, and on the other the holy temper of resistance that

gloried in principle, and held to it with a fierceness which verified the promise that, when imbued with the spirit of God, no harm should happen to the possessor. No more pain was felt by a good, zealous martyr, than was felt by the Indian who, when put to the torture, taunted his captors with not knowing their business, and begged them to be kind enough to bring along more pitch-pine splinters with which to pinfeather his body.

not popular and a silver dollar or a number of them will turn the scale at almost any time against duty. He was born in England about the year 1500, and was burnt at Smithfield, now part of London, Feb. 4, 1555. He was educated at Cambridge, and took orders. He was subsequently appointed chaplain of the English factories at Antwerp, and there he became acquainted with Tindal and Coverdale, and assisted them in translating



John Rogers, whose portrait graces the present number, was a noted martyr, and stands as a model of firmness and persistency during the martyr period. The stake had no terrors for him—it was a light affliction; the presence of his family diverted not his mind from the sacrifice he was to make, that doubtless would have been spared him had he recanted, and so he remained true and went to heaven in a chariot of fire, for which we all admire him at a time when martyrdom is

the Scriptures into English, which was published in 1537. From Antwerp he went to Wurtemberg, where he was pastor of a Dutch congregation. On the accession of Edward VI., Bishop Ridley invited him home, and made him prebendary and divinity reader of St. Paul's. On the Sunday after Queen Mary's entrance into London, he preached a sermon at St. Paul's cross, in which he exhorted the people to hold fast to the faith as taught in King Edward's days, and to resist

the forms and dogmas of Catholicism. There was no press to give publicity to this sermon, and probably but a small handful heard it, and yet it immediately reached the ears of the Privy Council, before which he was summoned to answer for the offence, and so ably defended himself that he was discharged. But on the 18th of August, 1553, he was ordered to remain a prisoner at his own house, and at the end of six months was removed to Newgate. He was tried Jan., 1555, before the Bishop of Winchester, and despite his own ability and such efforts as his friends tremblingly dared put forth in his defence, he was adjudged guilty of heresy, and condemned to death, by burning. This sentence was received with as much coolness as though his worship, the bishop, had invited him to dinner, and he endured the ordeal as though it were a festival. Several of his grandchildren came over to this country with the early settlers, and it is a matter of boast with thousands that they bear the blood of the martyr. During the persecutions of the early Christians, an immense number of martyrs suffered for the faith. We read that the cheerful and musical Nero caused Christians, at Rome, to be smeared with pitch and set fire to, standing them up blazing by the side of the streets for torches. St. Lawrence was broiled on a huge gridiron. At Lyons, under Marcus Aurelius, Sts. Maturus and Sanctus

were roasted in a red-hot iron chair, and St. Blandina, at the same period, was scourged, torn by wild beasts, partly roasted on the iron chair, put into a net and tossed by a bull, and finally despatched with the sword. These, however, are not of the John Rogers class of martyrs, who suffered from the Catholic church, as the early Christians had from the heathen.

The literature from which we have quoted we do not regard as wholesome and therefore do not commend it, but there is a library of volumes relating to the early martyrs, by Bolland, of Belgium, and his successors, and the *Acta Sanctorum* is a grand authority in the Catholic church. The Book of Protestant martyrs, by Foxe, is also a bloody and fiery record, and those who like to read such things may "sup full of horrors" by procuring it.

The face of our martyr is a very pleasing one, combining great sweetness and firmness, and we see evidence of its authenticity in the lines of resolution and deep reflection that distinguish it. There was no bending to that calm and placid nature. He had embraced the truth, it had become a part of his being, and all the influences of the earth could not prevail against it. Such characters are glorious to contemplate, who will stand up, if need be, alone in defence of principle, and die rather than abandon it.

THE APRIL LESSON.

BY J. J. COLBATH.

Roaming by the woodside

In the April day,
Ere the wandering birds had ventured back,
When the skies with frequent storms were
black,

And the ice still lay on the travelled track,
We took our joyful way.

Glad that the dreary winter

Its fearful rage had spent,
Hopful and gay at the promised boon
Of the brighter scenes to open soon,
Of the buds of spring and the flowers of June,
With grateful feelings blent.

As onward thus we wandered—

Margaret and I—
Feeling the chill air round us blow,
The failing breath of the passing snow,—
Feeling the sun's increasing glow,
From the brightening April sky,—

Close by our path appearing,—

Spring's gracious harbinger,—
We spied, in the cold ungenial hour,
A tiny and unpretending flower,
That had heard spring's call in its sylvan
bower,
And was thus soon astir.

We plucked the tiny blossom—

A very floral gem—
A rescue from the surrounding gloom,
A thing of beauty and rarest bloom,
Whose wealth of hue and sweet perfume
Might grace a diadem.

And with it came a meaning,

More than words can say;
Fidelity was the lesson given:
It heard, undoubting, the call of heaven,
And straight its icy bands were riven,
Upon that April day.



And upward brightly springing,
 In innocence true,
 Its duty simply the earth to deck,
 No doubt to chill and no fears to check
 It blossomed alone, nor felt to reek
 Though none its form might view.

O salutary lesson,
 The simple flower imparts!
 Could we our summons thus obey,
 And spring to our duties without delay,
 How grand a service would crown our day—
 What glory fill our hearts!

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

PART SECOND.—VII.

THE crevice through which Laura Maverick now surveyed the chamber where her dying uncle lay, was not wider than her finger; so narrow that of itself it could never lead to the discovery of the concealed passage where she stood. The bed was directly in front of her, with the footboard against the wall, so that Augustus Maverick's face was directly toward her, and not more than eight feet off. Her range of vision took in the door leading into the next room—and in fact, all of the room excepting a part of the ceiling above the bed, and a part of the wall to her right. The door was closed; the chamber had but two occupants.

Mr. Jenks, the lawyer, sat at a small stand close to the bedside; a full-faced, bald-headed man of the middle age, with not a line or wrinkle in his smooth countenance. He was writing rapidly with a quill-pen which kept up an incessant scratching sound. At intervals he cast a glance at the occupant of the bed, and let his eyes fall immediately back to the paper. They were keen little eyes, and relieved the serious face beneath them with an expression of peculiar acuteness.

He had written but two or three minutes after the concealed watcher had taken her place, when he laid down his pen and lifted his eyes toward the sick man.

"I have made the formal beginning, Mr. Maverick," he said. "Now please tell me in your own way who is to have your property, and in what proportions."

Laura Maverick's eyes turned from their close watch of the lawyer's proceedings, to the occupant of the bed. Propped up to a half-sitting posture by two pillows placed beneath his back, and with his poor, wasted hands lying helpless outside of the coverlet, Augustus Maverick presented in himself a picture of weakness and emaciation dreadful to behold. Nobody who had ever seen him in the days of robust health could have recognized him; any one who had known him then must have been shocked to be told that this was the dismal wreck of that proud,

vigorous man. His chest was fallen away so that his head, unless placed back, as it was now, hung helplessly down; his face was attenuated so that it had more of the ghastly look of a skeleton-face than of a living one; the hair had mostly fallen off, and the eyes gleamed with unnatural brightness, deep sunken in their hollowed sockets. The wind of dissipation, of excess, of sin, had been sown by this man in his youth and manhood; the whirlwind of wrath was upon him, and about to sweep him into the grave at an age when most men are but on the threshold of a useful, healthy after-life.

His eyes turned to the lawyer, and they seemed to brighten with an intenser light than before. He spoke with painful effort, which agitated the wrinkled skin upon his face; and Laura heard his answer, though it was given very faintly.

"You mean the will?" he said.

"Yes—certainly," said the lawyer. He rose and came close to the bedside, and bent over it with a look that showed that he suspected the other to be out of his head. "The will, of course, Mr. Maverick; don't you know what we were just talking about?"

"A little nearer," Maverick whispered, trying hard to speak aloud, but the effort ended only in a hoarse, hollow whisper. Mr. Jenks put his ear down nearly to his mouth. "How long have you been here? I remember that Mrs. Roesselle brought you in, and we talked; but—but—"

"Only about half an hour," the lawyer interrupted. "Do you feel well enough to go on, Mr. Maverick? I do not think it will take long; and I need ask you only a few questions."

"Yes—yes; go on." The dying man exhibited a decision in his reply, wrrenched as the words were from his half-palsied tongue, that was unmistakable. "I see; I have been wandering for a few minutes, and I woke up bewildered; but I know now; I remember. We were talking about the will; yes, I wanted to make a will. Mrs. Roesselle spoke to me about it, good creature; I never

thought she knew so much. She told me that Oliver Maverick would have the property when—when—when I couldn't use it any more, unless I made a will; I knew that before, but I never thought of it for years. Yes, I want to make a will, for I suppose I shall go before long."

Unused to so much speech, he closed his eyes and lay exhausted for a moment. When he opened them again, the lawyer repeated his question.

"I want to know who is to have the property, Mr. Maverick—and in what shares."

"There is only one to have it," was the reply.

"What—one person to have the whole?" Mr. Jenks asked, in great surprise. Maverick alighty moved his head in assent.

The lawyer softly rubbed his hands together. "It'll be a lucky man!" he said; and he chuckled at the thought of such rare good fortune. "All the farm here—three hundred acres of it, if there's one, with the mansion, and everything on the place; all the bank-stock, and the accumulated dividends, which I know you haven't used; all the bonds and mortgages, and back interest on some of them; all the estate, real and personal—why, sir, he'll be the richest man between Albany and New York! Faith, if I have the management of the law part of his estate, my son Jack must take all the rest of the firm's business. Just think, Mr. Maverick; is it all to go to one person?"

"All," was the decided whisper.

"And who is the lucky one?"

Laura Maverick had stood upon her tiptoes until now, painfully supporting herself in this constrained and unnatural position by sheer force of will when the strength of her muscles had become exhausted; but at this instant the limit of her endurance was reached, and she sank to the floor. As she put out her hand to assist her in rising, it rested on a small, rough box, such as carpenters make to hold their nails; and placing it bottom upward against the partition, she stood upon it, and again looked through the crevice.

But the name of the future owner of Maverick had been pronounced! Mr. Jenks stood as before by the bedside, a look of tremendous astonishment covering his face; and with her heart sinking with disappointment at the loss of this precious knowledge, Laura watched and listened with redoubled vigilance.

"I suppose there's nothing in law against it?" Augustus Maverick whispered.

"No," replied the lawyer. "Any man, being in possession of his natural and sufficient faculties, may dispose of his property to whomever he pleases, and the disposition will become valid in law. But do you not forget the servants? Some of them have been in the house longer than you can remember; some of them are getting old and decrepid. Wont you remember them?"

"The servants?" whispered the other angrily. "Haven't they been hired, and paid for what they've done? I suppose they'll get all that's due them anyway?"

Mr. Jenks nodded.

"That's all they are entitled to. Draw the will, give it all to the one I said."

For a few moments more the suppressed tones of the lawyer and the hoarse but distinct whisperings of the sick man were silent. The latter lay perfectly quiet, with closed eyes, apparently weak almost unto death; and the former resumed his seat by the stand, and again wrote rapidly upon the paper. Suddenly he stopped, and went to the bedside again. He placed his own fair, smooth hand upon the wrinkled, emaciated ones of Augustus Maverick, and the latter opened his eyes.

"Brandy!" he whispered, very faintly. Mr. Jenks took a vial and a teaspoon from the mantel, and administered a dose of the liquid to the dying man. His eyes brightened again, and looked questioningly up to the lawyer's face.

"It is not necessary to give any reason for what you have told me to do," said Mr. Jenks. "The law gives you the *right* to do it, if you wish to. But where there are good reasons for the doing of so unusual an act as this, it is better to state them. I will ask you plainly why you wish to leave all your estate to this person."

The palsied body of Augustus Maverick could not move, however much he might be affected in his feelings by any impression. A nervous twitching of the wrinkles that were folded away from his thin lips, and the startled, furtive glancing of his eyes toward the lawyer's face were the only signs which now indicated that anything had occurred to arouse him in an unusual degree. Several times he seemed about to speak, and each time did Mr. Jenks bend down to hear what he would say; but it was not until he had made several ineffectual efforts that he could

put his thought in words. It seemed to the watcher that he hesitated at this moment, not so much from physical weakness as to select the words that he wished to use.

He spoke, at last; but the creaking of the bed, as the lawyer leaned both of his hands upon it, to steady him in his stooping posture, made it impossible for Laura to hear every word. Those that did reach her ear were disconnected, and were as follows:

"Because—than the others—good to me—faithful—watched—deserves it."

Mr. Jenks moved his head in assent when the last words were spoken, and returned to his seat at the stand. For the next ten minutes the silence of the room was only broken by the rapid scratching of his pen, while the occupant of the bed lay watching him, with his eyes wide open, under the stimulus of the brandy.

"It will need an executor," the lawyer said, looking up. "Who shall it be?"

He went to the bed again, and some words were whispered to him which were entirely inaudible to Laura. Mr. Jenks crossed the room and opened the door, and through the opening Laura saw like a picture in its frame, the table, the lighted lamp, the armchair beyond, with the portly form of Granny Wadhams reposing in it, Roscoe Grayle reading at the table, and the housekeeper sitting thoughtfully by it without manual occupation. She looked up quickly as the door was opened, and arose on Mr. Jenks's motion. A whisper passed between them, and then the lawyer returned immediately to the stand, shutting the door after him. Rapidly his hand traced the concluding sentences of the will, and presently he laid down the pen and arose, holding in his hand a single sheet, still wet with ink.

"It is ready to be signed, Mr. Maverick," he said. "You must first hear it read. Do you desire any one to hear it read with you?"

The question was answered by a faint negative. Mr. Jenks drew his chair close to the bedside, and in a voice that was perfectly distinct to Laura, but still low, read the instrument through.

"IN THE NAME OF GOD, AMEN! I, Augustus Maverick, being at this date in the fiftieth year of my life, and of sound mind and memory, but feeling seriously admonished by the pains of my present sickness that my last end is approaching; and being anxious to settle and make certain the manner in which my property shall be disposed

after my decease, do hereby make, publish, and declare my Last Will and Testament, in manner as follows; that is to say:

"I give, devise, and bequeath, to ANNA MARIA MAY, the adopted daughter of my housekeeper, Helen Roesselle, to have and to hold to her and her heirs forever, all the estate real and personal, of whatsoever name, kind, or nature, and wheresoever situated, and by whosoever held, of which I shall die seized: hereby constituting the said Anna my sole and only devisee and legatee, to the entire exclusion of all and every other person and persons whomsoever.

"And in making this final disposition of my property, I hereby declare that I am moved so to do by a grateful recognition of the many acts of kindness which the said Anna has done in my behalf since she has been an inmate of my house, and in the unwearying patience, more especially, with which she has watched at my bedside during the long and painful duration of this, my last sickness.

"And I hereby appoint the said Helen Roesselle sole executrix of this, my last will and testament.

"In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, the twenty-first day of May, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and fifty."

Mr. Jenks read it through, and concluding the reading, saw that Augustus Maverick was attentively listening.

"Is it just as you would have it?" the lawyer asked. "Do you want anything further in it?"

"It is right," was the whispered answer.

"Who shall witness it? There must be two."

"You and the housekeeper."

Mr. Jenks called in the latter, and shut the door after her. Then holding up the writing, he placed it upon a large book, and put the pen into the benumbed hand that lay outside the coverlet. But its power was gone—it had hardly the force to move itself a foot in any direction, and the stiffened fingers refused to grasp the pen. In answer to the sick man's mute appeal the lawyer took hold of the fingers, bent them about the quill, and guided them to write roughly the name "Augustus Maverick" opposite the seal.

"Mr. Maverick, is this your last will and testament?" the lawyer asked, in a louder voice than he had yet used. A slight movement of the head gave his assent.

"Do you wish Mrs. Roesselle and myself to subscribe it as witnesses?"

Another motion assented. The lawyer turned to the stand and added an attesting clause to the instrument; and then wrote his name and residence beneath it in large characters. Mrs. Roesselle followed with her signature; and then Mr. Jenks folded the sheet, sealed it up in a large envelop, and indorsed upon the back the words, "Augustus Maverick's Will—May 21, 1850."

"Where shall it be kept?" he inquired, holding it out toward the bed.

The poor, helpless hands started and moved a little upon the coverlet as the paralytic strove to hold them forth and take the envelop; but the effort was useless.

"Put it under my pillow," he whispered with fretful petulance. "Mrs. Roesselle will take it when—when—I'm—dead."

The exertion of this interview, unusual and protracted as it was, had exhausted his slender strength; and he only saw that Mr. Jenks had complied with his directions, placing the envelop between the sheet and the lower pillow, before he dropped off into a deep sleep. The lawyer exchanged a few words in whisper with the housekeeper, and the latter called in Mrs. Wadhams, who took her usual seat by the bed. Through the open door Laura saw Mr. Grayle composing himself sleepily upon a sofa. Mr. Jenks and Mrs. Roesselle left the room, and Laura silently traversed the passage, crept through the opening into the closet, and replaced the panel. A pencil of light through the key-hole of the closet-door told her that Mrs. Roesselle was lighting the lawyer down stairs. She waited until it had disappeared, and nothing could be heard; and then piling back the rubbish upon the panel, and waiting an instant longer, for safety, she emerged from the closet, shut the door, and returned undiscovered to the chamber where her father waited for her in torturing suspense.

At the back door of the great hall on the first floor, as Mr. Jenks turned from Toby Small standing with the information, "Yer hoos ready, sir," to say good-night to Mrs. Roesselle, this man of hard facts and dry principles, who was not accustomed to be astonished at anything, was fairly startled into an abrupt expression to see the housekeeper's face dreadfully pale, and a look of the most agonizing anxiety upon it. "Good heavens, madam, what is the matter?" he asked. "Are you ill?"

"No sir," she said, in her usual tone. "But I want you to tell me, Mr. Jenks, to whom the will gives the property." A surprised shake of the head answered her. "You don't know what right I have to ask," she pleaded. "I hope and expect that it is just as it should be; but I know that fraud and wrong are waiting to deprive that person of the estate, if it can be accomplished. Sir, these influences are now, at this moment, beneath this roof! I do not ask this information from mere curiosity, but that I may be able to protect the weak against the wicked and designing." And then she repeated the request with renewed earnestness.

"Positively, I never did such a thing in my life!" Mr. Jenks exclaimed. "Why, madam, it's unprofessional in the highest degree; I can't think of it."

"Consider," urged she, "that I am named executrix in the will. Consider that Augustus Maverick has at best but a very few hours to live, and that in those few hours the craft and subtlety of an unscrupulous man and woman will be actively at work to defeat the operation of this will—provided that its provisions are as I hope they are, and they can leave it. Perhaps I am over-anxious and over-fearful; but I can't help it. I have prayed for a consummation that I hope is coming; I was hardy enough to tell that man what no one else could have told him, that he was dying, and must make his will; and I want to know whether he has done what he knows he should do—what I know he should do—but what I dared not ask him to do. Please tell me, Mr. Jenks; you have known me a great many years, and you surely can trust me."

"This is very extraordinary indeed," replied the lawyer. "All that you tell me is extraordinary, as well as surprising to me. As you observe, I have known you a great many years; and I know you can be trusted to an unlimited extent. Now I do not fear for a moment that you would communicate this information to any person, or even the fact that you had it; I simply hesitate to violate a fixed rule of the profession. Yet the statements you make clearly show to me that if in any case such a revelation as you ask could be properly made, it would be under circumstances like these. You may be gratified to know, madam, that I am trusting you further than Andrew Jenks ever yet trusted any human being. The will gives the property to your adopted daughter, Miss May."

"All of it?"

"The whole."

"Thank you, sir, you have lightened my heart more than I can tell you. Your confidence is not misplaced."

"Good-night, Mrs. Roesselle."

"Good-night, sir."

The housekeeper closed and locked the door after him, and an expression of triumphant joy irradiated her face. The consummation for which she had prayed was at hand; Augustus Maverick had done exactly the thing that she had not dared ask him to do, lest she should anger him against it. With a fervent "thank God!" upon her lips she returned to the room where she had left her nephew, and where she proposed to alternate with him in watching out the night.

And overhead, in Oliver Maverick's chamber, there were two others who relieved each other through the long night in watching. Within one hour after Laura had placed her father in possession of the secret of the sick-chamber, the audacious plot was formed, the execution of which would give them all that they sought; and by turns they watched and listened with open door, sometimes in the hall, and sometimes on the stairs, for the cry, the flurry, the token, whatever it might be, that the soul of Augustus Maverick was quitting its miserable tenement.

The token came not that night. The sun of another day rose upon the master of Maverick living, and the plot of the conspirators was changed in the first hour of the new morning.

VIII.

THE doctor was at the house before breakfast. He found his patient had been surely sinking during the night, and now lay in a kind of torpor from which he was awakened by the administration of another stimulant.

"I think there is nothing further here for me to do," he said to Mrs. Roesselle. "Left alone, this man would certainly die before noon. He can be kept alive for some hours longer than that by stimulants, which you can give him as well as I. A teaspoonful of brandy once an hour, or oftener, will prolong his existence a little, and you can give it as often as he appears to sink. I will call to-morrow morning, but I do not expect to find him alive."

Roscoe Grayle did not join the others at the breakfast table, having volunteered to

continue his watch until Anna could relieve him. The rest were all present; and such a breakfast as that this mansion had never seen. People who were plotting and counter-plotting against each other sat at the same board, with an assumed cordiality that to a stranger might have passed for the real sentiment, and conversed with a hollow politeness upon indifferent topics, when anxiety was preying on their hearts in regard to a matter of transcendent importance in which their interests were hostile to the point of enmity. But as we often cloak our feelings and smooth our fears in the company of those whom we could secretly wish buried under Mont Blanc, so did this company sip their coffee and eat their toast with sweet, and gracious, and cordial smiles.

Mrs. Roesselle appeared at the head of the table, and presided over it with matronly grace and unruffled benignity. She had some difficulty in repressing that smile of quiet triumph, as she thought of the events of the night; but self-control was with her a matter of habit, and no one could have told from the appearance of her face that she had any recent cause for either joy or sorrow. Her bearing was so different from that of the previous day that Oliver Maverick had no difficulty in understanding from it that she not only knew the fact that his brother had made his will, but also who was the party most interested in it. And with his own face expressing an unlimited quantity of polite and complaisant deference, he thought behind his inverted coffee-cup—Ah, madam—if you only knew of *all* that happened in this house last night!

Anna May, as unsuspecting as she was uninformed of the events of the night, or any of them, and utterly ignorant that those events had made herself an object of jealous care as well as of bitter hatred to some of those about her, and knowing only that these were unwelcome guests at Maverick, to be treated with courtesy but not with any excess of hospitality, strove to maintain a quiet, commonplace conversation with Laura. It was their first meeting; Laura had almost forgotten that her father had mentioned to her at the cottage the existence of such a person; and when she had heard the name read on the previous night from the will, she could not at first recall where she had heard it before. To tell what anger, what unconquerable passion Laura Maverick smothered down at the sight of this simple charity-child, as she

considered her, to whom her uncle had chosen to give his estate in preference to those of near kin to him, would be impossible. She was just equal to the task, and no more; and when, in addition to this, her sense suggested to her that prudence as well as policy required her to meet Anna May half way in her efforts at sociability, she found a harder task before her than she had ever been required to perform. And but for that wild ambition in her heart, her determination to succeed, and the thought of the darling purpose itself that had brought her here, she never could have succeeded as she did in wearing the mask. In short, these people met around that table, and acted a better play with greater skill than my reader and I can ever hope to see on theatrical boards.

A female servant brought in the coffee-urn, and took her place behind the housekeeper's chair, as if to wait on the table; but Mrs. Roesselle remarked to her:

"You need not stay, Jane; we will help ourselves. I want you to be in readiness to attend to the wants of Mr. and Miss Maverick to-day."

The girl said "Yes, ma'am," and left the room.

"I hope, madam," Oliver Maverick remarked, with excessive deference in his tone, "that you are not suffering yourself to be discommoded in this very inconsiderable matter of attendance upon us. I do assure you that Jerry has waited upon us with the most scrupulous fidelity, and that he is in every respect satisfactory. Is not this true, Laura?"

"Most certainly, father."

"I regret to say, however," the housekeeper dryly said, "that circumstances will prevent his further attendance upon you."

Oliver Maverick instantly fortified himself for a disagreeable revelation, and simply remarked,

"Ah?"

It was an exclamation that was not in the least expressive of curiosity; it simply seemed to fall into the current of conversation to give it direction. Mrs. Roesselle was looking straight at him, and he knew it; and anticipating what was coming, he trod warningly upon Laura's slipper under the table, and begged Miss May to pass the butter.

"I found him too officious to suit me, and I discharged him," said the lady.

Mr. Maverick simply said he was sorry, for the man's sake; and Laura observed to Miss

May that it was difficult indeed to get along with most servants.

The good housekeeper had purposely delivered this piece of domestic news at this time, expecting to startle one or both of her guests into the exhibition of something more than a passing interest in the matter; and she most signally failed. She did not cause even a ripple of excitement or interest at the table; and it required some effort on her part to conceal the disappointment which she felt at the result.

"I have entirely mistaken them," she thought, "or they are both well skilled in the cunning of wary rascals."

The information, however, was true, as Oliver Maverick subsequently satisfied himself. Toby Small, jealously watchful of the interests of Mrs. Roesselle, who was the old fellow's best friend and particular favorite, had observed with increasing curiosity the inquisitiveness of his son, between whom and the old man there was nothing like affection; and his conduct at the stable particularly excited Toby's attention. "I'll know more about this," the old man determined; and upon his return from the village with Mr. Jenks, he came directly into the house, leaving the horses to be cared for by the hostler. It was somewhat difficult for the old man to get about, and he was some time in satisfying himself that Jerry had gone up stairs; and when he had done this he resolved to follow, thinking that if the housekeeper found him above, where he was never expected to be, he would simply tell her his suspicions, and what he was after. The result of his investigations was communicated to Mrs. Roesselle very soon after she arose in the morning.

"I thought summat was up, marm, from Jerry's sneaking way and great curiosity lately; and I watched him. I got into a dark corner of the hall, and saw him come down very sliily from above, and skulk into the room. Pretty soon after you came up from below with your black box, and went in too; and then I thought Master Jerry'd be caught at his tricks. But I guess he wasn't, for pretty soon he comes out as sly as ever, and scuttles back up stairs again. It's my opinion, marm, that he was sent down by them people to find out what neither he nor they had any business to know; and I'm in duty bound to tell you about it."

The housekeeper dismissed honest Toby with her thanks; and forthwith summoned

Jerry. He came directly, and she abruptly charged him with spying over the house in the employment of Oliver Maverick. The charge was so unexpected that the man exhibited much confusion; and without waiting for any explanation, he was summarily discharged and ordered to quit the house at once. At the house of a friend in the neighborhood he awaited the issue of the events at Maverick, in which he had up to the time borne an important, if despicable part.

The incident will illustrate how wide-awake the housekeeper had become to the probable designs of her troublesome guests, and how jealously she regarded their actions. Nothing but the very greatest offence ever caused the dismissal of one of the established and trusted servants of the house, and neither herself nor Mr. Terry, in his supervision of the out-door laborers, ever exercised this power without what they deemed ample cause. Nor had the housekeeper any doubt as to the propriety of her action in this case until she saw how coolly the news of his dismissal was heard by those whom she supposed to be chiefly concerned in it.

"I don't know what to think of them," was her afterthought. "If he was their spy, and if they have any sinister designs here, the step I have taken ought to disarrange their plans; and the knowledge of it ought to make them show some confusion. But here they are, as cool as though I had said nothing more than good-morning. Perhaps I am mistaken about Jerry. No matter; if I am it is a mistake on the right side. I could not with prudence have done anything else; and I can set myself right about Jerry when I discover that he has been wronged. A few hours will show."

The meal was concluded without any reference having been made to the condition of Augustus Maverick, although it was apparent to Laura that the girl had been sent away from the table lest some allusion might be made which was not for the servants' ears. Mrs. Roesselle arose, and the others with her; and as they left the room, Oliver Maverick said to her, aside:

"I have heard nothing as yet, this morning, of the condition of my brother."

"The doctor has seen him again," was the reply, "and thinks that his end is fast approaching."

"I hope and trust that we shall have timely warning of the moment."

"You have my word to that effect," was

the reply; and giving him no opportunity for further conversation, the housekeeper preceded him up stairs, and went to relieve Mr. Grayle. The latter lingered in the hall a moment as he saw Laura Maverick and her father going up to their room; and when they were out of sight, he descended to his breakfast, and found Anna May at the coffee-urn, the housekeeper having requested her to remain. The young man was as far from entertaining any suspicions of the night before as Anna herself; saving that he knew of the visit of a professional-looking gentleman, and readily divined the general object of his visit. That was all.

Again in private, Oliver Maverick and his daughter conferred anxiously together.

"We can easily see that our object is suspected," he said, "and that a vigilant watch is being kept over the chamber where Augustus lies. And it is perfectly clear to me that if we are ever admitted to that chamber before he dies, and before the will is removed from his pillow, it must be by some other agency than that of this lynx-eyed housekeeper. She knows exactly what we would do if we had the chance, and exactly what is necessary for her to do to keep that chance from us; and she is doing it with a vengeance. Our plan is a bold one, and promises success, if we only have an opportunity to try it. But how do we know that he will live till night? He is liable to drop off at any moment; and then farewell to all our hopes. Laura, we are playing for too high a stake to risk what may happen if we remain all day in this room. We—one of us, certainly—must be near that chamber, to take advantage of what may at any instant happen."

She looked at him in thoughtful silence.

"I can risk the night, if we do not reach it as we hope; but the day may defeat us."

"It must not," her father returned. "Write her a note, and send Jane down with it. Offer to help them in the sick-room. I want to see what she will say; and I have another card, if that fails."

A few moments later the girl tapped at the outer door of the suite of rooms, and delivered to the housekeeper a note that read as follows:

"Miss Maverick sends her compliments to Mrs. Roesselle, and begs that she may be allowed to participate in the watchings and labors of her uncle's sick-room. She is very anxious to be of assistance at this time, and hopes that the relation in which she stands

to Mr. Augustus Maverick will plead powerfully with Mrs. Roesselle for her request. Her uncle has never seen her, and cannot know her; and if any fear is felt that he might recognize her from resemblance to her father, she can remain out of his sight. But she prays the privilege, if Mrs. Roesselle must so consider it, of exercising the duty of a niece."

The answer quickly came back, pencilled on the same paper. It simply said:

"Miss Maverick's offer is declined, with thanks. Her uncle now has all necessary attention."

Laura read the words, and handed the paper to her father. He read them; and remarking:

"Now for my other card," left the room. Descending the stairs, he met Mrs. Roesselle in the hall.

"My dear madam," he said, with animation and earnestness, "I know you are incapable of wronging us, particularly at so solemn a time as this; but I feel, and my daughter feels, that as you have located us in this house, the death of my brother may happen in such a way that it will give us life-long reproach. You know he is liable to expire at any moment, and a minute of time may be precious beyond thought to us. I do not ask that we may be introduced to his bedside before the final agony arrives; but, O madam, you who have seen death before know how rapid is his work. When that last struggle begins he will have expired. You mean well, my dear madam; but do you not see that it is cruel to place us in this position? Our hearts are intent upon seeing his face a moment ere he passes away, that in that awful time, since it cannot be before, we may be reconciled. Only allow us to make sure that we may be with him at that moment, so important to us and to him."

"What do you propose?" Mrs. Roesselle asked.

"At least, that you allow us to occupy the outer room of those three. We can then be at the bedside at an instant's warning."

Again did the housekeeper penetrate the flimsy pretext; more distinctly than at any moment since the entry of these people into the house did she realize what was the secret purpose that brought them. Could they have discovered, she asked herself, the secret of that sick chamber?—and she answered herself that it was impossible. She had herself hardly, and with much difficulty reached the

assurance that she knew it; and how could these people gain that knowledge? They could not—they had not—so she thought; but it was quite possible that Jerry Small had reported to them the arrival of the lawyer, and from that knowledge they might draw a broad inference that they were cut off from the estate. And now, swiftly upon the heels of this discovery, and the loss of their serviceable spy, came the bold request that they might be admitted to the immediate proximity of the dying man's chamber.

What did it mean? Only one thing, as she thought. It was the desperate attempt of a desperate man and woman, to place themselves in a position of advantage, where any unforeseen accident might be turned to their account, by almost any desperate step.

All this flashed through her active mind while Oliver Maverick was pronouncing the words of his request. An emphatic *no* was on her tongue. It was not uttered when the same fear that had opened the door of the house for their ingress restrained her, and presently opened the door of the first room of the suite also to them.

It was the fear of what the world would say. Not fear for herself; evil report had done with her, and would not attack her when it could strike so shining a mark as the young and beautiful mistress of Maverick. For the day was coming—nay, it might come with the morrow—when Anna May, dear to her by trials and sufferings, and long, secret heart-agonies endured for her, which she prayed God that the girl might never know—would hold the title of all that Augustus Maverick had owned; and it was against her that the slander would be trumpeted far and wide, if this request of Oliver Maverick was now denied.

"Ah yes—she's rich enough; but a curse will follow the property that's got in that way! She barred the door against his own brother and niece, in his dying hour, when she knew that he'd have willed it all to them, but that he thought them too proud to come and be reconciled."

That was the slander that Mrs. Roesselle foresaw and feared. And still, she might have overridden that fear, had it seemed at that moment necessary; but it did seem to her that she might with perfect safety allow the request. She reflected that she had nothing to fear. The sick-room should be rigidly guarded to the last; her strong, willing nephew would be with her between it and

the feeble man before her; she would take the will into her possession immediately, when all was over; there was absolutely no risk.

"You may occupy that room, if you insist," she replied. "You will find no conveniences there for sleeping."

She proceeded on her way amid his profuse outpouring of thanks; and she returned to the rooms very little disturbed by the occurrence. But had she known all that this "feeble man" knew; had she even suspected the nature of his plot!

IX.

JANE SHOREY, the girl who had been assigned by the housekeeper to wait upon Oliver Maverick and his daughter, after the discovery of the treachery of Jerry Small, had been in service at Maverick about two years. Contrary to the usual custom, she had been employed without being required to produce references or recommendations; but her distress and her pitiful story had pleaded so powerfully with the lady that she had taken her on trial. Up to this time she had found no cause to regret it. A more faithful, industrious and manly servant than she had never been at the mansion; and had Mrs. Roesselle been asked to name one of her many servants who upon the whole bore the best character for all that is desirable in a servant, she would have unhesitatingly selected Jane Shorey. She was a quiet, unobtrusive girl of twenty-four or five, with a plain face and an old look about it which plainly showed suffering. Her story to the housekeeper was that she had been thrown upon the world destitute by the sudden death of her husband in New York; that she was unable to obtain honorable employment there, and had walked from the city all the way to Maverick Mansion. She came forlorn, sad, weary and hungry, and appealed pitifully to Mrs. Roesselle to take her in.

"I know I cannot do much at first, ma'am," she frankly said; "but I can learn, and after a while I will be as useful to you as though I had always known about housework. I will work for my board, only, as long as you think I ought to; and if I can only find a home here, I will give all my heart to serving you well."

This happened two years before Augustus Maverick was laid upon the bed from which

he was destined to be carried only to his grave; and most nobly had the girl rendered her pledge. She was always shy, almost timorous in her manner, and was never liked among the servants; but her quickness, her fidelity, and her scrupulously exact performance of her duties soon raised her high in the estimation of Mrs. Roesselle. And when the latter had made the astonishing discovery of the defection of Jerry Small, she unhesitatingly selected Jane as the proper person to wait upon the guests. She had peculiar reasons for this selection. The girl had an unaccountable shyness of all strangers, and studiously avoided them whenever they appeared in the house. This peculiarity, combined with her general fidelity, entirely satisfied the housekeeper that the girl could not be induced to have any communication with those whom she was to wait upon, except such as was barely necessary to enable her to attend to their wants.

And yet, of all the servants at Maverick, had the good housekeeper asked her guests to name the one who should replace Jerry Small, they would have chosen Jane Shorey! And nothing that Mrs. Roesselle could have blindly done would have so much favored the plot that had that morning been matured in Oliver Maverick's chamber, as this announcement made by the housekeeper at the breakfast-table, to the secret delight of both of the conspirators. For of that plot, Jane Shorey already constituted a most important, if a most unwilling part.

It was the regular duty of Jane to see that each meal was properly put on the table and served; and this duty she generally attended to in person. She was present in the dining-room on the previous afternoon when Laura Maverick and her father entered it; and it was with a start and a chill of horror that she recognized the former. But neither by word, look, nor gesture did Laura show that she knew her, and poor Jane, trembling and almost sick with apprehension for the consequences to herself of this discovery, was nearly reassured by the manner of the young lady, before the conclusion of the meal. Poor Jane, indeed! She was destined to be speedily undeceived, and to learn that the dread that had for two years haunted her had overtaken her at last. As Mrs. Roesselle and Mr. Maverick passed from the room, Laura lingered a little, unperceived by the former—lingered just long enough to speak a few

words of terrible, crushing purport to the girl.

"I know you," Laura said, in a low voice across the table. "Would you wish me to tell your mistress all that I know about you?"

"O miss! for the love of God—"

She broke off her speech abruptly, and stood with clasped hands and imploring eyes before her tyrant.

"Hush!" Laura whispered, imperiously. "Don't whisper another loud word, or I'll betray you on the spot! I have something for you to do; if you will do it faithfully, I will not disturb you in your place here, and will allow Mrs. Roesselle to go on thinking that you are all you seem to be; refuse, and she shall know the whole story. Is it your business here to see to the serving of the meals? You need not speak; answer with your head."

The girl made an affirmative sign.

"Good! I thought so. Make some errand to come up into the third story hall in half an hour, and I will see you there; and do not breathe a word of this to any one."

The girl had obeyed; she could do nothing else; and in that brief interview, carried on in whispers, Laura Maverick informed her of the part she was to perform in the drama of the plotters whenever called upon. It was all one to Laura that her uncle might die without making a will, and the necessity for the services of the girl be obliterated; she knew that she held her in such fear that she dared not whisper a word of the plot to any one. Piteously, and with tears, did Jane Shorey beg that this might not be required of her; sternly, breathlessly, did Laura Maverick exact it; and she went down again to her tasks, shrinking with miserable dread from the treachery imposed upon her, sad, and almost weary of life—yet bound by the cruel will of her tyrant.

Such was the condition of affairs when the father and daughter transferred themselves to the outer room of the suite about ten o'clock, shortly after the interview of Oliver Maverick and the housekeeper. They brought down with them books, one of which the former appeared to be industriously reading through the entire day; while Laura did nothing but hem handkerchiefs, with rapid fingers and downcast eyes. To see them as Mrs. Roesselle saw them sitting in that room, a dozen times during the day, it might naturally have been thought that the energies of the one

were absorbingly bent on finishing the book before dark, and of the other, on hemming the greatest possible number of handkerchiefs before night. The housekeeper purposely made errands through the room, that she might observe them; but their conduct was a perfect mask to their designs. But she doubted not that nothing passed unnoticed within the limits of their vision, nothing unheard within the reach of their ears.

The sick-room was occupied during the day by the nurse, who never left it for a moment; the middle room by Mr. Grayle, who never left that for a moment; their meals being served them where they were. The housekeeper kept on the alert all day, passing from one room to another, secretly confident of the result of this strange game of cross-purposes, and yet unavoidably anxious. And indeed she must have been more or less than human if she had not been anxious. The good or the ill fortune of a cherished object of years of anxiety and patient, hopeful working and waiting depended upon the happenings beneath that roof of the next few hours.

Dinner was served at three o'clock, and attended only by Mrs. Roesselle and Mr. Maverick. Either from inclination or the direction of the former, Anna remained in the middle room with Mr. Grayle; and Laura Maverick pleaded a headache, and did not come below stairs. There was very little said, and very little eaten by the two who faced each other from the ends of the long table. There was no more superfluous politeness on the part of Oliver Maverick; he found himself unable to play the active hypocrite, as the end approached, and his feelings labored under a greater tension of excitement. A more useless dinner for any practical purpose, was never served at Maverick.

The afternoon passed slowly away, with the happening of nothing noticeable, excepting that Mrs. Wadhams observed, and called Mrs. Roesselle's attention to the fact, that the patient was steadily sinking. The sagacity of the physician was amply verified; nothing but the oft-repeated doses of brandy kept the fluttering spirit within the poor weak body, which was ready at last to release its hold. But it was evident to both the women that the vital forces would shortly be beyond the reach of stimulants, and that the end must come this night.

When tea was quietly announced, Mrs.

Roesselle, Laura, and Anna May took their places at the table.

"My father wishes me to excuse his absence," said the daughter. "He has no appetite, and an interesting book."

The lady at the head of the table very slightly bowed, Anna, still ignorant of any suspicions of wrong on the part of the guests, as Mrs. Roesselle was designedly keeping her so, talked upon ordinary subjects; and Laura, better able to control herself than was her father, conversed with her, without the least show of anxiety. As they took their seats, Jane Shorey entered with the tea-urn; and as she bent to place it upon the tray before Mrs. Roesselle, the latter observed that her face was very pale.

"Jane—what is the matter?"

The question was a quick and peremptory one; the girl looked up, faltered—and became aware that Miss Maverick's hateful, colorless eyes were fixed menacingly upon her. The three at the table were looking at her; but those eyes—she could almost feel them!

"Nothing at all, ma'am," she answered, repressing her agitation in obedience to the menace. "I felt a little faint once this afternoon, but I don't think anything of it."

"You are not sick, I hope?" Laura inquired; and groaning and writhing in spirit because of the dreadful bonds that bound her to this woman's will, Jane helped her in the deception, as she was at the moment helping her in a monstrous villany, and answered humbly and gratefully, as became a servant, that she was not.

The tea was served, with the slight addition of edibles that appropriately supplemented a late dinner; and at a pause in the conversation Anna remarked that Laura's cup stood untasted before her.

"Do you drink no tea?" Anna asked.

"No," was the reply, "my headache forbids it. With most people, I know, it is soothing; with me it is stimulating, and always increases the pain of my headache."

With this bold falsehood smoothly uttered, the speaker turned to Mrs. Roesselle, to hear her direct Jane to carry a cup of tea and some cakes up to Mr. Grayle. The girl left the room to obey the direction, and paused and looked back through the open door when in sight of Laura Maverick's face only. She gave one last pitiful look at that face; at the last moment, she thought, there might be some mercy in that cold beautiful face. She looked in vain; she might as well have sought

for a sympathetic expression in the bare wall behind her. Those eyes fastened her look upon them, and commanded her as plainly as speech could have done it, to obey—to hesitate at her peril. And desperately, hopelessly, Jane Shorey proceeded with the work which she knew must cut her off from Maverick and cast her out upon the world again.

In the solitude of her room that night, with bitter tears and bitter regrets, the poor girl prepared for her secret departure. She packed a satchel with her clothing; and then with a pencil wrote her farewell to her mistress:

"I don't know what great wickedness I've helped to do to-night," were her words. "I pray it may not be a great one, for I shall be as guilty as the worst about it. It's killing me, ma'am, to think how ungrateful you'll think I am for all your kindness; but as God knows me, they're forcing me to it. I'm in their power; I can't help myself; they know something of me that would send me to the State Prison if they caught me, for it happened while I was serving in a house in the city where one of them was visiting. I ran away because I knew they'd arrest me; I thought they'd never find me here, and I have lived honest and tried to do right since I came. But it's no use; they'd hand me over to the law if I refused to obey them; God help me, ma'am, I'm forced to betray you. I might stay, now I've done their will, and nothing ever would be said; but I can't see your kind face to-morrow; I don't dare to stay and see what I've helped them do. Try to forgive me, ma'am, and I'll forever pray for you and dear Miss Anna. JANE SHOREY."

The sheet upon which she wrote was rudely folded and directed, and pinned to her unruffled pillow. Poor, outcast and a criminal she had come to Maverick; poor, outcast and a criminal she left it, and saw it no more.

X.

THE great clock in the lower hall at Maverick struck the hour of ten. The sound of its striking reached Oliver Maverick and his daughter as they sat in the outer room of the suite. Both suspended their employment together; book and handkerchief were laid down, and the conspirators looked eagerly

into each other's face. It was the pre-arranged hour for action.

About one hour before, Mrs. Roesselle had passed through their room into the hall, and almost immediately passed back. She had found them engaged as before; and after closing the door between them and the middle room, she sank into a chair, and looked about her, bewildered and terrified.

"I wonder what possesses me?" she murmured; and her voice seemed wrrenched with an effort from her tongue. "I feel as though I *must* sleep; but I can't—I won't yield to this weakness. And they are both as sleepy as I am," she continued, looking from her nephew to Anna May. "I'll go and see how Mrs. Wadhams—"

Her tongue refused her further speech; she half rose from her chair, and instantly settled back in it, entirely overcome. And when, just as the great clock had finished striking ten, the door that she had last closed noiselessly and slowly opened, and Oliver Maverick peered into the room, a sight met his eyes that gave him unbounded satisfaction. The three occupants of the room were fast asleep; Anna lying upon the lounge, Roscoe Grayle with his head down upon the table, and the housekeeper sitting bolt upright in the chair. The three were sound asleep, as their heavy breathing showed.

Laura came to the door, and looked at the scene. Triumph shone and sparkled in her eye, a bright flush colored her face, and her hands were clasped nervously together.

"It is all right now!" she said, to her father, under her breath. "Let me go at once."

He opened the door a trifle wider, and she passed through and noiselessly across the room, avoiding the least contact with any of the sleepers. The knob of the sick-room door was in her hand; she turned it with a gentle and silent pressure, and opening the door a few inches, she eagerly looked in. Her face appeared again, to telegraph to her father by its broad smile of exultation that all within was as she wished; and crossing the threshold, she reclosed the door behind her.

She was in the sick-room; in the presence of the uncle whom she had never seen; in the presence of the will! Before moving a step, she took a quick, comprehensive survey of the apartment. A lamp burned dimly on the table; between it and the bed was Mrs. Wadhams, asleep in her chair, and giving un-

mistakable evidence of the fact by a vocal effort. The drear, thin face of Augustus Maverick lay upon the pillow; his eyes were closed; he lay without motion or sign, and apparently shared the sleep of the others.

Laura Maverick waited not an instant. Stepping lightly to the bedside, she ran her hand underneath the pillows; and her heart leaped as her fingers encountered an envelop. She withdrew it, and read upon the outside, "Augustus Maverick's will—May 21, 1850."

Won—won! Easily, lightly won—the object of her anxiety, the perfection of her hopes! She grasped it tightly, and turned to leave the room; something detained the skirt of her dress; and looking again towards the bed she saw with a chill of dismay that the stiffened fingers of the dying man had closed upon her skirt, while his eyes, wide open and staring, looked wildly into her face.

For a moment she stood perfectly still and looked at him. With desperate presence of mind in this frightful crisis, it occurred to her that he might have sunk so far by this time as to have lost the power of utterance entirely, and she eagerly but calmly watched his face. The bony hand had not relinquished its hold upon her dress; and ever the corpse-like face spasms of acute agony ran as the sufferer strove to give utterance to his thought. Once—and though he groaned with pain, he could not speak. Twice; and the muscles of his face worked and wrestled as he uttered some meaningless gibberish. Thrice; and in a low but perfectly distinct tone he said, "Who are you?"

His tongue was captive to his will again, and as he spoke and tightened his hold upon her dress, his eyes rested in alarm upon the envelop that the intruder held in her hand. The position of Laura Maverick at that moment was most desperate, and she promptly resorted to the most desperate course that presented itself.

"I am Laura Maverick, your niece, and daughter of your brother, Oliver Maverick. I have your will here in my hand; and holding it with the full knowledge of all that it contains, I ask you, uncle, to do us justice!" She spoke low, but her voice thrilled with a passionate and eager earnestness as she went on. "Let us all forget the past, Uncle Augustus; let us forget and forgive; and after that, you will tell me to burn up this will—wont you, uncle? You don't mean, you can't mean, to give all your property to a servant, a miserable dependant, like this

Anna May! Think of us, uncle; of your brother Oliver, and me, his daughter! We are near of kin to you; we have the same blood, and—think of my mother—”

At the repeated mention of the name of Oliver Maverick, the eyes of the dying man lit up with a sudden light of baleful fury; and coolly gathering his little remaining strength while she spoke, he interrupted her with a wild, terrible scream that rang and echoed through the rooms of the mansion like the high note of a bugle. It burst like a knell upon the ears of Laura Maverick, and she turned again to fly; and again she found herself detained by the vicelike grasp of those long fingers. The noise and stir in the next room admonished her that public discovery was inevitable, and she had only time to conceal the envelop in the bosom of her dress, when the door was thrown open and her father sprang in, followed immediately by Roscoe Grayle, Mrs. Roesselle and Anna May. Of all the sleepers, only the old nurse failed to awaken under the pressure of that awful cry from the deathbed.

There was not one of them but noted the presence of Laura Maverick; but before the anger and alarm of most of them could assert itself in words, the attention of them all was engrossed by the appearance of Augustus Maverick. Repeated spasms shook his frame; his fingers loosed their hold of the dress, his breath came hard and in gasps, and the cold dew of death started out upon his forehead as he strove to speak. He seemed to take no note of the presence of his brother; but his eyes wandered from face to face with a longing, wistful look, while he struggled with Death, to keep him at bay a moment more. Mrs. Roesselle hastened to force a few drops of brandy between his teeth, and raised him from the pillow. Then, very faintly, he said:

“Where’s Anna? I want her.”

She had been hidden by the others, but now came to the bedside. His eyes brightened as he saw her, and the motions of his hands showed her that he wished her to take them in her own. She did so, and he gasped with difficulty:

“My last words—bear witness! *This girl is my own daughter!* She’s to have it all—will—will—”

He said no more; speech failed him, and he looked at Laura with a stern, savage eye. He entered his final sleep soon after, with his head on Anna’s bosom, and that last expression of mingled rage and entreaty stereotyped upon his features.

In the midst of the first confusion caused by the death, Laura Maverick turned and left the room, followed by her father.

With one hand Mrs. Roesselle closed the eyelids of the dead, and with the other she reached beneath the pillow for the will. With a voice of the utmost concern and astonishment, she informed her nephew that the will was gone; and suddenly losing all her fortitude and resolution in this dreadful discovery, she threw herself down upon the floor, and burst into tears. Anna, bewildered by the astounding disclosure that she had just heard, knelt by her and tried to learn the cause of her grief; but she shook her head despondingly, and sobbed and cried more bitterly. Never had Anna seen her so completely broken down before.

“I’m weeping for you, child, not for myself,” was her answer. “It’s hard—it’s too hard! Please God, it can’t stay so; there will be a way out of this villany yet.” So she said, but her looks and words denied her, for she continued to weep and sob over her hopes so cruelly shattered; and from time to time she moaned out the words, “Too hard—too hard!”

Laura Maverick and her father hurried up stairs into her chamber, with a lamp which one of them snatched from the table below. Oliver Maverick received with greedy hands the envelop from his daughter, tore it open, and satisfied himself at once that this was the veritable will. His eyes burned; his teeth were set together, and his lips compressed, as he allowed one corner of the sheet to fall into the flame of the lamp. He held it in his hand while it blazed up, and both will and envelop were quickly consumed to the last scrap and corner. With the utmost care he gathered the ashes and blew them out of the window; and then clasping Laura wildly in his arms he exclaimed:

“It is ours now—all, all ours!”



THE DEAD PAST.

BY ABBIE WHEELER.

"Of all sad words from tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: 'It might have been.'"

There's a bright golden light in the long ago,
Flooding the river and shore;
The river whose waters gently flow
Beside Beaver Cottage door;
There's a bank that is green with waving grass,
And roses and lilac's bloom;
And eyes drink in beauty whenever they pass
In the mystic twilight gloom.
Ah! memory holds away, o'er my heart to-day
The dead come back from the tomb!

There were hopes I nursed lovingly long ago,
Buds gathered carefully there,
To adorn the bare walls with a sweet rich glow
Of beautiful flowers, and rare;
And I seem to hear the patter of feet,
Her children climbing the stair;
And I seem to see the lips that greet
My own, their kisses to spare. [to sleep,
And the tears they weep, when she puts them
Without her allotted share.

There are dreams that were beautiful to me,—
Bright visions of girlhood's grace;
And the tears are sacred I shed for thee.
Dreams Time never can efface!
And thus I weave ever the web of life
With smiles, and tears, and a dream,
Till my soul cries out with its weight of strife
That creeps o'er the years' dark stream—
And I lower the blind on my heart, for I find
Things are not what they seem!

I will shut out the beautiful long ago—
Lock my heart with a golden key;
I will listen no more to the gentle flow
Of that sweet-voiced memory;
I will shut out the sight of that cottage there
On the Beaver's bank and fen,
The sight of those beautiful flowers so rare—
And think that "*It might have been,*"
And my dear dead Past shall rest at last,
Away from the Future's ken.

A CUP OF COLD WATER.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

UP through the lush meadows, across a velvety, fern-bordered upland, winding round a sunny knoll into a narrow ravine, came Millie Trent, Squire Trent's only daughter. All the broad reach of meadow and upland, all the great forests and broad fields of grain, were Squire Trent's, as far as Millie could see. Her father was a rich man, the child knew that. She wondered sometimes, in a childish way, if money made people happy why her father was not happier. Old Tommy Lovett the miller, who owned only a patch of ground big enough for his little loghouse to sit upon, was happy as the sunshine. Indeed he seemed to radiate a perpetual warmth and brightness which made every one happy who came within his influence. Millie had caught herself more than once wishing Tommy was her father, or that her father was like Tommy.

Down at the foot of the ravine ran a slow, loitering river, and on this river was Tommy's little mill—an old brown, tumble-down affair, not worth one of Squire Trent's handsome

cows who came down to the water to drink, or, in hot days, to wade into the shallow, rush-bordered river. Yet to Millie this mill was the most charming and wonderful place in the world. She would sit for hours watching the white sparkle of the water falling through the flume and sprinkling the beautiful golden-hearted lilies below with its glittering spray. Every little while old Tommy would look out and nod at her in the jolliest way, and then run back to watch his grists.

Millie was on her way to the mill. She had been over in the further meadow after strawberries, and though her cup was lamentably empty, her small hands and face bore numerous suspicious stains, which led one to believe that strawberries were ripe.

Half way down the ravine grew a clump of scrub-oaks, interspersed here and there with slender white birches. Here, a little later, the golden-blossomed gerarolias lit up the shadows with their brightness. Millie wondered if they were not most ready to bloom,

and clambered up on the rocks to see. She was a courageous little thing, but she turned very white when she saw a man lying close to the rock, a little bundle under his head. She took another look, and discovered that he was pale and looked ill.

"Are you sick, man?" she asked, standing some way off.

"I am burning with thirst," he replied, "and I cannot go out to get water. If only you would get me a cup of cold water!"

A little way back round the sunny knoll was a clear, rippling spring.

"Just you wait," said Millie, running back as fast as she could.

She forgot all about her momentary fear, and crept over the rocks and brush and held the water to the man's lips. He drank it eagerly.

"I guess you're sick," said Millie; "why don't you go home?"

"I can't, child," he said, hoarsely; and he put his hand suddenly up over his face. Millie noticed that it was a very white hand, with handsome, tapering nails.

"Is it a good ways?" she persisted; "wont they be frightened if you don't come?"

"Don't, child!" he gasped, chokingly.

Millie stood still and watched him a moment.

"I wish I could help you," she said, wistfully.

"You have helped me already, little one," he said, sitting up, and smiling faintly into the sober little face before him. "What is your name, little girl?"

"Millicent Trent, though nobody calls me anything but Millie."

"Well, I will remember them both; but you mustn't tell any one you saw me here. You can keep a secret I know by your brave face."

"I never tell anything I promise not to," she replied, with cold dignity.

"And you will not tell what I am going to tell you?"

"No," she said, soberly.

"Well, I am in trouble, and if some people knew I was here they would carry me away by force, and perhaps put me in prison."

"In prison? Why, you don't look wicked," interrupted Millie, with wide eyes.

"I am not, but I cannot prove it, and I am poor, and have no friends. Now if you hear any one talking about me you must not say that I was here, or that you saw anybody at all."

"No," said Millie, gravely.

"Well, good-by, little one; I shall not forget the cup of cold water."

Millie knew he desired to be left alone, and so she turned away. She stood a moment irresolute, and then she turned back into the path that led up the knoll; she didn't want to see even old Tommy, just then.

"Here is a bold affair," said Squire Trent, looking up from his evening paper, that night. "I hope they will catch the rascal," reading aloud the following:

"Last night, as one of our large clothing manufacturers was about closing his store, and while he was alone, a young man entered and catching him suddenly by the wrist, demanded five dollars. Mr. M—— refused to concede to the impudent demand, when the fellow sprang over the counter, drew open the money drawer, and singling out a five dollar bill, made his escape before Mr. M—— could collect his scattered senses. He, however, recognized the young man as one Gerald Montford, who has been for two or three years past in the employ of Guild & Bacon, importers. The young man had hitherto borne an excellent character, and the reason for this bold, petty theft is a mystery."

Millie sat very still, but she trembled dreadfully all the time her father was reading. That this was the man in the ravine she was confident.

"O dear," she said, after she had gone up to bed and lay thinking it over. "I wish I had known it was only five dollars he wanted. I would have given it to him, I've got some of those little gold ones in my bureau drawer. Maybe he was hungry—he looked as if he was;" and she remembered the pale hands and the thin, white face, with a feeling of infinite pity.

The green meadows shimmered under the sunshine, and the velvet uplands sloped, fern-bordered, to the wood. Under the hill, at the foot of the ravine, the old mill crumbled slowly to decay; its master had gone to his reward.

Down through the ravine, with thoughtful steps, came a woman. She walked listlessly, as if weary or sad, and when the wind lifted her hat you saw that the face, though young and fair, was full of pain.

She sat down on a rock at the foot of the ravine and waited. You knew that she was waiting, by the little quick, furtive glances

that she cast about her, and the general air of nervousness she betrayed. The dreary brown eyes that strayed out over the languid river had a look of trouble and pain in them, and the clear oval cheek was white as the lilies floating on the still waters below.

There was a sudden crackling of dry limbs, and a young man of some twenty-four or five years sprang hastily through the thick undergrowth that skirted one edge of the ravine, and came toward the girl. She rose and put out both her hands with a little, quick cry.

"My faithful Millie!" he cried, folding her in his arms and kissing her fondly.

"My dear brother!" she responded, struggling hard to keep back the hot tears.

"I knew you would come, dear," he said, in a hoarse whisper.

"O Alfred!" was all she could say.

"Don't worry for me, Millie, I'm not worth it. But I wanted to tell you about this—this affair," he said, turning his face away, and going on hurriedly.

"You know the old story, Millie, but you don't know what I have suffered since I got that letter from you. Girl, I have been wild enough sometimes for anything," he said with sudden fierceness; "thank God, Millicent, it was no worse!" a little shudder running over him.

"Does he know?" he asked, after a pause.

"No, Alfred, he is broken enough already. I could not answer for the effect if he knew this, also," she said, with a faint shadow of reproach in her tone.

"Who made me what I am?" he cried, starting up. "Who thwarted me every way until my naturally fiery temper was beyond all human control? Who forced me day after day into that dreary old office, to read still drearier books—when my whole soul was longing for the free breath of the ocean—because a lawyer would reflect more glory on the family name than a sailor? And then the last cruel wrong—good heavens!" And turning away he paced back and forth like a chained lion.

He was a fine, brave-looking fellow, with dark, flashing eyes, and clear-cut, resolute features. You knew that he was fiery, impetuous, and perhaps a little reckless, but you would never have taken him for a thief; and yet at this moment he was hiding from pursuit for attempting a bold and daring robbery in a neighboring city.

"Alfred," and a little hand was laid softly on his arm, "I saw her yesterday."

"Myrtle!" he gasped, the fire dying suddenly out of his eyes, and a flush of shame and sorrow clouding his face.

"Yes, Myrtle. She has grown so pretty, Alfred. And do you know, she is quite an heiress, now. You remember Uncle Tommy had a brother in the West. Well, he died there about three months ago, and Myrtle owns one of the finest farms in Michigan, the property of her Uncle Julius Lovett, who, you remember, used to work on the farm for father when we were children. He was very poor, then—poorer than Uncle Tommy a good deal, and I remember used to eat his meals in the back porch, alone, when he worked for us. Well, he died worth twenty-five thousand dollars, and Myrtle is his heir."

"But Myrtle—is she much changed?" he asked eagerly, his face softening. "O Millicent, how I loved that girl! When father turned her from our house that morning with those bitter, terrible words, I thought I should go mad! I was not quite twenty-one and he had power to control me. And if he had not, it would have made no difference. Myrtle would never see me afterward; she was proud if she was 'only a pauper-vagabond's daughter,' as he called her. O, if I could only see her, Millicent, only just once, when she did not know." His voice faltered; then dashing his hand across his eyes he exclaimed bitterly:

"Folly! I, a felon, talking sentiment! Millicent, there is no need of my saying that I can do nothing—that the old place must go," he added, in an altered tone. "If only I had got your letter before. We had been in a week and I had five hundred dollars when we were paid off. I cared little for it, however; money had little value to me beside supplying my immediate wants. But though I was reckless and indifferent, I had never been guilty of the dissipations common among sailors. I deserve no credit; I had no taste for gambling, whiskey drinking, and kindred immoralities. I don't say this whiningly, to rouse your sympathies, Millicent," he said, half proudly; "I only tell you the truth. Well, about this five hundred dollars. The night after we received our money a lot of us went into Birney's saloon. Pretty soon the boys were busy at the cards, I looking on indifferently. There were two sharpers there—fellows who make a business of fleecing sailors and country people. I had nothing to do, and so I watched the game. Will Edg-

erly was playing a high stake, and he lost. It was the last dollar poor Will had, and I knew his old mother was waiting for her boy in a little country town some twenty miles away, and I fell into the blind, and thought maybe he could win it back, and thrust my pocket-book into his hand. It contained four hundred dollars, and poor Will lost it every penny. The next day I divided my remaining hundred with him, and saw him on board the stage-coach for O—, where his mother lives. Poor Will! he cried like a baby when I put that fifty dollars in his hand, and swore that he'd pay me every dollar, some day, if God spared his life.

"That night I got your letter, Millie, telling me of father's losses, his illness, and the mortgage on the homestead. Your letter had followed me from port to port, and over four months had elapsed since it was written. I saw there was no to lose if the place was to be saved. A sudden feeling of remorse came upon me. What right had I, a strong, well man, to leave all the care and burden of these days of darkness and reverse for your slender shoulders to bear? You did not mean to reproach me, Millie, but when I read of your taking in sewing, to try with your weak hands to pay the interest on the mortgage, and so keep a shelter for yourself and him—O Millie, I was wild, then. I never closed my eyes for three days and nights, and money, money, in some way, I felt I must obtain. I forgot the old wrong and the old hardness, then, and remembered only that he was my father, sick and in poverty. I remembered, then, how you had hinted of these troubles from time to time, and I—wretch that I was—had rejoiced over them, feeling that I was avenged for the wreck he had made of my happiness. The thought only added to the depths of my self-reproach, and I grew insane for money. I tried to enlist for another voyage and get an advance of fifty per cent on my wages, but no one was inclined to hire me upon those terms. I think now that I was for the time quite crazed. I had dwelt upon the subject incessantly for three days and nights, and I do not remember to have eaten in the time, though possibly I might.

"It was about ten o'clock on the morning of the fourth day that in passing a large cotton warehouse I glanced through a window and saw a man giving a roll of bills into the hands of a boy. My eyes were instantly fascinated and held by that money. If only it was mine, I looked up and read the sign,

Gerald Montford. The boy came out directly behind me, carrying the money in his hand. Instantly I turned, caught the bills from the lad's hand, and fled down the street. There was a loud cry raised, and at the first sound of 'stop thief!' I dropped the money as though it had been an adder. Before God, Millicent, I did not realize until that moment what I had been doing," he said, solemnly.

"Dear Alfred!" she said, gently, laying her tear-wet cheek against his hand.

"That is all, dear, only that I escaped in the pursuit that followed, though I am liable to arrest at any moment. I am going to escape them, though, Millicent," he said, with an odd look. "I only wanted to tell you just how it was, so that you would think tenderly of me when—"

He broke off abruptly, drawing her to him convulsively and kissing her.

"But you will come up to the house, Alfred!" she said, pleadingly; "you must go through the old place once more. You remember the room where mother died? O Alfred, I could give up all but that! Don't you remember how still and solemn it used to seem to us—that great south chamber—after she was carried out of it, taking, as it seemed to us, all the brightness and the sunshine from it, and from the whole house as well? Come home with me, Alfred. He is changed, now."

"You forget that I am a fugitive," he replied, smilingly. "Go back, Millicent, and try to forget you ever had a brother." And drawing his hand from her detaining clasp he walked hurriedly away, and though she called after him, he never once paused or turned back.

About half a mile from the Trent farm was the village. It had its half dozen stores, its schoolhouse and meeting-house, and a quiet, old-fashioned inn known as the "Traveller's Rest." It had its one main street, flanked on either side with spotless white houses, all looking as prim and immaculate as virgins. They all had little square yards with great, red peonies under the windows, and clumps of yellow lilies at the gates, and looked as if they all grew in one pod.

Camden didn't have a great influx of strangers in the summer, like some country towns. It wasn't popular to go to Camden, and so nobody went. And, when a handsome, gentlemanly man, with clear, blue eyes and beautiful, annahny smile, came to the

"Traveller's Rest" and took a room, it was quite an event in the history of the village, and more than one susceptible maid lost her heart in the meshes of his irresistible whiskers as he walked down the village street in the June twilight.

Mr. Benjamin, the proprietor of the "Traveller's Rest," was that very *rara avis*, a male gossip. He knew everybody's affairs by heart. He admired to talk about them—not maliciously, but by way of entertainment. He was therefore quite in his element when the strange gentleman, upon returning from his walk, manifested a disposition to learn something about the Camdenites.

"Trent, did you say, sir?" cried Benjamin, eagerly. "O yes. They live something like half a mile from here. The old squire used to own the River Farm, the best farm in the country. He's been strangely unfortunate one way and another, and it's all slipped out of his hands but the homestead, and that'll go next week, I s'pose. There hasn't been any interest paid on the mortgage these two years. Any children? Yes, two, though one aint of much account, I fear, by late reports. But Millicent Trent is a girl worth having. The old squire was a cold, hard man, and his son Alfred was a fiery, high-spirited lad, bewitched with the sea, and the old man tried to make an attorney of him, and failed, and the boy left between two days and has never returned. After he went away the squire built some saw-mills down below a ways, and there came a freshet and carried them all away; then the murrain got among his cattle—and he had a nice lot, I tell you—and every one on the farm died. Then the fire got into his woodland and burned up five hundred cord of nice, seasoned wood, besides what there was standing, and some handsome young wood. He had to sell off part of his farm to stock the rest, and two years ago he had a sort of fit, or something, and he has never been into the road since. They had to mortgage the farm to live on, and as I said, I guess that will go too. The amount of the mortgage? O yes, \$1150, sir."

"I wish," said Mr. Benjamin, after a little thoughtful pause, "I wish you could see Miss Millie. She is just as sweet and pretty as a pink. It aint many girls, brought up as she was, to have everything—born, as the saying is, with a silver spoon in her mouth—that would work as she has. Why, sir," warming with his subject, "that girl, sir, actually took in sewing and fine ironing all last sum-

mer and winter, and done it with such a good-will, too, no grumbling or whining. But she always was a brave little thing; I wish you could ha' seen her when she was a little girl, she was so pretty and so womanish."

The stranger got up and went to the window, and stood very still looking out into the quiet summer air. His face looked pale, but perhaps it was the shadow from the lamp. He stood there a while longer, and then took his hat and went out.

The moon was just rising from a straggling belt of dim clouds lying low in the east. A faint mist hovered over the meadows and the river, and the fresh scent of ferns came up from the dewy woodlands. The moonlight fell in long, slantwise beams across the old mill, across the moss-covered roof half fallen in upon the broken wheel, and stretching away, ran, a silver thread, up through the gloomy ravine, shadowed with oaks and birches, and fragrant with the honeyed breath of the wild azalia.

A man, following the slender thread of light, came slowly down the dewy, briar-o'er-run path. Suddenly he started hurriedly forward. A splash, like a heavy body falling into the water, came up faintly from the river below. He ran across the little bridge and out onto the broken, crumbling dam. He looked sharply a moment, his ear turned toward the water. Then he swung himself down into a little boat that, moored to an old stone post, floated lazily in and out the length of its rusted chain. A dark object rose to the surface of the water, and quick as lightning the man pushed out with a bold, strong stroke, and was just in time to grasp the dark object, as with a dull lunge it parted the sleepy waters.

"He is dead, I fear, poor fellow!" he said, as he carried his lifeless burden to the shore in his arms. "Who would have thought of such a tragedy in this quiet town! And so young, too," he added, pushing back the dark, dripping hair from the broad, fair forehead, across which the moonlight fell in a sudden flood. He gave a slight start and then leaned close to the white, upturned face.

"Good Heaven! the same face?" he cried. "[I should know it in a thousand, though I had but one glance at it."

Laying him carefully on the grass he thrust his hand into his pocket and drew out a pocket-book. It was wet, but inside the water had not penetrated. He took out two or three folded papers, and drawing a match

across his sleeve he glanced at them with eager, hurried eyes.

"Alfred Trent," he read, at the bottom of some sort of a receipt, and then again upon the envelop of a letter bearing half a dozen foreign postmarks, and superscribed in a woman's hand. He drew out the letter and opened it. Just then his match flared up and went out; he lighted another, and read with a white, excited face, just what he had expected to read: "Your loving sister, Millie."

It was between nine and ten o'clock, and Millicent Trent had just bolted the doors preparatory to retiring. Her father had already fallen asleep, and the great house was silent, save the ghostly ticking of the great clock in the long hall, when there came a quick, firm step on the gravel, and a short, peremptory rap on the door. She took a step backward and unbolted the door and looked out. A man stood half in shadow, holding some sort of a burden in his arms.

"Miss Trent?" he asked.

Millicent bowed and took a step forward. Something familiar in the outline of the form of the man—as she now saw it was—in his arms, struck her with a sudden chill. He saw the expression of her face and answered it.

"It is your brother, but he will live. He came near being drowned; I saw him barely in season to save him." He did not repeat to her the battle he had had with death to restore him; it would do no good for her to know. He brought him in and laid him on a bed which she silently pointed out. He breathed regularly, but was still unconscious. He turned and walked away when she dropped on her knees and kissed the white face and the dripping hair, but his voice was a trifle unsteady when a moment after he said:

"I will send your doctor round, now, Miss Trent, and if I do not see you again, good-by."

He lifted the hand she gave him to his lips in a tender, reverent way, and went out.

It was late the next afternoon when Alfred Trent opened his eyes and looked into his sister's face.

"Millie!" he ejaculated, in a bewildered tone.

"Yes, dear Alfie, and father, too," placing a wrinkled, shrunken hand in his, and dropping a little, soft splash of warm tears upon them.

"O father!"

"My dear boy?"

That was all, not another word was spoken. Doctor Marsden opened the door softly and slipped out. On the steps he met a boy coming up.

"See here, youngster," he said, sharply; "you see the town clock over there?"

"Yes sir," said the boy, looking considerably astonished.

"Well, if you rap at that door in a second less than five minutes, I'll make a diagnosis of you!" And frowning terribly at the amazed boy, he climbed into his chaise and drove away, breaking after a few moments into a soft, gurgling laugh, after which he drew his coatsleeve several times across his eyes and coughed in an odd, husky voice.

By-and-by Millicent heard a hesitating rap on the door and went out. A boy from the village stood on the steps, and when she opened the door he hurriedly thrust a little package into her hand, and was turning away.

"Who sent this, Andy?" she asked, calling him back.

"I don't know his name, Miss Millie; it's the stranger stopping at old Benjamin's. He's gone off this afternoon, though. I expect he hadn't time to come himself."

It was a sealed package, directed to "Miss Millicent Trent." She turned it over and over in her hand as she went back, wondering what a stranger stopping at the "Traveler's Rest" could know of her, or what possible communication he could make to her. Tearing open the envelop, a long, folded paper slipped to her lap. It was the mortgage deed, she knew it instantly. She caught it up; \$1150, the payment in full with interest, was endorsed on the back. She sank into a chair and burst into a flood of happy tears.

"O father! O Alfred! the old place is redeemed! See, here is the deed, receipted in full," she cried, hysterically.

Squire Trent tried to rise; he stretched out his palsied hands, and leaned forward, a gleam of wild hope in his hollow eyes.

"Child! child! what does it mean?" he asked, trembling.

"I don't know—" she paused abruptly. A slip of paper which she had not before noticed fluttered to the floor. She snatched it up hastily, unfolded it and read:

"And whosoever shall give a cup of cold water unto the least of these, shall in no wise lose his reward."

The dreamy August sunshine came in a yellow flood through the high, narrow windows, and fell across the wide floor, and touched with soft fingers the loose mass of dark, wavy hair lying against the great, green easy-chair, and brightened insensibly the thin, pallid face. The eyes were closed, but they opened slowly, and the pale lips wore a beautiful, tender smile when a slight, girlish form glided across the soft carpet and stood at his side.

"O Myrtle, I do not deserve this!" he cried, holding out his weak arms. "How can you forgive all my folly and wickedness—you who are so pure and good?"

"Hush, Alfred!—you must not say that. I am weak, and err sadly, sometimes, but I have always loved you, even when I would not see you. Can you forgive me, and take me back again?"

"Forgive you! It is I who have need to be forgiven, darling. I think He has forgiven me," he added softly, a moment after; "I am very happy, Myrtle, now. I have found the haven after the storm. See here, dear, read this."

Myrtle Lovett took the letter he held toward her.

"It was His hand, that is all I can say," he said.

She opened the sheet and read with a little thrill of awe the following letter from Gerald Montford:

"MR. TRENT:—My dear sir, I feel, under the circumstances, that I owe you a letter of assurance and explanation. And first, I wish to say that you will not be disturbed by me in any way. I know enough of your case to know that you were sorely tempted—go, and sin no more.

"Your sister has doubtless told you of the circumstances under which we met twelve years ago. I do not know, however, as she has ever known the exact nature of my offence at the time. I think I owe both her and myself an explanation, which I will make as brief as possible.

"My father died, leaving my mother in poverty, with five children, of whom I was alone capable of assisting her. I obtained a situation in a store and she took sewing from the shops. We barely *lived*, we could make no provision for misfortune, but it came, nevertheless. I was taken ill, and then came such days as I pray God never to see again! I had got able to go out in the yard, and was impatient to be at work, for we were absolutely *starving*. George Mason, my mother's employer, owed her five dollars, which he withheld upon the miserable plea that the work was not well done. She went after it one evening, and begged for it, telling him our needs. He 'had heard such trumped-up stories before,' he said. She came home and fell on the floor, fainting. I was weak before; now I had the strength of a giant. I strode through the streets and reached his store just as he was about shutting up for the night. I demanded the money, and he refused, *and then I took it*. 'I was only taking my own,' I said. I know now that I had no right to do as I did, but I did not stop to reason, then. Well, I was hunted remorselessly, and in my flight came to Camden. Two days I lay in the shadow of the rocks in that little ravine, not daring to venture out. Then *she* came. Her faith in me, her pitying tenderness and childish trust, gave me new life. I am an honored and successful man now, surrounded by all the dear ties that make life desirable, but never for a single day have I forgotten the *cup of cold water*.

"GERALD MONTFORD."

There were tears on the bright lashes when she closed.

"Dear Alfred, we will begin life anew," she said, smiling through her tears.

He heard Millie's step in the hall, keeping time to his father's halting gait. The steps were coming nearer; he drew her to his heart and kissed the tremulous lips.

"God bless you, my beloved!" he said, huskily.



THE FATE OF SCARLET HATCHET.

BY CHARLES H. DAVIS.

"HALLOO, Joe Wickenham! What makes yer so late? I've been a waitin' fur yer on this here stump nigh above an hour!"

"Waal, what if yer hev? I tell yer, I couldn't git here no sooner, if I'd a' tried! I'd a done it if I could!" was the reply.

"I didn't 'spose but what ye would; yer needn't git snappy so early in the mornin'! But what's kept yer?"

"Why, yer see, one of the cows didn't cum home at all last night, an' I went out an' hunted the prairie over arter her till nigh onter twelve o'clock, till the moon set, an' then I turned in, an' I've been out ever since daylight, but I can't find tail nor track on her on the plain nor the river bottom."

"That so, Joe? Injuns caught her, mebbe?" said the other, with a serious expression in his eye.

The one called Joe Wickenham shook his head slowly, and was silent a moment.

"Thar's none of them varmints round in these quarters now, I think, the blue-coats drove 'em way back to the mountains only last week," he said, at length. "Perhaps she's swum the river, though—we'll take old Nell, if you're willin', and while we're down in the bottom land a choppin', I'll mount her and take a explorin' jaunt across the ford on her back."

"Sartin, Joe, you shall hev my boss an' welcome, as long as I've got a beast ter land. But let's jog along back to the house and get her; we'll leave our axes sticking in this here stump."

It is now time to introduce to the reader the authors of this characteristic colloquy. They are Western settlers—er, as the vernacular aptly hath it, squatters—on the prairies bordering on the upper side of the North Fork of the Platte River, in Nebraska. The first whom his companion addressed as Joe Wickenham, was a young man, perhaps twenty-five years of age, of light, sandy hair and complexion, with mild, hazel eyes; and a form that towered like a grenadier's above the head and shoulders of the other. Bill Oakes, the shorter of the two, had nut-brown hair, and an eye black, sparkling and sharp as an eagle's. He made up what he lacked in

height in the massive solidity of his physical structure—his chest, and shoulders, and toughened palms being wonderfully expansive for so short-statured a person, in their aspect.

These two young men were near of an age, lived near each other, had spent their time from infancy on the broad prairies around them. Consequently, though they might have acquired very little culture in the arts familiar to civilized life, they were proficient in the lore of the dead letter of the plains, and, practically speaking, had reduced the art of handling a rifle to a science, and adopted it as a profession.

To-day, however, they forsook their trail for game, and, as the reader finds them, were about starting for the river bottom to fell timber for a certain purpose, which both thoroughly understood, though Joe said but little on the subject.

There was a female head stuck out of the little opening that served the double purpose of both door and window of Bill's cabin, when they arrived there.

"Halloo, Joe! That you? Why! Why, I thought you an' Bill was half-way to the bottom by this time!"

"Bottom o' what? That shows how much you think on us, hey?" called forth Joe, as though trying to drown by the explosion some inward sensation he preferred not to exhibit, but which in reality he did exhibit very plain, for his "gills" suddenly grew scarlet, and his parted lips disclosed a set of teeth that would have been the delight of any dentist.

"Bottom of the river, *Smarter!* now you've got yer answer," cried the other, who also responded, ditto color in the cheeks, ditto teeth.

"We've come back to get the boss. Joe's epw's run off, and he's goin' ter take Nell awhile to look her up," explained Bill, going towards the little shed, where the said animal was housed.

"Sorry, Joe—come in, wait yer?"

"No, thank yer; Sallie, how are ye, my gal?" said the other, trying playfully to pinch her cheek.

The individual whom he had called Sallie

was a person of slightly plethoric and material embodiments of form and feature, but made up for it by possessing a very pretty face, a bold, handsome, straight nose, and large, saucy, black eyes, that blinked and sparkled like a squirrel's. A glance would have assured a stranger that she and Bill were brother and sister, and another glance would have told him that the two persons now regarding each other with such magnetic glances across the little door-sill, while the tongue of each wagged not inaudibly, were lovers.

"When are you going to begin to build our cabin, Joe?" said the girl.

"Wal, Bill and I calkerlates we'll cut logs enough to-day for to put it up, then thar's the roofin' and the door, and all, besides old Nell's got the timber ter haul up from the bottom land."

"But Joe, do let's hev a window in ourn? Father and mother never had none in this shanty."

"What's the use? the door's big enough for them 'ere black eyes o' yourn to look through, I reckon."

"No, Joe, make a window, you know it's goin' to be bigger'n this one," pouted Sallie.

"Wal, little un, don't pout so, yer shall hev a winder—but, say, give us just one, a little un, Sallie?"

"Git out, you impudence!" cried Miss Sallie, in indignation at her lover's presuming to seize that opportunity to pay himself in advance for constructing windows in their future dwelling, and a smart slap followed close upon the report of the kias.

Bill was just coming round the corner of the shed with Nell when this little episode occurred, but he very wisely forbore to see it. Joe laughed at his rebuff, though his cheek smarted, and the three, horse, Joe and Bill, jogged away from the door.

Sallie, as Joe called her, and whose original name was Salina—corrupted by these people of homely names into the dissyllabic Sallie, when some of finer taste would have had it, perhaps, Lina—stood and looked several moments after the trio. As she gazed, a feeling of something akin to a pleasant sadness, if there be such a paradox, came to her eyes, and softened their brilliancy into tender depths, that made her beautiful; for Salina Oakes was a handsome girl, with mellow features and splendid dark hair, and her proud brother would have nicknamed her the belle of the prairies, only that he knew or cared nothing about belles in any way.

"I'm half sorry I slapped him so hard, but there was Bill a looking," she said to herself, going into the cabin, "and he loves me so awful hard! he's a strong 'un—my Joe is—how I'd like to see him and a bar tackle it once, or one o' them sassy Injuns!" And her full merry laugh rang out, and made the two men look back toward the hut.

But we will follow the two young men. The first in our story, as is already understood, was about to begin the erection of a log hut to shelter himself and his intended bride. In this he was voluntarily assisted by the young woman's brother, who, since the death of father and mother, had looked out for his pretty sister, and was glad to find she was likely to have so good a protector for life as Joe Wikenham, his old childhood's friend. Besides, let it be whispered, Joe also had a sister, and that sister had a lover, and that lover was—Bill Oakes. The spot for the erection of the new cabin had already been chosen, on the level just south of the Platte Bluffs, distant a couple of miles, and where the timber was to be cut, and this was a full mile from Bill's cottage. For these people—the squatters—were ever opposed to near neighbors. As they walked along, their axes and the indispensable rifle on their shoulders, Joe, who led the unwilling horse, took it into his head that it would be a more feasible as well as sensible plan, to make the animal carry him on her back, instead of his having to drag her by the nose behind him. Accordingly he leaped on her back. At this moment a prairie-hen started from the cover beneath Nell's feet, and that animal gave such a sideways bound as to send our tall hero, axe, rifle and all, flying in various directions after the innocent hen! Joe picked himself up, likewise axe and rifle, and stood confronting the beast, in a serio-comic way, taking no notice of Bill's unrestrained laughter. He said to the horse with as much admonitory pathos in his tones as if the creature had been an object of intelligence:

"Darn ye! Yer couldn't du that ere agin if yer was tu try, could yer? Well, cuss ye, don't ye try?"

And with this speech he remounted the animal, who didn't 'try it on a second time!"

The young men reached the "bottom," or land by the river, and after allowing the horse a sip of water from the stream, tied her where she could browse, while they set themselves to the task of cutting down some stalwart timber. One of the ungainly forest

monarchs lodged his head in falling in the boughs of his neighbor, and hung, refusing to come nearer the earth.

"Climb up and loosen her! You're the spryest, Joe!" cried Bill; and then he sat down on one of the huge logs to wipe the sweat from his brow, and rest while the other sprang nimbly into the bending tree, and climbed his way towards the top.

In a minute he uttered an exclamation which startled Bill into a sudden erect position.

"Bufflers! By thunder! There's such a sight o' dust I can't see for aartin, it's some-thin', though!" And down the tree he slid, in a hurry, to the imminent danger of his pantaloons.

Seizing their rifles, the two woodchoppers rushed out of the strip of woodland that skirted the River Platte, and stood gazing intently over the prairie towards the northwest whence came a rolling cloud of dense dust. Said dust was caused by some powerfully-moving object or objects behind it—any Eastern greenhorn of a Jonathan could have told that—but at this particular moment, and in this peculiar instance, it would have seriously taxed the intelligence of even a cunning trapper to have told precisely what class of moving objects had occasioned such a commotion upon the bosom of the otherwise quiet prairie, for the reason that the dust was so thick as to utterly hide the objects from view. Presently the cloud, which had been advancing in the southeast direction, turned its course suddenly from the spot where our two heroes stood with their hands on the hammers of their rifles, and moved in a course due east, showing by this plainly what and who was behind it. The effect of this manœuvre on the young men was instantaneous and peculiar. They dropped flat on their faces upon the prairie, as suddenly as if a couple of dozen Leyden jars had been connected with the nerves of their thumbs!

"Injuns! Sioux!" cried Bill.

"And they are goin' right for your cabin! Sallie, God help her!" and Joe was running, his body bent downwards to secure him from observation by the enemy on the plain, while he went ahead almost as fast as a horse might trot. Bill followed him, both of them trailing their rifles on the ground, and keeping near the confines of the wood, till they could gain sufficient distance to enable them to run straight across the prairie, without being discovered by the savages, who, grim

wish war paint and feathers, and mounted on tough Indian ponies, were galloping right for the trapper's little cottage! They were thirteen in number. The endeavor of the young men was to get to the cabin before the Indians, but in this they were destined painfully to be disappointed. The Indians were already close upon the hut, and they had a good half mile to run yet.

"Now for it!" shouted Bill, to his companion, and both of them left the cover of the woods, and dashed out over the open prairie in full sight of the redskins, should they cast their heads behind them.

O, how they ran, as lover and brother only would, in such a case. Joe's forehead was covered with sweat. But his was cold sweat! And his face grew white and his lips compressed, and as he ran he spoke never a word!

"See, Joe! the door's open! O God! She doesn't even know they're comin';" and Bill's heart grew dark and his eyes flashed desperate determination as he ran.

The savages, with a chorus of horrid whoops, dashed up to the open door of the cottage. Some dismounted, and a couple with brandished tomahawks, rushed into the little dwelling. Bill's heart leaped into his throat at this sight. Where was his sister? Surely she must have heard them as they came up! Yet there was the door open still. All this flashed through his brain while the foremost savage was entering. Two minutes more and they would reach the scene!

But the savages came out, empty-handed, and with whoops of disappointment that told of ill success in their expected discoveries.

"Thank the good God, Bill, the girl's gone!" cried Joe; and the next moment the two trappers were lying flat in the long grass, for the eyes of the baffled Indians were now scouring the plain for a glimpse of the inhabitants of the deserted cabin, provided there were any. Joe and Bill did not give themselves a moment to rest, but instantly commenced to crawl back on their hands and knees to the woods. They were already half way there, when Bill raised his head just so as to peep through the heads of the grass, to see how the Indians were amusing themselves with his property. Several were making explorations through the house and shed, destroying or appropriating all they could find that was valuable, and one fellow had piled a quantity of hay against the windward corner of the cabin, and was preparing to light the same.

"Them cussed red varmints is settin' my house afire! I wont stand that, darned if I du!" and quick as a flash the young man brought his rifle to his eye, and fired—dropping the said "varmint" in his little scheme of innocent mischief, as a plum falls from a tree!

"What have you done! You're a fool, Bill Oakes!" cried Joe, in evident alarm at the rash act of his companion.

"Done! I reckon I've killed one of them devils yonder, and done the Almighty good service by it. He'll git fire enough whar he's gone now, cuss him?"

"But you've drawn 'em this way, and the gal, most likely, is in the woods here! Why don't you strike out one side?" as a shower of bullets came from the Indians in reply.

"They'd hev been arter us in less than ten minutes, any how; they can see our trail plain as day in this tall grass!" replied the other, loading his rifle as he still crept slowly forward.

"Here comes the Beelzebub's own cussed ones! We shall have to run for it, spite of pitch!" cried Joe, accelerating his longitudinal motion upon the ground.

For the Indians, aroused from their blissful recreations of destroying and plundering the white settler's little home, were now bearing down directly upon the spot where they then were.

"Then let's run—the sooner the better—start!" cried Bill.

"Whoozoooh! Chase us and be darned ter ye, ye devilish thieves, ye haven't got our scalps yet!" yelled Joe, in responsive defiance to the whoops of the dashing savages as the two young men sprang from the grass and rushed at headlong speed towards the cover.

Had they looked to the left they might have seen another trail leading from the cottage to the woods. It was not the trail made by Joe and Bill on leaving the woods at the first alarm. It was far to the left of that, and had been made before theirs.

Into the woods rushed the squatters, with their enemies shouting and firing at them three hundred yards behind. In the middle of the Platte was a shrub-covered island, containing about a rood of land. Bill plunged into the river, and diving under the water, swam for this island.

Five minutes before another swimmer had left the island to swim in an exactly opposite direction to the one Bill now took. That swimmer was a young woman—none other

than Bill's sister, Sallie! Now, to account for her presence there.

She had discovered the approach of the Indians long before her brother and lover had done so, for, as the reader will remember, at the first they were not galloping in the direction of the cottage, hence were not obscured by the dust which, driven by the wind, rolled directly before them. She had thus been able to make her timely escape, to the spot where she expected to find her brother at work, in the bottom land.

But she had not found them. Her first thought was that the Indians had slain or captured them; her second that they were hastening towards the house to her. She did not return to the opening to look if this was the case, for she knew they would not expose themselves to sight while on the trail of the savages.

"They will find soon enough that I have escaped, and this spot is the nearest place for them to run to when the savages chase them," she said; and straightway, with subtlety born of the prairies, she put in execution a shrewd plan. Running down the river to a little cove where the still water was overhung by deep banks and thick foliage of stooping trees, she listened a moment to the mingled yells of the savages, and then she unclosed her brother's canoe. Taking the paddles in her plump, strong arms, she rowed quickly out into the stream, and shot towards the little island. Running the boat around behind the island, she secured the painter to a shrub, and, afoot, crossed to the hither side. Then divesting herself of sundry impediments known to be peculiar to feminine attire, taking off shoes and stockings, throwing aside her hat, and colling her magnificent hair about her brow, a kind of natural turban, she emerged from the bushes at the edge of the water, immersing first one then the other shapely bare ankle and leg, then without the slightest particle of noise, slipping beneath the liquid, she swam like a graceful young swan for the shore—the skirt of her light calico dress scarce impeding her motion at all.

This was how Sallie chanced to be not ten feet from the spot where her brother leaped into the water, as we have told. He managed to get one chance to come up and breathe before the Indians pursuing him dashed after him into the cover. Then he sank again, noiseless as before, and when he rose again he was close to the island, and safe among the bushes. But poor Joe was behind, and

more hotly pursued, followed at least by as many as six Sioux, who leaped from their saddles without checking their horses' speed, and plunged into the woods at his heels!

Right down the bank he plunged and into the water. He knew it would be folly to try to swim the gauntlet to the island that held out its arms of green so protectingly towards him. The savages were good riflemen, and would pick him out with a bullet the moment he stuck the tip of his nose above water for a breath of air. He saw the cove where Bill's canoe usually lay. He was surprised to find it gone. But the place was still and dark, and the overhanging boughs formed a good support as he lay on his back in the water, as well as a sure protection. Joe thought of one thing. There was a pathway to the cove, worn by Bill's feet in coming and going for his canoe. The Indians might take a notion to follow it up and discover him. But he reflected that the savages like a fresh trail, and never condescend to the foolishness of following a beaten path. He did not know then that Bill had the moment previous swam off to the island from the bank near by, though he wondered what had become of his companion. He chuckled as he heard the redskins who had been pursuing him howl their rage and disappointment up and down the river bank above. He did not know that twenty feet above him, in the tree, concealed from view by the foliage, silent and motionless as a cat, sat Sallie!

The six Sioux who had made special effort to secure Joe's scalp, were astounded to see him so suddenly and unaccountably disappear from their view. One of them, the chief of the band, as might be seen by those familiar with the import of the war paint on his hideous countenance, saw the little cove, and though he did not see either Sallie or Joe, he smelt a rat, "very loud." But he wanted the glory and emoluments consequent upon securing our hero's scalp to redound solely to him personally, and to ensure this felicitous result, he determined upon doing the job himself. So raising a yell loud enough to waken the ghosts of all his grandfathers who ever drank firewater and butchered white women and babies, and were promoted to the Happy Hunting Ground by the Great Spirit, in consequence of said meritorious acts, he ran at the same time up the river as though he had struck the missing trail. This sent his companions in a body, yelling up the bank of the stream, while he instantly turned his back on

his braves, and crept shyly along till he stood peering his ugly face into the cove where Joe lay. At last a leaf rustled in the wind, a ray of sunshine shot into the cove, and enabled the chief to see Joe's face! An expressive "Ugh! Waugh!" embodied his delight, and revealed to Joe the real and critical nature of his situation, as the chief, dropping his rifle, began to crawl swiftly out over the overhanging boughs that nearly touched the water by Joe's weight in clinging to them.

Joe was aware of his danger now, but he was as wily as the savage. The chief held his knife ready for use. Joe drew his also, but the moment the Indian was nearly within arm's length of him, he slipped into the water like an eel, letting go the branches, whereon hung the chief, so suddenly as to pitch the latter into the water feet first, while he held on with his hands—doused to his middle.

Joe was about to improve his opportunity and dive a second time, when something struck the struggling and astonished chief a heavy blow on the head which made him slide into the water out of sight, with no more noise than a log already half immersed. Joe looked up astonished beyond measure, when he saw who had been his deliverer, and beheld Sallie, the chief's rifle in her hand, clambering rapidly down the tree. She crept out on a limb and he took her in his arms in the water just as the half-stunned savage rose. He had lost his knife, in the to him most unexpected upset of his equilibrium, and though not entirely senseless, yet he appeared decidedly docile and stupid for one of his ferocious calibre. Altogether he was in quite a manageable frame just then, and our two lovers were not slow in taking advantage of his state. Joe had raised his arm to strike him dead, but Sallie had interposed. She evidently had an object, for the howling children of the wilderness were coming that way again. It behoved them to act quickly.

Joe was not slow to comprehend Sallie's plan of action. Seizing the savage, Joe forced his arms behind him, and held him floating close in the rear, with his face towards the shore, that he might be the more readily recognized by his discomfited brethren, and would form a perfect barrier with his body, through which the balls must needs pass to reach Joe and Sallie, who swam ahead, in a right line. Then they struck out, and had got a good eight rods from the shore before the terrible whoop of the baffled savages smote their ears. When the Indians dis-

covered the situation of their leader, there was a most infernal hurrah's nest amongst them. They levelled their rifles. The half-stunned chief held his head so feebly upon his bosom, that Joe feared the savages might think him already dead, so he ingeniously pricked him with his knife-point to start his ideas—which piece of successful trickery caused the noble savage to cry out lustily, and the Indians were deterred from firing on their own chief. But with dreadful yells, they threw away their rifles, and with knife and tomahawk leaped into the river. They could make double the progress of Joe and Sallie, with their living impediment in the shape of the old chief who was able to do very little towards propelling himself, but the young couple had a good start, and by strenuous exertions reached the little island before their foes had half crossed the current.

The old chief was instantly bound with withes to a cotton-wood stump in plain sight of the savages, and directly behind him, and kneeling under the protection of an immense fallen log, of this species of wood, which is impervious to bullets, Joe and Sallie at once threw themselves and cleaned the wet from their rifles on the dried leaves, for their weapons were not flint locks, or of the kind too sensitive to moisture, and drew out the wad of leaves from the muzzles that had kept the barrels dry, and then prepared to give their enemies a reception—Joe with his own rifle, and Sallie with the chief's.

"Now, my gal, we'll give 'em a taste o' lead, hopin' as how they m' be led to kinsider the error o' their ways!" said he, with a chuckle, the first words he had spoken for the last exciting ten minutes.

"Wonder whar Bill is?" coolly asked Sallie, wiping the drops of river water from the hammer of her weapon.

At that very instant, about fifty feet to the left of them, a report came so loud and startling that it made them both jump, and at the same instant they saw a splash in the water, and the foremost Indian pursuer flung up his arms, bounded a yard upwards and fell a corpse—floating down the Platte.

"That was a good 'un, Bill!" cried Joe, as at that moment the author of the shot sprang into their midst, behind the log.

"Here we be! All on us safe! Thank God! Now let's give 'em pepper!" cried Bill, not concealing his delight.

Joe and Sallie ran their muzzles out just over the log, and deliberately picked out the

two nearest Indians who were within excellent range. They went the way of the first, but the remaining two, now having learned wisdom, waited till Bill had completed his loading, then dove under water. But this availed them little. The position of the squatters on the island overlooked the water, and the moment an Indian's nose appeared above the surface, the owner thereof was sent to Davy Jones's locker. The other savage, by sheer desperation, and swimming under water, managed to get back to where the remaining eight of his comrades were gathered. The three behind the log simultaneously discharged their rifles among the party. Two fell, the remainder ran behind the trees, and raised their rifles to return the compliments thus lavished upon them. But the old chief, now thoroughly aroused to a realizing sense of his situation as a target for the bullets of his own braves—broke forth in the most discordant howls, which had the effect of checking these demonstrations.

It was now the evident intention of the Indians to get out of the woods and run away—they were pretty well disgusted with their mission. There were only five of them left, out of the original crew of thirteen! But here a new difficulty presented itself. The moment a redskin showed his feathered top outside a tree-trunk, a ball from the squatters' sure rifles straightway took off his nose, his ears, or went through his head!

At last, the whole band broke from their cover, and with yells of defiance rushed for their ponies in the opening. Only three of them ever reached the plain, and these might have been seen an hour after riding as hard as ever they could towards their wigwams in Southern Oregon, having fully come to the conclusion that the Great Spirit did not send them on this mission.

The squatters left the chief where he was, bound to the stump—and rowed themselves across in the canoe—appropriated the Indians' knives, hatchets, rifles, ponies and wampum, and threw the dead bodies into the river. The next day, with the chief, they followed them in the canoe, floating down as far as Fort Pike.

"I've been wanting to see you, Scarlet Hatchet, for some time—our boys have a slight difference to settle with you!" said the colonel, to the stoical chief.

Bill and Joe started and opened their eyes. Was this then the notorious Sioux warrior, Scarlet Hatchet? Even so, for Bill and Joe

received a large reward for him, which they immediately appropriated to making good with government their claim to all the land for ten miles each way from their claims above the North Fork of the Platte.

Sallie and Joe were married, and lived in

their new cabin; Bill married Joe's sister and lived in the old cabin.

Years afterwards a man came to North Fork and bought land and started a saw-mill. Now there is a thriving village there, and Joe and Bill are the richest men in all the county.

JEWELS.

BY ANNIE M. LAWRENCE.

"Her robings were lace and satin
Of rare and costly make,
Whose shimmering folds were as beautiful
dreams,

From whence wealth untold might wake.
Pearls nestled on forehead and bosom,
In settings of rich device—
And they whispered her caskets were filled
and replete
With diamonds of fabulous price.

"And amid these fair surroundings,
She stood as a lily pale;
While the few low words she uttered
Smote the ear like a funeral wail.
Her eyes had a look as if burdened
With the weight of unshed tears,
And the pallor that rested on cheek and lip
Told a story of doubts and fears."

Thus I read in the letter sent me,
From over the ocean wave;
And 'twas added, "This marriage altar
Seemed more like an open grave.
For the vows which were that day uttered
Laid in death all the hopes of her youth,
And the ring that enclasped her future
Lacked the pearl of Love's own truth."

I was grieved in my soul, and I questioned
Why it is that hearts are so weak?
Why it is that diamonds can silence
The words that true affection would speak?

And I said, as I thought of *his* falsehood,
And *her* lack of womanly trust,
"Let them rest with the past, I would not
exchange

Loving hearts for such glittering dust."

And I heard, as I laid down my letter,
Little voices just outside my door—
Little feet, whose footfalls made music,
Pattering constantly over the floor;
And a sound of whispered rejoicing
Met my ear as I lifted the latch,
Merging into glad spoken tidings,
Wealth in words no diamonds can match.

So down where the lamps were lighted,
And the table was spread for tea—
Leaving all my regrets behind me
For the falsehood over the sea—
I went with my darling companions,
Joining them in their settled belief
That the baby's new teeth are the veriest
pearls,
Of worth completest and chief.

Two pearls in a setting of rubies—
The darlingest bud of a mouth—
Worth more than the mines of Golconda,
Or the gem-laden waves of the South.
And the falsehood that might have brought
anguish,

The friendship now proved but as nought,
Were as foils, making fairer by contrast,
Common things by affection inwrought.



THE MYSTERIOUS MISS FITZ-FLUKE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"FROM New Orleans, eh?" said the colonel. "That is what the hotel book says," returned Mrs. Adams, taking a seat on the veranda, and throwing her light shawl back on the chair.

"And that her name is Miss Fitz-Fluke."

"Yes."

"And who revealed the rest?" inquired the colonel.

"O, that she was an heiress? That's what they say—the gossips, everybody in fact; and nobody knows," replied the charming widow, looking up at the colonel "with love in her luminous eyes."

"Are you interested in her financial affairs, colonel?" she asked, after a pause.

"Why, she's a very beautiful woman, and with a fortune would make a very desirable wife, you know," he replied, smiling.

"O!" The widow raised her eyebrows, as much as to say—"Well, it is nothing to me whom you marry." The colonel interpreted the expression aright, and hastened to reassure her. Putting on the expression of injured innocence, and striking a theatrical attitude, he murmured in a low but distinct voice, only intended for her ear, "Think'st thou I'd be 'so abject, base and poor, to choose for wealth and not for perfect love?"

"How do I know? Men are deceitful ever, colonel," returned the widow, smiling again, but only half assured that her quondam lover was not slipping away from her.

"There are some exceptions, I hope?"

"I hoped so; but now—well, time will tell, in your case, at least. Let us go down to the beach," and the widow arose, the colonel took her shawl and parasol, and away they went, arm in arm, as loving as a couple of turtle-doves—I should think (I never saw but one turtle-dove, and so I can't say "for certain" how two would act.)

I've given you the above conversation *verbatim*. I took it down in "short hand" at the time, thinking that I might possibly have use for it at some future period of my existence. That period has arrived, and I've used the report of that conversation accordingly. There was no particular necessity for my using it, because it is only with that part

that refers to Miss Fitz-Fluke that the reader has anything to do. As for the widow and her handsome colonel, why, they were married at the end of the season, just as I knew they would be, and the last I heard from him he was stationed at some fort out West, where if he is killed by the Indians this winter, it will only make an opening for some other nice young man in the widow's affections next summer.

Perhaps it wasn't very honorable in me to listen to the foregoing conversation, but if people will talk right under the windows of a seaside hotel, they must expect to be overheard; and if I should undertake to run away every time I heard people in my immediate vicinity "talking privacy," I should be as bad off as the Dutchman's steam-leg—I should never stop.

At the time I am speaking of, I had been at Santam Beach something over a week, and was intending to wear out the season there. I had a motive in coming to Santam, and I intend to let you know what that motive was. But I must go back in my life's history a few years.

My father, I have been told, was a marrying man, and my mother used to say that I "took after him," not in marrying, of course, for I was too young (I'm only twenty-six now); but my phrenological organs were so much like his, that the distinguished professor who examined our "bumps" declared that one chart would do for both father and son.

I said that my father was a marrying man. He began to marry young, and when he'd once got in that way, he couldn't break himself of the habit, and so he kept on, until he had married five wives (unfortunately he didn't live in Chicago, or he might have done better), and buried four, and then he made a period to his existence, leaving his wife, and fourteen orphans beside myself, to mourn his untimely end.

My father was an excellent man. He did his duty, that is, generally speaking, to his wives and children. There was only one thing that he neglected to do, and that was to die rich. In all other respects he was a

success. As a husband and father, he was particularly so.

After my father's death I became the peculiar care of my Aunt Deborah Kempton, my mother's only sister, and an old maid. She was wealthy. I liked her just as well as if she'd been poor. She took me to live with her, and sent me to school; and I was given to understand that if I behaved myself it would be money in my pocket by-and-by.

When I came of age my aunt set me up in business. She said that if I couldn't make money, and if I couldn't keep it after it was made, why, it would be useless to leave me her property, as I should only squander it, without doing myself any good.

She experimented on me for five years. I went into business in almost every large city in the Union, and my aunt furnished the capital, but I didn't succeed. I really don't know why. I knew how to "handle money." I've always considered handling money my *forte*. Aunt Deborah agreed with me on that point; but at last she became disgusted with my way of handling money, and refused, in bowling hall vernacular, to "set 'em up again," and so I was obliged to retire from business.

It was in St. Louis where my last failure took place. My aunt wrote to me, saying that I hadn't any talents worth speaking of; but she had heard that I "took after my father." He never succeeded in anything but marrying. "Hadn't you better try that?"

That was the way she closed her letter. It roused my bile, and I determined that I would marry, and I would marry into a fortune, and afterwards set up as a banker and become a Rothschild, when I could laugh at Aunt Deborah and her money.

This didn't seem a very difficult thing to do. I was pretty well known throughout the country, as a young man of irreproachable character and great expectations. Aunt Deborah had declared her intention of making me her sole heir. Somebody had heard her, and that somebody had told somebody else, and so the story went. Consequently, as far as money was concerned, I was a good match for the queen, even—she being a widow. (I never had any idea of marrying her though. Her family is not only too large, but altogether too expensive; besides, the Prince of Wales is behaving himself so badly that I know it would break my heart, before I had been his stepfather a month.)

An acquaintance of mine, Mr. Filkinham

Flatbroke, dropped in to see me while I was thinking of these things. Flatbroke is connected with some of the first families in St. Louis. He had been married twice, but was a young and joyous widower at this time. His father left him a large fortune when he died, and Filkinham went through it with wonderful celerity. After that, having nothing else to busy himself about, he got married. His wife was rich, and Filkinham went right to work investing her money for her. He hadn't but just got it invested—all secure, you know—when she died. Some people thought that he wouldn't survive her a great while. His was a tearless sorrow, you see. If he could have cried, if he could have shed a tear, no doubt he could have recovered sooner, but he couldn't discount, and, so he waited about nine months and then he married again; and as his second wife had a large fortune, he was obliged to invest that; he did it too. After she died, his relatives clubbed together, and agreed to make him an allowance of—I won't undertake to say how much per month, but it was certainly enough to support him in good style.

As I was saying, he called in to see me just as I had completed all my plans for the future.

"Ah, Filkinham, glad to see you," said I, "particularly, as this is the last time that those midnight orbs of yours will ever behold this interesting countenance, as I start for the east to-morrow."

"Going to see your aunt?" asked Filkinham.

"Not at present. I'm going to get a wife first."

"O, indeed! I wasn't aware that you were engaged, Harry."

"Well, I'm not. I haven't seen the woman yet, that I am going to marry. I'm going to Santam Beach to spend the summer. There's plenty of nice people there every year, and if I find the woman there that I'm in search of, I shall marry her if I can."

"And I'll go on with you," cried Filkinham.

"Very good. Get your traps together at once, for I want to start to-morrow."

There, now I've told you how I came to be stopping at Santam, and what my motive was in going there.

But about this Miss Fitz-Fluke, whom nobody knew, although everybody wanted to. She was more than ordinarily handsome, though not strictly a beauty. Her complexion was rather shady, and her luxuriant hair

was of a purple black, and her eyes were of the same color, excepting the purple shade, and as bright as the dew-drops

“—which the sun
Impearls on every leaf and every flower.”

O, they were beautiful eyes! and she knew it, and she had a way of “playing them” upon a fellow which was perfectly distracting. And the worst of it was that nobody knew her, and so it was utterly impossible for a young man to get an introduction, and meantime she kept her room, except for a few hours every morning, when she took an airing in one of the prettiest little phaetons, behind a pair of sleek-looking gray ponies.

I believe that every single man—and perhaps some few married ones—at Santam was in love with her, merely on account of her exclusiveness. If they could have made her acquaintance, and conversed with her, rode with her, walked with her and danced with her, why it is quite probable that she would have lost half her attractions in their eyes, at once; but so long as they could not, she was a woman to be sought after, and many were the wagers laid as to who should be the first one to make her acquaintance, and many were the expedients resorted to for the accomplishment of that end.

Flatbroke and I used to ride on the beach every morning. He had bought a splendid team in New York, and his man Joe brought it down to Santam the day after we arrived there. It was the best turnout at the hotel, and its first appearance created a sensation accordingly. We used to manage it so as to meet and pass Miss Fitz-Fluke at least twice in the course of our morning drives, and the flash of her black eyes, as they met mine, always put my heart in a flutter that lasted through the next twenty-four hours, because, you see, I considered it an honor even to be glanced at by this proud beauty, particularly when I found out that no other man at Santam had been “dignified with this high honor.”

“By the way, Harry,” said Filkinham, as we were taking our accustomed ride one morning, “by the way, Harry, you said before we came down here, that if you found the woman you were in search of, you should marry her if you could. I never thought to ask you before if you had found her. Have you?”

“I think I have, Filkinham.”

“And it is who?”

“Can’t you guess?”

“The charming Miss Grey?”

“No.”

“Miss Doubleday, Miss Milden, the fascinating widow Adams, or Miss Clarkensburg, which?”

“Neither.”

“O, then it must be the mysterious Miss Fitz-Fluke?”

“Yes.”

“And you’ve got everybody at Santam for a rival.”

“Yes, but so long as she condescends to notice none, I am as well off as the rest.”

“It would be a good speculation, perhaps,” said Filkinham, arousing himself from a short reverie that he had fallen into after my last remark. “She is very wealthy, I understand.”

I had never been jealous of Flatbroke before, but now when he spoke of her wealth, I knew that she was thinking how securely he could invest it, if he only had the right of a husband.

“Pshaw! Filkinham; who knows whether she is wealthy or not? or who knows *anything* about her, for that matter?”

“Who knows? O, that’s certain enough. Mrs. Farnsworth told me that she knew the family. She said she remembered her father very well. Met him at Newport, I believe, before the war. Said he was worth millions then. Of course, Mrs. Farnsworth is not always quite accurate in her statements, and she is a woman that never admits that she don’t know everybody that’s worth knowing, but I really think she was acquainted with the Fitz-Flukes.”

“Well, there she comes, and she’s quite alone,” said I. “She’s left her footman behind this morning.”

The little ponies came up at a spanking trot. Just as they came abreast of us, the charming driver dropped her whip.

“Egad! Flatbroke, there’s a chance. Hold your horses.”

I jumped out, picked up the whip, and walked back to meet the phaeton, for the lady had turned around and was driving down toward me.

She was smiling like a cloudy May morn (I told you that her complexion was rather shady), and she thanked me for the trouble I had taken on her account, in the sweetest voice that was ever uttered. Upon my honor, I don’t think I was ever so dazzled by a woman’s smile before in all my life.

"My heart did glowing transport feel;"

as the poet says. If I had thought myself in love before, I was sure of it now.

I walked slowly back to the carriage. Filkinham was smoking quietly, as he waited.

"Poor worm! thou art infected," he remarked, as I got in beside him.

"I admit it."

I was so happy that I could have admitted anything then. She had spoken to me, she had smiled upon me, and—I was almost certain that the whip had been dropped purposely.

Filkinham drove back to the hotel soon after, and I went up to my room. At the door I encountered Miss Fitz-Fluke's maid. She put her finger on her lip, and handed me a note.

"What's this?"

But she was gone.

With a beating heart I opened my door (a queer thing to open a door with, I confess), and entering my room, I closed and bolted the door behind me.

"Now," said I, "we'll look into the mystery."

You know that it isn't just the proper thing for a young lady to be writing to a strange young man, and I wasn't more than half pleased with the idea of receiving a note from either Miss Fitz-Fluke or her maid.

It was delicately perfumed, of course. I opened and read:

"If Mr. Ackley would visit the 'Lover's Rock,' to-night at ten o'clock, he would much oblige
"ONE IN TROUBLE."

Could that be Miss Fitz-Fluke? And if so, what possible trouble could she have?

"But I'll go, of course," I said, rising and unlocking the door for Flatbroke, who occupied the same parlor with me.

I didn't intend to let Flatbroke into the secret, but he saw the note on the table and caught a glimpse of the last words: one in trouble.

"What is that—somebody in trouble, Harry?"

"Pshaw, it's nothing," said I, hastily hiding the note in my pocket.

"O ho! nothing, eh? Well, all right, Harry, help 'em out."

"I intend to if I can," I answered, testily.

How impatiently I waited for the night I leave you to imagine. I waited till nine o'clock, and then I sallied out. There was

dancing in the hotel parlor. I looked in and saw Filkinham waltzing with Miss Botts, the flour merchant's daughter, from Chicago, and then I hurried away toward the "Lover's Rock," which is located nearly half a mile from the hotel, overhanging the sea.

The moon was up and the night was beautiful. I think I noticed this, but I am not certain, for I had a great deal to think of without. For instance, the note in my pocket might be a decoy to draw me on to—well, I didn't know what. I had received it from the maid, but for all that it might not be from her mistress. It might have been written by the maid at the instigation of her lover, who might be a villain, and who might—

"You have come?"

It was the voice of her I loved, and she now came forward from the shadow of the rock to meet me.

"Miss Fitz-Fluke?"

"Yes, I see you know my name, and I know yours. That is enough. We are acquainted; shall we be friends?"

"Why, I hope so," I stammered. As I have hinted before, well-brought-up young ladies don't meet a man at such a time, more than half way. Miss Fitz-Fluke's conduct was exceedingly singular, to say the least, or it seemed so to me.

"You are in trouble?"

"Yes. Will you sit down?"

I took a seat on the stone and she sat down beside me, rather close too.

"Can I help you?" I asked.

She laid her soft, white hand on my arm, and turning her dark face up to mine, while her bright eyes glistened like diamonds in an eastern river (down in Maine), she answered softly "yes."

"What can I do?"

"Hear my story, and then you will know what I want you to do."

I was always fond of stories, and so I listened.

"You have no doubt heard that I am very wealthy?"

"Yes."

"Hush!"

There was a slight noise in the bushes near us.

"It's nothing but the wind," I said. "Go on with the story, if you please."

She turned her glorious eyes upon me once more, and continued thus:

"Young man, can you keep a secret? Yes, yes, I know you can. I have studied your

countenance closely, and I can trust you. Hush! I am the daughter of the French empress by a former marriage!—"

"The deuce you are!" I exclaimed, springing to my feet.

"Of course you are, Sarah," said a man's voice behind me; and the next moment he held the unfortunate Miss Fitz-Fluke in his arms, in spite of her violent struggles to get away.

"What does this mean?" I cried, in bewilderment.

"Crazy as a loon, of course, young man. Was she gumming you?"

I was too indignant to answer.

"She ran away from home nearly a month ago, with sixteen thousand dollars of the old gentleman's money, in government bonds. He didn't discover his loss until a few days ago. Then we found out where she sold 'em and tracked her here. And so you fell in love with her, eh? Well, she's a handsome girl, and aint much mad, only semi-occasionally, as one might say. She'll be just as sane as you are, for two or three weeks on a stretch, and then she'll fly right off the handle, just as she's done to-night. Sorry for you, young

man. Nice girl, as I said before, and good family, but rather flighty."

All my hopes were dashed, and I felt dashed, too, when upon looking up I discovered that nearly all the boarders at the hotel were collected around us.

"Come, Sarah," said the man who had spoken to me, "let's go home now;" and taking her arm on one side, while an assistant took hold on the other, they were leading her away, when she stopped to throw a kiss at me, and then, in a whisper, "Remember what I told you." I felt a hand on my shoulder, and looking up, discovered Filkinham by my side.

"Beware, my boy, of women in trouble."

"I will."

"And if you want a good wife, marry Miss Botts. I discovered this evening that she was very fond of you."

"Thank you, I'll see about that," I replied; and taking his arm we walked back to the hotel.

I've only to add, that while I write this, the late Miss Botts, now Mrs. Ackley, is sitting by my side while Aunt Deborah is knitting in yonder corner.

JOHN MERRILL'S SECRET.

BY W. H. MACY.

AMONG the heterogeneous crowd who were to be my shipmates in the *Amphion*, I was particularly attracted to a slender youth from one of the back counties of New York State, who signed his name on the papers as John Merrill. He was nearly my own age, I judged; and there was an air of quiet refinement about him, strikingly in contrast with the rude, boisterous character of the majority of our associates. These last were about an average of such raw material as is recruited every day of the week at the metropolis, and shipped off to the whaling ports, to be manufactured into seamen.

John was, from the first, retired and uncommunicative, though less so in his intercourse with me than with any one else. He never referred to his antecedents, though I had given him my whole autobiography before we had been a fortnight at sea. And as I found him a sympathizing listener whenever I wanted to let my tongue run on, I don't think I ever thought of esteeming him the

less for his reticence as to his past life. I merely thought that he must have some good reason for wishing to conceal his true history, and was too conscientious to invent a false one.

One of John's eccentricities—I knew not what else to call it—was that he always kept his sea-chest locked. This is unusual in a whaler's fore-castle, and always subjects the man doing it to unpleasant remarks, as implying a want of confidence in the honesty of his shipmates. It is common to say of the man who does it, that "he is either a thief himself, or else thinks the rest of us are thieves." But John Merrill only blushed, without making any audible reply, when such cutting insinuations were thrown out, as they occasionally were, in his hearing. They had no effect whatever in producing any change in his habits. Even I myself could never get a peep at his inventory. He was generous, even to a fault, in respect of giving or lending little matters; but he always kept his

chest in the darkest corner of our little dark, triangular quarters, and when he took out or put in anything, was careful never to leave it unlocked.

As concerned his duty, he did not appear to be the stuff of which crack sailors are made. But he won upon the good opinion of the officers, even of gruff Mr. Baldwin, our executive, a tarry old Triton, whom current report declared to be web-footed.

"I can't *haze* that boy," he would say. "We must ease him in, till he has eaten a few barrels of salt-horse to harden his sinews."

I could not tell why, but I don't think I was ever envious of my comrade because the mate favored him in this way, while he drove me up to my utmost capacity. Both of us were respectful and willing, and tried hard to do our duty, and as he expressed it, "make men of ourselves." And I think I felt rather elated to know that Mr. Baldwin discovered that there was tougher material in me than in John Merrill, and worked us accordingly. It was an honor to be selected to pull the mate's tub-oar, while he was enrolled in the rear-rank of the "shipkeepers." And I never complained, even when, in reefing topsails, the old salt would say, kindly, "Stop down, John Merrill, I want you to help me;" while, at the next moment, he roared at me on the yard, in a voice of thunder, "Lay out there, you Bill, and take up that dog's-ear! What are you *staring* at, in the bunt?"

I think I may have assumed a patronizing air in my intercourse with John, in consequence of all this. Feeling a professional superiority, I could not avoid letting it appear sometimes. But if so, he never seemed to notice it. If there was a sudden call, in our watch, for one of the boys to jump aloft and reeve studding-sail halyards, or loose a royal, John would start sometimes, but I would gently push him back and jump in ahead of him. I was proud of my ability to take the lead, and there was gratitude, instead of indignation or shame, in his clear, blue eye on such occasions. Some of the men standing near would perhaps intimate that he was wanting in pluck, to let me do this. But I don't think I ever thought so, though, of course, I felt flattered by such remarks, as any boy would.

But John Merrill made sure, though slow, progress in his duties, and his sinews hardened up, as Mr. Baldwin had prophesied. Though delicate in frame, his health seemed

perfect, and in some respects we had no better man among us. He was always ready to take an extra trick on the lookout, for he seemed to like being alone where he could commune with his own thoughts. And he was soon acknowledged to be the best helmsman on board. Did the sturdy old Amphion show a determination to carry her wheel an extra spoke to windward at "full-and-by," or to make wayward sheers and yaws when off before it, no one could manage her like this quiet, timid youth.

He was always ready to take my turn at the helm for me; indeed, would have taken them all if I would have let him. He could have done me no greater favor than this; for no duty, however laborious or dangerous, was so irksome to me as steering the ship. To do it well, required an abstraction of the mind for two hours from all other matters, with a touch, and a kind of foresight, or rather *fore-feeling*, in which John Merrill excelled, but which few rough-and-tumble sailors possess.

Mr. Baldwin used to declare that "he never knew a right-down smart fellow who could steer more than a fair, decent trick; and that he never knew an A 1 extra helmsman who was good for much else." And, after an observation of many years, I think his statement was not far from the truth.

We made our first port at Talcahuano after doubling Cape Horn, and here John and I, being in the same watch, were much together on shore. But he would never stay after dark, and appeared utterly insensible to the fascinations of the Chillan brunettes. He would drink no liquor, and his example, in this respect, had a good effect upon myself.

We sailed for a cruise on the coast of Peru, after a short stay in port. Among the men shipped to fill vacancies was one known as "California Tom," a fellow of unbounded assurance and infinite "gas," to whom John and I both took an instinctive aversion at first acquaintance. But he found some congenial spirits on board the Amphion, as such fellows will in any ship where they may cast their fortunes.

We had not been long at sea before it appeared that we had some one in our circle who disdained the nice little distinctions of *meum* and *tuum*. Several articles had been mysteriously missed by different parties, and complaints were loud and clamorous.

A ship's fore-castle is as unfit a place for a thief as he can well find his way into. As much uneasiness is caused by his presence,

as by the knowledge that a powder-magazine is located somewhere under the deck, without knowing exactly where. Woe to him if he is caught; for though Jack's standard of morality is, in many respects, no higher than it ought to be, he has no mercy for a pilfering shipmate. He has, it may be said, one code of morals to regulate his dealings with his own comrades, and another much more elastic, for the great barbarian world outside.

We became a very unhappy family after this discovery, for, of course, all mutual confidence was lost, until it should appear who the offender was. No one was exempt from suspicion; though the weight of it was equally divided between California Tom and my demure friend, John Merrill. Each had his friends, who believed the other guilty, but while the boy modestly refrained from saying anything about it, Tom did not scruple to head his own party.

"It's easy enough to see who the thief is," I heard him say one night, as he occupied the centre of a little knot of his cronies. "It's that sleek-faced little hypocrite that is at the wheel now."

"Of course 'tis," said Derby, one of the "congenials." "I've always thought so from the first of it. It's enough to condemn any fellow to know that he keeps his donkey always locked."

"What business has one man to be allowed to lock his donkey, anyhow?" demanded Tom, loud enough now for all to hear. "I say, let's go and kick the lid open and see what's in it."

"Sit right down!" said Frank Wightman, from our side of the house; for Tom had risen as if to carry his suggestion into effect. "Don't undertake anything of the kind. John Merrill isn't here to speak for himself, and no man shall break his chest open while I'm by to prevent it."

"Don't you want to find out who the thief is?" asked Derby,

"Of course I do; and I don't think I should have to go far to do that. If there's to be a general search of chests and bunks, I'm ready to agree to it at any time; and perhaps the boy would be willing to open *his*, in such a case. But I say it shan't be *kicked* open in his absence."

"It's plain enough that he's the guilty one," said Tom, "when his chest is the only one locked, and—"

"I don't know about that!" retorted Frank, with a significant look. "A thief may

find other places for his plunder besides in his chest. Indeed, if he's an old hand at it, he would be likely to."

This home-thrust put an end to the discussion for the moment; for Tom, as well as Derby and the rest of his gang, were afraid of Wightman, who alone was a match for any two of them. But when John was relieved from the wheel, we told him what had occurred, and how suspicion was thickening upon him. Frank asked him, if he were willing to open his chest and let us all have a look at its contents.

"No," said he, quietly, "I am not willing."

"But why not if you are innocent?"

"I cannot say why not, but I can assure you that I know nothing about the stolen things. You must either take my word for it, or, if a general search is determined upon, open my chest by force, for I shall not consent to have it done."

"I believe what you say, John," said Frank, "and so does Bill, here, that you are entirely innocent. But there are many who don't, and there will be still more, if you don't satisfy them. Perhaps if you would let me, alone, overhaul it, or Bill, if that would suit you better, eh?"

"No," I cannot show the contents of it, even to Bill. If the matter is pressed hard, I shall appeal to the old man for protection—though I don't know as that would do any good."

"None at all," said Wightman and I, both at once.

"What would he do, do you think?"

"Exercise his authority, and demand the key at once—or open it by force. He has heard about the thefts, as you know; and I heard him tell Mr. Baldwin that, if another case was reported, he should make a general search, and flog the thief, if he could be found."

The boy rested his face upon his hands in thought, but made no answer.

"Never mind, John," said Wightman; "don't fret about it. No harm shall come to you, anyhow. I'm satisfied of your truth, and if you still decline to show your things, you shan't be *forced* to, at least by anybody in *this* end of the ship. But think this matter over, and perhaps to-morrow you'll feel differently about it. I've no idle curiosity, myself, to want to know your secret; but I *would* like to satisfy others, who haven't the same trust in your integrity that I have."

That night in the middle watch, I was

awakened by a slight clicking noise, and saw California Tom, by the dim light of the hanging lamp, stealthily opening John's chest with a key. John himself, as well as all the rest of my watch, was sleeping soundly; but I knew that he never left his key where it could be found. It was always about his person, night and day. Tom must have found a duplicate key to fit the chest.

I was about to speak and give the alarm to Wightman and others; but, on second thought, determined to wait a moment and see the result. Tom had a bundle in one hand, which appeared to be a new flannel shirt, and as the lock flew open at last, he lost no time in looking into the chest, but pushed in the bundle, relocked it and went on deck.

I considered the matter, and determined to tell Frank Wightman; which I did as soon as our watch turned out.

"Don't tell John," were his first words; "I hope he won't open his chest and discover it; for I want to see what kind of a plot is hatching."

John Merrill had the morning mast-head, and went up to his post at daylight, without having had occasion to look into his chest. Tom was up and stirring soon afterwards—an unusual proceeding for him in a morning watch off duty—and headed off Captain Soule as soon as he made his appearance above deck.

Presently the order was given to call all hands, and muster them up. One of the mates was sent into the fore-castle to see that no one lingered, and to have all the men's kits and effects roused up to the light of day. The captain was evidently in a towering rage, for he had passed lightly over several previous reports of theft, hoping the matter would be adjusted without his interference. But Tom had lost a new shirt during the night, and Captain Soule had lost—his patience.

"I'll find it if it's inside the ship!" said he; "and I'll flog the man that stole it."

Several chests and bags had been emptied of their contents in the presence of us all; for John had been called down from aloft, and stood, thoughtful and agitated, at my side. When the captain came to the locked chest,

"Whose is this?" he demanded.

"Mine, sir," spoke up the lad.

"Giv' me your key?"

"If you'll excuse me, sir—I would like to speak a word with you—by ourselves, sir, if you please."

But the captain was not in a humor to listen to any remonstrance at that moment.

"Let me get through with this cursed business before I talk with anybody! It doesn't look well, anyhow, that you keep your chest locked up!"

He swung back his heavy boot as he spoke, and with a single kick under the projecting edge of the lid it flew open.

"There's my shirt!" exclaimed Tom, seizing the bundle that lay on top. He shook it open, showed his marks, and it was at once identified beyond all dispute.

"Enough said! We're on the right track, now," said Captain Soule. "Take up this chest and carry it aft!" And he closed the lid with a bang.

"Mr. Baldwin," he continued, "strip John Merrill's back, and seize him up! It's a new thing for me to flog one of my men—a thing I never did—but I've sworn it in this case, and I'll keep my word."

The poor boy, overwhelmed with confusion, could hardly find a word to protest his innocence, as the mate led him aft. But Frank Wightman at this moment neared the captain respectfully, and touched him gently on the shoulder. A word was spoken; the captain relaxed his angry brows to listen to it, for Wightman was the best man in the fore-castle. The two walked aft together, conversing earnestly. I kept my eye on them, till Frank made a signal, which I understood, when I followed.

"Mr. Derrick," said the captain to the second mate, "keep everything as it stands, with the chests, forward. Don't allow a man to touch a thing, till further orders."

He beckoned Wightman and myself to come below. But as he did not countermand the orders he had given about seizing John up, the mate, it seems, proceeded to obey them. He prepared the seizings, but when he ordered the boy to remove his shirt, he met with unexpected resistance. While I was relating to Captain Soule, in the forward cabin, what I had seen during the middle watch, there was a scuffle over our heads, and John Merrill, in a frenzy of excitement, rushed down the stairs and into the after-cabin. "Hold on, Mr. Baldwin! Never mind what I told you, for the present." And the captain followed the boy into the sanctum, while we awaited the result. In a minute afterwards he put his head out at the door with the strangest look on his face that I had ever seen mortal man wear.

"Wightman! you and Bill pass—John Merrill's chest down the stairs—right into this room."

We obeyed the order, and set our burden down at his feet. But the lad was not to be seen as we looked about us.

"That'll do. You can go on deck, now—I'll talk with you again, soon." And the door was closed between us and the mystery.

It was half an hour before Captain Soule came up, and ordered the search continued. When he came to Tom's chest, he overhauled it very carefully; but it was, apparently, emptied to the bottom, without finding any stolen property. But, still unsatisfied, he stood it up on end, thumped it heavily, and threw it bottom up. A false bottom was dislodged and fell out, followed by the various missing articles!

A general cry of indignation was raised, and a strong disposition was manifested to lynch California Tom. But Mr. Baldwin took upon himself the office of executioner, this time with a good will.

"I always felt it in my bones, that John Merrill was innocent," said he to Captain Soule; "and when it came to stripping his shirt, I hadn't, somehow, any heart to do it."

"I'm glad you didn't succeed in doing it," was the reply. "I couldn't have flogged him if he had been guilty—nor could you, either."

"How so, sir?"

"Do you think you could lay the cat on the back of a woman?"

That comical look of the captain's was reflected, nay multiplied, tenfold, in the rough face of the old mate.

"A woman?" he gasped out, "John Merrill?"

"Ay, a woman, Mr. Baldwin. Annie Carroll is her name, now."

"But—what are you going to do with him, sir?"

"Do with him? With *her*, you mean—put him, or put her, or *it*, ashore, of course, as soon as I can make a port. We must give her a stateroom, in the cabin, and have her to wear such a dress as belongs to her sex."

"Well—well—" said Mr. Baldwin, reflectively; "I never had anything bring me up with a round-turn like that." Then a bright idea seemed to have struck him, and he

demanded triumphantly, "*Where's your clothes to dress her in?*"

"She's got all her dry goods in her chest, ready to wear."

"What? in *John Merrill's* chest, do you mean?"

"Of course. Whose else should I mean? That's why he—she, I mean—always kept it locked, and was so secret about it."

I shall not spend time to tell how we talked the matter over in the fore-castle that night, and compared notes, and went back to every little incident of the outward passage, that might be supposed to have any bearing upon this astounding discovery. Of course, there were those ready to say they had guessed the truth months ago; but I venture to say, that not a man on board the *Amphion* had the slightest suspicion of the truth, until it was revealed to Captain Soule, as I have related. And how much longer we might have been in the dark, but for the attempt to flog her, it is difficult to say.

John Merrill stood no more watches on board the *Amphion*, nor went to the mast-head. But Annie Carroll, a beautiful young lady, save that she wore her hair rather too much *au garçon*, sometimes steered a trick at the wheel when she felt in the humor, until our arrival at Callao, where she became, when her story was known, the heroine, the lioness of the hour. A passage home was secured for her; and she took leave of us all, with no desire, as she confessed, to follow any further the profession of a sailor.

It was the old, old story. An orphan, a harsh guardian, and an attempt to force her into a marriage with one she disliked. A madcap scheme, in which she had embarked from a wayward impulse, and persisted in because she hardly knew how or when to retreat. And we were constrained to admit, when we reviewed all the circumstances, that she had nobly sustained the double character, and had preserved all the finer attributes of her sex, while she laid aside the apparel.

And will it be wondered that she lost her heart while on board the *Amphion*? Not to me; for, of course, I was but a boy in her eyes. But when I last saw John Merrill, he was Mrs. Captain Wightman, and still claimed to be, if not the boldest seaman, the best helmsman, at least, of the family circle.

BEYOND THE STARS.

BY HELEN WOOD MANVILLE.

Beyond the stars, beyond the stars—
 What flowery fields are spread,
 Beyond the blue and golden bars,
 That arch the dome o'erhead?
 What sylvan grots where we may rest
 From all these vexing cares?
 O! I methinks would be so blest
 To climb the unseen stairs.

I long to tread the pearly shore
 Where mortal ne'er has trod,
 That I may know a pain no more,
 But dwell for aye with God.

I stretch my hands in mute despair,
 No angel stoops to save,
 But Hope, in pity whispers, "There
 Is rest beyond the grave!"

And so the grass is growing green
 Above the little spot,
 Where underneath its tasselled sheen
 I'll sleep and pain be not.
 But if the grave will lead me there
 Where I so long to go,
 Why should I for life's ills despair?
 Heaven lies *beyond*, I know.

A LITTLE FOOL.

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

MR. TIMOTHY BALCOM sat leaning upon his desk, with his chin buried in his hands and his eyes staring reflectively into space. The great ledger which lay open before him was ruled methodically in red and black lines, and between the lines were rows upon rows of figures, filling each page from the top quite down to the bottom. But Mr. Balcom, whenever he dropped his eyes to these dreary columns, saw nothing there but four black letters which stared malignantly back at him from the trimly neat pages, and which repeated themselves upon every leaf and intruded themselves maliciously into the prim and proper order of the debits, credits and balances. And these four letters formed a word which represented to Mr. Balcom a terrible, crushing, maddening fact. Ruin, ruin, ruin! It was this that glared at him from every volume of accounts in his office. It was this that confronted the clerks in the outer counting-room, as they bent wearily over the chaos of drafts, and bills, and acceptances that had flooded in upon them, and tried to persuade each other that black was white and that the firm was not in such a very bad way, after all, but all the time aware, in their secret souls, that the house of Balcom, White & Co. had gone to the devil, and that no arithmetical necromancy or any other power on earth could save it. It was this which had driven the senior partner to the

verge of lunacy, and had sent the junior on a tour to the Highlands of Scotland, doubtless to procure a supply of Scotch snuff to throw in the eyes of his creditors.

Mr. Timothy Balcom got off his high stool and disposed himself comfortably in an arm-chair before the fire. He almost wished that he himself had absconded to the Highlands of Scotland, or to the antarctic continent, before all this trouble came upon him. But he was a man of large family, and could not easily have got away without attracting attention. His family! It was the thought of them which burned so deep in his very heart. His wife could bear this better than his children, for as she had been his guide and counsel through all his married life, he felt that she would be faithful and patient now. But Timothy Balcom's children had been reared in affluence. Over them poverty had never yet cast its chilling shadow. Poor Meta and Pearl! What were they to do?

Mr. Balcom pulled out his pocket-knife, and, picking up a splinter from the hearth, began to whittle. No better evidence of the disturbance of his own mental equilibrium could have been needed than this simple action. He had not whittled before since he was a boy, and now, as he slowly and meditatively began to cover the carpet with delicate shavings, the clerks looked through the glass partition which separated them from

the inner office, and wondered greatly. It was a curious assortment of mental pictures which passed before Mr. Balcom's inward vision as he sat absorbed in this occupation; bright pictures of the happy past, of his pleasant, luxurious back parlor at home, of the cheery fireside, the close-drawn curtains, the soft and mellow lamplight, the comfortable easy-chair, the slippers and dressing-gown, the smoking urn of tea, the books, the piano, and, better and brighter than all, the gentle face of his wife and the laughing eyes of his daughter Pearl. Then, too, following close upon these cheerier photographs, came visions of the future—a future, if not of want, at least of strict and scrupulous economy, where should be no piano, no velvet carpets, no services of silver, none of the little artificial luxuries of life, and where, alas! the light might die out of even Pearl's blue eyes, and a shadow of something worse than poverty blot out life's sunshine from them all.

Poor little Pearl! It was the thought of her that made this misfortune cut so cruelly into the very core of Timothy Balcom's heart. However his wife and Meta might be able to bear it, he knew that the news would crush Pearl to the very earth. As yet her young life had been but a golden-hued and rosy-tinted dream. No harsh experience had taught her how to battle with adversity, no cloud had ever dimmed her happiness; and now, when life was unfolding before her, as Nature reveals herself to the opening bud, the tendrils of her heart most needed the sunshine which was to be denied them. This trouble would have made a heroine of some women, but he doubted whether it would make a heroine of Pearl. There was little that was heroic in her character. As the spoiled and caressed pet of the family, she had never been taught self-reliance, nor had it ever been developed in her affectionate, trusting nature. From the bright, blue sky had she caught the gleam of her merry eyes, from the sunshine had she taken the tints of her golden hair, and her nature, kindly and sympathetic in all its attributes, was little calculated to stand bravely against the rough shouldering of a selfish world. Well might Timothy Balcom run his fingers wearily through his gray hair and murmur to himself, "Poor Pearl! What is she to do?"

But dear as Pearl and Meta were to their father, he, like many other busy men, had never in all his life had time to get thoroughly

acquainted with his own children. If he had been able to read Pearl's heart more closely, he would have feared the result of the misfortune which had fallen upon the family, not because it was to deprive his daughters of the luxuries amid which they had been reared, but because it was to bring upon Pearl a struggle to which the struggle against poverty were as nothing. It was to bring upon her the necessity of waging battle with the strongest impulses of her own heart, the necessity of tearing asunder by the main strength of her pride the cords which held her to a sacred thing; the necessity of entering into a ruthless warfare with herself—a warfare which might end in making her a noble woman and which might end in her destruction.

But Timothy Balcom never dreamed, when Lieutenant Edward Harper of the United States Navy packed up his carpet bag to leave them, after a short visit to the family a year ago, that he had packed up Pearl's heart with his other possessions and taken it away with him. Young as Pearl was, she had already withstood several sieges, but the young lieutenant had certainly carried the citadel at last.

During all this time, although her father never dreamed of it, and the lieutenant himself was not at all sure of it, Pearl's heart had been travelling over stormy seas and lying becalmed on sultry African coasts in Edward Harper's ship, while Pearl herself had waited patiently at home for it to come back to her in the course of time, and had kept her secret locked so carefully away within her breast that none of those around her ever learned it. A week ago the lieutenant had returned, fully awake to the extent of his own affection for Pearl, but hesitating to lay his petition at her feet lest he should meet with a refusal which his pride could not brook. Lieutenant Harper was a sailor, unversed in woman's ways, and he could not read Pearl well enough to see that his suit was in little danger. The wide disparity between them in a worldly sense was to him a bitter fact. Had Pearl been as poor as himself, no power on earth would have kept him from her.

Mr. Balcom, having whittled his splinter quite away, arose from his chair, and, jamming his hat down hard over his ears, shut up the ledger with a vehement bang and walked out into the street. As he passed through the outer office between the rows of weary, sleepy clerks, some of whom had been at work through half the previous night, ex-

pending their stock of mercantile logic to prove to themselves that figures can sometimes lie and that the house was still as solvent as ever, while every one of them, from the cashier to the errand boy, knew that it was in a muddle which it could by no human possibility ever be got out of, his pallid, careworn look attracted the attention of even the most careless among them; and they raised their faces silently from their desks as he walked unsteadily towards the door, and watched him, with looks of kindly sympathy and pity, as he passed from the building still softly murmuring to himself, "Poor little Pearl! What will she do?"

When he reached home he went straight to his library and, throwing himself into a chair, rang for a servant.

"Send my daughter Pearl to me," he said, when his summons was answered.

"No need for that, pa. I'm here already," said a voice at his elbow, and Pearl, rosy and dimpled, threw her arms about his neck and gave him a filial kiss.

"I want to talk to you," said her father. "Sit down in my lap, puss."

"But I'm awfully heavy," she exclaimed, taking a seat upon his knee, as she was bid.

"Yes," he replied, "but never too heavy for me, always remember that, Pearl."

He drew her flaxen head against his shoulder and gently passed his hand over her shining hair.

"Pearl," he continued, after a pause, during which his eyes had wandered reflectively to the glowing fire in the open grate, "you have always been happy, have you not?"

"O father!" she replied, nestling closer to him; "how could I help being happy?"

"Are you very happy now? very happy indeed?"

"Yes indeed; very, very happy, father. Have you ever doubted it?"

"No," he said, "but do you know why you are so?"

"What funny questions!" she exclaimed. "Of course I do. It is because I have the very best father in all the world, and the kindest mother and the dearest sister. Who would not be happy in such a home as I have always had?"

"Are you quite sure, Pearl, that your enjoyment of life is not derived from these beautiful things around you? Could you be as happy without books and pictures, without your piano, and without a new bonnet every month?"

"I could, if you, and mother and Meta were not taken from me," she answered, looking up at him with wondering eyes.

"Suppose," he continued, "that we were to leave this house, where you have passed so many happy days, the old nursery up stairs where you and Meta used to play together, the little chamber where you have slept since you were a child—suppose we were to leave all these things at once, forever. Could you bear that, Pearl?"

She raised her head quickly from his shoulder, and gazed at him with an alarmed half-startled look.

"Suppose, Pearl, that our beautiful home, which all of us love so well, were sold under the sheriff's hammer. Suppose all our little household gods, which we hold dear to our hearts only next to each other, were taken from us. Suppose our pretty castle were invaded to-morrow by a company of unpitying strangers, who should turn us into the street, Pearl, and leave us without a place in all the wide world to lay our heads. Could you be happy even then, my daughter, Pearl?"

She broke into a frightened cry.

"Father! What is it? What has happened to us?"

"Hush!" he said, passing his hand once more tenderly over her amber hair. "It is nothing."

"It is something," she said, almost wildly. "You are hiding something from me. What is it?"

"If what I have told you were to come true," he said, in answer, "could you bear it, Pearl?"

"I could bear anything but the loss of your love, my father. You frighten me. You are not yourself to-night. What dreadful thing has come upon us?"

He looked long and sadly into her eyes, concentrated upon his face with a look which he felt was searching him through. He marked her face, contracted with a vague anxiety, and felt her bosom heaving tumultuously against his breast. He hesitated long before he dared trust himself to tell her; then he said, quietly, and still looking into her earnest eyes:

"We are beggars, Pearl. The poorest of our servants is not poorer than his master."

She uttered a wild, terrified cry and her cheek turned pale as marble. He had buried a knife in her heart, but not in the place where he had most feared to wound her. At that moment there flashed before her inward

vision a thought, not of the material change which his words implied, not of the loss of home and the comforts of which she had never known the want, not of her future life of poverty and self-denial, but a remembrance of the man whom she owned in her heart of hearts to be dearer to her than all the world beside. In that one moment all the world grew dark to her. She could have borne the loss of all else, if the sacrifice did not include the greater sacrifice of herself. God help her! Tenderly as it had been given, the blow had crushed her love for Edward Harper into a thing of dreary hopelessness.

Not many girls would have viewed the matter in such a light. Few women would refuse to marry a man dear to their heart because they could not bring to him a fortune. But Pearl possessed a subtle pride, which now for the first time in her life rose to overbalance every other characteristic of her nature.

"He shall not marry a beggar!" was the thought which flashed at once across her consciousness. "I would rather my heart should break than to have him feel that I married him because I was homeless."

"O father!" she said. "Is it so bad as that?"

"My poor Pearl!" he replied. "I grieve more for your sake than for all the rest."

"Don't think of me," she said, hastily. "You shall see how patiently I can bear it. To lose our money is not the worst thing that could have happened to us."

"No," he returned; "we might have lost each other. Kiss me now, my darling, and go and break this thing to Meta."

She bent towards him and threw her arms about his neck.

"At least, you shall never lose Pearl's love for you," she cried; and kissing him, she left the room.

"He has lost his fortune," thought she, as she gently closed the door. "He shall never know what I have lost, besides."

She would have gone at once to her room, to try by herself to realize the full extent of the calamity that had come upon her, but a servant met her in the hall.

"Lieutenant Harper is in the drawing-room, Miss Pearl!"

So Fate would not even give her time to think! The flying shutter of Destiny, ceaselessly weaving the varied pattern of Pearl's life, was bringing in the darker colors in quick succession. It was scarcely five o'clock in the

afternoon. Something in her heart told her that Edward Harper would never have called at such a time, if he had not been going away. While she yet hesitated, with her hand upon the knob of the parlor door, she knew, as well as his words could have told her, that he had been suddenly ordered to his ship and that he had called to take his leave. Whether it would please Providence, to spare her a sorer trial than the one she had just borne she did not know, but as she entered the room, she raised a silent prayer that this man might not be led to speak to her of that which she knew to be uppermost in his heart.

But she was spared the pain of telling him of her father's misfortune. The lieutenant had heard of it that morning, and offered words of comfort and good cheer. Then, after passing an hour in aimless talk, the ingenious sailor, who had little conception of the natural sequence of conversational ideas, suddenly told her of his speedy departure.

"I am going to leave you, Pearl—for a long time."

She knew it already, but that did not lessen the acuteness of the pain which his announcement gave her.

"When?" she asked, earnestly.

"To-morrow morning," he answered.

"I shall be very sorry," she said, slowly, as though steadying her voice before each word. "Shall you be gone a great while?"

"We are going to the Mediterranean," he replied. "It will be two years, at least, before I see you again."

"You will not be forgotten," said Pearl, her voice beginning to tremble a little now. "We shall always be your friends, Edward, whatever our circumstances may be."

"O Pearl!" he exclaimed, seizing her white hand earnestly. "Let me ask you to be to me something more than friend. I want you for my wife, Pearl."

Her head fell upon her bosom and her face contracted as with a spasm of acute physical anguish.

"Do you know what you ask?" she said. "Would you marry a beggar?"

"Pearl, my love for you could be neither greater nor less, whether you were beggar or queen. O, don't refuse me this dearest wish of my heart. I shall leave you to-night, Pearl. If you cannot give yourself to me now, at least do not crush all hope within me. If I could win you in the end, I would wait willingly, though it were twenty years."

O, let those who have never known what it is to have the nobility of pride wage fierce battle with the intensity of a woman's love, pity this young girl, whose nature was struggling now between these two contending influences. None but herself ever knew the desolation of her heart when the victory was won, and her love for Edward Harper was crushed back, torn and bleeding, into the deepest depth of her young breast, nevermore to make its presence known to those who knew her best. He only saw her bosom heaving like the billows of a stormy sea, and felt her breath upon his cheek fall hot and feverish. These were all the evidences she gave him of the ruthless, cruel work by which she was crushing out the most earnest passion of her life.

"It cannot be," she said. "It can never, never be."

"Pearl! Pearl! Think again before you answer me. Don't send me away in utter hopelessness."

He felt her hand turn icy cold, and then she drew it suddenly away and pressed it upon her bosom as though she were stifling.

"My whole life has changed to me since yesterday," she said. "I am not the woman that I was when you met me last. Do you not see that even if I loved you, this cross which has been laid upon us would make it my duty not to leave my father at such a time? Were I rich, Lieutenant Harper—"

"Pearl! Pearl! At this very moment you do love me. I know it, and I shall leave you with at least that conviction to gladden all my life hereafter. Had I spoken of this before, you would have given yourself to me without question."

She rose to her feet hastily, and in an instant flushed to a burning crimson.

"You assume too much," she said, haughtily.

"Pearl," he replied, rising and gazing at her in unutterable sadness, "I understand your feeling and respect it. In your own refusal, you have betrayed yourself more fully than you know. But think again of what I ask, and remember that I will be all patient, until my hair turns gray, if even then you will be my wife. You can never take from me the knowledge of your own heart which I have this moment gained."

She looked at him for a moment in cold indifference, a look so proud and rigid, that the germ of hope which had budded in Harper's breast, shrank into itself, chilled and frozen.

But the effort was too great for Pearl's untrained powers of self-control, and her surcharged heart, breaking as she felt it to be, burst loose from the fetters of her pride and revealed itself in all its quivering anguish to Edward Harper's quick perception.

"Edward!" she cried, with the agony of a hopeless desolation ringing in her trembling voice, "you are killing me. If you love me as you say, for God's sake leave me."

He opened his lips to speak to her, but her white, pleading face sealed the words unuttered. Wringing his hands silently above his head, he turned towards the door. O, was this the parting, the memory of which he had hoped to comfort him during the long night-watches beneath the stars, and in the roar and terror of wintry storms?

With his hand upon the knob of the parlor door, he paused one moment to look back at Pearl. She stood motionless in the middle of the room, with her hand still raised as when she had spoken. That look, so gentle in its expression, and yet conveying so much of bitter, bitter disappointment and sad reproach, went home with a cruel thrust to her heart, and threw down the last barrier with which she had feebly tried to protect it. With a despairing cry she ran to him and threw her white, round arms about his neck. In that one brief instant, while he held her closely to him and felt her bosom heaving against his own, and could count the wild pulsations of her heart, the gates of heaven opened upon him. He bowed his head and her lips met his in a fierce and burning kiss. Then she pushed him from her with all her strength.

"Pearl!" he said, once more, earnestly, "do you retract?"

"I retract nothing," she cried, pressing both her hands upon her temples. "I can never be your wife. O, my brain is on fire! Go! Leave me! Don't speak to me again!"

He stood for a moment in hesitation. Then he slowly opened the door, looked back once more at Pearl, turned again, crossed the threshold and softly closed the door behind him. And Pearl, trembling through every fibre of her frame, sank down upon the floor and buried her face within her hands.

Do you say that she had embittered her whole life for naught? Perhaps so. Few women would have sacrificed themselves for such a cause. But this is the story of a little fool, and poor Pearl had hardly yet begun to earn the title.

In the bewilderment of the next few days she had little time to brood over her troubles. Lieutenant Harper's ship sailed on the morning following his interview with Pearl, and with it went nearly all that made the life of this once cheery-hearted girl worth the living. The magnificent house wherein she had been born and bred was sold, and its accumulated treasures scattered far and wide. Timothy Balcom, too honest to defraud his creditors of a penny which was in his power to pay, resigned to them everything without a single reservation. One, more thoughtful than the rest, and to whom he was a large debtor, offered him a little cottage some forty or fifty miles from the city, at a moderate rent, until, as Mr. Jinglesly, the owner, said, he "got rested enough to begin again." The cottage adjoined Mr. Jinglesly's own magnificent estate, and lay snugly in the bosom of a broad and sunny valley, within the dim blue circle of a sweep of wooded hills. The nearest village was full five miles away, and no more peaceful spot could have been selected in which the family might recover from the cruel blow which Fortune had given them. Hither, when the storm had quite passed over, they wended their way, each bearing his or her cross patiently, and poor Pearl carrying her own almost self-imposed and secret burden as bravely and as silently as the rest.

"I don't see," said Mr. Balcom, when their poor little stock of furniture was set in place, and a roaring fire was built in the open fireplace in the sitting-room on the first evening after their arrival, "I don't see that we shan't be very comfortable here, after all. This looks quite as homelike as our old back parlor ever did."

"It's a great deal better, pa," said Pearl, with a merry little laugh. "It's going to be romantic enough for a novel. I wouldn't give a straw for anything we have left behind. There are just as many of us as there ever were, excepting the servants, and I'm sure it is a deliverance to be rid of them."

"I miss the piano more than all," said Meta. "It was hard to lose that."

"Not for me," replied Pearl. "We can sing just as well without it. They haven't taken our voices away from us," and she tripped out of the room to pay a visit to the kitchen, warbling, as she went, a cheery little fragment from *Fra Diavolo*.

But this merry, careless girl was not the true and actual Pearl Balcom. In the

thoughtful woman who so often sat alone at her window, gazing sadly out towards the east, and thinking that, far away beyond the outline of yonder hills, a dark gray ocean was rolling in upon the shore, and that, further still, a ship, which to her held all the cheer and hopefulness of life, was staggering on among the billows, and each moment bearing all that her heart held dear yet further and further away from her, was to be found the real owner of the name. There was such a peaceful quiet in the scenes around her that her own great sorrow, which she had hoped amid the genial influences of woods and fields to be able to endure if not forget, grew to grievously great proportions from the very want of other things to think of. Yet Pearl's heart was strong. Bravely she struggled to hide the pain which she had inflicted upon herself from the eyes of him for whose sake she had given herself the wound, and bravely she succeeded. At least, her father never dreamed that Pearl was other than she seemed to him.

One afternoon, not many weeks after their arrival, she sat upon a mossy stone deep in the heart of a wooded glen, at least a mile from the cottage. It was only in obedience to a sudden whim that she had come hither, and now, a little wearied with her purposeless walk, she sat idly punching the end of her parasol into the dead leaves at her feet. As she sat thus, with the scattered flecks of sunshine glinting through the canopy of leaves above her head and softly retouching in bright splashes of yellow light the burnished gold of her shining hair, a sudden salutation caused her to look upward.

"I beg a thousand pardons, miss?"

The speaker was a slim and angular young man, with extremely long legs encased in plaid pantaloons, who stood leaning upon the fence immediately above her.

"My name is Jinglesly," continued this individual, swinging one of his long legs over the fence and taking a comfortable seat upon the topmost rail, "George Popsey Jinglesly. The ancient buffalo who gave me that euphonious designation is your father's landlord, you know."

"I have heard of you, Mr. Jinglesly," said Pearl, pleasantly. "I am glad to make your acquaintance."

"Yes," said Jinglesly, confidently, "I knew you would be. All the women are glad to make my acquaintance. I don't run after them any myself; it's my appearance which

takes the feminine eye, you know. I have been told I look like Napoleon. Do you think I look like Napoleon?"

"O, very much," said Pearl, glancing sarcastically at Mr. Jinglesly's remarkable figure, "very much indeed."

"I don't assume any credit for the little attentions which I receive from the ladies," he continued. "If they will fall in love with me, I can't help it, you know. Alas! I once have loved, Miss Balcom, but that is now forever past. Your face and form to-day for a moment recalled the dear object of that long buried passion, and I said to myself, 'George Washington P. Jinglesly, you must know that divine maiden. Perhaps the contemplation of those lovely features will help to assuage the grief which is gnawing at your vitals.' So I followed you, you see, to introduce myself. I hope I don't intrude upon your meditations."

"Not at all," replied Pearl, thoroughly amused at this singular creature. "I'm very glad you came."

"Ah! the tone of your sweet voice, Miss Balcom," said Mr. Jinglesly, getting off the fence and advancing towards her, hat in hand, "recalls to my mind the loved accents of that voice which I no more shall ever hear. I could a tale unfold, which would harrow up your very soul. The antique curiosity who stands to me in the place of parent, has, by his course of oppressive tyranny, blasted forever the life of the individual who stands before you. The world has no more charms for G. W. P. Jinglesly, Miss Balcom."

"O, not so bad as that, Mr. Jinglesly," said Pearl. "I am sure the world is very bright and beautiful, even yet."

"It would still be heaven," he replied, "were it full of angels such as you."

"You are disposed to compliment," said Pearl, eyeing him with a curious feeling of amusement and disgust.

"No. Believe me, I am most sincere," said Mr. Jinglesly, seating himself beside her and trying to take her hand, which she quickly withdrew from his grasp. "I have done with those hollow mockeries of feeling which the world calls compliments. Ah! I once have loved, Miss Balcom. Until to-day I had not dreamed that I could love again."

Pearl rose hastily to her feet.

"I must be going home," she said. "I have been away too long, already."

"Nay, not so soon," said Mr. J., struggling to get his symmetrical legs into a safe position

for rising, before daring to trust his weight to them. "Do not tear yourself from my gaze so quickly. I have risked much for this interview, Miss Balcom. I saw you coming across the fields and I escaped by means of the window, from the room in which you unfeeling despot had imprisoned me. That was an original idea of mine. Not many men would have thought of the window, eh?"

"What did he shut you up for?" asked Pearl, wonderingly.

"I drank too much champagne at the party last night. The governor didn't approve of it. There's no harm in drinking champagne. Do you think there is?"

"Fiddlestick!" said Pearl, turning abruptly away. "I must go home. Good-day, Mr. Jinglesly."

She nodded a smiling adieu, and walked away towards the house laughing to herself heartily, and leaving Mr. Jinglesly gazing abstractedly after her with an expression of vacant astonishment.

This brief interview, however, was not the last of Pearl's acquaintance with this extraordinary young man. She related the occurrence at the tea-table that night and her droll mimicry of Mr. Jinglesly's manner set even her father to laughing in spite of himself. Having thus made use of the man who "once had loved," she dismissed him from her mind forthwith.

On the following morning, while Pearl was sweeping the front piazza, there entered at the gate a fat, tow-headed boy, who, first glancing furtively towards every point of the compass, made his way stealthily up to Pearl with a gesture of profound secrecy.

"Be you Miss Pearl?"

"Yes," replied Pearl.

The flaxen-haired boy once more looked cautiously about him. Then pulling from his pocket a note enclosed in a rose-tinted envelop, placed it in Pearl's hands with an expression of utmost fear and trepidation.

"This is for you," he said. "I was told not to wait. It's from *him*!"

The young man pointed with his finger over towards the west in a most extraordinary manner, and then took to his heels without more ado, leaving Pearl with the letter in her hand, looking after him in perplexity.

She went to her chamber to read it, and this was what it contained, traced in very precise and formal characters, with the t's all neatly crossed and the i's scrupulously dotted:

"MISS BALCOM:—Angel of my heart! My interview with you on yesterday has awakened the long silent echoes of the time that now is past forever. The love which I had thought to be dead within me has once more roused itself and burns again with renewed and fiercer energy. I once have loved. I love now. I love you. Need more be said? The ruthless tyrant who holds to me the relation of paternal ancestor, likes you and can make no objection to our union. My own person is attractive and my domestic oppressor has a sufficiency of the base lucre which is necessary for our support. Say that you will marry me and you will translate me to the seventh sphere of paradise. Until your decision, I tremble in the balance of superlative happiness and unalleviated misery; acceptance, joy; refusal, despair.

"Your devoted and adoring

"GEO. WASHINGTON POPSEY JINGLESBY."

The first impulse of Pearl Balcom on reading this absurd composition, was to burst into a peal of laughter. Then something came up into her throat and choked her, and she bent her head upon the table and cried. But this mood lasted scarcely a moment, and she soon dried her tears and sat back in her chair with the letter in her hand, gazing dreamily out across the fields towards the blue outline of distant hills, and thinking of the sea and the ship that was toying on its broad bosom so far away from her—ah! so much further away from her now than ever before, it seemed—and so quite lost herself at once in the maze of cruel questions to which the letter had given rise.

Why not? Life to her was an almost hopeless blank. With her own hand she had already crushed whatever of joy the future might have had in store for her. What better could she do than to give this block-head what he asked? In return he offered gold, and was not that worth more to her father—and he was all she had to live for, now—than her own useless self could ever be?

No, no, no. She could not do it. She could not do it. She crumpled the letter tightly in her hand and rising, paced quickly up and down the room. Through the open window the sweet breath of ripening hay fields floated idly in, and the listless drone of bees filled the fragrant air to remind her that not yet was the world dead or the sun blotted out. Back through the lapse of time which

had passed since he had left her, back from across the dreary waste of waters which separated him from her, the voice of him who had been all in all to her called, sadly and appealingly, "Pearl! Pearl!" And Pearl, stopping still to listen, heard the tender supplication, and stretched out her white arms yearningly towards the outlined hills across the valley, and then wrung her hands above her head in anguish.

And yet, look at it as she would, it seemed to her the hand of inexorable Fate which had placed this bitter cup to her lips. It had not come of her own seeking. Was she not right in believing this to be her cross? Was she wrong in thinking herself to have been singled out as the instrument of her father's restoration to the world?

"Whatever suffering it may bring to me," thought Pearl, "he at least shall never have cause to think of me in his misfortune as a useless burden."

Roused by this thought, fired with a sad enthusiasm in the belief that in this she was making a sacred though grievous sacrifice for her father's sake, she sat hurriedly down at the table and, scarce knowing what she did, wrote hastily these words:

"MR. JINGLESBY:—I desire five days time to think of this. Don't come near me.

"PEARL BALCOM."

And bitter days were these five to Pearl, slipping past her as they slip past the sentenced prisoner who has lost all hope of pardon and yet is not quite indifferent to death. The longer did she prolong the struggle the more fiercely did the battle rage within her poor, torn breast. She was the Pearl of olden time no more. Every attribute of girlishness seemed to have been crushed out of her. The echoes of the rooms which knew her best were no longer awakened with her light, mirthful laughter as she passed through them, once merrily, now slowly and thoughtfully, and with the weight of a great doubt pressing her heart cold. There was something—she knew not what—that held her back from the step she was hesitating to take, and there was the dull, hopeless blank of her future life staring her despairingly in the face and asking her, in the bitterness of its taunting promise of misery, to come—Why not? What better could she hope to be? What better could she do?

Crushing back into her heart every merciful appeal to her own better nature, which had

found a place there, burying deep her very heart itself beneath the resolve which had become a desperation, that in this there should be no turning back, she sat down at last and answered her suitor's letter.

And the answer was—Yes!

When the reply was sent away and the irrevocable step had been taken for good and all, there came a sense of blessed relief which brought healing on its wings to her broken spirit. The battle had left her heart as the battles of men leave the scenes of human carnage—a dreary waste of desolation. For her, hope, ambition, faith and love, all alike were dead, and in their place there reigned a cold, impenetrable stillness which was the stillness of a mute despair rather than of patient resignation.

Steeling herself bravely against the consequences, be they what they might, she told her father of what she had done. He made no objection, but only looked at her a little sadly.

"Do you love him?" he asked.

With a face whiter than marble—with her hands clenched so tightly that the nails were buried in the yielding flesh—Pearl answered:

"Yes."

"Then I ought to say nothing," said Mr. Balcom, kissing her. "The young man has not impressed me as being just the one for you, but your happiness, Pearl, must not let my foolish notions stand in its way."

O, that he had said one word to draw her back from this! O, that amid the vain hurry of his old life, he had spared a little time in learning to know his children better! Dearly as he loved this girl, still was he blind to what she really was, and to what her own nobility, in obedience to a strange perversion, was leading her.

And so the wedding day was fixed, but it was not to come until the autumn, which seemed to Pearl to be a fitter season for it. Then nature, at least, would mourn for her. She worked upon her wedding dresses at her window, and, day by day, watched the year ripen and grow sere, from the time when first the blackberries hung dark and tempting under the fences until the woods rained their brown treasures upon the fallen leaves, and the maples embroidered the hills with a tracery of scarlet and gold. There were languid, hazy days, when the air was steeped in sunshine, and the warm breath of summer fell upon the valley like a kiss blown back to it from southern fields where summer reigned

eternal. And Pearl, sitting thus at her window, tried to learn in her hopeless despair how best to bear the loneliness which was henceforward to be hers till death. Yet she never wavered. She believed that she was doing right, and heroically did she strive to stifle every other thought which might raise a single doubt of it.

One afternoon there came a smart double knock at the door of the cottage, and Pearl, answering the summons, was met by the plethoric figure of Mr. Jinglesly senior, who, raising his hat, from his little bald, bullet-shaped head, bowed to her respectfully before entering.

"Miss Pearl Balcom, I believe," he said.

"Yes sir," replied Pearl, leading the way to the parlor; "will you walk in?"

"I don't care if I do," he returned, following her and taking a seat near the little table between the windows. "In fact I have called on purpose to see you on a matter of business—strictly a matter of business, Miss Balcom."

Pearl seated herself at the opposite side of the table and looked at the old gentleman inquiringly.

"I never was good at dallying with my subjects," he continued, taking out his handkerchief and wiping his face, which had grown very hot and red with walking, "so I'll come direct to the point. You are going to marry my son."

Pearl looked dreamily out of the window and said she supposed so.

"You are a little fool," said the old gentleman, vehemently; "a little fool, ma'am, my son is an idiot."

Pearl smiled faintly and made no answer.

"A consummate idiot, Miss Balcom, and judging from what little I have seen of you, I like you too well to allow you to throw yourself away in any such manner. I object to the marriage."

"I believe your son is of age, Mr. Jinglesly," said Pearl, calmly. "He can choose for himself, I presume."

"No ma'am, he can't choose for himself," returned the old gentleman, jumping up excitedly. "That is—why yes, of course he can choose for himself, but then—you don't mean that you've set your heart upon the young jackass, like that, do you?"

"Set my heart upon him?" exclaimed Pearl, her red lip curling in spite of herself.

"Ah! I see," said Mr. Jinglesly, sitting down again and leaning across the table to-

ward her. "I know what you want. I understand it all. It's money!"

Pearl shrank beneath the old man's gaze, and felt her face flush to a burning crimson as she turned her eyes hastily away. Never in all her struggle with herself, had a sense of her own unworthiness oppressed her as at this instant. She was silent for a moment, darted a furtive look in Mr. Jinglesly's face, and then burst into tears.

Mr. Jinglesly was on his feet again in a second.

"My dear young woman! Don't cry. There. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings, my girl. Better now? Hey?"

Pearl wiped her eyes and beat back the tide of feeling which was choking her.

"You are right," she said. "I do want money, and that is why I am going to marry your son. Believe me when I tell you that I care nothing for his gold for my own sake, for as there is a God in heaven I speak the truth. If I can place my father and my sister once more in a position to regain what our family have lost, I shall be rewarded for the sacrifice. For it is a sacrifice, and I loathe and detest this marriage and everything connected with it. I pledge myself to you—and I believe you have been friendly to me and will believe me—that not one penny of this money will I ever touch for myself or for my own uses."

Mr. Jinglesly leaned back in his chair and placed his thumbs in his vest pockets with an air of considerable bewilderment. Pearl, flushed and excited, had risen from her seat, and was now pacing slowly up and down the room before him, wringing her handkerchief fiercely as she walked.

"You are a spunky young woman," said Mr. Jinglesly, finally. "I wish my nephew knew you. Poor fellow, he never will until it's too late, for he's away off in the Mediterranean now. But he ought to know you;—he had, indeed."

At mention of that blue and sparkling sea so far away, a confused flood of sorrowful thoughts came into Pearl's mind, and she stopped in her walk and went wearily to the window to look out.

"However, business is business," continued Mr. Jinglesly. "If you are bound to marry my lunatic, you shall. He and my nephew will be my only heirs, and the marriage will make you rich. But let me tell you this, my girl, no matter what your real motives may be, no matter how disinterested as regards yourself your heart may be, this money, so

obtained, will bring with it a curse. It will bring a blight upon you and yours and upon whomsoever the gold may be bestowed. I advise you to think twice before you take the step."

"I have thought of it already," said Pearl, "until my brain has well nigh burst. There is no turning back."

Mr. Jinglesly went to the other window and gazed abstractedly out at the prospect before the house. He was silent for some time, and Pearl stood motionless a short distance from him, still wringing her handkerchief savagely.

"Look here!" said the old gentleman at last. "I have a proposition to make. It's a pity to have you do this, for I believe you think you are right. You have got pluck, at any rate. Poor Ned! I wish he knew you. Just the one for him!"

Again the mention of a name which made Pearl's heart leap and flutter with an agitation which was cruel in its wildness.

"What is the proposition?" she asked.

"I'll buy you off from this marriage," said Mr. Jinglesly. "I will give you twenty thousand dollars for your bargain."

Pearl turned to him quickly, and grew red and white by turns.

"You jest," she said. "It is no jesting matter, sir."

"By heaven, I am in earnest. What do you say? Accept?"

Her reply was to fall on her knees at his feet.

"O Mr. Jinglesly! What—what do you think of me? I wish I was dead!"

"Fiddlesticks!" replied the old gentleman, taking out his pocket-book in great haste and selecting therefrom a blank draft. "Got a pen?"

He found one upon the table, filled out the draft as he sat in his chair, and without more ado handed it to Pearl.

"There," he said, seizing his hat. "That settles our bargain. You are a brave girl, but you are on the wrong track. Poor Ned! Good-by."

He had whisked to the door before Pearl could stop him.

"God bless you!" she said.

"Nonsense!" he answered, hopping out into the yard. "Good afternoon. Twenty thousand dollars for that idiot, indeed!"

And so he went away, leaving Pearl numb, astounded and nearly delirious, standing in the hall with the draft in her hand.

While she still stood thus, her father passed her, dressed for a walk.

"Are you going far?" she asked, half mechanically.

"Only over to neighbor Jinglesy's," he answered. "Was not that he who was here just now?"

"Yes, father. Here to see me."

He smiled and patted her on the shoulder.

"Things are approaching a crisis," he said. "How long before the wedding day, Pet?"

He stooped to kiss her as he said this, and Pearl threw her arms about his neck and drew his dear, old gray head toward her. It seemed to Pearl as she looked up into his careworn face, that at that moment there fell between them a dim, almost imperceptible shadow, as if a light cloud had just then passed across the disc of the sun. It was gone in a moment, however, and Mr. Balcom said hurriedly:

"There! now let me go. I can catch our old friend before he gets far away, perhaps. He is not a fast walker."

As her father's figure, bent and prematurely old, passed away from her and lost itself among the trees beyond the house, Pearl stood watching it, holding the door half shut. When she turned into the cottage again, the place seemed singularly dreary and lonely. A solemn hush had fallen upon the rooms as she passed through them, as though death had taken up his abode in them. Yet Pearl knew not why she should shudder. Nay, should she not rejoice? Did she not hold within her hand a heaven-sent release from her sorrows? She was too bewildered as yet to realize the full measure of what her visitor had done for her, but there was the draft—the blessed little piece of paper—which chronicled her victory.

Victory over what? The shriek of the evening express train, rattling amid the distant hills, and screaming through the quiet valley rang the question shrilly in her ears. Victory over what? Over some great principle of evil? Over some cruel wrong, oppressing poor humanity? Over a great and sinful temptation, rankling deep down in her own heart? Not over any of these. Now that she had conquered, she did not know for what she had been battling.

"I hate those dreadful whistles," she said to Meta. "They are like cries of dying friends."

The afternoon wore away that day very slowly, it seemed to Pearl. With Meta and

her mother, she sat in the back sitting-room, with her sewing, and tried to keep herself from thinking of the day's events. She did not want them present to her mind, until she could understand her strange position. But, fight the thought of them as she would, they came to her again and again, and even her busy talk with those about her failed to frighten them away. And over everything about the house, that dreary sense of loneliness had suddenly come, which oppressed her like a pall. The ticking of the clock upon the mantelpiece made her so nervous that she stopped it, and even her sister's busy prattle about the wedding seemed to Pearl more like talk concerning a funeral than of any more joyous occasion.

At last, much to her relief, the time came round to get ready for tea. She had put the kettle on the fire, and it had just begun to give evidence of the exhilaration induced by this process, by sundry disjunctive snorts and rattlings of its lid, before commencing to sing away in good earnest. Meta was busy cutting the bread, while her mother spread the table in the dining-room, and Pearl sat before the kitchen fire, watching the tea-kettle in its convulsive efforts to be convivial, and listening to the spasmodic puffs of steam by which it revealed the intensity of its painful labors. Looking in upon her stood Mr. Jinglesy senior, some moments in the doorway, before he was discovered.

"Why, Mr. Jinglesy!" she said, looking up in surprise.

The old man advanced straight to her and took her by the hand.

"If you are as brave a girl as I think you are," he said, "you can bear some bad news."

She looked at him a little wildly, in ignorance of what new trouble was to come upon her next.

"It is very bad news," he said. "Your father—"

She placed her hand upon his shoulder, almost fiercely.

"He has been struck by the evening train," the old man continued. "We were walking together. He is badly hurt."

She pressed both hands upon her temples and her face grew white as marble. Beneath her intense and searching gaze the old man shrank and turned away his head.

"He is dead!" cried Pearl. "I see it in your face. Tell me the truth. Is he dead?"

"He is dead," replied Mr. Jinglesy.

"Good God! What is the matter with her? Help here, somebody!"

He rapped his cane upon the floor and sprang to catch Pearl as her mother and sister came into the room. But she had not fainted, and pushed them from her with one hand while with the other she clutched wildly at the bosom of her dress. Plucking therefrom a piece of crumpled paper, she pressed it together in her hands and tore it into a hundred fragments. None but Mr. Jinglesly knew what it was, and he recognized in the fluttering pieces the remnants of his own draft.

"You were right," she cried. "It has brought its curse and blight upon us already! O my father! Dead! dead!" And she fell down between them like a stone, senseless and beyond all power to know the measure of the blow which fate had dealt her.

Deep were the winter snows over her father's grave before she awoke again. There were brief intervals when she seemed to dream of sunny fields and open windows through which came a soft murmur of rustling trees, as when she had seen these things before that dreadful day. There were other times when she seemed to hear the singing of the kettle on the hob, and the clicking of the snow against the window-panes, and the sound of familiar voices all around her. There drifted to her ear, amid the tenderer tones of her mother and sister, the timid accents of the younger Jinglesly and the gruffer notes of the elder, short and brusque, but ever kind and anxiously solicitous. And mingling with these there came into her chaotic dreams a voice from far over the sea, which seemed to call to her mournfully, "Pearl! Pearl! My own dear Pearl!" And then the dream would grow so beautiful and bright to her that it were a question whether she had not had a glimpse of heaven. And so, throughout the long period of her delirious sleep, which to her was as but a day—a hideous day of horrible, weird and chaotic fantasies, with no morning, noon or night to break the terrible monotony of its bewilderment—her poor, tried brain struggled fiercely with the powers of lunacy and reason. O, for some relief from the incessant, ceaseless rush, racking her whole frame with the fierceness of the throbbing measure! O, for some hand to stop the dreadful wheels of thought but for an instant! O, for some power to quiet the restless hands, wandering so idly and constantly up and down the counterpane.

She awoke at last, and then came the dreamy days of convalescence, when she could sit once more at the window and gaze out across the wintry landscape to the old outline of hills shining white in the distance. They told her that it was brain fever which had brought her to this, but the days that she had passed were all a blank. Little presents came to her from Mr. Jinglesly, and daily visits were made and kind inquiries as to her condition. She felt very grateful and resigned to the hopelessness of her life to come. Nay, she acknowledged in the bitterness of her heart the righteousness of her punishment. She had seen nothing of the funeral. She had been spared the scene of her mother's and her sister's grief. When she had last looked upon the dear face that had gone from her forever, it had stooped low to kiss her. And she felt thankful in her soul for that.

One day, when she had grown quite strong and was able to leave her room for a little while in the middle of the day, Meta came to her and said:

"Can you see a visitor to-day, Pearl?"

"Who?" she asked.

"Mr. Jinglesly's nephew has come back from sea. His ship has been lost and he is here on leave."

"I suppose I must see him," said Pearl, indifferently. "Mr. Jinglesly has spoken much about him to me. I have no doubt he is a paragon."

"Will you see him now?"

"As well now as any other time."

Meta went to the door and beckoned to some one in the hall. Pearl turned and her eyes fell upon Edward Harper.

"Edward!" she cried, starting from her chair.

"Pearl!"

In a moment he had clasped her in his arms.

"O, how I have been punished!" she murmured, burying her face upon his shoulder and sobbing like a child. "This is more happiness than I deserve."

"What!" cried Mr. Jinglesly, who had entered behind his nephew. "You know each other!"

"And love each other," added the lieutenant.

"Hurrah!" cried the old gentleman, hopping around the room and throwing up his hat in great glee. "Hurrah!"

"Pearl," said Edward, "surely I may claim

you now. I have been told the whole. If I had not supposed your mind had changed, I would not have come here to-day."

"I have been such a fool!" she sobbed. "I wonder you don't hate me."

For his answer he bent toward her and she turned up her lips and kissed him.

"Hurrah!" cried old Mr. Jinglesly again, dancing round and round them like mad, "there will be a glorious wedding of it now. The happiest wedding ever seen in this neighborhood. I'll dance at it myself. I will,

by Jove! God bless me! God Bless all of us!"

And it seemed to Pearl and Edward that the echoes of the room, catching up the exclamation, rang it through the house, and out into the wintry air, and across the snow-covered valley, and up and down among the hills, until the whole world was filled with the joyful cry. And she bowed her head again upon the lieutenant's shoulder and repeated in a whisper from out the fullness of her heart:

"God bless all of us!"

PAPA DORLAN'S DECISION.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

"I SUPPOSE she will marry some time or other, and perhaps, after all, she will be as well off to marry now, as to wait half a dozen years."

Old Mr. Dorlan turned the letter over in his hand, and looked at the pretty blonde in the easy-chair opposite. It would be hard to give her up, but with either of these two men, he felt that she would be happy.

West Harley wrote:

"MR. DORLAN:—For many months I have felt a deep interest in your daughter, and am bold enough to hope that my affection is in a degree returned. I am not a rich man, but I have a fair business, and strength and energy, and my wife would have a certainty of the love and respect of an honest man. With your permission, I would be pleased to call upon her.

Respectfully yours,

"WEST HARLEY."

Clarence Hillsdale wrote:

DEAR SIR:—I am deeply and sincerely in love with your daughter. I propose to make her my wife, with your consent. My name, position and means are well known to you. I await your reply.

Yours,

"CLARENCE HILLSDALE."

The first was a faithful counterpart of himself in his younger days. There were a few improvements, such as a little better prospect, a few more dollars than he possessed at twenty-five, but the principle, the straightforward honesty and strength of purpose were there.

The other was the very man he had had in

his mind for months. Everybody knew the solidity and worth of the great banking-house of the Hillsdale Brothers. Everybody knew Clarence, the younger, to be a thorough man of business and a gentleman. He drove his handsome bays with grace and ease, but never with recklessness. He gave a supper now and then, when champagne and Madeira flowed like water; but he went to his chamber with a clear eye and steady hand, and without even the faintest breath of tobacco perfuming his elegant clothes. Men found him always at his post, with his fair face flushed with health, and not a trace of dissipation wrinkling a single feature.

It was hard to choose between them. Perhaps Ruth could choose. So he spoke:

"Ruthie, come here!"

She came, with her wellbred, graceful step, and leaned over his chair.

"Well, papa?"

"Read these."

He gave her the letters and she read them carefully over. A blush stole up, mantling brow and cheek when she concluded West Harley's letter, and at the end of Hillsdale's a delighted exclamation escaped her.

"You cannot marry both. Which shall it be?"

"Papa, I don't know. I used to really love West, until Clarence came; but now—well, Clarence is rich and stylish, and yet, West is—good and true. You shall decide."

"And you will abide by my decision?"

"With all my heart, papa."

Ruthie went back to her easy-chair, and gave the matter up entirely to papa's superior

judgment, and he, with quite as much if not a degree or so more anxiety than he had, felt at his own matrimonial setting, sat back and reflected.

Honesty and truth were jewels seldom found, but with money and power on the other side of the scale he was a little afraid they would sink into nothingness.

"Well, I will wait. Someway I shall receive the truth of the matter, and know into whose hand to place the happiness of my little Ruth."

"Do you know young Harley?" he asked a neighbor.

"Yes. Bless you, who don't? He is one of our solid young men."

"Do you know Hillsdale?"

"O yes. He's another. One of the best fellows in the city."

So there it was. Both were perfection. Ruth liked both, and so did he. He could not choose between them.

These letters arrived on the second of December. On the fourth each gentleman received a brief note from Mr. Dorlan, with a few pleasant but unsatisfactory lines. He would consider, he said, and give them his answer, if they would wait with patience.

On the twenty-fourth there was a fair at the church. It was magnificent, from its foundation, and its object was to decorate with greater splendor the already splendid edifice.

Fair young girls, with confectionery at ten dollars per bite, and dainty useless knick-knacks priced at five times their real value, besieged every visitor, and he was a hard-hearted creature who could resist the touch of the white hands, and pleading glances from soft eyes, and sweet entreaties of "do buy this, you know you need it. Please do?"

Mr. Dorlan was there, and his little Ruth the proprietor of a table well filled with worsted nonsense, silken cushions, bead-work, smoking-caps and slippers, and many a close-fisted fellow laid a bill upon her table and carried away a trinket, as satisfied as though he had got double his money's worth.

Clarence Hillsdale was there, and so was West Harley, and Papa Dorlan whispered:

"Ruthie, you'll never have a better chance. study these lovers of yours."

And Ruth studied.

They did not stay away a moment longer than etiquette demanded. As soon as they could frame an excuse, they sauntered toward her table. Of course they were not jealous,

for each other's motives were unknown, and they met as wellbred men do, and after offering their salutations to Ruth fell into an easy conversation.

"These are pretty articles," said Clarence, taking up a pair of velvet slippers. "Did you make them, Miss Dorlan?"

"Yes. I have but those two pair left; wont you take a pair? They must be exactly your size."

"Yes. I believe they are. What do you expect in return?"

"My price as you see is ten dollars, but in a case like this, we trust more to the generosity of the purchaser."

She said this with a charming smile, and he placed a little roll of bills in her hand.

"You will take the remaining pair, will you not, Mr. Harley?" she asked, while doing up the bundle.

"Yes," and West Harley tendered his offering.

Some one else came up just then, and they turned away, leaving Ruth for a moment with her father.

"O papa?"

"What is it?"

"See what a generous soul Clarence Hillsdale has. Five hundred dollars for a pair of slippers! And West—O how mean!"

"How much did he give you?"

"Ten dollars only."

"Well, that was your price, and a pretty steep one, too, considering the fact that they did not cost more than one half that sum."

"I know, but think how great the contrast between their gifts. Why I'd given more, after what was said, if I had been obliged to pawn my boots."

"West Harley is more sensible," was papa's short reply.

They went away, each bearing a pair of slippers wrought by her dear little fingers, and each within his heart hope enough to make him happy, and Ruth lost her chance to study her two lovers.

Long before the close of the evening Papa Dorlan got sleepy, and started for home. Ruth was in good hands, and he was too tired to stay there and stand the heavy fire, and constant demands upon his purse and patience, so he found his overcoat and furs in the ante-room, and presently was trudging along towards his comfortable mansion.

A lithe figure passed him at the end of the block, and under the light from the street lamp, he recognized West Harley. He was

in a hurry, and with a little curiosity Papa Dorian hurried too and kept quite near. All at once he disappeared. Papa Dorian rubbed his eyes. Where in the world did he go? Ah! There was a grocery store on the corner. Possibly he might have gone in there. A few steps more, and Papa Dorian was peering in at the glass door.

Yes, he was there, and so the curiosity box outside watched and waited.

It was for a long while, for this strange young man was superintending the tying up of mysterious parcels, and finally the rolling out of a barrel of flour.

"What in the world is the fellow buying groceries for? He don't keep house!" thought the watcher at the door, as West took out his pocket-book and paid a bill on the counter.

"These articles must be delivered to-night," he said, as he opened the door.

"All right, sir!"

Well, Papa Dorian looked after the tall figure as it sped out of sight, and began to think it a decidedly mysterious affair.

"I may get myself into trouble, but I'm bound to solve this matter;" and straightway he walked into the store.

"These articles are to be delivered to-night."

"Yes sir."

"Where?"

"At No. 28 M—— St.

"Could you give me a ride around there?"

"O yea." The answer came promptly, but the grocer's eyes looked wonderingly at the finely-dressed gentleman.

It was a long ride and by no means a pleasant one, for it ran through narrow streets and alleys, and ended in a low but clean little court.

"Here you are, sir, at No. 28. Halloo there! Mrs. Martin."

The door of No. 28 swung open, and a woman pale and poorly clad appeared.

"Here's a load of goods for you."

"For me? There must be a mistake."

"Not a bit of it. Take a parcel or two, and I'll run in with the rest."

Papa Dorian, eager to see the whole, caught up a bundle, and ran up stairs behind the wondering woman and the grocer.

It was a poor little room, as neat as wax, half filled with freshly ironed clothes, and its proprietress, a pale, meek-faced woman, bearing the marks of poverty upon every lineament. Two children from their supper

of bread and milk, looked at the stranger, and hailed the apples, as the grocer rolled them into a basket, with a shout of delight.

"Did you buy these, sir?" asked the woman, turning to Papa Dorian.

"No ma'am, I did not. But I know who did. Do you know West Harley?"

"Yes, Heaven bless him! I do his washing, sir. Did he send these?"

"Yes, he did."

"Is everything here? A barrel of flour, five pounds of sugar, one of tea, two of coffee, four of butter, a bag of salt, two bushels of potatoes, a bushel of apples, crackers, raisins, and a bag of cakes! There, all here in the book. Is it all right?"

"Yes sir, they are all here."

"Come, sir, are you going to ride back with me?"

"Yes. Wait a moment. Here, my good woman, is a little to help you. I must not be behind Harley. God bless him! may he have a family's washing to pay for before another Christmas." And Papa Dorian hurried out and again mounted the grocer's wagon.

It was very late when Ruth arrived in the carriage of a friend, at her father's door; but late as was the hour, she found her respected parent in the library.

"Why, papa! Are you awake?"

"Yes, and I've something to tell you. Do you remember that you promised to abide by my decision in choosing between your two admirers, Harley and Hillsdale?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well I have decided. Marry West Harley."

"Why, Papa Dorian."

"You know you love him best. If you don't, you will when you hear my story."

Ruth folded her hands over papa's knee and listened while he related the incident of West's generosity. When he concluded she said:

"Papa, send for him. I am sure I love him best."

Next day the two gentlemen received their replies.

West Harley folded his, and leaned back from his desk with a happy smile illuminating his handsome face.

Clarence Hillsdale coolly twisted his, and lighted his cigar with it, and went out for a smoke.

LINA'S WALK FOR DAN.

BY FENNO HAYES.

I KNEW I was just as wicked as I could be, and the more I knew it the wickeder I was. I hadn't said my prayers for a week, I could count three lies I had told in the same time, and the way I snapped up the poor innocents who sat under my supervising eye at the Cross Roads schoolhouse wasn't at all creditable to my character as an angel, though it was not the least of my sins that I had allowed a certain young gentleman to inform me that I was one on more than one recent occasion.

I took Dan's miniature, that I had brought in the top of my trunk, and put it at the very bottom, underneath everything else, and then I couldn't go to get so much as a pocket-handkerchief but it would be sure to be the very next thing to the miniature, and that hadn't any case, so there'd be Dan's great honest eyes looking into mine, just as though he hadn't any eyes for anybody but me, and didn't expect I had for anybody but him.

Then it did seem as though something possessed Dan to go on in every letter he wrote me just at this time, in the most astonishingly fervent way, about his faith, and trust, and confidence in me, and while I was reading it, it appeared to me that above every word there was this sentence written in great, staring capitals, "What if he knew?" And while Ray Marvin was looking at and talking to me as though I had just come down out of the skies, I felt as if I was too good for Dan, and when I was reading Dan's letters and remembering all, I felt Dan was too good for me. So I hadn't any comfort either way, considering I was over to the Cross Roads teaching that term for the express purpose of getting money to buy wedding finery to marry Dan in.

The very first night I came home from the schoolhouse to my boarding-place, little Min Marvin met me at the door, in a high state of excitement, with the information that "there was company come;" and entering, I found Mrs. Marvin flying about the kitchen in a manner decidedly confirmatory of the fact.

"O dear!" she said, "I never was so worked up in my life. Here's John's cousin Ray, that's been all over the world, and seen kings

and queens, and the Lord knows what not, come and found me all in the suds, and John gone to mill and Sam down in the woods. He's been strolling round the fields a good hour, but he's coming back now, and I don't know who's going to keep him company while I get supper, I'm sure—unless you will, Lina—" adding this as if a new thought struck her. "I'm sure you look nice enough for anybody, to-night."

That touched me. Wasn't I nice enough any time? I stole a quick, sly glance at the little mirror hanging on the kitchen wall. There's no color I look so well in as pink, and if I live to wear my silks and velvets I don't believe I shall ever have a dress more becoming than that pink calico was that I wore that afternoon. The wind had loosed a little curl from my ribbon, and it fell down over my forehead, but I wouldn't put it up, nor so much as smooth my collar.

"Why, yes, Mrs. Marvin," I said carelessly, "I'd as lief sit in the front room as anywhere, if that will do you any good."

"I should be ever so much obliged if you would, Lina," she answered. "It seems sort of unsocial-like to leave him all alone so long when he's just come, now don't it? It will look better to have somebody in the room, if you don't say much."

Anybody would have thought this cousin was the king himself, and I barely fit to do him reverence. I've a temper that kindles at a spark, and I didn't dare to say a word, but moved toward the door with my cheeks burning and my eyes blazing, I knew.

"Aint you goin' to brush your hair?" called Min, after me. "There's a curl all loose, in front, and your ribbon looks just as if it was goin' to come off."

"If I was going before King Ahasuerus I wouldn't touch my hair," I said, scornfully, turning on my heel, "and I don't imagine any such royal presence awaits me."

The child gave me a puzzled stare, and Mrs. Marvin laughed. "Now don't fly out, Lina," she said. "I didn't mean anything, only I thought you'd naturally feel sort of diffident with a man like Ray, that's seen so much more than you have."

"I don't know as people that have seen a great deal of the world are any better than those that haven't," I said, impatiently.

"Quite the contrary, I fear," said a merry, mocking voice behind me.

I knew, of course, that the owner of this voice must be Ray Marvin himself, and I turned quickly, wondering how much of our conversation he had heard.

"Yes, all about King Ahasuerus and your hair, which you would be very foolish to disturb for him or anybody else, for I'm sure it couldn't be improved," he said, with a gay little laugh and bow, answering my look, for I hadn't said a word. "I was so dreadfully thirsty that I ventured into your kitchen, for a little water, cousin."

Just as he took the water from Mrs. Marvin's hand in came John Marvin, and Sam Dall the hired hand. No danger of their coming up behind anybody and not be heard, I thought, as they tramped in with their heavy boots, and while the cousins greeted and shook hands with each other, I looked at them, John Marvin and Ray, and wondered why I never noticed before how brown-faced, and big-handed, and awkward John was, John that everybody at the Cross Roads and thereabouts called good looking.

Now I had always thought that if a man was straight, and hadn't sleepy eyes, or red hair, or any special abomination, it wasn't so much matter about him otherwise, and as for dress, that was for us women. But Ray Marvin stood before me like a revelation. He was of nearly the same height as John, he was not so much more slender, yet John seemed big, and heavy, and burly, beside him. I couldn't tell how his figure differed, but it did, somehow, and so did his speech, just as if his words were rounded and shaped where John's fell half formed from his mouth. His eyes were large, and dark, and soft, and his hair and beard brown and silky-fine. Then his hands were white, and nobody need tell me again that dress doesn't make any difference with a man. "When I'm Dan's wife," I thought, "he shall wear cuffs every day, and I know I can make a necktie like that."

And then, suddenly, Dan's face and figure seemed to rise before me, and an evil spirit whispered in my ear, "You can never make a Ray of Dan, do what you will. See how much more he is like John." And I sighed, and hated myself for the thought and the sigh, and then wished I'd been born somebody else, or was something different, or somebody

else was something different, and so on, in a vague, restless, dissatisfied, miserable state of mind that lasted me till I decided to put off writing to Dan that night on account of being "blue."

And so I stayed down stairs and Ray told stories of places he had visited and people he had seen, sitting at a table, next me, it chanced, with some drawing paper before him, and all the while he talked he'd have a pencil at work, and once in a while, telling of some comical personage, he'd say "illustrated edition," and pass me the paper with the very person, just outlined, but looking for all the world exactly as you'd imagine he or she would look. I couldn't help laughing to save me, and so I forgot all about being blue before the evening was half over.

Then for a long time he didn't give me any pictures, but kept glancing at me, and working and talking all the time, and at last he handed me the paper.

My cheeks flamed in a moment, for it was my own face, but upon my forehead was a crown and one little curl falling from under it, and beneath the picture, he had written "Vashti."

I didn't know whether to seem offended or not, but I wasn't really, for I thought he had made me full as pretty as I was, and I should have been a different girl from what I was to have resented that.

"You don't like it," he said, snatching it back, hastily, and crumpling it in his hand, just as Min Marvin was coming up behind my chair. "Nor do I. It wasn't half pretty enough," and he looked at me with a strange, soft fire in his eyes. But he said this so rapidly and low, that I am sure no one in the room heard a word he said beside me.

"What was that?" said Min. "Why didn't you show it to me, Lina?"

"O," said Ray, answering for me, "I could see that Miss Bent thought that a failure, and I didn't want anybody else's looks condemning it. I'll make you another, ten times nicer than that. But not to-night, though. I'm going out to have a smoke, now."

"Why don't you smoke here?" said Min. "Pa does."

They all laughed at this, but the evil spirit, that I do believe took possession of me from the first moment I set eyes on Ray Marvin, set Dan before me again. "I suppose he'll smoke his pipe under my nose when I'm his wife, the same as John does," I said to myself. And then, as the fragrance of Ray's

costly cigar came faintly through the open window, I thought I shouldn't mind so much if he did, if he only smoked cigars like those.

"Real pleasant, ain't he?" said Mrs. Marvin, as I took my lamp to go up stairs. "He's goin' to stay a month or so. He's an artist, you know, and calls it handsome round here, but I can't see much except hills and rocks. Enough of them, the Lord knows. I *should* like to know if he's stiddy, though."

That's the way it commenced, letting Dan's letter go to hear Ray Marvin talk. That wasn't much, I know, but the next morning I took down the dress I usually wore to school, and it didn't seem fit to wash in, somehow, and I hung it up again and put on a better one, when I'd promised myself to be fairly shabby that term, so I might have the more as Dan's bride. And that wasn't much either, only I was thinking, as I put it on, how Ray Marvin had looked at me when he said that picture wasn't half pretty enough.

The next night, when I left the school-house, Ray happened along at the same time, and we walked home together, and as he talked to me of what there was in the world, that great, glittering, bewildering world of which I knew nothing—the beauty and dress, the pictures and music, and all that money brings and buys—my mood of the night before came back, and everything and everybody round me seemed coarse and homely. And yet, I thought, Ray doesn't think me coarse and homely, that was plain enough, and I wondered if men always talked to women so—that is, these sort of men.

O dear, I guess I don't need to tell you, by this time, that I was a vain, silly girl, and I can't go over all the flattery and foolishness, the vanity and compliments, but there got to be a great many happenings, of one sort and another, and almost before I knew it, I began to think, what if Dan knew of Ray, or what if Ray knew of Dan.

And then, as I have said, I put Dan's miniature out of sight as much as I could, and let Ray Marvin say things to me that I knew he ought not, one hour, and turned a cold shoulder to him, the next.

Ray wanted to paint me, and said he was going to have me for a Jewess, and one day he said, suddenly, "Of course, I must paint you with ear jewels." And he came up behind me and pinched my ear. "Why," he said, "they're pierced. Wait a moment." And he ran up stairs and came down, bringing the handsomest set of earrings I'd ever

seen. They might have been garnets, or perhaps rubies even—I don't know much about stones—but at any rate, they were dazlingly beautiful to me. I remember as he held them up the sun shone through them and they were like great drops of flame.

"I bought them in Genoa," said Ray. "Who for, I didn't know. They were so pretty, and perhaps I might have a sweet-heart some day." And all the while he was clasping them in my ears.

"O Mr. Marvin," I said, a little troubled, but rather faintly, I will confess, "I can't wear them."

"O, surely, just while I paint." And there wasn't a bit more meaning in his tone than just the words, though only a moment before I had trembled at every word he said, for fear of the next one, for, of course, all this time I meant to be Dan's wife.

After Ray had painted as long as I wanted to sit, I put up my hand to loosen the earrings. "O wait," said Ray; "just come and see how becoming they are. You can't think what a difference they make." And he led me before the glass. "There," he said, "did you ever look so pretty in your life? Wear them, Lina, while I stay. I like to see you pretty, you know."

I looked in the glass a moment, O they were so beautiful, and Ray was right, they did become me so much. If I only, only could have such things, but still I raised my hand to take them out.

Ray caught my hand to hold it back, and just at this moment the door opened—and there was Dan, and me before the glass, with those earrings in my ears and Ray holding my hand, that I thought he'd never, never drop.

I tried to laugh, to speak, but as true as I live I couldn't, and Ray Marvin never moved an inch, but stood beside me, just as though it was his right, instead of Dan's, who stood, white as death and as still, looking at us for a full minute, I do believe. Then, something terrible came into his face and I heard him set his teeth together, but it passed, and he went out, without a word.

As Dan shut the door Ray Marvin laughed, a little, soft, low laugh, that I could have struck him for, and walking to the window, began humming a song as unconcernedly as possible. And I knew that I had lost Dan, Dan that I loved, spite of all, and who loved me and would have been true to me forever. And what had I got in exchange? The

empty smiles and flattery of a man who would whistle me down the wind to-morrow. O fool! fool!

There came a little note for me next day, "Lina," wrote Dan, "I heard about things over to the Cross Roads from Sam Dall, but I didn't believe it, till I saw for myself. Good-by, Lina."

That was all. Well, I deserved it. I never was called very humble, but I thought that if Dan had only come to see me once more, or asked me a question, I would have gone down on my knees to confess and ask his forgiveness.

But Dan never came near, and a little while after I heard that he had left the farm and gone to Lynn, shoemaking, and that his mother said 'twas all on my account, she knew, because he didn't like to be where he couldn't help seeing me. You see, father's farm and his joined.

But he needn't have done that, I thought, bitterly, for I had engaged for another term at the Cross Roads, for the same reason. It seemed to me, I could better bear never to see Dan, than to meet him as I did others. I had heard, too, that hard work was good for anybody that had a weary mind, and I thought the winter school at the Cross Roads would furnish me with that. A man had always taught the winter term, and 'I don't know how they came to let me have it, except that I had got up quite a reputation for ugliness the term before.

It was the bitterest of all bitter cold days. The frost hadn't started a bit all day long on the schoolroom windows, and the air cut like a knife, for all it was so still. John Marvin had been over to the Falls, and didn't get home till we were at tea. "I tell you what, mother," he said, coming in and stamping his big feet till every dish on the table danced, "it's cold—cold. I thought I never see them cattle walk so slow afore as they did to-night. I wont go to the Falls again with 'em such a day as this, if Kate's leg don't get well for six weeks. Has she had any oats, to-night?"

"Yea, yes, John," said Mrs. Marvin; "you always think there's nothin' done, if you aint here. Hear any news over to the falls?"

"Yea," said John, "they're all excited over there about Dan Lowell. He came home from Lynn, the other day, said he didn't feel very well, and his mother thought he appeared like a fever, and sent for Dr. Cane, and they say it's turned out the small pox. They've all got it down to Lynn. I don't know what

they'll do at Dan's, for nobody'll go there, of course, and his mother's a feeble old woman, you know."

I suppose there was more said, but I don't think I heard it. I don't, indeed, remember anything more, until I stood in my own room, and it might have been eight o'clock. I scraped away a little place in the frost and looked out of my window. The moonlight lay cold and bright on the snowfields that stretched away to the blue, frosty sky, glittering with ten thousand stars.

"I will," I said, "I will, if I freeze."

I put on my cloak, and my shawl over that, and my hood and mittens, and stole down the stairs and out into the stinging night.

It was five miles to Dan's, but I was a strong girl and a great walker. John Marvin's horse was lame, and if she hadn't been he wouldn't have taken me, I knew, me that they all thought didn't care a straw for Dan.

I never shall forget that walk. I didn't meet so much as a dog on the road. Every creature was housed but me. Cold! cold! everything was cold—the sky, the stars above me, the snow beneath me, the air around me—my face, my hands, my feet, my very heart, even, for fever chills like frost. The cold bit, and stung, and nipped, like some wild beast of icy fang and tooth. Still I walked on and on. And now I didn't feel so cold. Was it growing warmer? What made me so sleepy? O, if I could only lie down and go to sleep. If I could only rest a few minutes, for surely it was warmer now. Everything grew dim, and vague, and far away—even Dan and his danger. Now the whole world seemed to swim and float. I must, I *must* sit down.

God only knows what heavenly messenger he sent to me at this moment in the shape of memory. Like an arrow, a little sentence that I had read sometime suddenly pierced my misty brain—"When a person is near freezing he becomes drowsy. To yield to this for a moment is death."

I roused myself with a mighty effort of my almost conquered will, and I ran—ran as well as I could with my benumbed feet—for my life, and I never stopped, or bated my pace, till I was at Dan's door.

There was a light in an upper room, and I did not knock, but went straight in and up to the chamber.

Dan was lying in the bed. He was asleep, and his face was white and smooth as it ever was.

His mother was sitting by the bed, and she rose up as I came in. "For Heaven's sake, Lina Bent," she said, in a whisper, "where have you come from, and for what?"

"They said Dan had the small pox," I said, faintly, "and I've walked from the Cross Roads."

She lifted her hands. "This bitter night!" she said. "Poor child! poor child! And he hasn't got it, no more than you have. Just escaped a fever. Just because somebody in Lyun has got the small pox they must set the story going that Dan's got it."

And she began to take off my shoes and stockings, and when my feet were bare I looked down and saw a great tear fall from her eyes on them, but I never felt it, nor the touch of her hands, nor knew whether the water was hot or cold she put them in.

And I never walked on my feet again till there was green grass on the ground instead of snow.

I don't know as anybody will care to know how Dan and I made up, so long as we did, of course. But I believe I said something somewhere about going down on my knees to beg Dan's forgiveness; but though I hope I'm cured of some of my foolish vanity, I'm proud enough yet, and I can't let you think I did that, when it was Dan instead. For he wouldn't hear a word from me, but took all the blame to himself for being too proud to ask an explanation.

"Not one word, my poor little Lina," he said. "Poor little feet, frozen for me!" And there, on his knees, he kissed them, boots and all.

ONE MORE UNFORTUNATE.

BY CAPTAIN FELIX CONSTANT.

It was midnight in the streets of a great city, and in the quieter portion of the town those streets were already deserted except when here and there a house illuminated from garret to cellar told of festivities within, or some departing guest awoke the sleepy echoes with the roll of his carriage wheels, or his measured footfall upon the pavement.

A little way from one of these windows, in the angle of a projecting building, lurked a young girl, as young, as fair, as well born and highly educated as any guest within that house, and yet as far removed from their gay circle as if she had been a worm writhing among the dust at their feet; one whom no mother would have suffered, even for Christian charity, her young daughter to approach, one whose touch was contamination, and whose address an insult. Perhaps she knew and felt all this herself, the poor creature, for as she crouched in her dark corner and peered out at the late revellers passing her upon their homeward way, she drew the miserable shawl close around her shoulders, and moaned and muttered inarticulately.

Suddenly a young man ran down the steps of the illuminated house, and walked rapidly up the street humming the air of the last *valse*, whose rich strains yet vibrated from the open windows behind him. As he approached, the girl started, sprang forward,

then crouched timidly back, but at the last darted from her concealment, and laid her hand upon the arm of the young man, already nearly past her. He started, glanced round, then sternly shook off the detaining hand, and would have passed on, but still the desperate woman clung, murmuring:

"Stop! Stop one minute, Robbie!"

"Let go! Be off, or I will give you in charge! There is a policeman coming—be off, I say!"

"O Robbie, Robbie!" gasped the girl, cowering almost at his feet while her trembling fingers slid from their hold upon his sleeve.

"Don't call me by that name, or any name! Never speak to me again, or dare to recognize me. Be off, I say, or I may be tempted to lay you dead at my feet. It would be the best fate that could befall you. Remember."

And wrenching away the foot at which the wretched girl had grasped, the young man strode on just as the policeman approached, closely followed by another young gentleman who had been speaking with him.

"O Robbie, if you can't pity me, who will? Come back and kill me as you said you would—it is the best thing you can do for me now!"

And the poor wretch, gathering herself up from the pavement, sobbed out these wild words in a strange, strained, horrible voice,

the symptom of impending hysterics; a nervous derangement of some species.

"Why, that fellow was Robert Stackpole!" ejaculated the companion of X 3, who coolly remarked:

"Young gents will do such things, but it comes mighty inconvenient afterwards oftentimes, just as it does here. I don't think the better of Robert Stackpole, if that's his name, for turning the gal into the streets and leaving her to the life she's leading."

"You know her then?"

"Know her, Mr. Beecham? Lord, she's been up a dozen times if she has once—Simple Susan they call her, though if she ever was that, it must have been a long while ago. But come, Susan, move along, you know it's against rules to be roving round this way. If the gentleman had given you in charge I'd have had to take you to the lock-up. Move on, Susan."

"He said he'd kill me—O, I wish he would, I wish he would! O Robbie, kill me, and put me out of my misery."

"Here, my poor girl, take this, and go quietly home and to bed and to sleep," said Beecham, slipping something into the hand of the unhappy creature already moving mechanically towards the entrance of the little dark side street from whence she had issued. The cold slender hand closed upon the gift, but Simple Susan offered no thanks, made no halt, and the next moment had disappeared."

"Very kind of you, sir, but maybe not so wise," suggested X 3, with a guarded smile at his young companion's generosity; "she'll lay out that money in gin before she gets home, and they'll have a glorious drunk out of it, all hands on 'em."

Frederick Beecham made no reply, and a moment after, with a gruff "good-night," ran up the steps of the lighted house, and glanced into the drawing-rooms. The guests had nearly all departed, and those who remained were grouped around a young lady and middle-aged gentleman, at the head of the room, making their adieux and expressing the pleasure they had enjoyed.

"Good-evening, Miss Beecham. Nobody knows how to make an evening pass as you do!" half-murmured a young gentleman, with his sister upon his arm, while their mamma was saying at the other side:

"Not good-by, but *au revoir*, Mr. Beecham, for I depend upon seeing you with Miss Imogen at our little gathering to-night—not

that we can offer you anything like the charming time we have just enjoyed with you, but—"

And the dowager swept towards the doorway from which Frederick Beecham precipitately retreated, feeling unequal at that moment to exchanging the commonplaces he saw impending. A few moments later the guests had all departed, and the young man entering the rooms walked slowly down them, towards the spot where his sister and uncle still stood gayly conversing.

"What a pity, what a pity!" muttered Beecham, as his eyes rested admiringly upon the figure of his sister, who stood with her bewitching face a little upraised, a smile upon her lips and in her eyes, while one lock of the golden hair her uncle smoothed escaped from the comb and fell upon her pearl-white shoulders, adding the touch of nature which the artificial style of modern toilets leaves so absolutely out of account.

"Yes, a very successful evening, puss, and owing its success largely to the hostess, let me tell you. Do you know what I said to Robert Stackpole to-night?"

"No, uncle, what was it?" asked Imogen, a sudden wave of rose-color mounting to the roots of the golden hair.

"Why, I said that he wouldn't have to go through the purgatory most young husbands experience while their wives are learning housekeeping, for you were the perfect mistress of a household already."

"O uncle!"

"Why, 'O uncle'? When people are engaged it means that they intend some day to be married, don't it? And I gave my consent to Mr. Bob Stackpole some months ago. So now, Miss Prude, I will bid you good-night, and you had better get to bed and cherish your good looks for the wedding day. Good-night, Fred; you look tired, my boy."

"Good-night, uncle."

"And good night, Fred, for I am going to follow Uncle Harry's advice," said Imogen, putting her hands upon her brother's shoulders and standing upon her toes to reach his lips. But passing his arm about her waist Frederick led the laughing girl to a sofa, and seated himself beside her.

"Jeanie, do you love your brother?"

"Why, Fred, what's the matter! Love you, you silly boy! Why, whom should I love half so well as my own only brother, and we orphans, with no one but Uncle Harry in the world? You know how I love you, Fred."

"And whom else do you love?"

"Why, Fred! why—there's Uncle Harry—and—why, of course, Fred, I care for Robert, or I shouldn't be going to—shouldn't be engaged to him."

"But you love me the best, Jeanie?"

"Of course I do," replied Imogen, stoutly; but a guilty blush burned hotly upon the face she hid against her brother's shoulder, and she remorsefully raised the ring upon her forefinger to her lips.

"Well then, darling, you will not take it too hardly, you will not break your heart, if I tell you that you must for my sake give up Robert Stackpole altogether?"

"Give up Robert! Why should I, Fred?"

And the lovely head raised itself with a jerk from Fred's shoulder, and the burning color burned yet more brilliantly.

"Because, Jeanie, he is a mean, good-for-nothing fellow, and insults you by speaking to you, or even coming into your presence."

"Frederick Beecham! How dare you! How dare you—what, in the name of Heaven, can you mean by such words!"

And now Imogen was upon her feet, her blue eyes blazing with wrath, her lips quivering with indignant scorn, her whole slight figure nerved and braced for resistance. Her brother rose also, and confronted her sadly, but with determination.

"Imogen, you said you loved me. I thought at least that you trusted me," said he.

"And so I do love and trust you, Fred, but when you bring such horrible accusations against the man to whom you were so glad to see me engaged—when you say such things behind his back—"

"I will say them to his face to-morrow, never fear for that, Imogen. I am neither a coward nor a slanderer, although you seem to think me both."

"We won't quarrel, Fred—if we can help it, that is," replied Miss Beecham, coldly; "but I expect you to explain your words."

"Expect me to explain! O Jeanie, you love this stranger better than your own brother, after all," said Frederick, sadly, but Imogen's face never softened.

"Tell me why you call my betrothed husband a mean, good-for-nothing fellow, if you please," said she, steadily.

"Very well, Imogen, if you insist, I will tell you," replied her brother, sternly; "although I wished to spare your ears the pollution of the truth. But you will not take my word,

you will not trust my judgment, you set yourself in opposition and defiance towards me, and show a spirit I had not thought was in you. The reason of my calling Stackpole what I did was this: Not an hour ago I saw a miserable woman, one of those unhappy creatures of whom you may have heard, but of whom I trust you know nothing more, approach Robert Stackpole, and address him as her betrayer. She said, 'O Robbie, if you don't pity me, who will?' and 'I wish you would kill me as you threatened to just now.' He threw her off roughly, contemptuously, and bade her never speak to him again, or come near him. The policeman who was with me knew the unfortunate creature, and after speaking of Stackpole as her betrayer, said that she had fallen to the lowest depths of degradation, and rough and hardened though he was, he added words of scorn upon the man who, having led her astray, had then abandoned her, and as it were forced a life of infamy upon her; even a policeman spoke thus of him, Imogen, and can you, a delicate and virtuous woman, defend him or uphold him?"

Imogen remained silent for a moment, all the rich color fading out of her face, while her eyes grew wild and bright with suppressed emotion. At last she asked:

"Did the policeman tell you her name?"

"He called her Simple Susan. Almost all these unfortunates are known by some such *sobriquets*, dropping their own disgraced names, which are often unknown to their companions."

"And the policeman knew for certainty that Robert was—the man?"

"Certainly. And her own words proved it without his saying anything about it. There is no doubt of his guilt, my poor Imogen, and you will consent to let me tell him to-morrow that he is never to approach you again, will you not?"

"I will tell you to-morrow after breakfast. Good-night."

And with a gesture as abrupt as her words, the young girl left the room and wearily climbed the stairs to her own apartment.

"Strange that she should hesitate, but she will give him up, she must, she shall!" muttered her brother, as he summoned a servant to close the house.

The next morning a little after sunrise, three persons approached the middle of one of the principal bridges leading from the city to the suburbs, so nearly at the same moment,

that their meeting seemed a matter of pre-arrangement as indeed it was, so far at least as two of the parties were concerned. Of these, one was Robert Stackpole, who had rowed down the river from the university, as was his daily wont, and the other was Imogen Beecham, who, during these fine early autumn mornings, had suddenly become conscious of the advantage of a walk before breakfast, and was very apt to direct it towards a certain set of steps leading from the bridge aforesaid to the water. And if by chance Mr. Stackpole's boating touched in the same direction, what more natural or defensible than that these two, betrothed lovers as they were, should enjoy a little river excursion together, as indeed they had done many a time and oft.

But on this particular morning, Robert Stackpole's mind was so ill at ease that, instead of his usual steady and beneficial pull, he had indulged in a series of "spurts" and furious efforts, which had brought him to the bridge long before the hour when he had upon the previous night appointed to meet Imogen, and instead of waiting he had rowed on down the river and past the Milldam (for these were the days when Arlington street was not, and Commonwealth Avenue slumbered in the brains of the speculators), so far, that upon his return the "spurts" became compulsory to prevent the rudeness of keeping the lady waiting, an act of which, either as lover or gentleman, Robert Stackpole would never have been guilty.

By this means, however, he avoided encountering the third party whom we have mentioned as proceeding towards the place of rendezvous, and who, having arrived unnoticed, now lay hidden, waiting a fitting moment to join in the interview.

Stackpole, bringing his wherry to the steps by a skillful sweep of the starboard oar, glanced up with a smile at the face steadfastly regarding him over the parapet of the bridge and cried:

"Good-morning, dear! I hope I am not late!—"

But then he stopped abruptly, for upon the white, still face of his betrothed he found no answering smile, in her blue eyes no love-look, but rather one of stern inquiry and determination.

"Imogen! Darling! What is the matter?" asked he, springing up the steps, and seizing her hand.

"I will go a little way up the river with you, and tell you what is the matter," said

Miss Beecham, releasing her hand and stepping unassisted into the boat. Without reply her lover followed, and taking the oars sent the little skiff with one strong impulse through the arch and out upon the clear water beyond.

Meantime the third party concealed in the neighboring arch became uneasy, for the rising tide threatened soon to make the position chosen untenable, and moreover the two lovers in their boat had passed out of earshot. But still the third party lingered, awaiting perhaps their return and the fitting moment for joining in their interview. Meantime Stackpole was saying:

"Now, Imogen, what is it, dear?"

"Robert, do you know a woman called—Susan, Simple Susan?"

And in spite of the young girl's stern resolution to let no womanly scruples stand in the way of a full and fair understanding with her lover, and the ample justice she meant to mete out to him, the scarlet blood surged up over face and neck and even to the tips of her white fingers, as she pronounced this name which she had been told was one of infamy and degradation.

As Stackpole heard it, the healthy color faded from his own face, and his oars dipped over convulsively in and out of the water, then hung suspended, while an indescribable look of horror, shame and astonishment crept over his ghastly features, and stared from his wide-open eyes. Imogen noted the expression well, and with a new pang at her heart, decided it to be the look of conscious guilt.

After a moment of silence, Robert answered, and as the hoarse, unnatural voice issued from his white lips, Imogen glanced up in horror, then pityingly averted her eyes.

"Yes, I know of such a woman. But how dare you to name her?" said he.

"And what is she to you?" pursued Imogen, the momentary relenting dying from her face.

"Nothing—less than nothing. Who links her name with mine?" exclaimed Stackpole, fiercely.

"Nothing? She is nothing to you? Well, what has she been to you in times past? Did not you love her once?"

"I will answer no more questions, Miss Beecham. These inquiries are very strange for a modest young girl to make of any man."

"Even when that man is her betrothed husband? O Robert, they told me this

terrible story of guilt and shame, and I would not believe it. I braved all, the reproaches of my friends, my own reluctance, and, as it proves, your bitter taunts, because I believed that when once I spoke openly to you, and gave you an opportunity to explain, you would do it, and deny everything, and I would have believed you. O Robert, Robert, cannot you deny it? Cannot you say there is no stain upon your name and fame?"

"No, Imogen—I deny nothing. There is a stain, a foul stain upon my name, and I had no right to offer that name to you. Forgive me so much for the sake of the love that you once professed, and so let us say good-by."

He took up the oars as he spoke, and turned the bows of the little boat down stream. A few strokes would bring it to the bridge, and Imogen measured the distance with her eye. Just that little distance and they two must part—forever. She turned her eyes imploringly upon her lover.

"Robert! I cannot believe even you, when you speak against all that I have believed you. O, deny that you have any responsibility in this wretched woman's fall, say that there is some mistake, some mystery; say only that you need not blush before me on her account, and I will believe you without another word. O dear, dear Robert, say that I may honor and trust you still!"

"Imogen, I can deny nothing, explain nothing—I can say but one word more to you, though both our hearts should break, and that word is—good-by, and may God in heaven bless and comfort you, my innocent darling."

"O Robert, do but ask me to trust you, and I will do it without another word," pleaded Imogen, and just then the boat shot the arch and rounded towards the landing steps. And now the tide had risen so high that the position chosen by that strange third party to the interview of the lovers had become untenable, and, moreover, the fitting moment had arrived, and she had come to join them. Close beside the steps she lay, her white face and wild dark eyes gleaming from the shadow of the bridge, her long dark hair floating around her, and clinging in melancholy mockery of the modesty so long forgotten, about the bosom left exposed by the miserable dress. One hand was griped upon the dead heart whose last pang was the happiest moment it had known for years, while the other, rising and falling with the restless tide, seemed pointing to the man, who motionless

with horror leaned forward, and read that ghastly face.

One moment he stared in silent horror, then throwing down the oars, he leaned over and laid his hand upon that frozen brow, turning the face full towards his own.

"O my God! My God! How can I ever forgive myself! O, my poor, poor child. Susie! Susie! Dead! Yes, dead, and it was I that killed you! I am your murderer!"

He was out of the boat now, and with his arms about the dead woman's waist, was drawing her from the water, supporting her upon his knee, and bending over her with such a ghastly horror upon his face that Imogen could almost have pitied him—and yet not quite, for she was a woman, and felt herself deeply wronged, nay, insulted, that the man who yesterday was her betrothed husband had now forgotten her very presence, while he wept over the dead body of his dead mistress.

"Please to let me pass you, Mr. Stackpole!" said she, coldly; and as Robert neither answered nor moved, nor seemed in the least aware of her presence, Miss Beecham stepped over the sodden skirts of the drowned woman as they rose and fell with the tide, and sweeping past her unconscious lover, she mounted the steps with quick, proud feet, and at the top encountered policeman X 3, who was looking curiously over the parapet.

"Found her floating, eh, miss?" asked he, a little sharply, as the young lady approached.

"Yes," replied Miss Beecham, crisply, and would have passed, but X 3 had out his note-book and pencil and stood in the path, politely but obstinately.

"Please to oblige me with your name and address, miss, before you go. It's like enough you'll be wanted on the inquest."

Imogen turned pale, hesitated a moment, and then, yielding as we all do to the majesty of the law, even in the person of its humbler instruments, did as she was ordered, and receiving official permission to "pass along," complied, with an odd feeling of degradation mingling with the agony at her heart.

Meantime X 3 returned the note-book to his pocket, cast his shrewd eyes up and down the bridge, nodded to a couple of men, muttered a word or two as they approached, and with them at his back descended the water-stairs and laid his hand upon Robert Stackpole's shoulder.

"We'll help you get her out of the water, young man, and I'd like to have you come

along with me to the station, just to give your testimony to finding the body, you know."

"The station! I didn't kill her in any way that the law can take hold of!" exclaimed Stackpole, starting to his feet so wildly that X 3 laid a decided hand upon his arm, saying soothingly the while:

"There, there, don't say any more! You'd better not tell me nothing about it, nor so much as speak of killing, for it's an ugly word at the best of times. You just come along quiet with me, and here you, sir, you just help me up with the body, and Dave, you look after the boat, and carry it to Burton's wharf. Tell 'em it was me sent it, and they'll look sharp after it. Now, Mr. Stackpole!"

And ten minutes later Simple Susan began her last journey under custody, lying in the bottom of a light wagon, her dripping clothes decently straightened, her poor white face and staring eyes decently hidden beneath the fine cambric handkerchief which a gentleman in the crowd had silently spread over it. Perhaps the recording angel may have rated that little act of humanity as high as the "cup of cold water" we are bidden to offer each other in distress; at least we must believe that when that gentleman lay down at night, he remembered the occurrence of the morning without regret or shame, although the recipient of his courtesy "was a woman of the city, and a sinner."

In the course of the forenoon, greatly to the disgust and horror of Frederick Beecham, a summons was served upon his sister, ordering her to appear as witness at the inquest to be holden the next morning upon the body of a woman known as Susan Jones, found drowned near University Bridge.

"See now what you have gained by disregarding my advice, and seeing that fellow again! Now you have got yourself mixed up with this disagreeable story, and we shall have the pleasure of seeing your name in every penny paper and Police Gazette in the country. I am really angry with you, Imogen. It is too bad."

"O Fred, don't, don't! My heart is breaking with the sorrow and the shame that have come upon us all, and I cannot bear that you should be harsh too."

And Frederick Beecham, pressing his sister's slender form to his heart, and soothing the golden head upon his breast, vowed silent oaths of deadliest vengeance against the man whose vices and whose deception

had fallen so sorely upon that innocent head.

"I hope the law will spare him, for by the living God I will not," muttered he, as Imogen left the room, and the old uncle who overheard him shook his head.

"Fred, Fred, remember who said 'Vengeance is mine,'" said he; "and remember too that none of us are sinless in His eyes; none of us, not one."

"Yes sir, I knew all that, but—" and the young man dashed out of the room and the house. Uncle Harry shook his head again:

"He don't know the man his father was—it is lucky too that he don't. Poor fellow, poor Fred! It would be too hard for his proud spirit to bear."

The inquest was not a long one, for the evidence was terribly direct. Frederick Beecham testified to the conversation he had overheard between the deceased and the prisoner, and the exclamation she had used after parting with him of, "Kill me, Robble, as you said you would!"

Policeman X 3 corroborated Mr. Beecham's testimony, and added his own account of the finding of the body, not forgetting the declaration of the prisoner that he "had not killed her in any way the law could get hold of."

The next witness was Miss Imogen Beecham, and as she was led forward by her uncle and brother, an involuntary murmur of pity and admiration ran through the little group of spectators, for her charming face was as pallid as it was lovely, and her slender figure seemed bowed and shrunken as if by the weight of a load too heavy for endurance. But although her heavy eyes told of sleepless hours and wasting tears, they were firm and brave, and though the silvery voice had taken a pathetic strain that thrilled the heart of every listener, it was true and unflinching. She felt that what she had to say would tell terribly against the accused, but it was the truth, and better to her mind that both he and she should go down to the grave together, than that either should miserably save life or reputation through a perjured oath.

So Imogen told her story, word for word, as it had passed before her eyes, and when asked what were the exclamations of the accused when he first discovered the body in his path, she repeated the fatal expression:

"It is I who have killed you! I am your murderer!"

This was the last; and as she was led away the poor girl murmured in her brother's ear:

"I have sworn his life away; O Frederick, I have sent him to his doom."

"You have told the truth, poor sister, and what could you do less?" replied the brother; and perhaps it was the best comfort he could have given her.

The inquest and preliminary examination were over, and Robert Stackpole was fully committed to jail to await his trial for the murder of Susan Jones, upon whose left temple, beneath the hair, had been discovered the trace of a terrible blow, which some of the jurors were disposed to think had been given by the corner of the stone pier as the girl fell, or was thrown into the river, but which a majority insisted had been inflicted by the head of a leaded cane, whip, or similar instrument.

Public opinion took the matter up, and vehemently discussed it pro and con. The masses, ever eager for the largest attainable horror, believed implicitly in the guilt of the young man whose elevated social position was at once an aggravation of the crime, in their eyes, and an added zest to the expected punishment.

"He wor a studyin' lor over there to the colleges, and for all his studyin', he can't find the lor that'll keep his own neck out o' the sheriff's noose," said Bill, to Joe, as they smoked their pipes over the police report of the committal, and Joe winked knowingly.

"Them chaps is the very ones as wants to be hauled up. They've got eddication and tin, and Lord knows what, to keep 'em straight, and if they goes crooked arter all, why, I say, hang 'em up fer a warnin' to the rest. A poor gal's life is as good as a rich feller's, and if he was the one that sent her to bad in the first place, why, all the more, hang him, hang him, hang him, says I."

Among Stackpole's own associates the verdict was different. Very few believed that he had absolutely murdered poor Simple Susan, but all believed that he had ruined her, and were willing that he should indirectly suffer the punishment of imprisonment and disgrace which the law so unjustly refuses to directly inflict.

Of course the poor girl killed herself, and the trial for murder is all gammon. Stackpole will be acquitted, without the shadow of a doubt; but meantime he will have suffered two or three months imprisonment while waiting for his trial, and the whole matter will be so thoroughly ventilated that the fellow will never hold up his head again, in

this city at least, and serve him right too."

So said old Midas to older Croesus, as the two toasted their auriferous shins before the fire in the luxurious back parlor, and Croesus, whose second daughter had been a little disposed to envy Imogen Beecham her conquest, responded heartily:

"Yes, serve him right, the scoundrel. The girls will know now that it isn't every mustached scamp that comes along that will make a good husband."

And Stackpole himself? He said nothing, absolutely nothing. The first lawyer in the country was sent to him, engaged by "a friend who believed him innocent," so said the note of introduction which he presented, and Robert, reading it, smiled sadly, put the little note in his breast pocket, and remarked:

"A beautiful day, I should think, Mr. Markham."

"And what is our line of defence, my dear sir?" asked Mr. Markham, presently.

"I never raised my hand against that poor girl, but I killed her with my words. Make what you can out of that," replied Stackpole, sullenly, and at the end of an hour it was all that the lawyer had gained.

Then came a note from Imogen:

"I do not, for a moment, believe you guilty of the murder, but, O Robert, if you can do it, for Heaven's sake explain away the mystery involving you with that poor girl. Contradict this horrible story which is in every one's mouth. Robert, Robert, do not force me, by your silence, to believe it too, for I had rather see you cold and dead before me, than to believe in your moral and spiritual death. If I must lose you, Robert, let me at least keep my faith and trust in you."

And to this Robert only replied:

"I did not commit the murder, and I cannot explain my connection with the girl. Forget me—as I will never, living or dead, forget you."

And so the weeks and months went on, and the day of trial came. The court was crowded to suffocation, and as the prisoner was brought in, the spectators crowded so tumultuously forward to catch a sight of him, that several persons were thrown down and trampled upon, and the presiding Judge was about to give an order to clear the room, but dared not risk the popular indignation and possible riot that might ensue.

The trial proceeded rapidly. The evidence for the prosecution was very little beyond what had already been produced upon the

inquest, and that for the defence was almost wholly confined to testimony to character. No explanation was offered of the connection between the accused and the deceased, or of his singular and repeated self-accusation as her murderer. Neither was any alibi attempted, or account given of the prisoner's occupation between leaving Mr. Beecham's house at a few minutes past twelve and his appearance upon the river at a little before seven. He had occupied his room at the college boarding-house during that time, but no testimony spoke to the hour of his arrival, or that of his departure therefrom.

The case was an eminently obscure and unsatisfactory one, and so felt judge, jury and counsel, not to mention a hungry and thirsty public, who snarled and growled over the crumbs offered them instead of the full report they had expected, in a very unaimable fashion.

But the report was to come, and did, although at the very latest moment, in fact just as Mr. Markham was about to announce that the case for the defence was closed; before pronouncing those final words he rolled his eyes over the faces of the crowd, as if to apologize for the case thus closed remaining so remarkably empty, he caught sight of policeman X 3, cheerfully elbowing a way through the audience, nodding shrewdly to him as he did so, and dragging after him a miserable, hopeless looking creature whose sadden white face and ragged clothes told the story of vice and destitution even at the first glance.

By the time that Mr. Markham had finished the eloquent but unmeaning sentences with which he hastily replaced the final declaration that had been upon his lips, X 3 had reached his side, and, in a moment more, had whispered a few energetic sentences, and pushed forward the woman who stood stupidly staring about her.

"Please your honor I have another witness to offer," exclaimed Mr. Markham, excitedly; and, the court graciously granting permission, Nancy Johnson was pushed into the witness-box, duly sworn, and proceeded to give her testimony, in the depressed, half-articulated voice peculiar to the degraded of either sex. Its amount was this:

Nancy Johnson had been the friend and room-mate of Simple Susan for several months, and had "liked her well enough." Upon the evening of the murder she had been in her own room, just going to bed, as it was

very late, when Susan suddenly entered, her face more white and haggard than Nancy had ever seen a living face, and coming up to her had placed a sum of money in her hands, saying:

"I'll make you my heir, Nancy. You're the only friend I've got in the wide world, and you've been good to me when you had money and I had none."

Then taking a little desk out of her trunk and throwing it into Nancy's lap, she added:

"There, that's all I have in the world, and now good-by."

With that, as Nancy hesitatingly averred, and indeed the act seemed almost incredible, the poor girl had thrown her arms around her companion's neck, kissed her twice or thrice, and then ran out of the room and the house.

"And what did you do then, Nancy?" asked the counsel for the prosecution, with a glance at the jury.

"Went straight out and got drunk, fit with Blind Billy, got took up and carried to the lock-up, and next morning was sent over to South Boston for four months. I came back last night, and some of 'em was telling about Simple Susan, and I felt bad—"

"Why did you feel bad, Nancy?" interrupted the counsel, cynically.

"'Cause I was fond of her," replied Nancy; and the touch of nature and kindly feeling at once repaired the damage the wily counsel had led her into doing her own character and testimony.

"I felt bad and I went to my trunk and got out her little desk, and took on over it for a spell," said Nancy, "and while I was at it X 3 he came in, knowing me and Susan was mates, to see if I couldn't tell something more than the rest could about her and that feller. So I showed him the desk, and he found that book, and then he lugged me right up here. I've seen Susan a writing in that book time and again, and crying over it like she'd cry her eyes out, but I can't read; I aint got no learning, anyway, and that's all."

And so the poor tattered and begrimed little journal was produced and handed to the judge, and handed to the jury, and put in as evidence, and Mr. Markham clearing his throat, stood up and read it out from end to end; the poor forlorn little journal which told the whole story in its disconnected scraps, and did not know how much it was revealing. Here are a few:

"I saw his daughter to-day. She is a

beautiful creature, and innocent and pure as I was once, yes, as I was when her father first saw me on that fatal visit to the beach. Her name is Imogen, and she has a brother called Frederick after the father. I hope he will not be such a man, or rather I hope no other girl will be so weak and wicked as I was—only five years ago and I was at home, with father, and mother, and Robbie, and they all so fond of me. O my God, to think I should have deceived them so, but it was he that led me on, it was he who planned it all. If his own daughter should meet with such a man, why should not she fall too?

"I saw Robbie, my own darling brother—no, I must not call him so now, but he was all that once—and he went into Mr. Beecham's house. I waited until I could ask one of the men-servants, the women would not have spoken to me, and he told me that Robbie is to marry Imogen Beecham. But if she knew of me! O my God, where shall I hide myself, and how? I will wait until I can speak to Robbie when no one can see us, and I will ask him for a little money to take me to some quiet country place where I can die and be forgotten. I loathe this life so, and I am sick. I know I cannot live long, and if only I could die among good people and in the blessed country where I was born and bred, and where father and mother lie at rest forever. It was I who sent them to their graves, it was I that broke their hearts—Robbie told me so, when he found me crying by their graves, and he said then that he never would speak to me again, never would own me, no, not to save both our lives. I was not so very bad then—it was just after Mr. Beecham had left me; but when Robbie said that, I knew there was no hope, and I just let myself go.

"But now perhaps he will feel differently, and if only he will help me, I will go away and die, and be forgotten. Yes, I must die—if he will not help me, still I must die—O that black deep river—I went and looked at it last night, and then I dreamed of it—but I cannot live this way—no, no, no."

When Mr. Markham finished reading there fell a silence, broken only by the suppressed sobs of the audience and one low, deep groan from the prisoner, as, sitting with his head in his hands, he gasped, brokenly:

"It was I that killed her—yes, though man acquit, God holds me her murderer."

But as he left the court-room, acquitted of every suspicion, and complimented by the presiding justice for his forbearance, courage and self-respect, Frederick Beecham linked his arm in his, whispering:

"I should never dare ask you to forgive my father's son, but for Imogen. My father killed your sister—murdered her, body and soul—but you shall take mine instead, and all shall be forgiven. But perhaps now that you know all—"

"I knew it was your father who ruined my poor girl, but he is dead, and I thought that she was until that night. I never meant that Imogen should guess the horrible truth. I could have died if it had come to that, but I never would have spoken."

"I believe it. Come to Imogen," said Beecham, gravely. And an hour later the lovers sat together, reconciled at last.

But although they married a little later, and enjoyed their share of happiness, who can believe that this tragedy failed to tinge with darkness their whole after lives, or that the sins of the father failed to be visited upon the heads of the children!





SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER X.

AFTER THE FIRE.

By the time the fire engine reached the burning house, the flames were so far advanced that there was no chance of saving it. For form's sake a stream of water was thrown upon the flames from the well near by, but the supply was soon exhausted, and produced no effect whatever. So the engine was drawn back to the engine house, the crowd dispersed, and in place of the old house there was a heap of half-burnt rafters and cinders.

The next day the fire was the topic of conversation throughout the village. Being in the store Harry had an opportunity of hearing it discussed by those who "dropped in" to make purchases.

"Was the house insured?" asked old Sam Tilden, filling the bowl of his pipe with tobacco, preparatory to having a comfortable smoke.

"I reckon it was," said another. "The squire's a keeful man. He wouldn't be likely to neglect it."

"Here's the squire himself. You can ask

him," said John Gaylord, the chief salesman, who was doing up half a dozen pounds of sugar for a customer.

Harry, remembering what he had seen the night before, looked up with mingled feelings as he saw the rather stiff and stately form of Squire Turner enter the door.

The squire, though not a good looking man, was always carefully dressed. He regarded it as due to his position, and as no one else in the village except the minister and doctor were scrupulous on this point, he inspired a certain respect on this very account. So now, as he entered the store, in a decorous suit of black, with a stiff standing collar rising above a glossy satin stock, swinging in his hand a gold-headed cane, those present looked towards him with considerable deference.

"Well, squire," said Sam Tilden, "you met with a misfortune last night."

"Yes," said the squire, deliberately, "there was a clean sweep of the old house. There isn't much left of it."

"Have you any idea who set it on fire?" queried the old man.

"No," said the squire. "I came in to see

if any one here could throw any light upon it."

There was one present who could have thrown some light upon it, and if Squire Turner had chanced to look behind the counter he might have noticed a peculiar expression in the eyes of Harry Raymond, who was watching him fixedly. The fact is, Harry was very much perplexed in his mind in regard to the occurrence. Why a gentleman should steal out of his house in disguise at the dead of night to set fire to his own property was a question which was invested with not a little mystery. But before the conversation was finished he began to understand it better.

"It must have been sot afire," continued Sam Tilden, positively. "There wasn't nobody livin' in it."

"No, it had been empty for several months."

"You haint got no suspicions, I s'pose?"

"Why, no," said the squire, slowly. "I suppose it must have been somebody that had a grudge against me, and took this way to gratify it. But who it may be I haven't an idea."

"I reckon it was insured?" said Sam, interrogatively.

"Yes," said the squire, cautiously, "it was insured."

"I said it must be," said one, who had spoken at an earlier stage in the conversation. "I knew, squire, you was too keerful a man to neglect it."

"It was insured when it came into my hands," said Squire Turner, "and I have merely kept up the payments."

"What was the figure?"

"I really can't be quite certain till I have looked at the policy," said the squire. "I've got all my houses insured, and I can't without looking tell exactly how much there is on each."

"That's the advantage of owning only one house," said Doctor Lamson, as he stepped in for a moment. "I'm not liable to make a mistake about my insurance. In what company was your house insured, Squire Turner?"

"In the Phoenix Mutual, I believe. By the way, Mr. Porter, you may send up a barrel of flour to my house. I believe we are nearly out."

"All right, squire. It shall go up in the course of the day."

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said the squire, walking out of the store.

"I guess the squire wont lose a cent," said Sam Tilden, after he went out. "It's likely the insurance money will pay him handsome if the policy was took out years ago. I shouldn't wonder if he's glad the old house is gone. It was awfully out of repair."

"Very likely you're right," said John Gaylord. "I'd rather have the money than the house for my part."

For the first time a light came to Harry's mind. He felt that he understood the whole matter now. Squire Turner didn't want the house, which would require considerable outlay to make it habitable, and he did want the money for which it was insured. As the shortest way to secure this, he had himself set the house on fire. Now, no doubt, he meant to come upon the company for the amount of insurance money. To Harry's mind this looked like a swindle—like obtaining money by false pretences. Yet here was Squire Turner, the richest man in the village, occupying a very prominent—indeed the most prominent position in town—who was actually going to carry out this fraud. Nobody except he knew that the squire was himself the incendiary. What ought he to do about it? Should he allow the insurance company to be swindled?

"Do you think Squire Turner will collect his insurance money, Mr. Gaylord?" he asked, of the chief clerk.

"Do I think so? Of course he will. He'd be a fool if he didn't."

"But people seem to think that the house wasn't worth as much as the sum it was insured for."

"Very likely not, but it was when it was insured, and the payments have been kept up regular, the insurance company can't complain as I see."

"Suppose the man that set the house on fire should be caught?"

"He'd be tried, and put in prison."

This gave Harry something new to think of. The idea of Squire Turner's being put in prison was certainly a strange and startling one. Probably it made a difference as long as he owned the house himself. Still, if he claimed the insurance money, that again made a difference. Harry felt puzzled again, and in thinking over the matter he made several ludicrous mistakes, among others asking a boy who came in for some molasses how many yards he would have, which led to a mirthful explosion from the young customer, who looked upon it as a brilliant joke.

Not knowing what to do, Harry did nothing. Two days afterwards our hero saw the following placard posted up on the outside of the store, on the left hand side of the door:

"ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD!—For information that will lead to the discovery of the incendiary or incendiaries, who set fire to the old Jackson farmhouse, belonging to the subscriber, which was consumed on the evening of the 11th inst.

"ELIHU TURNER."

Harry read this placard with interest.

"I could claim that reward," he said to himself, "but would Squire Turner think my information worth paying for?"

CHAPTER XI.

HARRY MAKES A CALL ON BUSINESS.

A FEW days later Harry heard that Squire Turner had made a formal claim upon the Phoenix Mutual Insurance Company for two thousand dollars, the amount of his policy. On hearing this, he no longer hesitated as to his duty. He resolved to call upon the squire, and acquaint him with his information upon the subject. Accordingly, one afternoon, he went up to Mr. Porter, and asked for two hours' time.

"What for?" queried the storekeeper.

"I want to call on Squire Turner. I have a little business with him."

The storekeeper naturally supposed that the business related to the affairs of Harry's mother, and gave permission, as business was generally slack about that time in the afternoon, but requested Harry to be back by half past three.

When Harry got started on his way to the residence of the squire, he began to feel that his errand was rather a delicate one. He, a mere boy, was about to intimate to a gentleman of high social position that he was a rascal—that was the plain English of it—and was conspiring to defraud an insurance company out of a considerable sum of money. It was rather a bold undertaking for a boy of fifteen. Perhaps Squire Turner might be so incensed as to kick him out of the house. Harry was a stout boy, but still of course he had not the strength to cope with a tall man like the squire. Had he been a timid boy, he would have shrunk from the encounter. But Harry was not timid. On

the contrary, he was physically and morally brave, as anybody who knew him would readily testify.

"I'll take the risk," he said to himself, firmly. "I don't think Squire Turner will think it best to attack me."

He marched manfully up the front steps, and rang the bell. His summons was answered by a servant.

"Is the squire in?" he asked.

"Yes," was the reply; and the girl indicated the door of the "office."

Harry knocked.

"Come in," said the squire, in his usual grating voice.

Harry did go in.

Squire Turner was seated at his desk. He had a paper before him, which Harry rightly guessed was the fire insurance policy. The squire had been examining it with considerable complacency. Two thousand dollars was a large sum even to him, and certainly a very handsome consideration for the old Jackson farmhouse, which with the land around it he had got, by the foreclosure of a mortgage, at a decided bargain. How the company had ever been induced to grant so large a sum on such a house, even in its better days, was a wonder, but insurance companies sometimes make mistakes as well as private individuals, and this appeared to be one of them.

For two thousand dollars, or a little more, the squire had been thinking, he could build a nice modern house which would make the farm salable at a considerably higher figure than before. This was a very pleasant prospect, of course, and the harsh lines in the squire's face were smoothed out to a certain extent as he thought of it.

When he turned, at the opening of the door, and saw who his visitor was, he naturally concluded that Harry had come about the land warrant.

"I haven't heard anything more about your mother's Western land," he said. "When I do, I will let you know."

"Thank you," said Harry, "but that is not what I have come about."

"Very well," said the squire, a little surprised, "you can state your business."

At this moment James Turner came in hastily.

"Father, I want a dollar," he said.

"What for?"

"To buy a bat and ball."

"Wait a minute or two. I am busy."

James looked at Harry superciliously, as if to imply that his business could not be of any particular importance, and took a seat.

"You may state your business," said the squire.

"I beg your pardon," said Harry, looking towards James, "but my business is private."

"Perhaps he wants to complain of me," thought James, "about the eggs. If he does he won't make much."

"I am not aware of any business between us," said the squire, with dignity, "which is of too private a nature to discuss before my son. I will, however, stretch a point, to oblige you, and request him to leave the room."

"It isn't on my account, but on yours," said our hero, bluntly, "that I wish to speak privately."

Squire Turner looked at Harry in cold displeasure, not unmingled with surprise, at what he felt to be a liberty.

"That's a strange remark," he said. "However, James, you may leave the room. Here is the money."

"You have offered a reward, Squire Turner, for information about the fire the other evening," said, Harry, when they were alone, thinking it best to plunge into the subject at once.

"Yes, a hundred dollars reward," said the squire. "Do you know anything about it?"

"I do," said Harry, promptly.

Squire Turner was taken by surprise. What could Harry know about the fire, and its origin? He himself knew all about it, but of course that knowledge was locked up in his own breast. In offering the reward he felt sure that it would not be claimed, and under the circumstances he felt that it was well to offer it. It would impress the fire company favorably, as showing his determination to ferret out the secret incendiary, and therefore he had forwarded a handbill containing a copy of his offer to the office of the Phoenix Mutual, together with his claim for the amount of insurance money.

Harry's prompt answer led to a suspicion in the squire's mind that our hero was trying to get the reward on false pretences.

"The money will only be given for positive information leading to the discovery of the incendiary," he said, coldly.

"I can give you such information," said Harry, with the same promptness as before.

"Perhaps," said the squire, with a sneer, "you can tell who set the house on fire."

"I can," said Harry, distinctly.

"Who did it?" asked the squire, beginning to feel nervous.

"Squire Turner," said our hero, feeling that the crisis had come, "you have asked me the question, and of course you wish me to answer it truly."

"Of course," muttered the squire, whose nervousness increased.

"Then," said Harry, firmly, "*you set the house on fire yourself!*"

The words were like a thunderbolt. The squire started to his feet, his face livid with fear, and then purple with excitement.

"How dare you say such a scandalous thing?" he exclaimed.

"Because you expect me to tell the truth," said Harry. "If you will listen, I will tell you how I came to know."

Hereupon he gave an account, in as few words as possible, of his midnight visit to the house of Doctor Lamson, of his passing near the house, and identifying the squire in the act of setting fire to some shavings. Squire Turner listened, evidently in a state of nervous excitement, fidgeting about in a manner which indicated his mental disturbance. When Harry had finished, he spoke.

"This is the most impudent fabrication I ever heard. You mean to charge that I—a rich man, and, if I say it myself, universally respected—actually set fire to my own house at the dead of night?"

"I do," said Harry, firmly.

"I have a great mind to kick you out of my house," said the squire, violently.

"I don't think you will do it, Squire Turner," said Harry, who did not show a trace of alarm.

"Why not?"

"Because I have told the truth, and you know it," said our hero, "and if I told it outside, people might believe it."

"What would your word weigh against mine?" said the squire, but his tone was more confident than his feeling.

"I never told a lie, as everybody in the village will testify," said Harry, proudly. "Of course it is an object for you to deny it."

The squire began to see that the overbearing policy was not exactly the one to pursue in this case. Harry was not to be frightened easily, and this he realized. Besides, there were other reasons why he did not wish to fall out with our hero. Accordingly he thought proper to change his tone.

"My young friend," he said, with a very significant change of tone and manner, "you are certainly under a very strange delusion. I should be angry, but I am rather disposed to be amused. You would only be laughed at if you should spread abroad such a ridiculous tale."

"It's true," persisted Harry.

"Consider a moment," said Squire Turner, with commendable patience, "the nature of your charge. It is rather absurd that I should set fire to my own building. Isn't it now? What possible object could I have in so doing?"

"The insurance," briefly answered Harry.

"Yes," said Squire Turner slowly, "the house was insured, to be sure, but they don't insure to the full value."

"Everybody says that the house was insured for more than its full value."

"Quite a mistake. I would rather have the house than the money. In fact, it was quite a disappointment having the house burnt down."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, sturdily. "All I know is, that I saw you setting the house on fire with my own eyes."

Perspiration began to come out on the squire's brow. He had never anticipated such an obstacle to the carrying out his plans, and it did seem a little provoking when everything had seemed so favorable hitherto. He would like to have pitched our hero out of the window, or kicked him out of the house, but neither course seemed quite expedient. So, though boiling over with inward wrath and vexation, he forced himself to be conciliatory.

"I have no doubt you think you are right," he said, "but in the evening one is easily deceived about faces. I was fast asleep at the time, and indeed, I knew nothing of the fire till my housekeeper came and knocked at my door when it was nearly over."

This was partly true, but the squire didn't say that it was just after he had crept stealthily into the house.

"Still, as I am a friend of your family, and interested in your welfare," he continued, "I don't mind giving you the hundred dollars, not of course as a reward, but to help you along. Of course it is on condition that you say nothing of this ridiculous story. It would only involve you in trouble. Come up to-morrow and I'll give you the money."

"Squire Turner," said Harry, promptly, "I cannot accept your proposition, or money."

"Why not?"

"Because my story, whether ridiculous or not, is true. I don't care for the reward, I didn't come up here to get it."

"What did you come for?"

"I came to prevent your coming upon the insurance company for that money. If you will promise not to ask for the money, I will never say a word about how the fire came about."

"I can't promise that," said the squire; "but before claiming the insurance I will let you know. In the meantime you had better keep the story to yourself."

"I will," said Harry; and rising he left the room, leaving the squire in a very uncomfortable and unsatisfactory state of mind.

CHAPTER XII.

HARTLEY BRANDON.

WHEN the squire was left alone he began rather ruefully to think over the unexpected turn which affairs had taken. If he had disliked Harry before, he hated him now. He felt that the sturdy determination of our young hero was likely to place him in a very unpleasant dilemma. If he should not collect the insurance money, the house would be a total loss, and this would be very provoking. If he should collect it, he had every reason to believe that Harry would keep his word; and as he was a boy of truth many would no doubt believe him, and the insurance company would be sure to stir in the matter. There was another consideration. If he guiltily let the matter pass, and failed to make his claim, or recalled it, for it was already made, it would excite a great deal of surprise, and perhaps suspicion, and thus again he would be disagreeably situated. There seemed to be only a choice of difficulties, as the squire realized. He fervently wished now that he had never burnt the house down. But it was done and could not be undone.

"I wish the young rascal was out of the way," he muttered to himself.

He wished it the more because Harry stood in the way of another plan which he had in view: namely, marrying Mrs. Raymond, in case the Western property proved as valuable as he anticipated. He had an instinctive feeling that our hero would not fancy him for a stepfather, and would exert all his influence over his mother to prevent her accepting him, even if she might otherwise be willing.

"Plague take the young whelp!" muttered the squire. "I wish he was in Nova Zembla, or somewhere else where he would never come back."

His uncomfortable reflections were here broken in upon by the entrance of the servant.

"There's a man at the door wants to see you, Squire Turner."

"Who is it?"

"It's a stranger."

"Well, tell him to come in."

The invitation was duly given, and directly there entered a tall man, very seedy in his appearance, with a repulsive aspect, who looked as if the world and he had not been on good terms for some time. He was probably about the same age as Squire Turner—that is, fifty—but looked still older, probably in consequence of the life he had led.

Squire Turner looked at the intruder in surprise.

"How do you do, Squire Turner?" said the stranger, familiarly.

"You have the advantage of me," said the squire, coldly.

"Yet you used to know me well," was the reply, as the visitor sat down uninvited.

"I don't know you now. Who are you?" demanded Squire Turner, who didn't feel it necessary to use much ceremony with a man so evidently under the frowns of fortune.

"I am your cousin, Hartley Brandon."

Squire Turner started.

"Hartley Brandon!" he repeated in amazement. "I thought you were dead years ago."

"And wished it, no doubt," said the other, with a laugh. "Confess now you are not very glad to see me."

"I am not very glad to see you, as you are sharp enough to guess," said the squire, with a sneer. "You are not a relative to be proud of."

"True enough," said the other. "I see you are not afraid of hurting my feelings. However, I've had so many hard rubs that my feelings have got worn off, if I ever had any."

"What is your object in coming down here, for I suppose you have an object?"

"Suppose I say that it is for the sake of seeing about the only relative I have in the world. There's something in that, you know."

"Not in this case. We may be cousins, but we are not friends, and never will be."

"Come, that's frank—true, too, I dare say,"

said Hartley Brandon, who didn't appear by any means disturbed at the coldness of the squire. "Well, as you say, it wasn't that. Blood's thicker than water, they say, but there are plenty of people I like better than you, who are my cousin."

"That is a matter of perfect indifference to me," said the squire, coldly. "I don't want to know what your object is not, but what it is."

"I am rather seedy, as you see."

"So it appears."

"This shabby suit with half a dollar constitutes all my worldly possessions."

"Supposing it to be so, what is that to me?"

"Can't you help me a little?"

The squire's mouth tightened, as it always did when there was an attack on his purse-strings. He seldom gave away money, unless he thought it would help him in some way, and he felt even more than usually unwilling to do so at a time when owing to Harry's obduracy he was threatened with a serious loss. No poorer time could have been selected by his cousin for his application than this.

"I can do nothing for you," he said, coldly.

"I don't mean you to give me money," said Brandon. "I only want an advance of thirty or forty dollars, which I will faithfully repay you with interest."

Squire Turner laughed scornfully.

"What security can you offer?" he asked. |

"None at all, except my word."

"That isn't satisfactory."

"I thought you'd say so; but listen, and I will tell you how the matter stands. First, I suppose you would like to know how I have been employed for the last twenty odd years."

"You may tell or not, just as you like. I feel no particular interest in the matter."

"I have followed the sea—I see you are surprised—but this is the way it happened. Twenty-five years since, I found myself high and dry in New York, with no resources, and nobody to look to for help. In my distress I fell in with a sailor who treated me kindly, and proposed to me to adopt his profession. It was not particularly to my taste, and I knew it was rather late in life to begin, but I had no other resource, and I allowed myself to be persuaded. I had a hard time of it at first, as you may suppose, but after a while I became acquainted with my duties, and turned out a very fair sailor. Being possessed of a better education than belongs to the generality of seamen, I found myself able to rise. On the second voyage, I shipped third mate.

Then I rose to second mate, finally to first mate. I might have become captain if I had been a little more steady, but a fondness for drink stood in the way of my advancement."

"So you have been a sailor for twenty-five years."

"Yes."

"It was no doubt the best thing you could do. You don't think of giving it up?"

"No."

"Then I don't see what I can do for you."

"I've a chance to sail as mate next week in the ship *Sea Eagle* bound for China."

"Why don't you go, then?"

"Because there's a trifle in the way. I owe twenty-five dollars in New York, and if I don't pay it up square the party'll put a spoke in my wheel, and prevent my getting the situation."

"So you want me to advance you the necessary money?"

"Yes, I'll pay you back at the end of the voyage."

"Do you know the captain under whom you are to sail?" asked the squire, thoughtfully.

"Yes, a little."

"What sort of a man is he?"

"O, an average sort of a man—rather a tartar, so I hear from some who have sailed under him. He likes his ease, and leaves the vessel pretty much in the hands of his first officer."

A train of reflection had been started in the squire's mind by the communication of his kinsman. He wanted to be rid of Harry Raymond. Why could he not arrange with Hartley Brandon to smuggle him off to sea, where he would be out of the way of interfering with his plans? It might be difficult to manage, but no doubt some way would suggest itself. As for Brandon, there was no fear of his refusing. He was not troubled with scruples, and a small sum of money would buy his cooperation.

Then again, the sea was a treacherous element. Accidents were frequent. Should Harry once embark on its smooth but fickle expanse, he might never come back again, or if he did, it might be to find him, the squire, his mother's second husband, and the relationship would seal his lips from disclosing the secret of which he had become possessed.

All these thoughts passed through the squire's mind much more quickly than I have been able to state them. The plan which has been briefly sketched seemed the only way out of the labyrinth in which he had become involved, and he resolved to make a trial of it.

"Well, will you help me?" asked Brandon, growing impatient of his kinsman's silence.

"I will," answered the squire, "upon conditions."

"Name them," said Brandon, brightening up.

THE BOAT RACE.

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

See the boat leap for the goal,
With a thousand eyes upon her,
While the rowers, with one soul,
Pull as for dear life and honor.

It is only boyish sport,
But if this day, to view it
Came a monarch with his court,
In good sooth they need not rue it.

For the awful stress that waits
Upon that harmonious motion,

Turns the battle at the gates,
And wrests the sceptre from old Ocean.

And the cheery eyes of those
Who are farthest from the station,
Would look bright, mid Arctic snows,
In the dead face of starvation.

Then a cheer to fan the flame
Of that noble emulation;
'Tis the same that raised to fame
This indomitable nation!

SILVER ARDEN.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

OUT West, very far out, on one of the great prairies, and five miles from any town, was the farm of Mr. Arden. It was no great of a farm, but was pretty fair, such a one as John Arden, a young man of nineteen, and his

It is pretty hard for a man to think that he has got to delve on a farm and support a family all his life, even after he gets old, and so Mr. Arden talked the matter over with his wife and John, and told them that if they would stay and carry on the little farm, he would go to California and get rich for them.

It was hard to consent to part, but they did consent, and Mr. Arden went.

Two years is not so long a time when people are busy, and it soon went round for the Ardens. Their little farm had prospered, and the absent father had prospered. Letters came from him frequently, and at last came the blessed letter saying that he was to start for home immediately, and would reach there some time in February or March.

Then indeed the little family was a happy one! What plans they laid! How they made everything look as well as possible, and prepared to feast the wanderer who had been so long absent!

"Do you suppose that father will bring Silver back, mother?" Phil asked.

Silver was a pet pup that Phil had given his father on his going away; not that his father wanted a pup, he thought, but because the boy wanted to give him the most precious thing he had, and Silver was the most precious.

Mr. Arden could not refuse, but took the little creature with him, and cherished it, and delighted his boy at home by writing how

bright Silver was growing, and what great friends they were.

"I don't know, dear," Mrs. Arden answered to her boy's question. "If he only brings himself safely, we shall have enough to be thankful for."

Mrs. Arden was a very calm and sensible woman; but she was very much moved at the thought of seeing her husband after so long a time, and she could scarcely believe



SILVER ARDEN, THE PET PUP.

mother, and Phil Arden, a boy of six, could work very well.

So Mr. Arden thought, and he thought, too, that he must positively get rich faster. He had a brother in California who was making money in heaps, and this brother wrote him that if he would come out there and stay two years, he could go back, a rich man, and buy one of the finest places in the West, and live in ease all the rest of his days.

that all was to go on so brightly and prosperously to the end. It seemed to her that something must happen that was painful, everything had gone so well as yet. But she kept these fears to herself, and tried indeed to laugh at them. Every night before they went to bed she and her two boys knelt down, and she prayed that her husband and their father might be brought safely back to them.

The weeks glided away, and the time came when they could say, "Perhaps he will be here this week, or certainly next week."

They couldn't do anything else for thinking of it, but wandered about watching for letters, and looking up the long, long road across the prairie to the next town. It was a long, straight road, and there was nothing grew on it but a few small shrubs, so they could see for miles.

At length they got a telegram. Mr. Arden had arrived safely at St. Louis, and would be at home in a few days.

Then indeed it seemed as though all was going right, and no accident could happen. The family went happily about their work. Their little cottage was as bright and clean as it could be made. They had bought some new things to fit it up, for since father was coming with lots of money, they could afford to spend what they had. Besides this, Mrs. Arden had made mince pies, and a wonderful loaf of cake, a wedding-cake, she called it, and she had a turkey to roast for dinner, and many other good things. They had their own cider and apples, and all those country delicacies to be found on a farm.

"I think he'll be here to-morrow, mother," Phil said one evening as they all gathered round the fire after supper. "It's time for him, and I guess he'll come. Wont he think it looks pretty here?"

Mrs. Arden smiled, but said nothing as she glanced round the room. It was indeed pretty, with a bright new carpet on the floor, pictures on the walls, a new armchair bought on purpose for father, standing in the corner, the little table with the Bible and the shaded lamp on it setting ready for the evening's reading, and the firelight playing over all.

"I hope it will clear off well in the morning," said John, the elder brother. "I'd like father to get home on a sunshiny day."

"Is there much snow fallen, my son?" the mother asked, looking up from the fire in which she had been dreaming.

"There are several inches," the boy replied,

"and it is falling fast now and drifting some."

"I am sorry," the mother said, her face clouding a little. She also would like her husband to get home on a sunshiny day. Besides, if the snow should drift on that long road, it would delay his coming. There was very little travel in that direction, and sometimes it would be days before a road would be broken out after a heavy snow.

"But maybe it will clear away in the morning," she said more brightly. "I think what little wind there is is a fair one."

They all sat still and listened for the wind, and in the silence they heard the soft silken rustle of the snow on the windows. If the father had been with them, it would have been a pleasant sound. But since the snow was falling between them and him, it had a sad sound.

Nothing was said for a long while; then Phil began to repeat their plans for the twentieth time, asking if they would go to town to live, if John would go to college, and so on. John brightened, too, and told what he meant to study, and where he meant to go.

But Mrs. Arden could not talk. She felt sad and troubled, and wished the night away.

"Let's have some cider and apples, mother," John said. "They will help to pass the time away."

"Very well, you get them," she said, starting as he spoke.

John took a candle and plate, and Phil took a pitcher, and the two went down cellar and presently came up again, John with the plate piled with rosy, shining apples, and Phil with the pitcher foaming over with cider. They set them down, and soon were naming apples and drinking healths quite merrily. But though Mrs. Arden tried to be cheerful for the sake of her children, she could not shake off her gloomy feelings, and was glad when their little feast was over.

"Now, boys, we must have prayers, and go to bed," she said.

They sobered themselves while she read a chapter in the Bible, then they knelt down, and she prayed fervently for all, but most, for the safe return of their absent loved one. She prayed so earnestly that when they rose from their knees all three had tears in their eyes, and the boys felt that they must not rejoice too soon, but must remember how uncertain everything on earth is.

Just before going to bed Mrs. Arden opened the door into the little porch, and looked out

to see what the weather was. It was not very cold, though cold enough to make her shiver, but the snow was falling very thickly, and all she could see was a white waste. She looked sighing in the direction of the town, and was about going into the house again, when she stopped and listened.

The two boys were still in the sitting-room, and they heard her say in a low, quick voice, "Boys, come here!"

They hurried out onto the step, and saw her leaning out and looking up in the direction of the town. Nothing was to be seen, so thick was the snow, and since there was no moon.

"Listen!" she said, stretching her hand toward them, but without looking round.

With a chill of fear they hushed themselves and listened. A faint sound came, smothered in snow, carried away by the soft, stifled wind. Then a lull, and it came clearly, the bark of a dog!

Mrs. Arden looked round with an excited, pallid face.

"The lantern, quick!" she exclaimed. "Some one is lost in the snow!"

Not a word was said more. With breathless haste, not daring to think what it might be to which they were going, the boys hurried on the boots they had taken off, buttoned their jackets, pulled their caps about their ears, put on mittens, all in a minute, and John taking a shovel, and Phil the lantern, they started out with their mother. She also had hurried on boots, a thick fur sack, tied a shawl over her head, and put a flask of brandy into her pocket.

Silent still they set out, and shovelled their way through the snow in the direction of that barking, stopping when it ceased, and hurrying on when they heard it. Before starting they had set the centre lamp on a table close to the window, and but for that they might soon have lost sight of the house. For the night was nothing but a whirl of snow, and the direction they took was outside of the road.

Nearer and nearer they came, floundering through the drifts, their lantern casting a foggy gleam about them. They were but a little way off, and now they saw something moving before them, and now, with their hearts in their mouths, they hold up the lantern and see a beautiful silver-white dog with brown spots, who looks up at them with large imploring eyes, and tries to paw away the light snow from beneath his feet.

"It is Silver!" cried Philip, almost in a scream. But the other two said not a word. They only push away the snow with frantic haste, and with shivering moans pull out the senseless form of a man lying there under the drift.

The dog with a sharp bark catches a hat in his teeth, and runs after them, and Mrs. Arden and John go staggering back through the drifts with that awful burden, Philip weeping and carrying the lantern.

"O father! father!" muttered John below his breath, as the light from the lantern fell on that well-known face.

"Lay him down a moment," the mother said to John, when they were about half way to the house.

They both knelt in the snow, and bore up the burden on their knees, while Mrs. Arden took the brandy-flask from her pocket and poured a little between the lips of her husband. Then they lifted him again, and never stopped till they reached their own bright sitting-room. There they laid him down, and rubbed his stiffened limbs, and poured the brandy between his teeth, doing everything to keep or to find the breath of life in him. Not a word was said except when Mrs. Arden whispered her directions to the boys. Philip hushed his cries, and did what he could, looking from the pale face of his father to the face, nearly as pale, of his mother.

It was but half an hour, but to them it seemed long hours, before a faint sign of motion was visible in those closed eyelids, and there was breath in the parted lips.

"O, thank God! thank God!" cried out Mrs. Arden, so wildly that the boys looked at her in alarm. Never before had they seen their mother so excited, so almost beside herself. She had controlled her feelings during the time of suspense, and when all her strength and forethought were needed; but it was deserting her now, and when at last Mr. Arden opened his eyes, and looked round on them, and knew where he was, his wife sank fainting on the floor.

Then of course there was a new fright, and the boys were ready to give up quite. But joy does not kill, and in a few minutes their mother opened her eyes again.

It is useless to try to describe the scene that followed, the joy tempered by terror of what might have been, the thanksgiving, the weeping welcomes. It was not till nearly morning that Mr. Arden could tell them how

it happened that he so nearly lost his life. He had reached the town just at evening, and being unable to get a horse to take him out home, had determined to walk. The storm did not seem to be much, and he did not dream of there being snow enough to blind him to the road. He walked and walked, growing tired and drowsy, he struggled to keep up, he strained his eyes to see the home-light, and at length, within sight of it, he fell.

Then Mrs. Arden told her story, too, how fearful she had been, how she had gone to look out, and had heard the dog barking.

You may depend that dog was not forgotten, and if ever any little quadruped was in danger of being eaten up with caresses, it was Silver Arden. For it was that same little Silver grown up.

The next day was not quite as merry as they had expected the welcome home to be; but it was happy and full of thanksgiving. The sun shone out, the snow tossed and played in the light wind, and about noon a great express-wagon came down from town with Mr. Arden's trunks in it. The snow wasn't so very deep in the road, but Mr. Arden had lost his way, and got into a hollow.

One of the first things that was to be done was to have a picture of Silver painted by the very best artist that could be found. And that picture hangs in the Ardens' parlor to

this day. Opposite it is a portrait of Phil, taken as he was before his father went away, as he stood with his torn straw hat only half covering his bright brown hair, and held his



PHIL BIDDING HIS PUP GOOD-BY.

hands out for a last embrace of his dear little pup, the boy almost as much grieved at parting with him as with his father.

Mr. and Mrs. Arden wouldn't sell either of those pictures for untold money.

MILK AND CABBAGE TREES.

Who would think, from this heading, that we were going to tell of two trees? Yet why not?

The wonderful cow-tree of South America gives a plentiful supply of milk to the Indian of the Cordilleras, and it flourishes at a height where no cow could pasture.

Humboldt, the great traveller, saw many of these trees. They grow on rough, stony ground, their leaves are dry and husky, and for many months of the year not a shower comes to cool their foliage; yet when their trunk is pierced, a sweet, nourishing milk flows forth. "The natives," he says, "come with large wooden vessels to catch the milk, which, as it flows, becomes yellow and thickens at the surface. Some make their abundant meal at the foot of the tree which supplies it, others carry their full vessels home to their children."

The cabbage palm of Surinam is another wonderful plant. It is a very large tree, and rises straight and tapering to a great height, ending in a plume of graceful foliage.

The cabbage lies concealed among the upper leaves. It is as thick as a man's arm, and a few inches longer. It tastes like the almond when eaten raw, but is generally cut up, boiled and served with meat.

There is but one cabbage to a tree, and to obtain it, the tree is cut down.

Think of that! Those hungry Surinam people will cut down a great, lofty, noble tree to obtain a cabbage! It's not likely there are many barrels of sour-kraut made in that country, but both trees show how wonderful is the provision of nature for feeding humanity when the soil is poor or the population in certain districts are too lazy to work.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Pare and core some large apples, and cut them into round slices. Soak them in wine, sugar and nutmeg for two or three hours. Make a batter of four eggs, a tablespoonful of milk; thicken with enough flour, stirred in by degrees, to make a batter; mix it two or three hours before it is wanted, that it may be light. Heat some butter in a frying-pan; dip each slice of apple separately into the batter, and fry them brown; sift powdered sugar, and grate nutmeg over them.

INDIAN MEAL MUFFINS.—To a quart of meal pour boiling water, stirring constantly, until a thick batter; let it cool; while warm add a small teacup of butter, a teaspoonful of salt, and a tablespoonful of yeast, with two well beaten eggs; set it in a warm place for two hours, then stir it smooth, and bake in small cakes on a griddle; when one side is a rich brown, turn the other; lay them singly on a hot dish, and serve. These may be made without the yeast, and baked as soon as mixed.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Blanch some of the largest oysters you can get, but do not let them boil; strain the liquor, and season with cayenne pepper and a few drops of essence of anchovies; make this liquor into a thick batter, using a little cream; have your stewpan, with lard, quite hot; then dip them separately into the batter, and fry them; use silver skewers for them; if not, dish on a napkin and fried parsley.

MUFFINS.—Mix a quart of wheat flour smoothly with a pint and a half of lukewarm milk, half a teacup of yeast, a couple of beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and a couple of tablespoonfuls of lukewarm melted butter. Set the batter in a warm place to rise. When light, butter your muffin cups, turn in the mixture, and bake the muffins to a light brown.

CLEANING PAPERED WALLS.—The prudent housewife who, on account of "hard times," has decided not to repaper the sitting-room, as desirable, will find the old paper very much improved in appearance, by simply rubbing it well with a flannel cloth dipped in oatmeal.

RICE PIE.—Take one pint of boiling water and a small cup of rice. Boil it until very

soft, and then take it from the fire, and add a quart of milk, one nutmeg, and six eggs beaten to a froth; add sugar to the taste, and strain it through a sieve. Bake with an under crust, and, if you like, a few raisins.

COLD VEAL OR CHICKEN PIE.—Lay a crust into a shallow tart dish, and fill it with the following mixture; shred cold veal or fowl, and half the quantity of ham, mostly lean, put to it a little cream, season with white and cayenne pepper, salt, a little nutmeg, and a small piece of shallot chopped as fine as possible; cover with crust, and turn it out of the dish when baked, or bake the crust with a piece of bread to keep it hollow, and warm the mince with a little cream, and pour in.

EGG MINCE PIE.—Take six eggs, boil them hard, then shred them very small; take twice the quantity of suet, and chop it very fine; well wash and pick a pound of currants, shred fine the peel of a lemon, add them with the juice, six spoonfuls of sweet wine, mace, nutmeg, sugar, a very small quantity of salt, orange, lemon, and citron, candied. Cover with a very light paste.

LEMON MINCE PIES.—Take a large lemon, squeeze the juice from it, and boil the outside till it becomes soft enough to beat to a smash; put to it three large apples, four ounces of suet, the same of sugar, and half a pound of currants; add the juice of the lemon, and some candied fruit, the same as for other pies. Make a short crust, and fill the pans in the usual way.

COFFEE CAKE.—One cup of butter, one cup of sugar, three cups of flour, two eggs, half a cup of cold strong coffee, half a teaspoonful of soda, half a nutmeg, half a teaspoonful each of cloves and cinnamon, one small nutmeg, one pound of raisins.

LEMON COOKIES.—One quart of flour, one cup of butter, one pint of sugar, three eggs, one teaspoonful of soda, dissolved in the juice of one lemon, and add the grated rind of the same.

SQUAB PIE.—Cut apples as for other pies, and lay them in rows with mutton chops, shred onions, and sprinkle it among them, and also some sugar.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

THE AFRICAN RHINOCEROS.—The black rhinoceros resembles in general appearance an immense hog; twelve feet and a half long, six feet and a half high, girth eight and a half feet, and of the weight of half a dozen bullocks; its body is smooth, and there is no hair to be seen except at the tops of the ears and the extremity of the tail. The horns of concreted hair, the foremost curved like a sabre, and the second resembling a flattened cone, stand on the nose and above the eyes; in the young animals the foremost horn is the longest, whilst in the old ones they are of equal length, namely, a foot and a half or more; though the older the rhinoceros the shorter are his horns, as they wear them by sharpening them against the trees, and by rooting up the ground with them when in a passion. When the rhinoceros is quietly pursuing his way through his favorite glades of Mimosa bushes (which his hooked upper lip enables him readily to seize, and his powerful grinders to masticate), his horns, fixed loosely in his skin, make a clapping noise by striking one against the other; but on the approach of danger, if his quick ear or keen scent make him aware of the vicinity of the hunter, the head is quickly raised, and the horns stand still and ready for combat on his terrible front. The rhinoceros is often accompanied by a sentinel to give him warning, a beautiful green-backed and blue-winged bird, about the size of a jay, which sits on one of its horns.

SYRIAN SUPERSTITIONS.—It was formerly a custom among the Syrians to bury their dead without the walls of their cities; and at the hour when the body of the deceased was lowered into its last solemn resting-place, a cypress tree was planted at the head of the grave by the nearest relative of the deceased, and he conceived it to be his duty after to furnish a copious supply of pure water and rich soil. The tree was visited weekly by the one who planted it, and often by the whole family, who there scrupulously performed their religious rites. Thus it is that the cypress trees in that country are so numerous, and grow to such an enormous size—some of them being one hundred and twenty feet in height. As their dark and sombre foliage overshadows the tombs of the departed, they furnish a welcome resting-place for the wearied traveller, and present a pleasing contrast to the otherwise bright and joyous scenery of the Holy Land.

MADAME REY'S METHOD.—In the mines of the French Alps a very curious proceeding is adopted, which was invented by a lady, Madame Rey. She would explore the mountain, holding a piece of string, to which was attached a five-franc piece, a piece of lead, or a large copper coin, and pretended that this pendulum vibrated on approaching the vicinity of a lode. She marked with stones the places where this happened, and then connected the point with an imaginary line, saying—"That is the direction of the lode." M. Simonin does not attach much importance to this method—which, indeed, contradicts the law of physics, which asserts that bodies of the same nature mutually repel each other—but he allows that Madame Rey has really discovered hitherto unknown mines.

THE HEART TRANSFIXED BY A NEEDLE.—Professor Biffi, at a meeting of the Milan Institute, presented the heart of a lunatic who had died in consequence of gangrene of the tongue which had supervened upon a bite which he had inflicted upon it during a maniacal paroxysm. At the autopsy a needle six centimetres in length was found in the left ventricle, its point, after perforating the valve, penetrating to the extent of one centimetre and a half into the left auricle. On inquiry being made, it was ascertained that the lunatic, twenty-two months prior to his death, had announced to his relatives that he had forced a needle into his heart; but little attention was paid to his statement, especially as no symptoms of any disorder in the chest manifested themselves, the pulse during all this time, too, being quite regular in its beats.

INDIA RUBBER INEXHAUSTIBLE.—There are in America and Europe more than 150 manufacturing of India rubber articles, employing some 500 operatives each and consuming more than 10,000,000 lbs. of gum a year, and the business is considered to be still in its infancy. Nevertheless, there is no possibility of the demand exceeding the supply. The belt of land around the globe, 500 miles north and 500 miles south of the equator, abounds in trees producing the gum; and they can be tapped, it is said, for twenty successive seasons; forty-three thousand of these trees have been counted in a tract of country thirty miles long and three wide.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

A L-E-E-TLE TOO SMART.—Old Rumpfolt was a well-to-do farmer of Stewart County, Tenn. He was regular in his attendance at court at Dover, but seldom turned his face homeward until he had swallowed more whiskey than his skin could well hold, or his legs conveniently carry. On one occasion he got on his level early, and about the middle of a hot July afternoon started for home. He had not gone far, however, when he was seized with an uncontrollable desire to take a nap. He dismounted from his horse, turned him loose to graze, and rolled himself into a fence corner. He was sleeping very sweetly, when he was espied by a buzzard, which was sailing about in the vicinity, hunting for something to eat. Smaller and smaller grew the circles of the buzzard as he approached his victim, cautiously taking observation. At last, but still in some doubt, the bird lit on the ground near its expected feast. About this time Rumpfolt became aware that something was going on, and he partially opened one eye, and saw the buzzard, but was still too drunk to take any active steps to drive it away. He, however, kept a close watch. The buzzard strutted around and around him, all the time inspecting Rumpfolt closely and cautiously to ascertain positively that he was dead; he finally became satisfied that the *corpus* before him was indeed a carcass, and consequently "his meat;" whereupon he advanced deliberately to Rumpfolt's head, and gave him a severe peck in the face. This aroused Rumpfolt, and, striking out lazily with his hand to prevent a repetition of the attack, he exclaimed:

"Look 'er here—you're a l-e-e-tle too darned smart—I aint dead yet."

A MODEL NEIGHBOR.—"Mrs. H.," exclaimed a little urchin, on running into a near neighbor's house, "mother wanted me to ask, would ye please lend 'er yer candle-molds?"

The molds were given him, and he ran home. In a few minutes he returned with this query: "Mother wants to know if ye'd be kind enough to lend 'er some wickin'?"

The wicking was measured off, and he again departed. But he soon appeared again, and said:

"Mother would be so thankful if you had a little taller ye'd be so good as to lend her?"

Mrs. H. good-naturedly produced the desired article, and as the boy started for the door, she said:

"Wouldn't your mother like to have me come over and mold the candles for her?"

"Wal, yis," replied the boy. "I reckon she'd like it fust rate, oos she sed she didn't understand it very well; but she don't like to be troublin' her neighbors, so she wouldn't ask ye."

TOO GOOD TO BE LOST.—A returned White Piner of Visalia, tells the following good thing:

"A Dutchman lately left Austin for White Pine with something less than a mule load of provisions, tools and blankets, carrying them on his back. On his arrival, not finding a good lead coming out to meet him, he took on a big disgust and left for Austin, carrying with him his stock in trade. On his way home a man driving an empty wagon overtook him, and seeing him so heavily loaded, asked him if he would get in and ride.

"No, py Got!" was his answer.

"But," said the teamster, "my wagon is empty, and you are perfectly welcome."

"No, py Got!" replied he, "I learns dis Dutchman some tings! I learns him to go to Vite Pines! He carries tese blankets, py tam!"

COULDN'T FOOL HIM.—Soon after the telegraph was put in operation on the line of the Ohio and Mississippi Railroad, in Martin County, one of the natives stepped into the office and wanted to know the price of pork in Cincinnati. In a few moments an answer came, with a charge of thirty-five cents for the information; but the "hoosier" was too smart to be caught that way, and replied:

"O no, Mr. Telegrapher, you can't fool me that way. I'm not so green as you think I am. That darn tickin' thing of yourn haint been out of this room, I watched it all the time!"

BUSINESS AND BIBLES.—Several years ago I was practising law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. On every warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles, in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place there where they gave them away to people who had no money; he said he had no money, and was very anxious to get one of the good books, and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept.

Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was engaged, and went over with him to the stand of an old Presbyterian deacon who had the much coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, etc., etc.; and presented him with the best-bound Bible in his collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon says:

"Now, my son, that you possess what you so much desired, I suppose that you will feel perfectly happy?"

"Well, I do, old hoss; for, between you and I, I know where I can trade it for a most plaguy good fiddle."

MAGNANIMITY.—One of Sheridan's creditors, after having long and vainly dunned him, at length suggested, that if he could not discharge the principal of the debt, he might, at least, pay the interest.

"No," said the wag; "it is not my interest to pay the principal, nor my principle to pay the interest."

Though he had previously hated the man for his vulgar importunity, it is recorded that he took him into favor from that moment, and actually defrayed the amount of his bill, a rare instance of preference, considering that he seldom discharged any debt till he paid that of nature.

Pleasant enough was the person who, being reproached with not having revenged himself of a caning he had received, exclaimed:

"Sir, I never meddle with what passes behind my back!"

TWO GOOD ONES.—Some one mentioned to us the other day the circumstance of a fat, querulous old fellow who was driven from a stage-coach by passengers whom he had annoyed with his growlings and complainings. A cigar was lighted, when at a preconcocted moment one of the passengers exclaimed:

"For Heaven's sake, sir, put out that fire! I have four pounds of powder in my overcoat pocket!"

"Driver! driver! stop! stop!" exclaimed the victim of this "gunpowder plot." "Let me get out—let me get out! There's a man here with powder in his pockets, and he'll blow us all to the —!"

The complainant "got out" accordingly, in no small hurry, and the passengers thenceforward pursued the even tenor of their way, undisturbed by his further annoyance.

The anecdote reminds us of an occurrence which once took place at the long and pictur-

esque bridge over the Cayuga lake, the middle-western *barriers* of which success or defeat, in times of political excitement, are now predicated. A wag from Syracuse, who, with some half dozen friends, had been disporting at the pleasant and flourishing village of Seneca Falls, determined, on approaching the toll gate in a sleigh, one stormy winter night, to "run the bridge."

"Lie down, boys," said he, "in the sleigh, and when we get under the gate, groan a little and tremble, but don't overdo it. Here, get under these horse-blankets."

They did so, and when the sleigh came under the picket-draw of the bridge, they began to moan and shake, so that "it was piteous to see and eke to hear."

"I have nothing less than this ten dollar bill," said our wag, handing the gate-keeper a bank note, "but for Heaven's sake change it just as quick as ever you can! I have three friends in the sleigh who are almost dead with the small-pox, and I'm in a—"

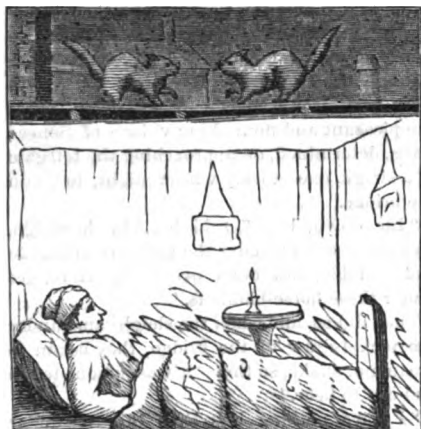
"Drive on! drive on!" said the terrified gate-keeper, handing back the bill; "drive on—pay next time."

Above the whistling of the snow-laden wind which swept over the frozen lake, and the trampling of the horses' feet on the bridge that night, the gate-keeper heard the loud laugh of these wags, proclaiming that he had been "taken in and done for!"

A SHOWMAN'S SPEECH.—This, ladies and gentlemen, is the porcupig—the animal which resides in the East Indies. He is remarkable for his shooting, which he does with his pricklers, or quills, which stick out of his body before and behind. He shoots his enemies with his quills, and thus saves his hide. The porcupig is a singular beast. He is fond of keeping himself to himself, and depends upon his sagacity for a livelihood. He has two small eyes, as is observable, and he has four feet; with the one he watches his victim, and with the other he runs away with him. He is said to be of a bad disposition, but I know him well, and he is very amiable. It is true, he is not fond of society—but he is a foreigner, and don't understand our language. If you could only see him eat meal, you would be convinced of his sweet temper. John, stir him up! Ladies, look out for the quills!

The Lord-High-Chamberlain of the King of the Sandwich Islands is an Irishman. When the Duke of Edinburgh recently visited the king, the Irishman disgusted the English prince by appearing at the head of the stairs in full state robes, shouting, "Walk up—come right up—the king's at home."

POPULAR SONGS ILLUSTRATED.



"Hark! I hear the angels sing!"



"What! would you strike a fallen husband?"



"Rock me to sleep, mother."



"Down by the gate the fair one rests."



"I'm lonely to-night, love, without thee."

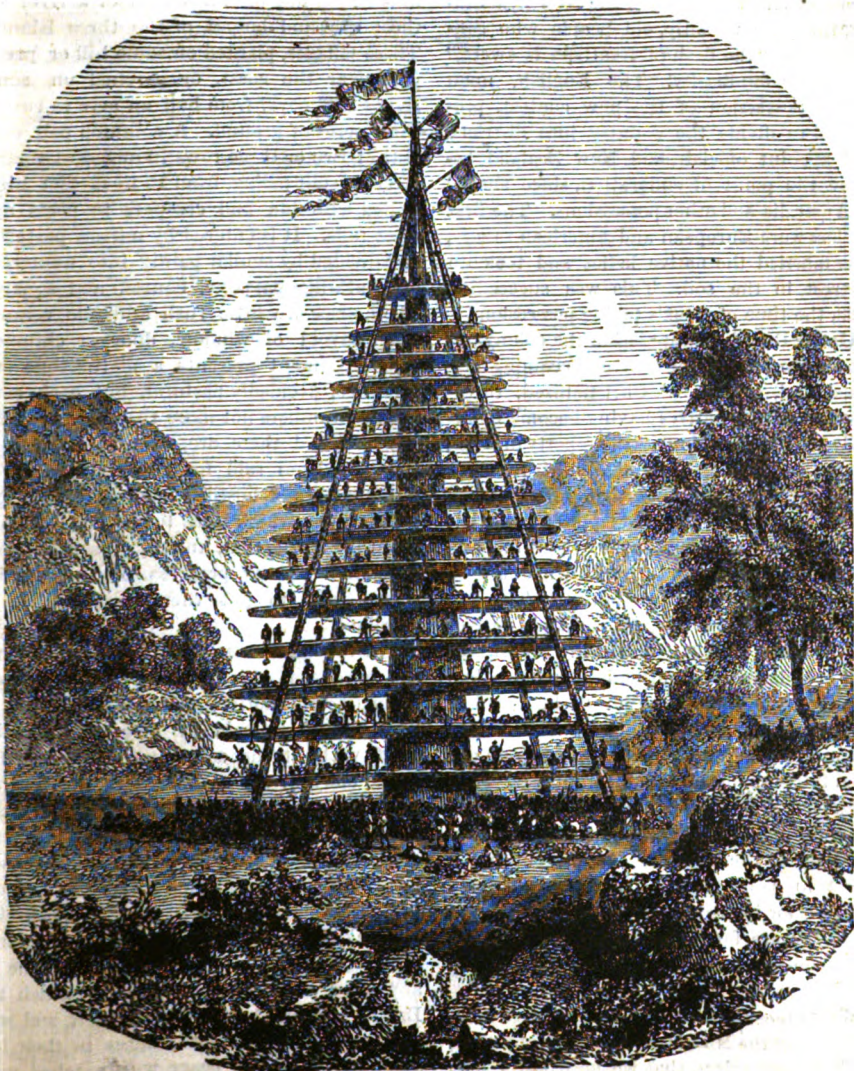


"Spring's delights are now returning."

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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NEW ZEALAND.



A NEW ZEALAND FESTIVAL.

The group of islands in the South Pacific Ocean, known as New Zealand, consists of three. The coast line of the whole group is 8120 miles in length. The French, Spanish and Dutch claim the discovery of New Zealand, but the English Captain Cook, a century later than claimed by either, took possession of the islands in the name of the British crown, and the British crown has held it ever since. It was, down to Captain Cook's time, a cannibal country, but not entirely from taste, it is said, and upon the introduction of pigs and other animals and vegetables, the man-eating custom died out measurably, though there were, among the New Zealanders, till quite recently, old people who confessed that "the flesh of Ngatiapa is sweet," indicating familiarity. The English, upon taking possession of the new contest, proceeded to divide the country into districts, and appoint officials, and New Zealand became the point of emigration, since shared by Australia and other possessions. The first settlers were European and American sailors, who married the native ladies and took an interest in the soil. This was succeeding 1769, the time of Cook's taking possession.

Under British manipulation the colony has grown prosperous, the natives becoming civilized and, as claimed, Christianized, three-quarters of the natives having become nominally converted. Many own property in ships, are brave, cunning, hospitable, cultivate land; but, Dilke says that, notwithstanding all this, their Christianity is but pretended—that there is much in them that is "tiger-like, and it is in the blood, not to be drawn out by a few years playing at Christianity." The late outbreak between the British and natives proved a test of this. The entire Maori race had been baptized, thousands of natives had attended the schools, hundreds had become communicants and catechists, but in a day the number of native Christians was reduced from thirty thousand to some hundreds. The flocks left their pastors and took to the bush, some coming to the native priests to be baptized out of the church! At present but a few thin congregations remain, and small prospect for improvement or encouragement for the future, for their moral perceptions are not keen—in common parlance, do not see it.

We so recently, in the *Magazine*, gave a description of the Maories, comprising, of course, all New Zealanders, that we need enter into no lavish account of the country or the peo-

ple at the present time. But an excellent estimate of the former may be obtained from the accompanying illustration, that presents at a glance, an idea of its luxuriance, and the appearance of one of the native "pahs," or villages. The flora of New Zealand is characterized by the large number of trees—some of immense size—the meagreness of herbaceous plants, and the almost total want of annuals. There are 120 species of indigenous trees, and more than 2000 species of plants have already been discovered, of which 507 species of flowering plants are peculiar to the country. The settlement depicted in our illustration lies on the banks of a river on the north, and largest of the three islands. These villages, planted on some hill or precipice near the coast, or perched on some river's cliff, cover from half an acre to two or three acres of ground. A common pah consists of two or three rows (2 or 3 feet apart) of stout split paling, from 10 to 12 feet high, lashed with flax and creepers to posts and cross-rails. It is entered by narrow posterns, and divided by similar paling into numerous labyrinth-like passages, courts, and squares. The houses are little rush and pile veranda huts, devoid of window, door or chimney. The settlement presents a picturesque appearance, decidedly pastoral, but each community numbers not more than two or three hundred, and these are, notwithstanding all that has been said for the natives, in a chronic state of hostility against the neighboring pahs, which leads to the cultivation of a warlike spirit, that, united, presents serious opposition to the progress of the British troops sent to put them down when in rebellion.

The rebellion arose out of a question about the purchase of land. The Land League, formed by the natives, enacted a law that no land should be sold by any of the native chiefs without the collective consent of the entire body of the members of the League. In 1859, the English governor purchased some land of one of the chiefs. This purchase being, on account of the above enactment, illegal, was objected to by the League; in consequence of which, forcible possession was taken by the military, and, of course, this act resulted, as it would have done in any other country, in a war, in which the British lost numbers of brave men, and sent thousands of untutored savages to their last account. A sort of peace was patched up a year or two ago; but, like all things of the

kind conducted under such circumstances, it was hollow and insincere on both sides, and the natives only bided their time to break out into fresh irruptions, which they began as

troops burnt a village and met with temporary success, but were forced to retreat, losing several of their best officers from sharpshooters. Things remain in this condition



SETTLEMENT ON THE WAIKATO RIVER, NEW ZEALAND.

soon as practicable. Steps were taken to quell the outbreak, but three times were the hostile demonstrators met, and their enemies in two instances defeated; in the other the

at the present time, and the main hope the government has of bringing the rebellion to a close is that the rebels will die out. That this fate awaits them the Maoris themselves

admit. The word "Pakéha" means a stranger, and one of their songs thus prophesies:

"As the Pakéha fly has driven out the Maori fly,
As the Pakéha grass has killed the Maori grass,
As the Pakéha rat has slain the Maori rat,
As the Pakéha clover has starved the Maori fern,
So will the Pakéha destroy the Maori."

This is literally true, and the British have but to wait to see the last accomplished. The fern root was an especial article of food with the Maoris.

During the visits of Captain Cook to New Zealand, the king of one of the islands invited him to attend a festival of a very novel character. It was of the nature of a harvest home and tributary to the deity of the fields. He accepted the invitation, and on landing, found the people very busy in fixing in an upright position several very long posts, the space between which was filled up with yams and other products of the earth, and as they went on filling it, they fastened pieces of sticks across from post to post at the distance of about every four feet, to climb up by, and also to prevent the posts separating by the weight of the enclosed yams. These layers were continued, until a pyramid was constructed some thirty feet high. Two of these were erected, on the top of one of which they placed two baked hogs, on the other a living pig. No further account is given of the ceremonies of the festival, at that time; but on the late occasion of the visit of the Duke of Edinburgh to New Zealand, the natives gave a similar entertainment, upon a grander scale. The pyramid was extended to some ninety feet, the top of which was decorated with flags and pennants bearing many devices. It was wonderful the celerity with which the structure was accomplished. Each shelf was made a platform for the construction of that above, until the height was gained, and so short was the time consumed that it seemed almost the work of magic. Instead, however, of the central parts holding the yams enclosed, these were hoisted and placed upon the shelves as they arose, and the whole seemed a grand agricultural show, a stupendous altar to the god of the gardens. By our illustration a good idea may be had of these structures. The posts are so arranged that the shelves occupy a position between them, and rest against the central pile, and thus it seems a strong and

substantial specimen of native architecture. We would not guarantee one against such a blow as went roaring through our city and vicinity some time ago, unroofing houses and toppling over church steeples, but it would, doubtless stand a pretty good blast.

Apropos of native architecture, quite a number of the churches were designed and erected by the natives and their pulpits are occupied by native clergymen, though, as we have stated, since the trouble with the English, the native audiences have left them.

In one respect New Zealand would be a grand place for Mr. Sumner, and after he has survived his usefulness in the U. S. Senate we should not be surprised, though of course pained, to hear that he had packed his carpet-bag for that country. There is no caste there; every Maori is either a gentleman or a slave. Chiefs are elected by the popular voice; not, indeed, by a show of hands, but by a sort of general agreement of the tribe; but the chief is a political, not a social superior. Caste is impossible where the climate necessitates activity and work. As the Maoris are an emigrant race, they probably began on a footing of equality and have kept so ever since.

A recent traveller in New Zealand thus specifies a few of the Maori peculiarities:

"The life which is passed by New Zealanders is one which we should regard very unenviably, for so long as their appetites are satisfied, so long as they obtain 'utu,' payment for an injury done them, they have little else to trouble them. A great deal of time is spent in the preparation of some kinds of their food, especially fern root, which it is incumbent upon the old ladies of the tribe to pound, prepare, and get ready—not for the table—but for being swallowed in a most tactless but yet gobbling manner. The Maoris, when at their meals, sit, or rather squat, round in groups, the men forming one group by themselves, the women another by themselves; strict silence is observed, and so eager are they on the work before them that, although their meals are of short continuance, a large quantity—quality of provisions matters little—is consumed and disappears off the flax kit or stone on which their repast is spread. Their jaws are well stuffed and crammed whilst they are eating; no forks or knives are employed, though now there are many chiefs of tribes who will produce them if they have occasion to share their food with a pakéha, for the Maories are very willing to be hospitable, provided they consider

the stranger deserving of their hospitality. I recollect in one native settlement being highly honored by having a noted chief place his tin plate and rusty knife and fork upon a stone for me, and when I knelt on the ground to eat the 'kumara' (sweet potato), and 'kawal,' a species of fish, I was gradually surrounded by the greater number of the inhabitants of the pah or village; and the most annoying part of my meal was that I had to endure the too close proximity of the dirty Maori children, who gape wonderingly at a white man, particularly when he appears in those districts of New Zealand which the Englishman seldom visits.

"All Maoris, men and women, smoke; the habit is indulged in, without any let or hindrance, and the tobacco used is of their own growth. Each family sows seeds, the plants from which are sufficient to keep them in stock from one year to another; though, of course, natives who can afford the expenditure, will purchase the weed sold by the British. The preparation of the native tobacco is very simple; the leaf is merely plucked when green, its ends twisted, after which the whole is exposed to the sun, till the owner deems it dried properly. Common clay pipes are in the possession of the smallest children, male and female, who run about

the paha, invariably naked. Occasionally one will see the faces of these young urchins very bright, owing to their having been rubbed over with a kind of oil, which the natives have a very easy way of obtaining, when they are so successful as to catch a shark, which fish are very abundant in the South Pacific, and often fall victims to them, during their piscatory expeditions. When a shark is brought back to the pah, a portion of the intestines is suspended to the branch of a tree, well exposed to the sun, the heat from which soon converts the solid mass into oleaginous matter, with which the natives smear the carving on the figure-heads of their canoes, carved weapons, spears, or other articles which they may wish to look natty and polished.

"Their dinner takes place about noon, at which meal-water is the chief beverage, but should any rum, or 'wai pero' (dirty water), be offered to the diners, it will not be refused, for drinking is a vice, which tends daily more to decrease the race of Maoris, than any other species of crime. They do not occupy their land as the white settlers do in Australia—one living here, and his next neighbor twenty or thirty miles from him—but they, being of a sociable disposition, club and live together in paha."

AT THE ISLAND OF ICHABOE.

In the year 1851 one of our editorial fraternity found himself at the Cape of Good Hope, in the old ship *Clarence* of Boston, waiting orders, after discharging a cargo of miscellaneous articles, which consisted of everything that could be thought of, from a fine tooth comb to a plough and grindstone, a mill and patent churn. There were not enough hides to furnish us with a return freight, and as for tallow, our consignee declared he could not find sufficient to slush down our main-topmast had we desired it.

We all hoped that we should be despatched to the Isle of France for a cargo of coffee and sugar, but it was not to be, for one morning the captain informed us that he had been ordered to the island of Ichaboe.

"Where in the name of all that is human is Ichaboe?" every one asked, although truth compels us to say that not quite such refined language was used by the men or the officers when the island was first spoken of.

The captain was appealed to for information. He looked over his charts and then said that the island of Ichaboe was in nearly twenty-seven degrees south latitude, and that it was off the western coast of Africa, about a mile from the main land.

"And what in the name of all that is human are we to ship at Ichaboe?" was the next question.

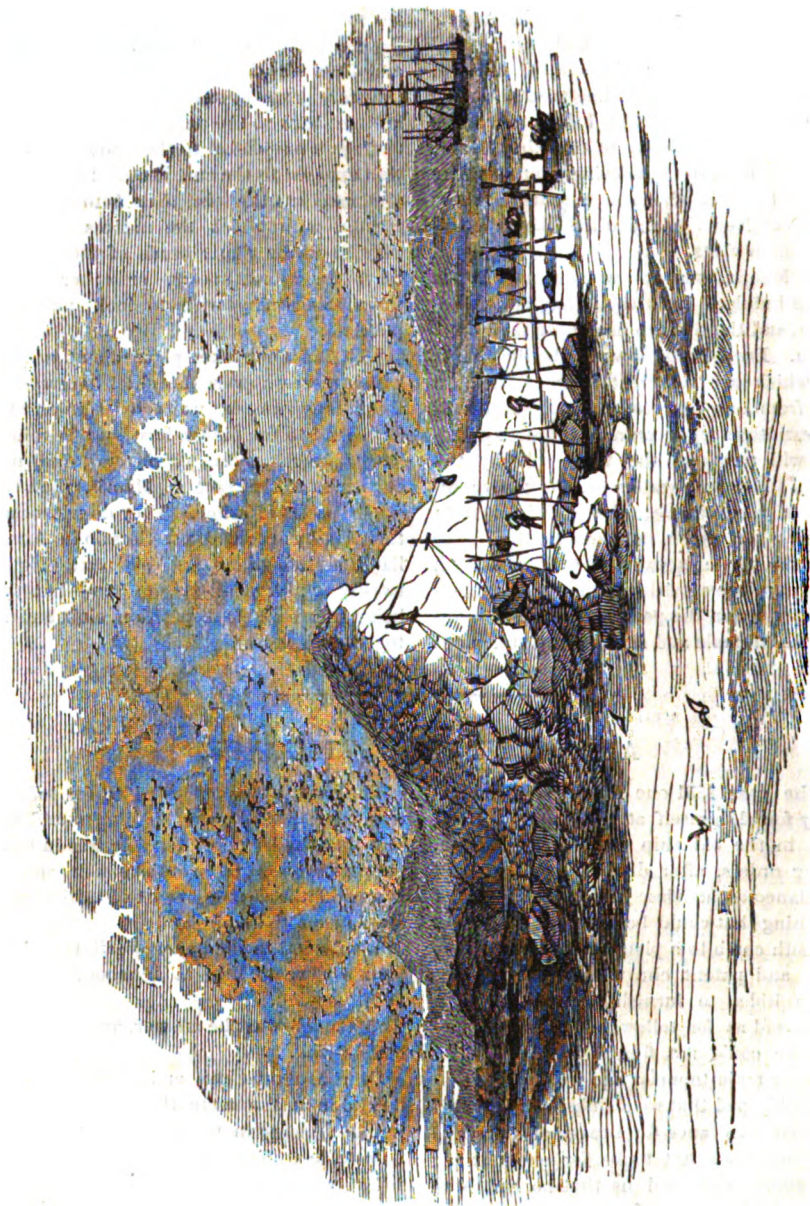
"Guano," was the answer, as surly as man could speak.

O, what mutterings and groanings we indulged in at the mere thought of what we had to undergo in procuring a cargo of the detestable stuff. For weeks we would have to eat guano, drink guano in all the water that we imbibed, inhale guano with every breath, sleep in guano, and do nothing but think and dream of guano until our ship was loaded.

This valuable manure on the island had but recently been discovered and shipowners

were crazy to get a cargo before it was exhausted. There was no help for us. Go we must and go we did, and, after encountering storms and calms, dropped anchor a quarter of

and other nationalities being employed to deliver the guano to our boats. It was to be placed in bags and then lowered from platforms, or alided down long ropes, one end



NORTH VIEW OF ICHABOE.

a mile from the hated island, which in those days resembled the engravings accompanying this article.

We soon contracted for a cargo, at moderate rates, the Hottentots, Chinese, Malays,

fastened to the shore and the other to heavy anchors in deep water. In this manner we were enabled to transport quite a number of loads in the course of the day, when the sea was smooth and the wind light, but we could

do nothing in rough weather for fear of wetting the manure, water injuring it so much as to make it worthless.

We were nearly a month in completing our

in a while we ventured to the main land and traded with the Hottentots, giving tobacco in exchange for curious shells and trinkets of native manufacture. But we were



cargo, and although it was uncomfortable and demoralizing to our feelings yet still we had some rare sport, when labor would permit, in hunting for fresh eggs on the island, and in shooting hair seal for their jackets; and once

not sorry when the word was passed forward to "man the windlass" and up anchor. Our old ship was headed for home, and glad enough we were to reach it and be clear of the guano trade forever.



BY B. P. SHILLABER.

O, sweet the prophecy of May!
 Presaging the summer glow,
 And the ripeness that shall strew
 Brown plenty in the autumn day.

Nature's most auspicious hour—
 Time of gladness and of mirth,
 When the struggling germs of earth
 Burst their prison-buds, and flower;

When amid the teeming groves,
 The birds, on ever-moving wing,
 Exalt their melodies and sing
 The same old song of blissful love.

The vernal airs, with breathings bland,
 The messengers of God, speed on,
 And the broad fields their livery don
 Of the unchanged, primeval green.

Upon the hill, the vale, the wood,
 The same fair garniture appears,
 As when, in the first blush of years,
 The mighty Author called it—Good.

The sun streams down with gathering power,
 And, neath its fervid melting beams,
 The earth with joyous beauty teems,
 And sweet perfection crowns the hour.

So in the breast warm currents start,
 Neath ardent love's admitted sway,
 And, through the landscape of its May,
 Pour a full tide to cheer the heart.

Ah! the glad hues that tint the skies,
 When primal love's electric kiss
 Wakes possibilities of bliss,
 And grace and beauty deifies!

The young heart sees fair vistas ope
 In the near future, and youth's dream
 Is sweet as strawberries and cream,
 In bowers lit up with radiant hope!

Then is the meed of beauty placed,
 To crown the majesty whose choice
 Love urges with insidious voice,
 In gracing whom, the flowers are graced.

The wreath bestowed in early youth,
 With the glad ardor of the boy,
 May typify a purer joy,
 In manly love and broader truth.

Rejoice in May! creation beams
 In beauty; let the heart be rife
 With glad emotion and the life
 Be joyous as the unsealed streams.

LORD TIMOTHY DEXTER.

Passengers over the Eastern Railroad observe, at the left, before they enter the city of Newburyport from the west, a large house amid surrounding green, surmounted by a tall cupola, and this bearing the effigy of a huge eagle. Before time is allowed for asking a question concerning it, the train moves by,

old adage that "fortune favors fools." Though there appeared to be method in much of his madness, and much that passed for luck seemed really the result of shrewd foresight, he was nevertheless entitled to the motley garb, though he sported black and assumed to be "the first in the east, the first in the west,



and the question is rarely asked. This was the residence of Lord Timothy Dexter—a rich and queer combination of shrewdness, ignorance, credulity, self-esteem, imbecility, licentiousness, prodigality—who lived in Newburyport many years, and died, in the house above named, October 26, 1806, at the age of sixty-five.

His life presents a strange catalogue of events, affording another illustration of the

and the greatest philosopher of the known world."

Timothy Dexter was born in Malden, near Boston, in the year 1748, and was bred to the leather-dressing business, which business was almost exclusively confined to Charlestown. This was the time when deer, sheep and goatskins were prepared for clothing, and at the period of his apprenticeship, the secret of preparing morocco, similar to that brought

from the Levant, was discovered, a part of the monopoly of which Dexter probably enjoyed. Commencing business at twenty-one, he by industry and frugality became thrifty, married the widow of a neighboring leather-dresser, and had accumulated several thousand dollars in specie at the close of the war. At this dark period, when the national paper currency was reduced to a merely nominal value, and it was sacrificed at a ruinous discount, John Hancock and Thomas Russell, Boston merchants, attempted to keep up the public confidence by buying this money, which attracted the attention of young Dexter, for he believed such men would do no unsound act, and he proceeded to invest every cent he possessed, and all that his wife possessed, in purchasing the government scrip that was in the market. All doubt was soon after removed by the funding system of Hamilton, and Dexter had realized a princely fortune, for that day. There is hardly an instance, in our own season of quick fortunes, that can surpass this for rapidity, but the only claim to shrewdness that can be seen in it is in the imitation of Hancock and Russell, that has little more merit than might be claimed for instinct.

With the acquisition of fortune came the craving for distinction, but society of that period was of a kind that no parvenu foot could enter. The accident of wealth gave no entrance card to the merely moneyed, and Dexter found himself shut out. Boston rejected him, Salem treated him worse, if anything, and he alighted, money-bags and all, in Newburyport, which he made the scene of his exalted career. Lands were cheap, and at that time the failure of some merchants who had ventured too largely enabled him to purchase deeply, which he did, buying two "palaces," as they were then regarded, one of which he sold, the other one—that which we see from the car window—he occupied. Here he commenced that career of extravagance, which won for him the title of "Lord," that he, with his craving for prominence, accepted, an account of which he thus gives: "I'm the first Lord in the Yountied States of Amercary Now of Newbury port it is the voise of the peopel and I cant Help it and so let it goue."

To act in a lordly manner, he commenced a course of dissipation and prodigality. His elegant mansion and grounds he at once disfigured by procuring rudely carved figures of great men, whose names were familiar to him,

that he placed in the most slightly situations, outraging taste, but at which the vulgar stared and wondered, while the shrewd laughed. His roof was graced, with minarets tipped with gold balls, and everything was resplendent in the glory of bright paint. Directly in front of his door was a Roman arch, on the centre of which stood General Washington in his military garb; on the left, Jefferson, on the right, Adams. Washington alone was covered, as he would allow none other to wear a hat in his presence. He had some reverence, and always took his hat off when he passed the statue of Napoleon, one of the collection. On columns in the garden were figures of Indian chiefs, statesmen, military characters, philosophers—and mythology suggested others—to his artists—who doubtless made a good thing out of it. He adopted a system of changing the names, occasionally, for his statues, in order to give greater variety—thus the William Pitt of one day became the Albert Gallatin of the next. A little paint made all the needed change.

An account of the fate of these images is given in Samuel L. Knapp's life of Dexter published some years since: "These images were all in good repair when Dexter died. The first that time or accident threw down was the gigantic Cornplanter, the mighty progenitor of a race of illustrious sachems. The rest of the columns stood the sunshine and storms until the great September gale, which happened in 1815, when most of them were thrown down in that tornado. The three presidents rode out the storm. The executor of the estate sold the images at auction. The goddess of Fame sold for the most money—she brought five dollars. The image of the great premier of England, William Pitt, was sold for a dollar, and an ecclesiastic who had been named the 'Traveling Preacher' brought only fifty cents." The image of Dexter himself, prominent among the rest, was not bid on at all. It is estimated that the cost of these images exceeded fifteen thousand dollars.

His garden rivalled in elegance the famed garden of Lucullus, and was an object of admiration to thousands of visitors—many, females from the country—and it was a custom with him to insult such as were strangers, under the guise of the greatest liberality in giving them fruit and flowers. He got into frequent trouble on this account. This erotic disposition procured him many severe visitations, and the back of the "first Lord" was

again made familiar with vulgar leather, in the form of a bit of green hide.

His family consisted of a wife and two children—a son and daughter, attended by a princely retinue of servants. The dissipation and tyranny of the father affected the whole house. The wife would one day be driven from home with blows, the next paid a large sum to come back. His son was a drunken profligate, his daughter not much better. This house, fitted in the extreme of elegance, hung with curtains that rivalled those of the Hancocks and Otises, became filthy through the domestic orgies that were held in the fine rooms. Vulgar books and paintings denoted the prevailing taste, though extravagant sums were paid for gilt bindings, tawdry frames and more tawdry pictures.

This description of one "unstable as the water," is unpleasant to write, and we therefore give some of the facts illustrating the better side of his character.

He embarked in commerce, and at the close of the Revolutionary War, with the growing energy of the land, there were the rarest facilities for making money, of which it would seem he was capable of taking advantage. He was engaged extensively in trade with all parts of the world, and in all his ventures was successful. And in this connection are given those tales of what is regarded as luck, but which Dexter himself claims, in his quaint and bungling way, as foresight. A captain of one of his vessels wanted some "stay stuff," which Dexter construed to mean whalebone. He purchased all there was in the market, caused a "corner," and made a strike. The purchase of warming pans for the West Indies resulted in the employments of the lids for strainers, the pans for ladles, and a large sum was made. There are other things named that were equally wild; but the one thing that gives character to his shrewdness was his investment in the Newburyport bridge, the construction of which he favored and in which he largely invested. This stock yielded a grand return, the shares in which formed a principal feature in the bequests made in his will. He left two thousand dollars to be put at interest for the benefit of the poor not in the workhouse; and also gave the town of Malden three hundred dollars for a bell, and the sum of two thousand dollars, the interest of which for a hundred years was to be devoted to the support of the gospel.

He had small regard for ministers. He

held them to a strict accountability. "I suppose," said he, "they are good men; but I want to know why they don't agree any better? They are always at sword's points, and will not enter each other's pulpits, or hardly nod at each other in the streets." He liked old Parson Milton because he was not afraid to "roast sinners to a crisp" but he had "too much of the Alphin and Omegin" for him. "I wish," said he, to his clock-maker, regarding these ministers, "that you and I had the winding of them up; if we had, they would not tick so loud, and would go better than they do now. His idea of the abstract man, as expressed to the same gentleman, is worthy of the genius of Billings: "I have come to the conclusion, Mr. B., that man is a wonderful toad! Sometimes I think he is a woodchuck, and digs a hole to keep out of sight, until he gets a fair chance at the clover; now he looks to me like a weasel that can creep into a small place to catch a cat; sometimes he is as cunning as a fox, then as stupid as a jackass, and pretty generally I do not know what the d—l to make of him."

He appeared before the world as an author, and published "The Pickle for the Knowing Ones," which contained descriptions of the improvements about his premises and matters personal to himself, occupying a goodly sized pamphlet, but without a punctuation mark from the first page to the last. In a later edition he gives the following direction to the printer: "Fouder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my book the fust edition had no stops I put A Nuff here and thay may pepper and salt it as they pleser." Then follows a page of stops, quotation marks, etc., for the use of the reader.

The bequests, put to their respective uses, are hardly known even in the towns that were to be the recipients of their benefit; but that given to Newburyport for the aid of those who managed to keep out of the almshouse has an original tone to it that commends it to the reason as a very sound provision, but whether it is employed for the purpose we do not know.

With this we close our account of the life of this singular being, who illustrated in his life the futility of wealth when not judiciously directed. Though he was charitable, the recipient laughed at or pitied him, the thoughtless scoffed, the few were grieved, and when he died there were none to do him reverence. His children died childless, his estate was divided, and there is little that is worth remembering about him.

ABOUT ARABIA.

The land of romance and poetry—the land of thieves and fleas, of hospitality and debasement—is Arabia, with legends of which the ear of youth is beguiled, and genial, good and bad, assume real proportions, and move before the startled eye with the exactness of fact. From the stories of Aladdin we turn to those recitals of cruelty visited upon unfortunate mariners shipwrecked upon the Arabian coast and carried across vast deserts, enduring terrible privations, to sufferings worse than death in Arabian slavery, the fate of “Christian dogs,” whose groans are, or were, delightful music to the ears of the “faithful.” Now, however, although the disposition prevails, there are less means to gratify it, save in universal speculation, and

waste may be traced, here and there, particularly near the mountains in the south half of the peninsula, some green spots which receive the benefit of the annual rains; and the valleys, descending from the rain-collecting heights, figure only as so many green lines more or less strongly marked in the dazzling sunburnt prospect. But it is seldom that the tracts of cultivated land, even in the plains, attain a width of twenty miles; so that all the irrigated lowlands, and all the green vales of Arabia taken together, bear but a small proportion to the whole peninsula.

The hypothesis regarding the descent of the Arabians from Ishmael, the son of Abraham, is not fully authenticated; but it is



TRAVELLING IN ARABIA.

the great desert has been robbed of much of its terror by a better system of navigation, and the presence of Artesian wells that bubble up in the path of travel. Commerce has tended to effect this change, and wrung from Eastern self-complacency the admission that the Christians are really a power and can defend themselves against the inhabitants of the great peninsula.

Notwithstanding all the new facilities, Arabia proper remains almost as much unknown as ever. The treacherous character of the people, the hot climate, the extortion of guides, the stony deserts, the risk of robbery, the danger from religious bigotry, still hold sway in preventing exploration, and the most courageous and indefatigable hesitate before going beyond the coasts or the principal cities. We know, however, that Arabia, taken collectively, is an arid, sun-burnt wilderness; the hills, naked rock; the plains, rough stones or drifting sand. In this dreary

shown by ethnologists that they are a divided race. The Ishmaelites were the Bedouins—the wild Arabs of North Arabia—who showed their derivation by adhering to pastoral tastes, entering into their commerce and modes of life; while those of the peninsula revealed quite different predilections, their trade tending to spices, precious stones and gold. These were supposed to have descended from the Queen of Sheba, possessed of refinement and lived in houses, but afterwards being driven from their homes by a great freshet, in consequence of the breaking of a huge dam made for irrigating the country, they went over and conquered their Ishmaelitic occupants, and both degenerated into the unwholesome and dishonest race of to-day.

The “ship of the desert”—the camel—in the early days of commerce, did the exclusive carrying of merchandize between various points, and is a prominent vehicle at the present day. As a means of travel it is most

important, for which purpose the Arabian camel is exactly fitted, not being strong enough for heavy freight. Doctor Smith, Bayard Taylor and others have described riding these uncouth beasts, whose appearance is so repulsive but that are to the Arab the most valuable friends, and towards whom the heart of the Bedouin warms as to a bosom companion. The ride upon a camel's back is described by travellers as being very uncomfortable, until long practice renders the motion familiar. It resembles somewhat the pitching of a boat in a short head sea, and a feeling similar to sea-sickness is at first induced. The camel, in almost all cases, constitutes, with his tent, and long guns, the entire property of the wandering Arab, and he knows no want beyond these effects. He lives very abstemiously—a handful of dates and a little oil or honey being sufficient for a day's sustenance—and with opportunity to steal, and a firm trust in Allah, his life is a very simple one. The travel depicted in our illustration, is that of merchants crossing the great Arabian desert, and gives a lively presentment of the performance.

The physical appearance of the Arabs is rather prepossessing, where their habits are cleanly. They possess in general a light, active figure, oval face, regular and finely turned features, and a forehead neatly formed, but somewhat narrow. Their look is bold but often melancholy. Their eyes are very fine, their teeth pearly white, and their complexion a dark olive, though in some sections of the country they are nearly white, and at others, near the sea, nearly black, owing to the mingling of African blood. The ordinary dress of a well-conditioned Arab is a cotton shirt, cotton drawers, and a woollen mantle, which is sometimes exchanged for a blue cotton frock with very wide sleeves. Round the head is bound a fringed kerchief, striped green and red, over which a shawl is worn in winter as a turban. Bedouins often cover their heads only with a lappet of cloth, despising straw hats, which are worn by those who labor. The women, however, who when young have a very engaging appearance, are much fairer than the men, go barefooted, with rings on their toes. Their brows and eyelids are darkened with antimony, the palms of their hands and their nails stained red with henna. For increase of their attractions, they rely chiefly on henna and the scent of jasmine. The married wo-

men among the Bedouins wrap themselves, so as to conceal the face, in black cloaks, which leave the arms exposed, and have a very unprepossessing look. The young girls, on the contrary, have but little clothing, and are content to adorn themselves with shells strung together. The women perform all the domestic labor, not enjoying a position at all respectable, or rising anywhere to the dignity of possessing a "sphere." The men pride themselves chiefly on their arms; their jembla or long dagger, their sword, from India or Persia; their light spears, tufted towards the head with horse hair or ostrich feathers; and their matchlocks.

The true Arab glories in his independence, though it involve poverty, and in the unchangeableness of transmitted habits. The



BEDOUIN ARABS—WOMEN GRINDING CORN.

tents in which they live are made of a coarse kind of dark-colored cloth, woven by their own women, drawn over poles fixed in the ground, the larger ones having several compartments so as to have separate rooms for the men, women and domestic animals. They occupy one locality till the pasturage around is exhausted and necessity obliges them to change their position. Rents to the careless Bedouin are of no importance. He squats at will, nor fears the visitation of any remorseless or inordinate landlord. His lease matures with the consumption of the grasses, and he moves without warning, folding his tent and silently stealing away, as we are told by Mr. Longfellow. They have no industry, and are incapable of patient exertion, yet at the recent excavation for the Suez canal they were found able workers, acting, however, capriciously, for they would be held by no rules,

and would only work when they were disposed—working night and day while the fever lasted, but abandoning it as soon as the excitement ceased. The care of their few cattle and pillage comprises their almost entire occupation. They are exceedingly hospitable to strangers within their gates, but it does not extend far outside. In entering the tents of the Bedouin or the palace of the pacha, the modes of salutation are formal and verbose—a series of inquiries after the health and happiness of the visitor and all his connections—mere empty forms of speech; but, when eating, an Arab, whether in the house or by the wayside, however scanty and poor may be his food, always presses the wayfarer to join him, and means it. The Arab will cheat his visitor in trade, but never as a guest. He is temperate, too,



VARIOUS FORMS OF ARAB TENTS.

a virtue in licentious times, and his life is a strange mixture of nobleness, independence, simplicity and craftiness. There are, of course, villages and cities, but the true descendant of Ishmael sticks to his tent. Trade and agriculture demand more stable habitations. Leach, the "Sentimental Idler," speaks of some of these villages: "Instead of being built for convenience on the plain, they were perched high upon the crags commanding it. The people we had passed were a wild, daring-looking set, wearing the long *tartush* of the Neapolitan brigand, drooping over their white turbans, armed generally with long guns, knives in their sashes, and carrying the knotted club, the universal companion of the Syrian peasant. Half-starved fellows were armed thus, driving along lean donkeys loaded with straw and grain, that would not have been a rich prize for a Chicago rat, and you naturally ask, Why is this poor fellow, clothed

in rags, armed thus *cap-a-pie*? The old answer—*blood revenge*. Perhaps one of his ancestors, five hundred or a thousand years ago (look ye! these poor wretches can trace back their lineage far enough to make our *first families* tremble), killed a man—perhaps it was for a stray goat, a pound of camel's hair, a woman, or some such trifle, and that man's family killed another in revenge—then the villages and tribes took it up, and many eyes were taken for many teeth, and no cheeks were smitten but what others were smote again; and thus, from generation to generation, the vendettas have been going on, until just now the Arab stalks about without a shirt, perhaps, but he has a long gun; without shoes—but he possesses a spear; without the wherewithal to appease his hunger—but he still has his knotted club; and if he does not sow nor reap, he at least can fight, and is always prepared for war—war, while he lingers with his goats on the mountain side, with his donkey on the road. Imagination makes the avenger of blood follow him like his shadow, and whole families have been compelled to fly from their home and seek protection among strange tribes."

The towns and cities alone show the march of progress. The Ishmaelite of to-day has changed not for thousands of years—no more than the sphinx of the African desert—and all of civilization that has touched the Arabians is to be found in the cities. The Arabs have a literature, many writers, and poetry is held in high estimation, the one gifted in rhyme being readily welcomed to the tent of the wanderer. Much of this Arabic poetry has been reduced to English by our own townsman Rev. Wm. R. Alger, and has been greatly admired, for its wildness, singular melody of rhythm and beauty of sentiment. The mode of teaching children to read is illustrated in an accompanying engraving. The teacher writes the Arabic letters on a board, and the boys copy them with their fingers in the sand outside the tent. Sometimes they have the board before them, and at other times they are asked to write them from memory. It is a rude sort of a school, and not many of the children get much of an education. The missions, however, have schools, whereat the young are taught by better modes.

The Harpers published, in 1889, a book of Travel in Arabia by "an American," from which we make few selections:

"There exists among them that community of interest and property for which radicals and visionaries contend in civilized society. The property of the tribe is to a great extent common, and their earnings, or the profits of their labor, are shared among the whole. A Bedouin's wives are his own; and as the chastity of woman is guarded by the most sanguinary laws, his children are generally his own; his tent, also, and one or two camels are his, and the rest belong to his tribe. The practical operation of this law is

look to find her by the side of her natural lord, giving a richer charm to the hospitality he is extending to a stranger. It would repay one for much of the toil and monotony of a journey in the desert, if, when by chance he found himself at a Bedouin tent, he could be greeted by her sunny smile. Dark and swarthy as she is, and poor and ignorant, it would pay the traveller for many a weary hour to receive his welcome from the lips of an Arabian girl. But this the customs of the tribes forbid. When the stranger approaches



ARAB CHILDREN AT PLAY.

not attended with any great difficulty; for, in general, the *rest*, or that which belongs to the tribe, is nothing; there are no hoarded treasures, no coffers of wealth, the bequests of ancestors, or the gains of enterprise and industry, to excite the cupidity of the avaricious. Poor is the Bedouin born, and poor he dies, and his condition is more than usually prosperous when his poverty does not lead him to the shedding of blood.

"In the tent of the Arabian patriarch, woman, the pride, the ornament, and the charm of domestic life, is the mere household drudge. In vain may one listen for her light footstep,

the woman retires; and so completely is she accustomed to this seclusion, that, however closely he may watch, he can never catch her even peeping at him from behind a screen or partition of the tent; curiosity, which in civilized life is so universally imputed to the daughters of Eve, seems entirely unknown to the sex in this wild region. Nor is this the worst of her lot. Even when alone, the wife of the Bedouin is not regarded as his equal; the holy companionship of wedded life has between them no existence. Even when no guest is present, she never eats with him. I have seen the father and sons sit

down together, and when they had withdrawn from the tent, the mother and daughters came in to what was left.

"One word as to the hospitality of the Arabs. I had read beautiful descriptions of its manifestations, and in some way or other had gathered up the notion that the Bedouin would be offended by an offer to reward his hospitality with a price; but, feeling naturally anxious not to make a blunder on either side of a question so delicate, I applied to my guide Toualeb for information on the subject.

Toualeb's knowledge of his people for my guide than I should have done by acting upon what I had read in books.

"Among these barren and desolate mountains, there was frequently a small space of ground, near some fountain or deposit of water, known only to the Arabs, capable of producing a scanty crop of grass to pasture a few camels and a small flock of sheep or goats. There the Bedouin pitches his tent, and remains till the scanty product is consumed; and then packs up his household goods, and



AN ARAB SCHOOL.

His answer was brief and explicit. He said there was no obligation to give or pay, it being the custom of the Bedouins (among friendly tribes) to ask the wayfaring man into his tent, give him food and shelter, and send him on his way in the morning; that I could give or not, as I pleased; but that, if I did not, the hospitable host would wish his lamb alive again; and from the exceeding satisfaction with which that estimable person received my parting gift, I am very sure that in this instance, at least, I did better in taking

seeks another pasture-ground. The Bedouins are essentially a pastoral people; their only riches are their flocks and herds, their home is in the wide desert, and they have no local attachments; to-day they pitch their tent among the mountains, to-morrow in the plain; and wherever they plant themselves for the time, all that they have on earth, wife, children, and friends, are immediately around them. In fact, the life of the Bedouin, his appearance and habits, are precisely the same as those of the patriarchs of old."

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

PART SECOND—XI.

THE day that followed the death of Augustus Maverick, and the night of that day, cast the gloom of death over the household, and all that were of it looked and acted as though the solemnity of the occasion received all their thoughts. So it ever is in the presence of this mysterious, dreadful visitor. He may have taken one who was little or nothing in our affections, and whose decease would of itself cast no cloud upon our hearts; but nevertheless it is the voice of *Death* that has called to us from the silent land, and we pause and step aside from our daily plans and avocations, and give all our attention to the event. So it was at Maverick. The man who had died there was beloved by none, and there were none to weep for him; but all paid respectful deference to the fact that he lay dead in the house, and all the hopes and fears, the doubts and the anxieties which in the minds of those at Maverick were connected with this event were alienated now; and for a brief time the mansion was given up to the silent, solemn presence of death. That day and the night that followed it passed, and another day, till the hour of three o'clock in the afternoon, when the funeral was to be held. The dead master of Maverick lay in his coffin in the front parlor; and seated near it, during almost every hour of the days that it was in the house, were Oliver Maverick and his daughter, conspicuous to all who came to look upon the face of the dead. Their own faces were marked with a degree of sorrow quite unexpected to those who knew the long and bitter estrangement between the brothers; and it was also remarked that the young lady was dressed in deep mourning. The portmanteau that came with them to Maverick had been carefully packed, and, as it seemed, provision made for the event that had now occurred. And under this ban of silence and solemnity the preparations for the funeral were made, the operations of the household were carried on, and its members, or some of them, met at the table, where hardly a glance revealed the emotions that would struggle in their

breasts. Mrs. Roesselle had put aside, with such an effort as only such a woman as she is capable of, her own strong feelings, and quietly took charge of the preparations for the funeral. And so carefully had the words and actions of this household been governed for the past few days, that not one of the servants, saving perhaps Toby Small, had gained any inkling of the meaning of many things that seemed strange to the servants. The gardener was quite old now, and almost superannuated; but all his life had been passed at Maverick, and he had been accustomed to observe what passed there. He had seen and known of many strange things occurring at the mansion, more than he had even hinted to his old crony, Roger Brill; and he had never reported anything to anybody until Mrs. Roesselle came to take the housekeeper's place. The old man had an unfailing loyalty to this woman; in his eyes she was the best and kindest lady that ever lived; and thenceforth he was as scrupulous in telling her of things that he thought strange or remarkable, as he had been before careful in withholding such information from everybody.

At three o'clock on the day of the funeral the parlors were filled with the people who came to attend it. There were some friends of Mrs. Roesselle, and some of the old families of the neighborhood, who came out of respect for the old family that they supposed before coming had given its last representative to the great estate. It was a neighborhood much given to concerning itself with other people's affairs, and the landed gentry and their families had speculated much during the last days of Augustus Maverick as to what disposition would be made of his property. The estrangement between the brothers was well known, and it was generally supposed that the estate would be given to some stranger; but when they were ushered into the parlors at Maverick on the day of the funeral, and saw the brother and niece sitting near the coffin, with all the aspect and manner of chief mourners, their opinions changed at once, and they concluded

that Oliver Maverick must have received some positive assurance from his brother that his inheritance would not be interfered with. As a consequence, the living Mavericks received many deferential bows, which had before been given to the dead Maverick.

There were no services at the church; Augustus Maverick had never attended worship there, and the good sense of Mrs. Roesselle forbade the inconsistency. She had brought herself after a severe struggle to face Oliver Maverick the morning after the scene at the deathbed, and ask him what particular arrangements he desired to have made for the funeral; but he had begged her to take charge of it, and do what she thought proper.

"I am grievously disturbed, my good Mrs. Roesselle," he said, with a corner of his handkerchief to his eye, and an artificial quaver in his voice. "I do not think my brother recognized me; he left no word, no forgiveness for me. Did he not mention my name in any way during the last day of his life?"

The housekeeper gave him an abrupt "no," and left him, indignant at the exhibition of such hypocrisy. "He might as well throw off the mask now," she thought. "He knows that I understand him; he has no further object to deceive me."

The funeral services were conducted by a clergyman from the city; the same who had performed the marriage and funeral ceremonies of Alvin Roesselle, and who was often invited to officiate among the old families of this region. The resident clergyman assisted. Both knew the character of the deceased, and they wisely refrained from any attempt to smooth over its vices and defects, and to give it any meretricious gloss. They knew as well as those about them that this man had been hard, selfish and sinister, and that his life had been far from a virtuous one; they knew that he had benefited no one by it, and that the community would in fact be better for his death. And therefore what was said over his corpse was put in the form of a lesson to the living, not an eulogium upon the dead.

The coffin was borne out to the hearse; a long procession followed it on foot, for the family tomb was close by. The services there were soon over, and the throng slowly dispersed. The dead was buried; the living could return again to their struggles.

But the clergyman from the city was a

guest at the mansion, and he remained there until the following morning. His presence barred the meeting between Oliver Maverick and Mrs. Roesselle, to arrive at an express understanding as to the matters upon which they had been silent since the death of Augustus. It was a meeting that the housekeeper dreaded. He was prepared for it, and she was not. And both of them, in these different frames of mind, labored under constraint until the clergyman had gone on the following morning, and felt a species of relief when he was out of the house.

They had both accompanied him to the door, and when the carriage that was to convey him to the boat drove away, Oliver Maverick said abruptly:

"I wish to talk with you, Mrs. Roesselle. Will you step into the parlor with me?"

The words and the manner in which they were spoken were trifles, but they plainly intimated the assertion of this man to the mastery of the estate.

"In a few moments, sir," the housekeeper calmly replied. "I have something which demands my immediate attention."

He looked at the hall clock.

"The subject that I wished to speak to you about is also one demanding immediate attention," he said. "It is now ten o'clock; shall I see you at half past ten in the parlor?"

"Say eleven," she said. He contracted his brows into a slight frown, but bowed as she passed into her sitting-room. He immediately rejoined his daughter up stairs.

Anna May was accustomed to go into this sitting-room at pleasure, and she had been there at this time for an hour. A few moments before the housekeeper and Oliver Maverick conducted the clergyman to the door Mr. Grayle had sent word to Anna that he would be pleased to see her; and she had directed the servant to conduct him to this room. When Mrs. Roesselle entered it she discovered them seated by a window, earnestly talking together. The gentleman rose as she appeared, and Anna exclaimed:

"We were wanting to see you so much, mother; there is something we want to talk with you about."

"In a little while," the housekeeper replied, and motioned to Mr. Grayle to resume his seat. "In a very little while," she repeated, absently. "I want to think, now." She sat down near the door, and became for a while unconscious of their presence. They glanced

furtively toward her as they talked, and continued their conversation in whispers.

In a moment more she rose abruptly, and laid her hand on the door-knob. "I shall be gone but a moment," she explained, as she saw that their eyes followed her. "Please remain here; I want to see you both."

She left the room and hurried up the stairs, through the hall, and to the suite of rooms. They had been locked ever since the body of Augustus Maverick was confined and borne out from them; and until that time, from the moment when he breathed his last in the midst of the alarm that his outcry had occasioned, she had not left the dead-room for a moment. "I wish I had kept them locked all the time," was her bitter thought as she successively opened the doors. "I might have known they would steal it; I was not careful enough. I don't see how it happened; there was dreadful wickedness some way about it; but it did happen, and I know I might have prevented it by greater caution." She sighed and threw open the door of the dead-room. Its air was heavy and disagreeable, for it had not been ventilated, and she threw up the window. Everything remained exactly as it had been left by her upon the morning of the removal of the body. The bed was still disarranged, as when the body of Augustus Maverick, living and dead, had lain on it; she had not permitted any one to make it up. She locked the door behind her, and dragged the bed-clothing in a heap on the floor. She tore off the case from each of the pillows, and searched them eagerly with eyes and hands; she ripped open the pillows at the ends, and explored their contents. Her search was fruitless. Not satisfied, she threw both feather-bed and mattress from the cords, felt under the ticking through the former, and then moved the bedstead back and looked over the carpet where it had stood. And still her anxious search was barren.

She sighed deeply, and threw herself down upon the disordered heap that she had raised in the centre of the room. There was no hope here. The bare possibility that the dying struggles of Augustus Maverick might have forced the envelop into some involuntary concealment about the bed had occurred to her as she sat below, and she had acted immediately upon the ray of hope it afforded, and had in that hope, faint as it was, come up here to search. There was not even a ray of hope left now. The will had undoubt-

edly been stolen; her wily adversaries were triumphant!

She was alone; she was in no danger of discovery or surprise; and overcome by her misery and her weakness she gave herself up to unrestrained grief. She groaned with anguish; she wept, and tried not to check the flow of her tears; she even prayed in frantic, intemperate supplications, imploring Heaven that the great wrong that was impending might not be permitted. She had found Anna May a beggar, and the triumph of Oliver Maverick must send her forth a beggar again; she had worked and waited with heroic and undaunted courage, through long and weary years, for the day when she could say to Anna, her darling protegee:

"It is all yours, now, it is yours by right, as the only child of Augustus Maverick. Yet it might never have come to you but for me; remember it, my dear, so that you may always love me as I have loved you." Instead of that day, another had come; the black, bitter day when she must say to her darling: "We must leave our dear old home forever, and go out into the world; I know not where. Though you are the daughter and the only child of the man who owned all this, yet the law does not recognize you, the law will deny it to you. I cannot say it; I cannot give it up to them; I cannot leave this place, and bid her leave it with me," were her woful cries, repeated over and over again. "Pity me, Father, and help me to see my way."

The life of this woman, from the moment of her marriage, had been given over to sorrow, and darkness, and mystery; the misery of others had been laid upon her shoulders like a heavy cross, and she had bravely borne it through years of silent suffering; she was no stranger to sorrow, and she had learned in the school of experience to bear its common visitations with equanimity; but this sorrow that racked her as she writhed upon the floor there in that deserted dead-chamber was deeper, more grievous, more penetrating than all.

She grew calmer when the first violence of her distress had passed, and remembering that the moments were passing, and that two separate interviews awaited her below, she arose and arranged her disordered hair and dress, and bathed her face. Her hand was placed upon the door-knob, when she paused a moment for a last thought. Was there really no hope? Was there—*was there* no way to avoid this dreadful extremity? And

suddenly, like a revelation, the thought of Mr. Jenks flashed upon her.

Sometimes, in our very direst extremities, a happy thought comes to relieve us, like the welcome flash from the lighthouse upon the fog-bound mariner on a dangerous coast; and such a thought had come to the relief of Mrs. Roesselle. There was strength and assurance in it, and she eagerly received its suggestion. The revulsion from despair to confident hope was so sudden that tears came to her eyes again; and then a hopeful smile irradiated her still handsome face as she dried them, and resolving to go to the village at once, as soon as she could release herself from her engagements, she passed rapidly into the hall again, and down the stairs.

The parlor door was open, and Oliver Maverick stood within it. "The clock struck eleven some minutes ago, madam," he said, with an air of assumed severity; and he awaited her approach with a frown wrinkling his face.

Before the thought had occurred to her which a moment since had filled her with sanguine hope, Mrs. Roesselle would have allowed the remark and the arrogance of manner that attended it to pass her unchallenged; now, flushed with new strength, this unnecessary and insolent reminder that she was tardy in fulfilling her appointment with the new master of Maverick irritated her beyond control.

"Sir!" she said, indignantly, stepping outside the parlor.

"I have been waiting for you," he said. "I repeat, the clock struck eleven some minutes since."

"And if you will listen, sir, you will hear it strike twelve in about forty minutes," she rejoined. The words were trivial and hasty, and she regretted them at once, because she was not used to speak in this way. Oliver Maverick's withered cheeks colored at the retort, and his voice trembled with anger as he asked abruptly:

"What do you mean?"

Perfectly composed again, the lady replied:

"I meant to intimate that impatience on your part is quite as wrong as tardiness on mine; but I spoke hastily, and was not courteous in my reply. For that, I trust Mr. Maverick will pardon me."

He mumbled something unintelligible, and stood waiting to close the door after she had entered.

"I must beg your indulgence a very little longer, sir," she said. "I have been unable to finish what I had to do when you spoke to me; but I shall not be detained much longer. I am sorry; but it is unavoidable. I will be at your service in ten minutes."

She left him standing in the doorway, almost shaking with rage. The importance to be attached to the ownership of Maverick, and the deference to be paid to the owner, had become fully impressed upon the mind of this man; and he had arisen that morning with the idea prominent of making himself understood to the household, and of peremptorily asserting his authority. His first essay was with the housekeeper, and he now felt as though he had not obtained a large recognition of his authority.

"Damn her insolence!" he muttered, staring at the door through which she had passed and closed again. "Damn her insolence! She's had her way here so long that she thinks she's to have it forever; but I'll get that notion out of her head when I get sight of her again. She can have time enough to pack up and get what's owing to her, and then she and that little impostor that she put up so cleverly to ruin me shall travel. They shall have no more chance for that kind of thing, I promise them!"

He seated himself again, and in mingled anger and impatience awaited the return of Mrs. Roesselle.

XII.

As she entered the sitting-room Roscoe Grayle placed a chair for her near where he and Anna were sitting.

"I wanted to say something to you about what occurred the night that Mr. Maverick died," he said. "I do not *know* what object you had in keeping those people away from his bedside—although I have my suspicions; and I do not *know* why they were so anxious to be there, against your wishes—though I have my suspicions about that, too. But—"

Mrs. Roesselle interrupted him.

"It need be no secret from you, Roscoe, nor from Anna; I want you both to know. They are the legal heirs of the deceased; they knew he was almost certain to make a will before his death that would cut them both off. That will was made, and it did cut them off; though I cannot think that either of them absolutely knew the fact, or the contents of the will. They were bent upon

getting into that chamber before his death, finding the will, and destroying it. This they expected would put them right again, as the only heirs of Augustus Maverick, and this explains the presence of Laura Maverick in his chamber as we found her there. I do not doubt that she abstracted the will and carried it away with her; and I do not doubt that it was immediately destroyed. It is not to be found, and this is the only presumption."

Anna listened intently; Mr. Grayle nodded.

"That is exactly what I suspected, from what I have seen," he said. "But how was it that we were thrown into such a stupor that she could pass through the room without the knowledge of any of us, and into the sick-room, without the knowledge of the nurse, who sat close by the bed?"

"Have you no suspicion about that, too?" asked the housekeeper.

"Not only a suspicion," the young man instantly replied, "but a certainty that we were all drugged. I know it, because from my feelings when I was aroused by that terrible cry that awoke us all. I knew that a certain preparation of opium had been administered to me. I have some knowledge of drugs, and I have prepared it myself many times; and once I experimented upon myself with it to ascertain what were its effects. I found them to be precisely as we have experienced them. The drug was slow in taking effect, as I have no doubt it was with us, though I do not know when it was administered to us. I was plunged into a very deep sleep, which lasted for about an hour, when a loud shout by another person whom I had previously instructed, instantly awakened me. After what you have told me, I have no doubt that these people possess the secret of compounding this drug—which, by the way, is obtained only from old and rare books, not in general use—and that they administered it to all of us some time before Mr. Maverick's death. But how did they administer it?—what chance did they have?"

Mrs. Roesselle looked thoughtful, and passed her hand over her face.

"I comprehended that it must be as you have said," she answered; "but I have thought little about it since it happened; my mind has been absorbed with other things. We were drugged, certainly; and I know of no chance that they had except by putting it into our tea. But they could not do that without some of the servants being privy to it; and since I dismissed Jerry Small I do

not think there is one left who could be bought or tempted in any way to such baseness against me."

"Still," Anna interposed, "I believe it was done then; for, if you will recollect, Mr. Maverick did not come down, and Laura did not drink any tea."

They looked doubtfully at each other. In the light of the facts that Anna recalled, Mrs. Roesselle began to fear that more treachery had been developed among the servants; and before she could say anything more, there was a tapping at the door. Anna opened it, and the housekeeper heard her ask:

"What is it, Ellen?"

"Let me come in, miss, please," was the answer, and one of the kitchen-girls entered. She was much agitated, and only recovered the use of her voice when Mrs. Roesselle kindly said:

"Sit down and get your breath, Ellen, and then you can tell us what the trouble is."

The girl placed in her mistress's hand a rudely folded paper, upon which was scrawled with a pencil, "To Miss Roese." The lady unfolded it and cast her eyes over its contents. Her attention was instantly fixed upon it, and she read it through with repeated exclamations of surprise and pain.

"Ellen, where did you get this?" she asked.

"We found it pinned to Jane Shorey's pillow," the girl replied. "Nobody around the house has seen anything of Jane since the night Mr. Maverick died; and when we tried to get into her room we found it locked. We thought we wouldn't say anything about it for a day or two, if you didn't notice her being away, as I suppose you would at any other time. We thought she'd be back yesterday; but she didn't come, and this morning old Toby said he'd break the lock and see what was the matter, and then we might speak to you. This letter was all we found; and we're afraid Jane has gone off and killed herself."

"There is no reason to think that, Ellen," said Mrs. Roesselle. "She has left us, and has taken a strange way of going. You may tell the servants so."

The girl curtsied and retired; and the housekeeper handed the poor outcast's letter to Mr. Grayle. He read it and then Anna read it; and the three sat in silence for a moment.

"It is all explained now," said the house-

keeper. "Poor girl! I pity her, though she has done us a dreadful injury. I wish she had spoken to me before her fright overcame her."

Now for the first time did Mrs. Roesselle understand the desperation of those against whom she contended; and she wished at the same time that she might have understood it better before she allowed the conspirators to occupy the outer room. But regrets were vain, and she was too stout-hearted to give way to them. Her mind quickly returned to the relief that the thought of the lawyer had brought her, and she rose to leave the room, for time pressed; and time at this critical juncture might be of the highest importance.

"There is much about this strange business that I wish to say to both of you," she said; "but it can be better said to-night or to-morrow. You will remember, Roscoe, that I asked you, when you came, to remain here until Mr. Maverick died, as a favor to me."

Mr. Grayle bowed.

"I am not ready yet for you to go. I wish you to stay at least until to-morrow, then—"

She paused and trembled at the thought that her words had invoked. To-morrow—to-morrow! Where would it find Anna and herself? It would, she thought, see the end of this struggle, and somebody established at Maverick as its owner; but whom? Again she put away the troublesome reflection, and continued.

"I can only say that I am not ready for you to go yet, and that we will talk again about it."

"I am quite at your service, Aunt Helen," he replied. "Knowing nothing at all of your arrangements in case this place could no longer be your home (which of course I cannot know), I have been wishing to ask you to take this time to visit my mother, in Maryland. Anna, of course, would come with you; and as I am about ready to return, I will go along and show you the way. Can't you say yes to this?"

"Thank you, Roscoe; to-morrow will tell. I do not know myself whether Maverick is to be the home of Anna and me after to-day; a few hours more will tell. These momentous few hours will claim every particle of my time. I shall go to the village in half an hour; and as I do not wish it to be known where I go, or to excite any remark that may reach Oliver Maverick or his daughter, I shall

walk, and go by myself. I should like your company, Roscoe; but for the reason I have named, I cannot have it. I think I can leave the house without being noticed; and if my absence is made the subject of remark, or if any calls are made for me, you will say I am particularly engaged in my room. It is a deception—but the end will justify the means. You will please vacate this room, Anna, and lock the door, that the deception may not be discovered."

Mr. Grayle passed out before her, and walked through the hall. Anna lingered a little, and when he was out of hearing detained the housekeeper by the sleeve.

"One moment, mother," she said, with trembling voice. "There is something else that troubles me, and I must speak of it before you go."

Mrs. Roesselle understood what was coming. She closed the door, and put her arm tenderly about the girl, who laid her head upon her shoulder.

"What is it, Anna?" The housekeeper spoke softly, and smoothed the fair young head with her palm.

"I am almost afraid to say it," was the hesitating reply, and the girl looked around, half frightened. "But I understood Mr. Maverick to say when he was dying, that—that—I was his daughter."

"He said so, Anna."

"Was that true?"

"It was."

She hid her face in her foster-mother's bosom, and the gentle hand never ceased to caress her. She looked up at last, and said:

"It frightens me to think of it. You told me that I was an orphan, and that you took me from the family where the poor-officers had bound me out as a charity-child. I remember when I lived with the Gaunts, and when you came to take me. I never knew a father or a mother, and I never thought either could be living. But since Mr. Maverick died, I have thought what I wish were true, that you might be my mother."

The face of the speaker was raised to that of the housekeeper with an affectionate, pleading look, and a tear stood in the lady's eye. The head was drawn down upon her breast, and both her arms were embracing her.

"I did not tell you that you were an orphan, dear; it was because your own mother died soon after you were born. No, Anna, you are not my daughter by birth; God never

gave me any children, and I have more than once thanked him that it was so, that I could be a mother to you."

"You are my mother: I owe everything to you," said the girl gratefully. "My life would have been nothing, or worse than nothing, but for you."

Mrs. Roesselle bent down and kissed her.

"I knew that you were the child of Augustus Maverick," she said; "but he never suspected that I knew it. I kept the truth from you for your own good; because I knew he did not love you as a father, and that he suffered you to be here with me only for a purpose of his own. You will know very soon how this was so, and you will know how faithful I have been to you. Kiss me good-by for a little while, and go to your room and pray to God to send success to my efforts to-day for you."

"Who was my mother?"

The question came abrupt and sudden, and the housekeeper started back as Anna raised her face toward her. Her own face she quickly turned over her shoulder, that the girl might not see how white and scared it grew.

Who was her mother? To what purpose would Mrs. Roesselle obtain a settlement of the rights of this girl under the destroyed will; or to what purpose would these desperate adventurers be driven forth from Maverick, and Anna Maverick (as we must henceforth call her) established as its rightful owner by process of law, if that dreadful, haunting question was to continually arise? And not that question alone; let it once be answered, and the answer would instantly open the way to other questions which Helen Roesselle hoped and prayed might never be asked. Secrets which she hoped were buried in the grave forever; the blame of the dead, which had long lain unknown in the grave; the dreadful story of the past, and the miseries of others which she had silently borne for years—all these things she knew must be dragged into the light, and herself made a witness of them, by the answer of that question—who was this girl's mother?

It must be escaped; how, she could not tell; and she resolutely put away the troublesome question until her return from the village. She kissed the anxious, pleading face that was raised to hers, and replied:

"Your mother was a dear, good woman, who suffered a great deal, and who is now in heaven. Do not ask me to tell you more, my

child; you can surely feel that what I hold back from you is for your own good."

The face of Anna Maverick was sorrowful and full of wistful anxiety; but she trustingly returned the kiss of her foster-mother, and the two left the room together. Anna saw her enter the parlor; and seeing that there was no one to observe her, she locked the sitting-room door, and put the key in her pocket.

Oliver Maverick was pacing back and forth through the parlors when the housekeeper came in. He paused as he saw her, and then advanced to within a few feet of where she stood. Their eyes met; he looked arrogant anger upon her; and she (for she could not help it) looked defiance upon him.

"I am at your service, sir," she said.

"You will cease to be, immediately," he retorted, giving a literal turn to her remark. "Please understand, madam, that you are now dealing with the owner of this house and its lands." He paused, evidently expecting a reply; but she made none.

"I shall take immediate possession of this place," he said. "In fact, I consider myself as now virtually in possession. And you will please hand over to me at once the keys of the house, and all the property of the estate in your possession."

The housekeeper continued to look quietly at him.

"Immediately?" she said. "You forget, Mr. Maverick, that I have had entire charge of this house for more than ten years, and that there must be various unsettled accounts between the estate and myself. I have always paid all the servants and kept account of the domestic purchases, and I think you would experience many embarrassments, were I to leave you forthwith, without rendering you a written statement of many important matters. These things should be considered."

Mr. Maverick had overlooked them; and he was forced to confess it.

"I suppose this is necessary," he said, coldly. "How much time do you ask?"

"Only what is necessary. A few hours."

"Then you will be ready to vacate the house to-night, with your daughter and nephew."

The lady felt her anger rising, as well as the insult of the words themselves, as at the tone in which they were conveyed. Most keenly did she feel the unnecessary harshness of this man, who, with his mask of hypocrit-

ical politeness thrown aside, was ready to drive her summarily from her old home. She answered with heightened color, and with much warmth.

"This is not just such treatment as I had a right to expect," she said. "I admitted you and your daughter here under circumstances in which most people in my position would have felt it their duty to shut you out, you—"

"I decline to hear anything further on that subject," he interrupted, angrily. "Your language is impertinent, madam; confine yourself to the subject. Name the earliest hour you can leave this house with your friends."

"To-morrow noon," she abruptly replied, stifling her resentment at his treatment. He bowed, and opened the door.

"You will then, in addition to the matters you spoke of, have ready a statement of wages due to yourself and all the house-servants. I shall probably discharge all of them. The management of the farm needs close looking after, and I shall probably discharge Mr. Terry also. The carriage will be ready at twelve o'clock, precisely, to-morrow, to take you and your friends away. You, of course, will avoid giving any directions or instructions about the house between now and then; your functions have already ceased."

He went directly up stairs after these uncourteous words, and communicated to his daughter the result of his interview.

"We shall see the last of them very soon," he said. "And when we are once rid of them, we shall never be troubled by them again. By the way, Laura, I want you to go down into the kitchen and give the servants the necessary instructions about dinner. I will go with you, and inform them that they will now take their orders from you only."

Before they descended on this business Laura looked from her window, and gave a troubled thought to Roscoe Grayle. Would he never disturb her again after he had left Maverick? Would she ever be able, in the enjoyment of her new wealth and station, to entirely expel these harassing thoughts of the man who despised her from her mind? And, since men were proverbially fickle, was it not possible that he would see cause to change his mind when he knew that she was really the mistress of Maverick, and would one day inherit all this wealth from her father?

Musing thus, as she looked from the window, she saw a female in a large black shawl and a large, homely sunbounnet, which hid her face, emerge from the back of the house, swiftly cross the grounds to the stables, and thence pass into the orchards, where she lost sight of her. Her father also saw the figure from where he sat; but neither of them thought the incident an unusual one, and no remark was made upon it. They did not suspect that the woman was Mrs. Roesselle, who in this disguise was making her stealthy visit to the village, by a circuitous route.

XIII.

MRS. ROESSELLE entered through the orchards into a farm road, which passed for a considerable distance through the woods, striking thence across the meadows to a common adjoining the estate, from which the highway was easily accessible. She walked rapidly, and in less than two hours she was at the top of Mr. Jenks's office-stairs in the village, tapping for admission. She heard his voice calling "come in," and she entered. The lawyer was busy with some papers at a desk, with his back to her; but seeing who his visitor was, he immediately left his occupation and hastened to her.

"Good-morning, madam," he said, in a loud, cheery tone. "I am glad to see you here, where you come so rarely. What can I do for you?"

As Mr. Jenks had stated in a former conversation with Mrs. Roesselle, he had known her long and favorably. She, on her part, had the highest esteem for him, both as a lawyer and a man. At the time of the death of her husband she had found it necessary to consult him often about matters pertaining to the little property which was left; and in various ways since, he had befriended her and shown his good-will. She knew, therefore, that she could trust him with the disclosure that she proposed to make, and that she could implicitly rely on his opinion and advice.

Simply prefacing her statement by the remark that she had come to advise with him upon a matter of the very gravest importance—upon which he crossed his legs, put the tips of his fingers together, and dropped his head on his breast, in that attentive way which becomes a habit with professional men—she told him in a straightforward way of some of the late occurrences at Maverick.

Without deeming it necessary to disclose to him that Anna was the child of the Maverick last deceased, she said that from her knowledge of the estrangement of the two men, she had been satisfied for some years that Augustus would never allow Oliver to inherit his property; and she had also good reason to think that when the former made his will, it would be found that Anna was the one chosen to receive it. She described the unexpected coming of the brother and his niece to the mansion, their domestication there, and her discovery of the treachery of Jerry Small. She asked him to remember everything connected with the drawing and execution of the will, and what passed between himself and the brother; which Mrs. Roesselle of course did not know. She then described the means by which the brother and niece were admitted to the outer room; the stupor of herself and the other watchers; the alarm; the discovery of Laura Maverick at the bedside of the dying man, and the discovery of the loss of the will. Lastly, she handed to him, and he read, the letter of Jane Shorey; and concluded by informing him that Oliver Maverick had assumed control of affairs at the house, and warned herself and Anna to leave.

"I comprehend all these startling facts," said the lawyer, when she had finished, "and they amaze me—for several reasons. However, lawyers have no business to be amazed; it is no part of the profession; and we will skip that. I see that a very serious question arises upon these facts; and that I may be sure that I understand exactly what you have come here for this morning, please state it in your own language."

She did state it, briefly and clearly.

"To learn whether the wishes of Augustus Maverick can still be enforced, notwithstanding the loss of that will. In other words, is Anna to be deprived of that immense property, because the will that gives it to her is lost?"

Mr. Jenks nodded.

"That is the exact question that I supposed you would wish to settle," he said. "Before saying anything further, however, let me correct your phraseology a little, and refer to the will in question as something *destroyed*—not merely lost. You may be certain that this is so. After hearing your statement, it does not admit of a doubt in my mind, that the will was destroyed by these parties within ten minutes after they obtained it."

Mrs. Roesselle instantly agreed with him.

"Very well. Now, putting myself in the place of a jury, I think there can be little or no difference of opinion as to what these facts show. It is all circumstantial evidence, to be sure; but it is strong enough to convict of murder, if that were the charge involved. In fact, I fail to see how it can be distorted to any other conclusion than that these parties, after a course of plotting to that end, deliberately stole and destroyed the will."

"But what is to be the effect of that?" the lady eagerly asked.

For a moment the lawyer evaded a direct reply.

"I think I see one effect of it," he said. "If I correctly remember the law, they have committed a misdemeanor, for which they may be punished; fined, and possibly imprisoned for some months."

Mrs. Roesselle tapped the floor impatiently with her foot.

"I do not care for that," she said. "Any light punishment that could be inflicted on them would do no good. It would not give the property back to Anna; it would not undo this monstrous fraud, and enforce the will of Augustus Maverick. That is my question; how can *that* be done?"

Mr. Jenks had been thinking all the time that he talked, and the more he thought, the more serious his face became.

"My dear madam," he said, "it is the constant misery of the life of every lawyer who has any heart at all, that, like the humane physician, he is called upon to look upon pain and misery that he is powerless to alleviate. Year after year, as I sit here in this dingy room, I am appealed to by suffering innocence to interfere for it against rapacious fraud, or force, or rascality; and in five cases out of every ten I am appealed to in vain. It is all because of the imperfection of human law. The man who first said that human law was imperfect, uttered a truth that has never been again the less true since it was uttered, and that probably will never be any the less true, to the end of time."

"And this means," the lady faintly said, "that there is no relief for us in this case?"

"It means that I fear it, and what I have said is intended to prepare you for just such a miserable infirmity in the law. Let me examine the statute, however. I would not attempt to give a decided opinion in a matter of this importance without a careful reading of it."

He rose from his chair, and taking down from the shelves a bulky calf-covered volume, he opened it and ran down the index with his eye. Turning to a place in the volume, he read for a moment, paused, thought, read again, and then resumed his seat. Mrs. Roesselle saw in the distress of his sympathizing face that there was no hope; but she waited for him to speak.

"I find it just as I feared," he said. "The law gives the court the power, in cases of wills lost or destroyed by accident or design, to take proof of their execution and validity, and to establish them—subject to certain rules. Those rules should be broad enough to embrace such a meritorious case as this; and they fall short of it. The statute reads all well for us until we approach the close of it; and there we are confronted by these words:*

'But no will shall be allowed to be proved as a lost or destroyed will, unless its provisions shall be clearly and distinctly proved by at least two credible witnesses, a correct copy or draft being deemed equivalent to one witness.'

"You will not fail to remember, madam," the lawyer pursued, "what occurred at the bedside of Augustus Maverick just after we entered the chamber together. There was no one in the room but you and Mr. Maverick and I; and you stepped up to the bed and said, 'Here is the lawyer, sir, come to draw the will.' He opened his eyes, and seemed to understand. 'Will you have any one present but Mr. Jenks?' you asked; and he immediately and very plainly said 'no.' You then left the room, and did not return to it until I called you in to witness the will with me. And I presume you heard nothing of what passed between Mr. Maverick and myself after you left the room."

The housekeeper shook her head in despair.

"The door was shut all the time," she said, "excepting once when you came to ask me if I would be the executrix; and it was shut again just as soon as the few words necessary to the request had passed between us. I know nothing of the contents of the will excepting what you told me in the lower hall, as you were about to leave the house. Will that do?"

The lawyer shook his head.

* The lawyer in the story quotes correctly the law of the State of New York.—ED.

"I am sorry," he said, "that you are without remedy; and as helpless as I am sorry. The law, as you have heard, requires the evidence of at least two witnesses of the contents of the will; and I am the only person who has that knowledge obtained in such a way that the law will permit me to testify to it. The will was not read to you; you know nothing of its contents. I do not think it within the range of possibility, under the circumstances; that the directions that Mr. Maverick gave me for drawing the will were overheard by any person; it is too speculative to suppose anything of the kind. I must be regarded as the only witness who can testify to the provisions of that will. What then? There is not a person of my acquaintance who would not unhesitatingly believe that Augustus Maverick upon his deathbed gave his whole estate to that girl, upon my evidence of the fact; nay, there is not a reasonable person anywhere—there is not a jury that would refuse to give the fact implicit belief; it is a fact beyond all cavil; and the law will not allow it to be established. Why? Simply because it has said that in such cases there *must* be two witnesses. The law is unbending; it will allow of nothing less; it becomes in this case the shield of villany, the upholder of fraud, the oppressor of the innocent. I am very sorry to say that we can do nothing."

Mr. Jenks rose abruptly with the last words, and hurried away for a glass of water. Mrs. Roesselle was deathly white, and her consciousness seemed leaving her. A little of the water dashed in her face, and a swallow of it, revived her, and with a "thank you," she sat some moments longer, striving to collect her thoughts, and to recover her strength. Mr. Jenks did not disturb her; but when she arose to go, he came forward and gently detained her by the hand.

"I hope you will not go yet, madam," he said. "Although the affairs of your foster-child seem hopeless, so far as this estate is concerned, yet you may need some further counsel and assistance as to your future. I have thought that you would have something further to say to me."

"Not now," she replied, tremulously; and she thanked the kind-hearted lawyer for his sympathy. "To-morrow, perhaps, I may have to consult you again; now I must return."

She went to the door; he held it open for her, and inquired if she was quite strong

enough to walk. She told him that she was, and then paused in the doorway. She hesitated and looked away from him; he saw that she was still agitated, but did not see the conflict that was going on in her face.

"Instead of calling upon you, to-morrow," she said, raising her eyes, "I may ask you to come to Maverick."

"I will cheerfully come, to oblige you," he said.

"I will send word in the morning, if I think it necessary," she continued. "And as I have no longer the control of the stables, or of anything else, at the mansion, will you excuse my not sending you a horse?"

"Assuredly, madam. You know I have one myself."

He bowed again, and as she descended the steps, he reentered his office.

XIV.

MRS. ROESSELLE walked on through the streets of the village and along the highway like one stunned and mazed. She was conscious of her interview with the lawyer, and knew what she had heard from him; but she tried to cast the whole matter from her mind, and give it no thought. She realized that on the morrow the last act of the drama of fraud and wickedness at Maverick would be played, and Anna turned away from her own door, unless—and there she halted in her thoughts, and shrank back from the alternative, as the traveller in the darkness shrinks back from the edge of a precipice suddenly revealed to him. Beyond the hope that her interview with the lawyer had destroyed, there had risen before her from the very moment of her discovery of the loss of the will a shadowy hand, pointing as from the grave to a certain way of escape from this network of villany; and from that shadow she turned now, as before, and shudderingly refused to look upon it. She hurried along in the brightness of the warm May sunshine, listening to the songs of the birds, and looking at the flowers that sprang by the wayside, and striving to think of nothing else.

In this way she had completed half the distance back to Maverick, when she became conscious that in her abstraction she had wandered from the public road, and had nearly reached the parish church. Her name was pronounced by some person very near her as she made this discovery; and she saw

that she was passing the little habitation of Roger Brill, the old sexton. He was much older than when we last saw him, and his hair fell white over his shoulders. He sat in his accustomed seat on the bench, in front of the house; and he called aloud to her.

"Good evening, Mistress Roesselle," he said. "Wont you stop a moment and tell the old man the news?"

She paused, and then came nearer to him.

"There is no news, Rogér," she said, "since the death and funeral at the mansion."

"Ay, ay," rejoined the garrulous old man, "I heard of it, and I should ha' gone up to the great house, but I'm a trifle rheumatic, and walking is not easy to me. And so another of the Mavericks has gone? I knew him when he was a stout and comely-looking fellow, not much like the skeleton they say he dwindled to before he died. But I've not seen him these ten years and more."

"When was that?" she asked. Her thoughts were absent from the old man's gabble, and her question was idle and almost involuntary.

"'Twas the night of the day that good Parson Roesselle was buried. He came here for the key to the church."

The lady's attention was instantly excited by his answer.

"Did he go into the church?" she asked.

"Ay, mistress; he did."

She drew nearer to him.

"Do you know what he went there for?" she asked.

"No; that's what I couldn't find out, mistress. I went to the church after him, but he'd locked the door, and I saw nothing but the light of his lantern, flashing up and going down in a curious kind of a way."

The woman who listened to this unexpected revelation knew what the object of Augustus Maverick was in making that night visit to the church; and there was another listening to Roger Brill who also knew. A man sitting on the bench by him when Mrs. Roesselle stopped continued to sit there after the two had begun to talk together. The lady merely looked at him once, and then gave him no further attention; but he heard all that passed, and when Roger spoke of the visit to the church he bent towards him with a start. Rising when the old man paused, he approached quite near to the lady, with the remark:

"You do not know me, Mrs. Roesselle."

She looked at his strong, bold features and

sunburnt, swarthy face, but saw nothing familiar in it. He was a man of something less than thirty years, with all the evidences of exposure and hardship in his face that years of seafaring and roaming by land are apt to make. Still, it was a frank, open face, and one that carried an assurance that the man could be trusted. His clothing was an odd medley of both seaman's and landsman's costume, and the lower part of his face was covered with a heavy beard.

"If I ever did know you," Mrs. Roesselle replied, "it must have been years ago. I do not know you now."

"And yet," he said, slowly, "you will know me if I speak my name. It is Edson Bayne."

"*Edson Bayne!*" she repeated; and her eyes were fixed as if with fascination upon his face. She placed a hand upon his shoulder, and eagerly scanned his features. "It is—it is!" she said, and took the hand that he offered. "My God, is this fate, or chance? or is it something more than both? I shall be forced to go as I am driven—to do what I am compelled."

The man looked at her and listened to her words.

"I do not know," he said, "whether or not you can guess what brings me here now. I have become a wanderer from choice, since you last saw me; the ocean is my home, and I am uneasy when I'm away from it. Can you guess what has brought me here?"

Too much agitated to speak, she made an affirmative sign.

"I thought you could," he said. "But I don't know all that has happened since I left this place; I have been pumping old Roger for an hour to learn, and have got little from him yet. Tell me briefly about Augustus Maverick and his doings, and then I may be able to tell what to do."

"Let us step aside, so that Roger cannot hear us," she said; and they walked two or three rods away from him. He watched them, and saw them talking together, the man gesticulating earnestly, and the lady seeming to speak now and then, but for the most part averting her face, and showing unmistakable signs of distress. They talked thus for half an hour, and then they came back again to where they had stood before.

"Can I stay with you all night, Roger?" the sailor asked.

"Bless your heart, Master Edson, yes, if you're willing to put up with my poor place and poor fare," was the reply.

"Then we will be at the mansion by nine o'clock," said Bayne, to Mrs. Roesselle. "You need say nothing to the old man about it; I will bring him with me."

"Had you not better wait till I send you word?" she hesitatingly asked.

"Why wait?" he answered, with impatience. "In plain words, ma'am, I consider you much too squeamish about this business. I can't go back to my ship and be easy, till I've seen the thing righted; and righted it must be. No, madam; your duty is plain. I don't want any signals when I see a craft in distress; I always bear down to relieve it, as quick as I can. I've got a plain story to tell, and I've come just in the nick of time to tell it. So to-morrow, ma'am, at nine o'clock, you'll see me bearing down on the house up yonder, with old Roger in tow."

Mrs. Roesselle sighed and looked at the speaker; and then bidding him good-morning, she walked back to the road, and continued on her way to the mansion. She reached it by the same way she had left it, undiscovered, as then; and meeting Anna in the hall she obtained the key of the sitting-room, and entered it.

"Nothing to-day, my dear child," she said, as Anna followed her into the room. "Leave me to myself, please; bear with me, dear. To-morrow this will be over; and then—"

She stopped abruptly, and pressed her hands to her brow.

"It aches and burns," she said. "But I will bathe it, and it will be well."

"You are sick, mother," Anna anxiously said. "Your face is flushed and your eyes are red; you are excited far beyond your strength. Let me put you to bed and nurse you."

"No, no—not to-day. I am not sick, Anna; I am nervous and excited; but that will soon pass off. Leave me to myself, my child."

Most unwillingly Anna obeyed; and through the day and night that followed the door was locked against all intrusion. Towards night one of the servants tapped and asked that Mrs. Roesselle would take some tea and toast that Miss Anna had prepared for her; but she met with a peremptory refusal, in such a tone of irritation that she could hardly believe that it was the house-keeper that spoke. And at night, when Anna on her way to her chamber tapped at the door, and asked leave to enter, she had only the reply:

"I can't see you now, my child. I am not sick; but I can't see you till morning."

She wanted to be alone; alone with her thoughts; alone with herself, to fight out the terrible struggle between duty and pride, between duty to one dear to her, and shame and disgrace to the good name she bore. She might have looked forward to the morrow impatiently, for the victory that she knew it would bring to Anna, and the discomfiture and defeat with which she knew it would overwhelm the guilty conspirators; but she painfully realized that this victory was now to be reached only through the path of deep reproach to the name that her wedding-ring had given her. She had tried—O, how had she tried—to reach that consummation by another way; but the abstraction of the will effectually barred that way, and left but this one avenue open. She had no choice—she must go on, whether she would or not, for events were hurrying her past her power to control them. The acknowledgment of Anna as his daughter by the dead Maverick; the girl's awakened anxiety to learn the whole truth; the knowledge that she had gained from the lawyer that the will was the same as though never made; the disclosure of the sexton; the astonishing appearance upon the scene of Edson Bayne, and his fixed determination to right a monstrous wrong, so far as he could—all these were as so many positive assurances to her, that whatever might be the consequences to herself, the rights of Anna Maverick must and should be asserted to the world.

The night, when it came, found her down upon her knees, wrestling with herself in prayer, and earnestly beseeching Heaven for light to guide her, and for strength to bear her up. And almost in the words of Him who two thousand years ago prayed at night in the garden, and wrestled with the agony of approaching pain, did she entreat the Hearer of all prayers that her bitter cup might pass from her.

"Spare me this humiliation, my Father! Show me how to do my duty without this

sacrifice! Deliver me, O God, from this trial, and let the crimes and errors of the past be mercifully concealed! Not as I will, but as thou wilt, O Father—but spare me—spare me—spare me!"

And by-and-by, when the fervor of her prayer had passed, and she still knelt by her bed, a picture from the past came before her. It was of her home at the pleasant parsonage, years before, and in particular one night in May when she waited tea for her husband; of his return from his parish calls with a man who looked stern and forbidding; and of a secret interview in the study that lasted far into the night, and sent her lonely and almost frightened to her chamber; and of her waking in the morning, and finding that her husband was still absent. How he came into the breakfast-room, haggard and pale, wet through with the rain that had fallen as he paced back and forth outside the house; and of his silence when she tried to learn his trouble. She could not learn it then; but one day it was all revealed to her, with its dreadful import; and from that day her peace had vanished, and this secret of misery had gnawed like a vulture at her heart.

But now her peace came back, her agony was soothed, and the path of duty was made plain. For, as she knelt there and fell into a kind of trance in thinking of the dreadful past, she seemed to feel that Alvin Roesselle stood by her side, with a blessed, cheerful smile upon his face, where she had been wont to see nothing but pain, and sorrow, and remorse; that he laid his hands upon her head, though she could not feel them, and bade her go fearlessly on and protect the innocent.

"Nothing can harm me now," were the words she seemed to hear; "and one day God will reward you, dear wife, for all that you suffer now."

And so peace came at last to her bruised heart. She slept the night through peacefully; and the hours brought on the morning when the mystery was to be revealed, and Maverick given to its true owner.



PARTED.

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

So far from thee, my love, so far!
The weary miles of distance are
Between us like a fateful bar.

We cannot cross the dreary space,
I cannot see thee face to face,
Thy well-remembered features trace.

The endless years still come and go,
Their weary moments dragging slow
Across a life o'er-full of woe.

So far from thee! My soul is rent
With pain and growing discontent,
Till with the conflict I am spent.

How dark the future looks! Afar
My lost hopes glimmer like a star;
High out of reach the blessings are.

So thou art happy, naught care I
How slow so e'er the moments fly,
When youth and hope shall pass me by.

So far! O Fate, thy cruel blow
Hath lain the dreams of manhood low,
And quenched ambition's richest glow.

I grieve that all my days should run
To waste, and that beneath the sun
There lies no hope that may be won.

The days go on! Unto the past
Whose haunting memories hold me fast,
I turn for happiness at last.

UNEARTHED.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

ONCE in a while there occurs, in real life, an episode which outrivals all the imaginary tales that ever were written.

Somewhere between New York and Maine are the remnants of an old town. Most of the old people have died; the few children born there have gone away. The residents dwell like hermits in their antiquated houses among their moss-grown orchards, knowing absolutely nothing of the march of time save as marked by additions to the stones of their hillside graveyard. Telegrams and express trains are legends to them. Once a week a yellow old stage-coach rumbles through the

grassy lanes and quiet streets, bringing a few letters, and sometimes, out of the unknown, fable-like world, a son or daughter, who has "come home," for a visit. In the spring the ploughmen make a faint stir of life. The blue-birds come earlier and stay later than elsewhere. There is no hand lifted against them; they bask in the old cherry trees unmolested. The cattle linger, on their way to the pasture, to crop the lush grass in the shadows of the roadside elms. Once a week, an aged man, who lives by the river, draws a handcart of fish through the old town, calling customers by the blatant echoes of a tin horn. The

silence of pasture, wood and grassy doorway is seldom broken save by a whistle of a herd's-boy, or the lowing of a cow.

Here lived old Peter Felix and his grandchild Salome. They resided on the outskirts of the town, in a poor hut, situated in so remote a spot that the other residents of the place seldom saw them. But if you had asked about these people, you would have been told that old Felix was a Jew, and in spite of the old shanty, that he had plenty of gold. Probably the story of his wealth was not true, but that Salome's beauty was of the Jewish type was unmistakable. Her great black eyes, the shower of dark curls, the small, voluptuous mouth, and the deeply stained cheek were Ishmaelitic. She was fifteen years old, and innocent as the birds whose songs she mocked. She had lived here ever since she could remember; the old hut was all the home she knew.

Less known than these people was a man who lived in a house called "The Castle," in the woods. It was a large stone building, so old that the woods had grown up around it and shut it out from the rest of the world. That man, who was called Stacy, had lived there for six or seven years. He was seldom seen. Some people said that he was a good-looking man of about forty, others declared that he was grizzled, aged and frightful. He had a servant, who was seen, sometimes, hunting for his cow, and the servant's name was said to be Duval. The master never came into the town, and no one ever visited the Castle.

One day Salome's linnet flew from its cage. She called to it, but it would not return. Step by step it led her out of the garden into the woods.

It was spring weather. Other linnets were singing in the trees. The tame bird fluttered to the branches of an oak, and called for a mate. In vain the young girl sought to allure it. Nature was stronger than habit. The linnet flew higher and sang more sweetly. At length it took to wing again.

Panting with apprehension, the girl followed, winding through the trees, leaping over brooks and stones—tearing her clothing on the shrubs and thorny vines. Now and then she would lose sight of the linnet; again she would see him sporting across her path. All at once he rose in a swift, unerring flight, and was lost from her sight over the tops of the trees. At that moment darkness fell, and Salome, looking around, found she was lost.

Never before in her life had she penetrated the woods to this depth. Everything looked solemn and strange. The bird songs died with the fading light, and all was very still. A little rivulet trickled through the leaves at her feet.

"I will follow the water," said the girl, bravely.

She followed the streamlet until it became so dark that she could not see it sparkling among the leaves. She put down her hand, and found that it had not stopped, but she could not see to trace its course any further.

At first she was very much frightened, but the stars had come out and were looking down on her so peacefully that she grew assured and began to feel safe. The dew drew out the many faint fragrances of the woods, and made the air very sweet. So, at length, Salome crept into a bed of fallen leaves, under the low branches of a shrub oak, and prepared to spend the night there.

"I can sleep here very well," she said; "and in the morning I can find my way home."

She was tired and slept soundly all night in her strange bed. At last the red beams of the sun penetrated to her resting-place, and made her stir uneasily. At length she opened her eyes, and found a horrible old man kneeling on the grass beside her, looking eagerly at her. With a scream she started to her feet.

"Mam'selle need not fear old Duval," said the old man, with a horrible grin. "He thought he had found one little wood-nymph."

"I am Salome Felix," said the girl. "I got lost last night, in the woods, and could not find my way home. Will you show me the path?"

"Out—out!" said the old man, "let mam'selle follow me."

He led the way. He was stunted, twisted and yellow. He limped. In his hand he carried a great ox-goad. He looked at Salome now and then, with his hideous grin.

"He is repulsive," thought Salome, "but I need not care, if he shows me the way home."

The sun shone like gold into the woods; all the little birds were carolling. They crushed the fragrant wild violets beneath their feet.

They continued to walk until the beams of the sun became hot, and Salome was very tired.

"I did not think I wandered so far last

night," said she; "but, indeed, one thinks of nothing else when they are chasing a lost linnet."

Her face was so bright and sweet that the old man bent upon her another of his frightful grins.

They walked on. They met the little streamlet again which was glittering like a chain of diamonds among the brown leaves.

"Will not the streamlet lead us out?" she asked.

"No," said the old man.

Though it was getting towards noon, the way seemed growing dimmer, instead of brighter. The trees stood close, and wove their branches into a great net-work overhead. This cast a green light on the face of the old man and made him look more ugly than ever.

"I am getting tired," said Salome, at length.

The old man stopped and looked at her with a strange look.

"Is mam'selle weary at last? Ah well, then, suppose we stop at my house and get a little rest, before we go on?"

"And I am very hungry," said Salome, ready to cry.

"So? I will give mam'selle some bread and a cup of milk before we go on."

"Well," said Salome, faintly, "if your house is not very far."

"It is not very far," said the old man, grinning, and nodding his wicked old head.

He turned abruptly and came to a strong wooden gate behind a hedge of yew trees. He unlocked this gate, and pushed the way through a narrow path, bordered with high shrubs, to some stone steps that led to a low door in a large building. He unlocked this door which was of iron, and grated on its hinges, and led the way into a large low room where there was a bed, and a table, and a chair. On the table were the remnants of a meal—a roasted rabbit on a platter, and some bread. Though it was May, a little fire, smouldering on the hearth, was very welcome the air of the low room was so chill. As soon as the old man and Salome entered this apartment, the place echoed with the baying of a great bloodhound which was chained to a kennel in a corner, and whose heavy black muzzle and bloodshot eyes were frightful to the young girl.

"O, I dare not stay," she cried. Just then she heard the responsive barking of other dogs from other parts of the house.

"Mam'selle need not fear," said the old man. "Lie down, Turk!"

The dog slunk into his kennel, as the old wretch lifted his ox-goad, and all the barking gradually ceased.

"Come and eat," said old Duval, bringing a clean plate and knife from a corner cupboard for the young girl.

Salome's hunger had vanished, but she managed to swallow a little bread. She noticed that though the plate and knife were coarse, the goblet for water was of fine, pure silver, beautifully enriched with molten roses. She thought it a very strange place; she was uneasy, and rose, at last, to go away. But the old man had gone, and had taken the dog in his chain with him.

She sat down to wait for his return. A very pleasant smell, as from a garden, came in at the open door. A beautiful butterfly—all purple and black and gold—followed the rays of sunshine in, and sported around her. A rosebush had shed its red petals at the top of the stone steps, and they blew in and danced over the floor.

Salome waited and listened, thinking this a queer place to which she had come. She had never heard of "the Castle." Now and then she thought she heard steps in a room above, but the moments crept by, the sunshine withdrew from the room, and no one came. She began to tremble with cold and fear. This was worse than being lost in the woods.

She kindled more fire, but she left the door open, for she could not bear to shut herself into that lonesome room. The stars and the singing of the garden insects seemed company. She was familiar with both. But at length a great bat flew into the room, and beat about her head until she screamed, and when he flitted out, was glad to close the door on him.

She sat on the hearth and fed the fire, and wondered where she was, and who the old man was, and what her poor old grandfather would think, crying over her troubles, for a long time. But she was very weary, and became sleepy. She looked wistfully at the pallet, covered with warm blankets, but she feared to go to sleep. The horrible old man, the dogs, the lonely house, inspired her with vague suspicions of evil. Of the two, she had rather have slept unsheltered in the forest; but at length fear gave way before exhaustion, and throwing herself upon the low bed, the girl fell into a heavy slumber.

When she awoke in the morning, she saw upon the table a tray laden with steaming food. The service which contained the viands was of fine porcelain; the cups were of gold and silver. A fire was also burning upon the hearth.

Approaching the table, the half-famished girl drank of the chocolate, and ate of the fine wheaten rolls.

"The old man has come back," she thought, "but if he does not appear, when I have finished my breakfast, I will go forth alone. I had far rather wander in the woods than to be confined here."

But when she had eaten her breakfast, the old man did not come, and she opened the great door, and ascended the stone steps in the garden. All was fresh, dewy and sparkling in the morning sun. But the spot was very still; the songs of the birds seemed distant.

Half fearfully Salome passed down the path before her. It was choked with rank cypress vines, and she had not gone far before a rabbit ran before her feet. The path grew narrower, for the thicket of shrubbery on either side met and tangled and blocked the way. At last it grew so dense that she was forced to pause and turn back to find another path.

This one she noticed as opening to the right of the stone steps, but she could not tell which one she had come by. She went but a short distance on it, and found it choked up by a thorny vine. On turning to go back, she found another path leading from it. She followed this for a long way, but it led into another that looked so wild and dark, under a line of yew trees, that she hesitated.

"Do you find your walk pleasant?" asked a voice, near her.

She started in affright, and turning, saw a man emerging from the shrubbery. He was handsome but for a reckless, unkempt look he had, as if he slept in his clothes, and never combed his hair. It was matted in thick black curls on his shoulders. He had a bunch of roses in his hand which he offered to the young girl, while his eyes sparkled strangely.

"I wish to find my way out of this garden," said Salome, in a trembling voice.

"You are not in a pleasant part of it," said the man. "Come with me."

Parting the tangled shrubbery with his hands, he opened a way to a green glade enclosed by locust trees in blossom. Here was

a fountain, beds of flowers and some seats.

"Sit down and rest, you must be tired," he said.

"No," Salome said, "I cannot stay. I have been lost from home since day before yesterday. An old man offered to show me the way, and brought me here. Now I cannot find my way out."

"But would you not like to stay here?" asked the strange man. "You have not seen yet the pleasant rooms which this house contains. It is quite an abode of luxury."

"I want to go home," said Salome.

"But your home is poor and mean. If you will consent to stay here, you shall have all the comforts that money can buy."

"No, no," said Salome, fearfully.

"But you *must* stay here," said the man, his eyes beginning to glitter irefully. "My servant brought you here to please me. I intend that you shall remain, and you may as well consent as to oppose me."

Salome burst into tears. The man drew near to comfort her, but she sprang from him in affright.

"O, please let me go to my grandfather," she begged.

"Why, how foolish you are!" said the man. "How can you desire to return to that wretched hovel? Here you can have ease and luxury. You can have anything you like, provided you do not make a noise to attract people's attention to us. I will devote my life to making you happy."

But Salome only wept and trembled.

"If you are anxious about your grandfather I will send Duval to say that you are well and happy, and to carry him a bag of gold," said her companion.

"O, let me go home!" prayed Salome.

"Take care! do not try my patience too far," exclaimed the man.

Salome hushed her sobs for fright, and stood with her face hidden.

"Will you consent?" asked the man.

She trembled, but shook her head.

"I will leave you to yourself for a while," he said, angrily, and strode off.

When Salome found herself alone, she darted away from the spot, and with beating heart and streaming eyes sought to find egress from that hated garden. In vain she hurried to and fro, tearing her clothes and wounding her hands among the thorns and briars. The garden seemed one dense, overgrown wilderness; the paths leading one into another, never terminated at the gate by which she

had entered. At length she threw herself down upon a bed of flowering moss and cried bitterly.

As the day wore away her dread and terror increased. How could she spend another night under that hated roof? Again she started on a fruitless search, to pause exhausted, as the evening gathered, where the rank shrubbery, close as a wall, shot up around her. If she could only escape to the woods! Their loneliness seemed comparative safety to her, as she stood listening and shivering at the faint noises of the garden.

The stars came out again; the dews crept dark and chill around her. With pallid face and sobbing breath she wandered on until she came to the stone steps and the open door.

She knelt down here and prayed, and then fell asleep with her face against the cold stones. At midnight she awoke, and after listening to the stillness for a little while, crept into the little bed, and slumbered more sweetly.

When she awoke, she forced herself to eat the remnants of yesterday's meal. She felt weak and ill, and the room seemed turning around to her. She went out into the air, and sat down upon a stone bench under a tree. The fresh air revived her. She buried her face in her hands and prayed for deliverance.

All at once she saw the man who inspired her so with terror standing among the shrubbery, and watching her. He approached her slowly.

"Will you consent to live here with me?" he asked.

"No, never!" she answered.

He laughed, cruelly, and turned away.

She remained in the garden all day. At night she slept, unmolested, upon the pallet.

In the morning she ate a little bread that was left upon the table. Another day she spent wandering in the garden, but she was weak from much weeping and insufficient food; and at dark lay down to the deep slumbers of exhaustion.

She rose again, but she had no food. The terrible suspicion that the master of this, her prison, meant to starve her to a compliance to his wishes, came over her. With a shudder, she lay down again, quite too ill now to bear the violence of her emotions. She lay shuddering with cold and illness.

A biting thirst and a bitter hunger came over her. Her lips were parched, her tongue

was swollen. A burning fever succeeded her chill. Rising from the couch, she staggered to the table, took therefrom a goblet, and crept up the stone steps. She wandered on in search of the fountain.

At length she heard it running over its basin, and though her heart beat quickly with fear, dreading lest she should meet the master of the garden, she crossed the sunny glade, and dipping the goblet in the basin, drank with feverish eagerness.

For a few moments she seemed stronger. Observing a small summer-house beneath the locusts she entered it.

The walls were of lattice-work, and it had a door at either end. A luxuriant grape-vine clambering over the roof, made the place dim and cool. At first she did not see that the place was occupied. She sank into a seat, discovering at the moment a table containing books, glasses and a dish of strawberries—and before she was hardly seated the figure of a man rose from the bench where he was lying. With a cry she started to her feet.

"Sit down—you need not run, for you cannot run away from me," said the tyrant. "You hardly look as fierce as you did yesterday morning."

She sat passive, almost fainting. Her companion drew a seat to her side, smiling slyly as he observed how instinctively she shrank from him.

"Not tamed yet? How obstinate beautiful women are! My maid, Nanette, who is old and ugly, would give more than her life for a diamond like this;" and as he spoke he slipped a massive and beautiful ring upon her little cold hand.

"I am ill and hungry," moaned Salome.

"You have only to promise to be mine, to have instantly the daintiest food and richest wine brought to your hand."

She turned her face from him. The next moment she felt his arms glide around her. With a strength given of terror, she wrenched herself from his embrace, striking him, with her small clenched hand, full in the face.

"Little fool!" he hissed, glowing with anger.

He would have said more, but for a sharp sound at the end of the summer-house, like the click of a lock. With a vengeful look at the vibrating frame and pallid face of the girl, he turned to see what occasioned the noise. Suddenly the baying of the great bloodhound sounded in the garden. The

man paused, turned pale; trembled. He suddenly sprang to the other door, but staggered back, for a colossal form towered in the entrance. A huge man, dressed only in dusty, ragged vestments, his eyes like coals of fire, his air weary and resolute, came, step by step, towards Salome's tormentor who retreated before him.

"Coward! traitor! murderer!" he said, in a low, intense voice. "Do you know me, then? I know you only too well. Do I not know the man who betrayed my trust, seduced my wife, and robbed me of my hard earnings? Let this witness that I set my seal upon him;" and the *swish* of a knife, driven into flesh, turned the horrified girl faint.

A pool of blood ran across the floor; her tormentor lay in it. The stranger discharged a pistol full in the face of the prostrate man, turned, and left the summer-house.

He strode away. Salome watched him go. A moment after she heard a horse galloping through the wood. She hesitated an instant, glanced at the dead man upon the floor, and ran after.

The path by which the intruder had gone led straight to the open gate. She flew out

into the open wood. She ran on till she found wheel ruts. She followed them for more than a mile. At length she emerged upon an open road. She was miles from home, but a good-natured carter took her up and brought her to her grandfather's door.

Salome's strange story spread far and wide. A party was made up to investigate the matter. Suspecting that the "Castle" was the scene of these strange deeds, they proceeded thither. The dead body was found in the summer-house, the "Castle" had been deserted by the servants who had evidently taken away many valuables. Some money and many rich articles were found in the rooms. Fortunately the dogs, who bayed furiously at this intrusion, were chained. As they were discovered to be all of the pure bloodhound breed, they were fed and appropriated by new owners. The furniture was sold to defray the burial expenses of the corpse, which was laid in a nameless grave.

In the course of fifty years more the "Castle" crumbled to the ground. The murderer was never discovered, but many old legends concerning him cling around the spot.

MY MIRACULOUS ESCAPES.

BY SELF SHARPNER.

I HAVE read of many narrow escapes, both by sea and land, from bloody pirates, or engulfing waves, of the one, and merciless savages, or wild beasts, of the other. With a shudder I recall my own experience, to which, after a lapse of nearly a score of years, I cannot look back, without thanking a kind Providence for my remarkable preservation.

In the year 1853, I took passage on board a ship at San Francisco, California, for the Isthmus, on my way home from the gold mines. Our ship, the *Ida*, carried some two hundred passengers, mostly returning miners. Some like myself had been unsuccessful, whilst others had gathered rich rewards from the golden sands.

According to the old adage, "a good beginning makes a bad ending," we might have been prepared for ill luck, for a vessel never left her port with a brighter prospect than did ours.

It was a beautiful balmy morning in September, with just breeze enough to fill the sails; a day to make one feel young and buoyant, and glad that he is amid the living to enjoy it. How grandly we sailed out into the beautiful bay. In fancy I can yet see the crowd upon the wharf, and the waving of hats and handkerchiefs, as they bade us a silent farewell. How gloriously we passed through the "Golden Gates," those portals through which the wealth and expectations of nations have gone and come; those guardian sentinels that stand to protect the most beautiful bay in the world.

Our voyage for the first half of the way was most cheerful and prosperous, but as we sailed into the tropics storms began, light at first, but each succeeding one grew more severe. They came on with a regularity seldom equalled, until we could almost certainly expect one every evening. They sometimes gave us little warning, and several

times our vessel was in danger of capsizing, or being thrown upon her beam-ends; then any fluttering or neglect of duty might have been fatal to her living freight. Had it not been for one of these storms, and my own carelessness, I perhaps would not have this story to relate.

It is said "familiarity breeds contempt." I think this was true with me. I was a great coward, during the first bad weather, but I gradually became accustomed to it, so that I kept on deck during some of the worst hurricanes we had, and I enjoyed the sight of the wild warring elements, watching our noble tars as they kept the vessel taut and trim in the midst of the howling storm.

On the eve of the twenty-third of September, well do I remember the date, a hurricane came on just at dusk. I hastened on deck, without any premonition of what was to follow. The crew had taken in nearly all the sails, and we were scudding along under bare poles, at the rate of seven or eight knots an hour, through the angry storm; red, blue and yellow lightning was playing and darting athwart the stormy sky; great drops of icy rain struck me in the face; I grasped the gunwale tightly to secure myself; the mate was issuing some orders to the crew, this I well remember. The next instant I was overboard in the foaming, seething waters, whether from a sudden lurch of the ship, or my hold giving way, I know not. Upon rising to the surface, I distinctly heard the cry above the noisy elements, of "man overboard, man the boats!" and saw the vessel fast leaving me to my fate, until the waves and darkness hid her forever from my view. I was an excellent swimmer. I swam towards the fast receding ship with all the strength I could exert, in hopes that the boats, if searching, would find and take me in. Vain hope, futile exertions! If they ever tried to find me I know not. I soon became so exhausted that I ceased all attempts in that direction, and gave up all hopes of being rescued by my late comrades. Something struck me on the head, knocking me nearly senseless, I grasped it—it was a thick, heavy plank, eighteen inches in width, and about ten feet in length. I got upon it—it buoyed me up sufficiently to rest myself without making much exertion to keep my head above the water.

I could now review my situation; awful indeed did it appear to me—the glowering darkness, vivid flashes of lightning, and the furious driving storm. I knew my late com-

rades were far from my reach, and I could not blame them for it, for I doubted if a boat could live in the gale, much less could the ship lay to, to enable them to search for me; and they had probably done all they could to save me in throwing the plank overboard that I now rested upon. I thought it might be only a question of time between my loss and theirs, for if the hurricane continued long it would drive them upon a rocky coast, which would prove fatal to them and the vessel. These thoughts passed through my mind as I tossed upon the angry waves, a hopeless castaway.

How I passed that dreadful night I can scarcely remember. The morning broke clear and bright, the storm was over, but the waves ran mountains high. With my plank yet under me I was sometimes on the pinnacle of the topmost of them, and again deep down in the trough of the sea. Soon as it was light enough, from the highest waves I looked eagerly around. Not a sail was in sight, nothing but the wide expanse of rolling, heaving waters. My spirits sank, for until now I had a faint hope that a vessel, in passing, or a sight of land would greet my eyes. Vain expectations! I prayed and cursed by spells until I was nearly crazed and almost exhausted. Thus time passed, and I grew calm—the calmness born of despair.

About the middle of the day, from the highest waves I tossed upon I thought I could see land, looking like mountain tops. I could not clearly determine, they might be clouds, and now how anxiously I watched for them. After an agonizing interval of several hours, again I saw them; this time I was sure it was land, thrice blessed land! But now the question arose, "can I reach it alive?" This seemed very doubtful. I was cold even under a tropical sun; I was nearly famished from my long fast. Hunger and thirst, with my exertions, had almost exhausted me. Life was dear to me, and I would exert my utmost to reach land, even though it be a rocky, barren coast. Slowly I struggled onward with my plank yet under me. I dared not give it up for fear I should sink to rise no more. Just before daylight faded away I could see land plainly, and I fancied I saw trees growing along the shore, yet I was not sure but it might be imagination.

Kind Providence seemed to favor me, for a strong wind began to blow towards the land. I now made a much better headway, but another difficulty now beset me. I could not

keep awake; tired and wornout nature must give way to sleep. This would be fatal to me, and I exerted myself to the utmost to keep my eyes open, ever and anon arousing myself as I felt my hold giving way upon my plank.

Thus the second night wore away. When it became light I had just energy enough left to look for land. There it was! scarce a league away; but hope and strength were almost gone. I could do but little now to reach it, yet the waves were lending me their help. I knew they would cast me upon it, dead or alive. I hoped the latter, yet it did not seem to matter much which.

How this day passed I have no distinct recollection. I dimly remember of darkness closing around, still clinging to my plank, still obbing towards the land. I thought I must be dying. Feebly I said a short prayer, then a stunning sensation, and I knew no more.

I awoke out of a refreshing sleep, and looked eagerly around; I could scarcely credit my senses, the past seemed a horrible dream. I was safe on land; the merciful waves had thrown me high and dry when life had almost forsaken me. But now a dreary looking prospect was before me—a long sandy beach, as far as the eye could reach, hemmed in by towering cliffs, on the sides of which grew some stunted pine and cedars. I tried to get upon my feet, but could not for a while, I was so fearfully sore and bruised. At length, with the aid of a reed that lay near me, I managed to stand erect once more.

I was so nearly famished with hunger and thirst that I reeled like a drunken man. I staggered along the beach in search of something to appease my ravenous cravings. I came to a small spring of pure water, and eagerly swallowed all I could hold. I think that was the best water I ever drank in all my life. This strengthened me, and I continued my search for food. Soon I found a dead fish, cast ashore during the night, that the vultures had not yet discovered. I devoured it ravenously; it was not the best of food, yet I thought it was the sweetest meat I ever ate. I now felt like a different being, and I traversed the base of the cliffs, in hopes of finding an opening or pass. By frequent resting I travelled a long distance without any show of success, and I began to fear night would overtake me in close proximity to my late enemy, the salt water. But at length I

came to a banyon, through which flowed a stream of water. A narrow road or trail led along one side; this I gladly followed, not knowing nor caring much whither it led me, so that I got away from the vicinity of the ocean. I found plenty of berries of an agreeable taste; these I ate to my satisfaction. Darkness found me in a dreary, wild-looking place, but less rough and mountainous than that I had passed through. I was in hopes of finding some village or human habitation before nightfall; and now I was in a wilderness, how vast I knew not, nor did I know how to get out, unless by following the trail, which was now much plainer. This I believed to be the best policy, so I went ahead as fast as I could.

Suddenly a crackling in the bush warned me of the near approach of some wild beast. I looked—a low growl, two shining eyes that looked like balls of fire were within twenty paces of me. Horrortruck I stood transfixed. I knew but too well what it was, and that I was in imminent peril. There, with glistening eyes, waving tail and erect mane, just fixing for a spring, was the lion of the Isthmus. A moment only I gazed, then ran with all the strength I could exert, terror lending fleetness to my feet. I could hear the beast leaping close behind me, and expected every instant to feel his fangs in my flesh. Soon I was so nearly exhausted that I was on the point of giving up, when a small tree was just before me. I made a leap up as far as I could and grasped the trunk tightly with my arms, but before I could get higher out of his reach, the furious beast made a bound for me, just a little short of his object, but succeeded in tearing the flesh open to the bone, from my knee to my ankle, with his sharp claws. However, I was soon out of his reach. Securing myself amid the branches of the tree, I took off my shirt and bound up my wounded limb, and partly stanching the blood, which was now running in a stream. I soon got so weak from my late exertions and loss of blood that I had to secure myself in the forks of the tree to keep from falling. My enemy made some desperate leaps for me, but finding they were short of the object, he finally gave it up, and lay down at the foot of the tree and watched me with his terrible eyes.

I was safe for the time, but how long he would stay I did not know, but I judged he would leave at daylight. From my cramped position, and the pain of my wounded limb, I

passed an awful night. However, it wore away at last, and I was free, my captor having left at the approach of day.

My exertions in descending the tree, with my wounded limb, caused me the severest pain. I hobbled along the trail some two miles or more and came to a plain, well-travelled road, running nearly north and south. Judging that south would lead to Panama, I followed it. About the middle of the day I became so faint I could go no further. I lay down by the roadside so wretched that I scarcely would have risen to my feet to save my life.

I fell into a stupid slumber, from which I was rudely awakened by some one shaking me by the shoulders. I opened my eyes and beheld a company of muleteers, who had, at sight of me, paused in the road; they spoke to me in Spanish, which I understood, asking who I was, how I came there, where I was

going. I freely told them of my troubles and escapes, and of my severe wound. They listened in astonishment and much wonder, and ended by giving me to eat and drink of their provision. One of their number, who was quite a surgeon, dressed my wound; they then divided the pack of one mule amongst the others and gave him to me to ride. They were going to Panama, which they said was two days travel yet.

To make my long story short, I will add that I arrived in Panama safe. After staying there two weeks my wound was so far healed that I continued my journey to Chagres, there took passage in a steamer, and in due time arrived safe home, after having passed through almost incredible dangers. As for my late shipmates, I never heard from them, and fear that the vessel with all on board was lost.

THE MYSTERIOUS WRECK OF "ROBBERS' REACH."

BY HARRY REMICK.

A long, low, barren sandy reach,
'Gainst which the waves swash mournfully,
Where jagged points of broken reefs
Project their arms into the sea.

No shrub nor vine to greet the eye,
Nor grateful shade, whose cool retreat
Invites repose; but scorching sands
Throw off a fervent, baleful heat.

No form of life, no flight of bird,
To break the silence on the shore,
Unless it be the sea's low mean
That wails a dirge forevermore.

And out among those pointed reefs,
The old wreck's bleachen ribs I mark,
Like some leviathan of the deep,
Half-hidden in the waters dark.

Around her form the dank sea-weeds
Cling with their noisome touch, to hide
The ghastly whiteness of her ribs
That sway with motion of the tide.

And ever as I look, the waves
Dash, in their sullen fury, o'er
The hulk, as if it strove to hide
From human gaze forevermore.

For only when the angry surge,
Beneath some subtle influence, leaves
Its usual haunts along the cliffs,
One only then the wreck perceives.

For nigh a century she has lain,
Yet none can tell her history,
Or name, or build, or destined port,
All, all is wrapped in mystery.

Yet, 'mong the dwellers of the isles,
There is an ancient legend told,
That ere this ship became a wreck,
Her chief was murdered for his gold.

And stranger yet, the legend states—
The ship was wrecked, while yet a calm
Rested upon the harbor's breast,
Doomed through the vengeance of His arm.

Now, on this barren reach, the sea
Is never calm, nor groweth here
Nor shrub nor vine, to greet the eye;
Where once was life, now all is mere.

And should you doubt this eerie tale,
The islanders will jeer at you,
And wag their rimy beards and say,
"But can you these strange facts eschew—

"That nothing grows! that nothing lives!
That round this wreck the ocean raves?
And there you see the hulk yourself,
And see the tumble of the waves."

In truth, these are existing facts
One cannot quite explain away;
Therefore, I take the wisest course—
Think as I please, nor say them nay.

MR. SMALLPIECE'S LEGACY.

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

WHEN people wanted to get to the office of Mr. Smallpiece, they were obliged to go up a very dirty street and through a dirtier alley, and then under a dark and gloomy archway into a little open court, where Mr. Smallpiece's sign, a square sheet of tin painted white and lettered in black, revealed the fact that the occupant of the office over whose door it was nailed, was Simon Smallpiece Esq., Attorney and Counselor at Law. The office itself was quite pleasant and cheerful when you once got inside of it, for its back windows opened upon a sunny little bit of common, green with soft grass and waving trees in summer, and spotlessly pure with an expanse of virgin snow in winter. On many an afternoon had Mr. Smallpiece, sitting at his worm-eaten old desk in the antique window-space, looked up from his work and catching sight of a dicky-bird hopping about among the rustling leaves outside the open window, become lost in dreamy reverie which led him to waste whole hours in following the unrestrained vagaries of idle thought. In fact, dreaming was almost the only recreation which Mr. Smallpiece ever had now. He could remember, and that easily enough, a time when he was not the childless old man which life had left him years ago. There had been a day when a cheerful home, graced with the luxuries of life and rendered sacred by the love of wife and daughter, was not the least of his worldly possessions; and now his wife lay sleeping under a round, green mound of turf in the churchyard yonder, while his daughter—

"Worse even than dead!" exclaimed Simon Smallpiece, clenching his hand as he thought of her. "Worse even than dead. May my curse go with her, and with him who robbed me of her."

And then he sat back in his leathern-covered chair, biting the end of his penholder savagely, and thought, with bitterness in his heart, of the day, so long ago, when she had come to him holding Will Allen by the hand, and when Will, standing proudly before him in the full nobility of stalwart manhood, had asked him for Nellie as his wife. Mr. Smallpiece remembered, too, with a chuckle of exultation, how he had shown Will Allen to

the door at once and forbid him ever entering his house again; how he had sent Nellie to her room in a flood of tears, and how he had himself returned to Will Allen all the foolish letters and keepsakes which he ever had the audacity to send to Simon Smallpiece's daughter. The old lawyer could not but acknowledge to himself, as he sat thinking of these things, that he had made somewhat of a jackass of himself, after all, for Nellie had obstinately refused to marry the wealthy suitor whom he had selected for her, and had persisted in her silly attachment for this lout of a countryman, whom she ultimately ran away with and married. But Simon Smallpiece had sent his loudest curses after them, and had never seen the face of his only child from that day to this. He never would forgive her, and there was comfort in assuring himself of that, at all events.

And so old Simon had lived alone ever since, his temper soured against all mankind, and his heart, if he ever had one, which is doubtful, chilled to a thing of stone. He was reputed rich, but few ever saw the color of his money. No beggar ever came to him for alms, or if he did so once, was very careful to keep clear of him forever after. His lodgings, in the upper story of the same old building with his office, were miserable and mean in the extreme. His clothes were threadbare, and his face was pinched with the hard lines of avarice and selfishness. With no charity for the suffering, with no feeling of kindness for the unfortunate, with his heart closed to every appeal from womanly tenderness or childish innocence, Simon Smallpiece avowed himself the enemy of the world, and passed his life in picking quarrels with it. This perhaps was one reason of his success in business—a success most signally evident in his ability to "nurse" his suits tenderly, and to grinding their litigation in a most marvellous manner.

One lazy afternoon, Mr. Smallpiece, chancing to look up from the misty depths of a long chancery bill in which he was just then submerged, caught sight through the open window, of a little child standing upon the step of a house on the opposite side of the common. There was nothing interesting to Mr.

Smallpiece in children. As a general rule he hated them, but as he happened to glance at this wee little lady, standing, so plump and rosy, upon the doorstep, she suddenly clasped her chubby hands together and gave such a joyous little scream of delight that Simon actually smiled. Yes, he did, and it was something he had not done for a very long time. Looking in the direction in which the child was gazing, he saw a man, clad in the dress of a workman, coming across the common. And this person, when he came to where the child was standing, caught her up high above his head with a little laugh, and bringing her down into his arms again, kissed her. Whether Mr. Smallpiece's heart was a trifle more tender than usual just then I cannot say, but it seemed to him that there was something in the movement of the workman very pleasing and pretty. He remembered a time when he was wont to do the same thing to his own child himself.

The child, catching a glimpse of Mr. Smallpiece's bald head shining brightly at the open window, said something to the man who held her, and the latter putting her down upon the ground, led her slowly across the lawn toward the attorney's office.

"Whose brat is that?" said Simon, when they had approached near enough for conversation.

"She is not a brat," replied the man, quickly. "Doesn't she look pretty enough to be called something better than that?"

"Hum," grunted Mr. Smallpiece. "Well, child then. Whose is it? Yours?"

"She's mine now," replied the man, "but I'm not her father. She's my brother's child, sir."

"She seems almighty fond of you," said Simon, "seeing that you're not her natural parent."

"She is fond of me, aint you, Daisy?" rejoined the workman, stooping down to pull her yellow curls through his fingers.

For answer the child put her little round arms about his knee and laid her dimpled cheek close against it.

"Why don't your brother take care of her?" asked Mr. Smallpiece, looking at the little girl a trifle less sourly than he usually looked at people.

"My brother is dead, sir," said the man. "The child has no father but me."

"Where's her mother?"

"Her mother was left very poor," he replied. "She had one little boy besides this

child, and was hardly able to support them both with her unaided hands. She lives a many miles away, sir, and once in a while Daisy and I go down there to see her—on holidays and such like."

"What does she do for a living?"

"She does plain sewing, when she can get it."

"A hard way of earning a living," said Mr. Smallpiece, "very hard. But I dare say she don't work any harder than I do—not a bit, not a bit."

"Perhaps not," said the man, "but she is a woman. I am a bachelor like yourself, sir, and I offered to take this little one and care for her while I lived. I am very glad I did it, for she has made the whole world bright to me—a great deal brighter than it ever was before."

"Bah!" said the lawyer, with a gesture of disgust. "All humbug. I don't want any young ones about me, I can tell you. Those that want 'em can have 'em. I don't."

The man laughed and caught the child up in his arms again.

"She's a pretty child enough," said Simon, looking at her again critically through his glasses. "I've got an apple in my desk here. Do you think she would like it?"

The child held out her fat hands, eagerly.

"Here," said Mr. Smallpiece, taking a red apple out of his drawer and tossing it to the man, who gave it to the little lady in his arms, "new go away quick. I'm very busy."

The man laughed again, and touching his hat withdrew, holding one of the chubby fists in his great brown hand and making believe to bite it, while the child munched the apple which she held in the other.

When they had gone, Mr. Smallpiece leaned back in his chair and reflected upon his unparalleled weakness. What interest had he in children, that he should feel so soft-hearted toward this little one? Was he getting childish in his old age? He did not know. Possibly so. At all events, a new feeling, or rather an old feeling revived, had sprung up in his breast and caused him to look upon his own cynical nature in something of a new light.

The next afternoon the child appeared again upon the step and again did the man toss her high above his head when he met her. Looking across the little green common, the workman recognized the lawyer with a pleasant nod, and then began an uproarious romp upon the soft grass with the child. He

lay down and allowed her to roll over him. He made believe to chase her and then, when she turned upon him, ran away feigning great terror, so that the child's clear laughter rang out into the still afternoon air like a peal of little silvery bells. He went down upon his hands and knees, and, putting the little one on his back, trotted about the lawn, pretending to be a horse, and otherwise conducting himself in a manner so extravagant and ridiculous, and sending his companion into such convulsions of merriment, that Simon Smallpiece, quite before he was aware of it, found himself leaning back in his chair and laughing almost as heartily as they.

"I should like to do that, myself," thought Simon. And although you may not believe it, it is actually true that the old lawyer left his work, and, putting on his hat, quit his office by the back door and walked across the common to join them. To be sure, he took no part in their sport, and only stood under the trees to watch the proceedings, but before he went back to his writing, the child had another great red apple, bigger this time than both her chubby fists together.

And so between these people a sort of half-familiar acquaintance sprang up, which gradually became to Simon Smallpiece so pleasant and agreeable, that at last, whenever the workman and his niece failed to appear on the pleasant afternoons, the lawyer would experience a shade of disappointment. Unconsciously to himself, the attrition with the innocent nature of the child was rubbing off some of the hard protuberances of selfishness and uncharity upon his own character. Somehow he could not think of this little one and his own daughter, who was once a child, too, at the same time (and when one was present in his mind so also was the other), with opposed or differing feelings. When he laughed at the gambols of the workman's niece or pinched her rosy cheeks playfully, he could not find it in his heart to utter his accustomed curse upon the memory of his own child whom he had driven from him years ago. And as one thought led to another, he began to reflect at times when he sat alone in his chamber at night, that it would be a pleasant thing to have a woman's or even a child's presence there, to brighten his declining years and to make him feel more kindly toward the world. But who was there to do for him what the workman's little charge had unconsciously accomplished for her uncle? He had no brother to bequeath

him children. His daughter had found a better shelter than he could give her, although he knew not where it was. She was happy, doubtless, and in her daily thoughts and prayers he never found a place. Yet he could almost have wished to see a little child or two whisking about his room and perhaps calling him grandfather. It would have been pleasant, after all, to have a rosy elf, all smiles and dimples, climbing up into his lap after supper and burying a pair of pink cheeks in his waistcoat. But that, alas, although it might have been, was not to be thought of now.

The summer waned and autumn came in her rustling robes of brown and gold, strewing the grassy space behind the office with a loose carpet of crisp and withered leaves. The intimacy between Simon and the child, extending now even to taking her in his arms and kissing her, had clandestinely smuggled an element of kindness into the lawyer's nature, which had kindled in his heart a warmth which it had not known for very many years. On every sunny afternoon he walked across the common to meet the workman and his niece, and sometimes stooped himself to gather a handful of the rustling leaves with which to playfully cover the child's flaxen curls.

One afternoon he saw the man approaching with a singular, halting gait, as though it were painful for him to walk. The hour was a little earlier than that of his usual return from work, but the child was waiting for him under the trees. As she saw him coming, she clapped her hands with her characteristic little shout and ran toward him. But he did not catch her in his arms as usual, and as he took her hand, put his own great brown one up quickly to his heart and staggered a little unsteadily. Then, without a word, he fell forward suddenly upon the grass.

"My goodness!" said Simon, leaping at once out of the low, open window and running across the common toward them. "Something has happened to the man."

When he reached the spot, the workman lay upon his face, and the child was clinging to him with screams of terror. Several persons who had seen him fall, came quickly up and tried to raise him to his feet, but when they recognized the truth, they laid him back again and tried to unclasp the arms of the little girl.

"It was heart disease," said one, softly.

"Is he dead?" asked Simon, bending over the prostrate form in awe.

"Quite dead," replied the other, who was a neighboring physician. "Is the child his?"

"The child is mine, now," said Mr. Smallpiece, firmly, raising her in his arms. "Will you go with me, my little one?"

"Is the world coming to an end?" asked one of the bystanders, grimly.

"A part of what I have been to the world has already come to an end," replied Simon, pressing his lips to the tear-stained cheek of the little one in his arms. "Take the poor fellow to his house. The child shall go with me."

And he took her home, and locking the office, sat down in his big chair and tried to comfort her. As he held her in his arms, all the feelings of paternity, so long dead within his breast, came suddenly uppermost, and greatly to his own astonishment he found himself doing, without the least awkwardness or embarrassment, the needful things which seemed best to draw her mind away from what had happened. When he had quieted her sobs with cheery stories, he carried her up stairs and fed her royally with bread and milk, even going without his own supper because he would not leave her to go out after the necessary purchases. After it had grown dark he concentrated all his powers upon the problem of undressing her, and so, after breaking most of the hooks and fastening the various strings in the hardest and most vexatious knots, he got her into bed at last, and buried her up to her chin in his own somewhat dilapidated blankets.

Then, and not till then, did he sit down to ponder upon what he should do with her. It was evident that he could not keep her with him as her uncle had done. Why not? Because—well, because he was a stranger to her mother and she would never consent to it. And that led him to think that if her mother was only here, he could perhaps provide a home for her and her children too. He certainly was able to do it, and the loss of the money would never be felt by him as the loss of the child would be. And then, perhaps, the world would remember, after he was gone, that he had done at least one kindly act during his lifetime, and recollecting that, would forgive him many of his more selfish ones. Yes, he would keep the child, and he would help the mother too.

But how was he to get word to her? The workman had told him of the town where she resided, but had never spoken of her by name. He might have asked the child, but

although Simon Smallpiece was an experienced lawyer who usually thought of everything, singularly enough he never thought of this. Ah! now he knew. Where was the paper?

Sitting down at his desk, he headed a sheet of letter paper with the day and year. Then a tiny voice came up from out of the bed-clothes, reminding him that something had been forgotten.

"And what is that?" asked Simon.

Dear little heart! She had not said her prayers.

"Did your uncle always want you to say your prayers?" asked the lawyer, going to the bedside.

"Yes, always."

"Then say them for me, little one," said Simon, and kneeling down by her side, the old man rested his scattered gray hairs upon the counterpane while the tiny voice repeated a simple prayer and the chubby hands were fast clasped together. And in that prayer, following her every word, Simon Smallpiece's heart was touched as it never had been touched before, and from his lips there went, with the supplication of the child, an earnest prayer to be made better and more worthy of the charge which had been placed within his keeping.

He returned to his letter at last, and finishing it, directed it to the postmaster of the town in which the object of his search resided, informing him of the fatal event of the afternoon and requesting him, if possible, to forward the information to Daisy's mother. Then he put on his red flannel nightcap, blew out his candle and went to bed, holding the child's hand, as with her he passed to the unknown land of dreams.

The next day passed, and the next. The preparations for the poor man's funeral were simple and few, for he had no friends in the neighborhood where he lived, and little seemed to be known about him. Simon offered to bear the expenses, whatever they might be, and in the afternoon, when the man had been laid in his coffin, took Daisy with him for a farewell look at his peaceful face. But Daisy shrank from the cold and awful form in wild terror, at which the lawyer was glad, for it proved that her love for her former friend would not all be given to him in death as it had been in life, and that there was still room for a little affection for himself, after the workman had been forgotten.

But on the third day, which was the day of

the funeral, there came a knock at the door of the lawyer's office, and there stood upon the threshold a woman, closely veiled and holding a little boy by the hand.

"My husband's brother is buried to-day," she said, a little sadly. "I am told that you have kindly cared for my little girl."

Great heavens! That voice! It seemed to Simon Smallpiece like the peal of a sweet, sweet bell, ringing back to him the sad changes over a half-forgotten world which had fallen from the firmament many long years ago. He arose from his seat trembling with a strange emotion.

"Your little girl is quite safe," he said. "I shall have a proposition to make you in regard to her, after to-day's sad ceremony is over. May I ask your name?"

"I think you know it," she said, raising her veil.

"O Nellie! My daughter Nellie!" cried the old man, falling suddenly down upon his knees before her. "May God forgive me for the wrong I have done you and yours! O my child! Be merciful to me, for I ask your forgiveness at your feet."

"I have nothing to forgive, father," she said, assisting him to his feet. "Whatever there was between us, has been forgiven long ago."

"And you will stay with me now always?" asked Simon, half incredulously.

"Always, if you wish it, father."

"The hand of the Lord is in it," cried he, catching up Daisy in his arms. "It is this little one who has prepared his way, and she has made my path straight."

And who shall say that Simon Smallpiece's legacy was not better than gold or silver, since it brought him a new heart?

SAVAGES—WHITE AND TAWNY.

BY W. H. MAOY.

WE were lying off and on at Aroral, commonly laid down on the charts as Hope Island. Many of the natives who came off to drive a barter trade with us, appeared personally known to Captain Sisson, and recognised him at sight. I thought this strange, and expressed my wonder to the captain, who said that he once lived for several weeks on the island.

That evening, when we were more at leisure, he told me the story of his involuntary residence among the savages, which I give, as nearly as possible, in his own language.

I was, at the time it happened, only twenty-two years old, and was third mate in the *Antelope*. She must have been so named in derision, for she was an old wagon-built ship that would sell, as the saying is, almost as fast as you could whip a toad through tar. We had been out two years, and had made many changes in the crew, so that we had a motley crowd in the fore-castle, who might be classified, not as good and bad, but rather as bad and worse.

We had lowered in chase of a body of sperm whales one day, being then some five miles under the lee of Aroral, with light trades and fair weather. The old man had given up the starboard boat to me entirely,

for he was getting along in years, and was quite willing to rest on his laurels. My boat-steerer was a man we had shipped at Sydney, an ugly, pock-marked Liverpool Irishman, with a head like a bulldog's. I had always managed to keep the right side of McSweeney, and had never had any serious trouble with him. At the bow and midship oars were two other Australian "beach-combers," who would swear black was white at McSweeney's bidding, while the boy at the stroke-oar was more of a salt than a seaman, and might be easily influenced, especially for evil. There was only one in my boat upon whom I could rely at all times—the tub-oarsman, a wiry little Frenchman, who had stuck by us since we left home, and was much attached to me.

The mate struck a small whale soon after we lowered, but the school did not bring to, and we had to chase them to windward after they were "gallied," which, you know, is an uphill job. The second mate and I got separated in pursuit of different "pods," and being both young and ambitious, we continued the fruitless chase longer than we ought. It was growing late, indeed the sun was not more than an hour high, when I decided to give it up and return.

We were then not more than two miles distant from the reef, which makes off from

the lee-side of the island. A few canoes were out, but they were not near us, having gone to leeward towards the ship, which had drifted with the current since taking the mate's whale alongside, so that she was now further from the land than when we left her. I estimated her to be quite six miles from us, and, on sweeping the horizon with my glass, could see nothing of the second mate.

I gave the order to cease pulling and step the mast, in order to set the sail. As I did so, I noticed quick glances interchanged between the three men in the forward part of the boat, and heard a few words in a slang which I did not understand. I was in the act of lifting the mast to launch it forward to McSweeney, when with two strides, he made his way aft, and stood over me with the gleaming boat-knife in his hand.

"Put down the mast!" said he, enforcing the order with a flourish of the knife.

Taken entirely by surprise, and at disadvantage, I was powerless to defend myself. I glanced at the others. Atkins and Jones, his two satellites, had also drawn their knives to support him; the boy Tom was of little account either way. Philippe, the little Frenchman, rose to interfere in my behalf, but was felled like an ox by a swinging blow from the boat-bucket in Jones's hand.

"Give me the steering-oar, and sit down!" said McSweeney, "unless you choose to keep her going to windward. If ye do, we'll pull her and ye may shteer."

"What do you intend to do?" I demanded. "Where do you wish to go?"

"We're going ashore, here—we three—Jack Jones, Atkins and myself. The rest can do as yez like, after we've landed. We don't want to commit any murder, but ashore we're going, so yez can go with us—or go overboard."

"I'll go with you," spoke up the boy Tom.

I saw that I was helpless in the hands of this gang of ruffians. Poor little Phil, with his head bleeding severely, still lay half insensible where he had fallen.

"All right!" said L. "Put up your knives, and let me up. If you must go ashore, the sooner we get there the better. So I'll steer, and you can all pull."

They seemed relieved at my decision; for neither of them, as I think, had any personal enmity against me; but were determined to desert from the ship at any cost. They took their places at the oars, and piled them vigorously, but still kept a vigilant watch upon

me, with their weapons conveniently at hand.

I steered directly for the place which I judged to be the entrance of the lagoon, for I hoped to get rid of them and return to the ship that night, even if I did so with no help but that of the Frenchman. I confess it was very humiliating to think of making my report to the old man, that I had been overpowered by my own boat's crew.

But it was nearly dark when we reached the landing-place inside the lagoon, and the clouds showed every indication of a wet, squally night. We were surrounded at once by a yelling crowd of savages, who seized our boat and dragged her up high and dry. They did not seem in a hurry to permit me to leave them, even had I thought it prudent. And I did not fail to consider that if I ran down to leeward, and missed the ship in the darkness, I should find it an impossible task to get back again with only one man to help me, and he with his head broken. So I determined to pass one night, at least, on shore.

The king of Aroral, savage though he was, treated us well, and assigned us lodgings, as soon as we ceased to talk of leaving the beach that night.

The three conspirators kept together, and Philippe and myself did the same, while the boy Tom was taken in charge by an old woman, who, I should judge, was the king's mother, or queen dowager. The king, noticing that I was very solicitous about the safety of my boat, gave me to understand that he would be responsible for her. Nevertheless, on going down the coral slope early in the morning, I found her whole broadside stove in. There was no escape for me unless they chose to carry me off in one of their own canoes, which was not likely.

But at daylight, no ship was to be seen in the horizon. I thought of the strength of the current, which, among this group of islands, runs, at times, like a mill-slutice. If the ship had drifted out of sight, it might be weeks before she could make the land again by a circuitous route. I confess the prospect was anything but a pleasant one to me.

McSweeney and his two cronies at once made themselves at home among these people, and each set himself to work to get the king's ear, and acquire influence, so as to have the advantage of the others. For there is very little honor among thieves, according to my experience and observation, and it is wonderful how quickly a white man—at least, a bad white man—acquires power among bar-

barians. Before we had been a week on shore Jones was impaled by a spear in the hands the king, who had been incited thereto, as I knew well enough, by his two rivals.

As the Frenchman and I had but little to do with them, they did not plot against us, knowing that we would leave the island at the first chance that offered. But day after day went by and no sail appeared in sight. This life was monotonous enough, to say nothing of a constant feeling of uneasiness, akin to fear, as we felt that our lives were at the mercy of villanous plots and savage caprices.

As soon as they had got rid of Jones, McSweeney and Atkins began to plot and counterplot. And each feeling that his hour might come at any moment from the schemes of the other, they found it necessary, as desperadoes in such situations always do, to take the law into their own hands and protect themselves.

I was lying in the hut one sultry afternoon trying to kill time as best I might, when I heard a confused noise and shouting, and, stepping forth, beheld these two ruffians, naked to the waist, engaged in mortal combat with their knives. I cannot give you the details of the dreadful struggle; it makes me shudder now at the recollection. The arch-mutineer was stabbed to the heart, and the fight was, of course, ended. But Atkins did not live long enough to secure the fruits of his victory, though the king made much of him for his valor, as he would have done by the other, had the fortune of the day been reversed. His wounds were severe, and for want of surgical knowledge and care he died in a few days.

I breathed more freely after these accou-drels were all disposed of; and, pursuing the same quiet course as heretofore, Philippe and I managed to keep on good terms with all those in authority. I saw very little of the boy, for the old woman guarded him with the most jealous care.

We had been about six weeks on the island, and were falling into savage ways, and becoming truly "Romans in Rome." We always kept a lookout for vessels, skinning up one or the other of the tall cocco-palms at least half a dozen times a day, but nothing had been discovered.

We went out one night in the canoe to torch flying-fish, as we had several times done before—old Tubokee, our "landlord," the Frenchman and myself. No objection

was raised to our going on these cruises, for there was no fear of our escaping in the night; at least so the king thought.

There were a dozen or more canoes out that night, but they took up their stations at a considerable distance apart, in a line along the coral barrier, as is their custom. The large triangular sails of matting are spread, and the flying-fish, attracted by the glare of torches, rush for it in swarms, or, perhaps more correctly, *flocks*, and, arrested in their headlong course by the sail, drop into the canoe. We continued our sport until a late hour, when having used up our torches, we prepared to return to the shore, nearly all the others having started in advance of us.

Suddenly Philippe touched my arm, and pointed seaward without speaking. A light was visible, at first faint, then flashing up brightly, it revealed the foremast of a ship, with the rigging distinctly traced, and the shape of the foresail. She was not far from us, but, owing to the glare of our own torch-lights, had not, until now, been seen.

"A whaler, boiling!" said I. "Phil, we must mutiny, and serve old Tubokee as those ruffians served us. He may go with us—or go overboard."

The old man remonstrated hard, for he was a chief of rank, and felt that he should be in bad odor with his king and countrymen, if he suffered us to get away without ransom. But there was no help at hand, and Phil and I had matters all our own way. We seized him without ceremony, and were in the act of hoisting him over the side of the canoe, when he yielded to necessity, and seizing a paddle, signified his readiness to follow us.

In less than an hour we were alongside the ship, which, as we had already conjectured, was no other than the *Antelope*. She had run south into the variable winds, and then worked to the eastward, making a large circuit as the only way of getting up to the island again. The captain had almost given us up for lost, but, of course, determined to seek here for us, as there was a possibility of our having gone on shore.

The next day we opened negotiations to recover the boy Tom. The king, as well as the old dowager, was disappointed in not securing a heavy ransom, as he had hoped and expected; but, as we held the old chief Tubokee as a hostage, it was simply a fair exchange, though we did not fail to throw in a few presents, as a return for his kind treatment of us when we were wholly in his power.

THE FACE IN THE CROWD.

BY BRITOMARTE.

Silent I sit in the shadows, apart
 From the group whose gayety saddens my heart,
 And they marvel my silent mood to see,
 As they sing their laughing jests at me;
 But I give no heed to the merriest wile,
 And my face sends back no answering smile;
 For my soul is sick, and my heart is sore,
 For the loss of a dream that is mine no more,
 For a face that is gone, but it haunts me yet—
 A face that I know I can never forget;
 A brave young face, a manly face,
 Just touched with its boyhood's lingering trace;
 It flashed on me from the crowd, to-day,
 As I sauntered idly down Broadway!

'Twas little to shake my soul, I know;
 Only a face—but I loved it so!
 Not the same; yet it *was* the same,
 Though its owner bear not the dear-loved name;
 So like to a face that I may not see,
 That is dearer than heaven's own light to me!
 It came like a wraith, like a wraith it fled;
 The shadowy ghost of a daydream dead;
 Bringing back to my heart its carking care,
 And driving me wild with fierce despair!
 I am mad with longing and heart-sick pain,
 Only to look on his face again—
 The face that I saw in the crowd, to-day,
 Rushing and thronging down Broadway!

"THE THIEF IN THE NIGHT."

BY BETT WINWOOD.

I.

GERTRUDE.

"You are to receive no more visits from Dick Chilton, remember that, Gertrude Wynne. He is an idle, good-for-nothing fellow, and sure of coming to some bad end. I am not going to shut my eyes any longer to such ridiculous goings on between you and him."

When mamma spreads out her skirts in the real duchess style, and beats herself in an easy-chair with her hands folded in her lap, beginning straightway to rock violently back and forth, as she did in the present instance,

I always know she is dead in earnest, and twice as dangerous in such moods as are those women who scold, and rant, and tear, at the slightest provocation. Were I a bit of a coward, I should feel quite afraid of her at such times; but there is a strong leaven of reckless daring in the Wynne blood, and Gertrude, the one lambkin of the flock (meaning myself, of course), is not without her due proportion of it.

"I am sorry you don't like Dick, mamma," I said. "There can be but one perfect gentleman, in your estimation, though, and he is Barton Ray. You are prejudiced, and poor Dick does not stand the ghost of a chance."

Mamma colored. She rarely mentions his name, but I can see that her heart is quite set on bringing about an attachment between Barton and myself. Thus far, she has been shrewd enough to give matters their own time for developing, however.

"I am surprised at you, Gertrude, for speaking of the gentlemen in such unmaidenly terms," she now said, quite gravely. "As for Mr. Ray, you have always done him injustice, and that because Dick Chilton has stood in his light. I feel compelled to insist that all this shall come to an end. You are free to act your own pleasure, so far as Mr. Ray is concerned. But I beg you to remember that Dick is henceforth to be under the ban."

Mamma likes to put on airs, and she now dismissed me with a gracious wave of the hand, as much as to say that I had been made acquainted with her sovereign wishes, and nothing remained for me but to abide by them. Precious mamma! I like her all the better for those grand ways of hers!

Barton Ray is one of our near neighbors. But for a perverseness and obstinacy that seems to be the legitimate birthright of most women, I am sure I should very willingly have obeyed the scriptural mandate to "love my neighbor as myself," for Barton is one of the grandest specimens of mankind I ever knew, not even excepting Dick Chilton. But mamma decidedly favors him, and there is no spice in accepting a lover to whom there is no opposition. For that identical reason have I snubbed him, and smiled on Dick, though I verily believe— Well, it does not matter what I believe, I'm a fool, and that is confession enough to make!

After leaving mamma, I strolled into the garden to gather some bouquets for the vases in Uncle Reuben's room. He is extremely partial to moss roses, and I knew there were some fine ones in bloom, and meant he should enjoy them. He is just home from California with a mint of money, and of course it is the thing for me to play the attentive. How queer it seems to think of Gertrude Wynne as trying to be politic in anything!

Before half a dozen roses were clipped, and laid away in my basket, I heard Dick's whistle just beyond the garden hedge. It is a whim of his to steal upon me when I am least expecting him. Mamma's injunctions were straightway forgotten, and I ran down the path to meet him, quite overjoyed at the thought of a long *tête-a-tête*. When

he held out his hand, though, and ejaculated warmly, "What a dear girl you are, Gerty," it all came back to me again, how I had been forbidden to see this man.

"Go away, Dick," said I, pushing him from me. "You are not to come here any more. Mamma is quite vexed with me, already."

At that, he fixed his handsome eyes upon my face in a look of astonishment which was assuredly of the genuine sort. And I must acknowledge, that he seemed the least bit angry, too.

"What is the meaning of this, Gerty?" he asked. "I thought you loved me very dearly, and had promised to become my wife."

"Then you were mistaken, sir," I returned, wondering that it caused me so little pain to say it. "I never promised anything of the sort. Besides, I could not keep it if I had; mamma and Uncle Reuben are both prejudiced against you, and of course I shall never think of marrying without their consent."

He folded his arms, and went stalking up and down the path before me. He was frowning, and his lips were compressed. Finally he came back, facing me again.

"You cannot mean, Gerty, that you and I must part forever?" he said, hotly. "Surely, you will not be so cruel?"

He looked so heart-broken, so utterly wretched, that I could not help but pity him, and woman-like began to cry. Upon that, he caught my hand suddenly, pouring forth a perfect torrent of mad words, avowing that he loved me as maiden was never loved before, and entreating me, in the most impassioned tones, to fly with him to some far-off spot where we could be happy together.

I don't know how I had the strength to resist him, under the circumstances, but resist I did. For a wonder, my perversity was taking a new turn, perhaps for the better. Women were always riddles, if the other sex are to be believed, and I was now proving to Dick my right to be classed among the sphinxes.

Somehow the poor fellow did not seem very much taken with this new phase in my character. He was sorely at a loss how to meet me in it, and men hate above all things to enter into a contest with a woman where they are likely to be worsted. The moment he realized how resolute I was, not another word of pleading escaped his lips.

"It seems very hard that your life and mine should in this way be blasted to gratify the whim of two old fogies," he finally said, in an impatient tone.

Here was a reflection on mamma, and I never could stand by quietly and hear her 'insulted.

"I don't know whom you are calling old fogies, Dick," and I looked away, at the blue sky overhead, at the pleasant landscape softened by the summer haze, at a bed of tossing fleur-de-lis on the other side of the path, everywhere save into his handsome face, for the sight of that might have weakened my resolution, and this was a time when I ought to be strong. "Nor do I understand your talk about 'blighted lives.' To whom does the term have reference? Not to me assuredly."

He ground his teeth at that, and I looked away all the more persistently, really afraid that I should lose all respect for him, if I saw him in an angry mood. Finally he took a step or two nearer.

"I have nothing further to say, after listening to such remarks from your lips, Gerty," he began, in an aggrieved tone. "I am going away. You must promise to see me once more, though. We may have some last words to exchange before I bid you good-by forever."

Of course I gave the promise—where could be the harm? I had told him frankly that mamma and Uncle Reuben were opposed to him, and I could never become his wife. Under the circumstances, another meeting was not likely to put any false hopes into his heart; otherwise, it would never have been granted, for I already felt some prickings of conscience on account of the course I had pursued towards him, though Heaven knows I had never meant to give him any real encouragement.

"What a pity that Dick is such a wild, reckless fellow," I sighed, as I went back to my roses again. "Mamma is right in calling him a good-for-nothing, I suppose. It is a little singular that nobody knows what his history was before he came to Mapleton last spring. People have good grounds for calling him an adventurer, though of course I do not believe such a ridiculous story."

Barton Ray was in the parlor with mamma when I came in with my basket of roses. I only stopped to say "good-morning," but he took my hand and looked into my eyes in such a curious, earnest fashion that I went away with hot cheeks, thoroughly angry with myself, nevertheless, because they burned so uncomfortably, and because, for my life, I could not have helped it.

While I was arranging the flowers in the vases in Uncle Reuben's room up stairs, that dear old savage came running up, making noise and clatter enough for a whole regiment. He claimed a kiss, when he saw what I was doing, and then stole half a dozen more in spite of me, though I pretended to be very angry, and shook my fist in his face, calling him a "rude Californian bear!"

"Rail at me to your heart's content, Gerty," he said, laughingly. "But you will find the 'bear' a very loving one, after all. I have not been digging gold all my life without having something to show for it, and a certain somebody I could mention will come in for a good share of it, upon her wedding-day."

"Don't talk nonsense, Uncle Reuben," I interpolated, trying to appear perfectly at ease.

"I don't intend to, my dear. By the way, there are fifteen thousand dollars locked up in the library desk, at this moment. I ought to have banked the money to-day, but was too lazy. Now, it can't be done until to-morrow, for I must ride across the country to Farmer Winslow's this evening, and shall be away through the night. You must take care of my money, Gerty," he added, pleasantly. "Remember, I leave it in your exclusive charge. Don't let anybody run away with it while I am gone."

"Never fear. Whoever takes the money, will have to include me in the bargain," I answered, sturdily.

Uncle Reuben laughed, and nodded approval, as much as to say that I was a "brick," and he felt perfectly at ease in trusting me.

Sitting here in my chamber, at set of sun, something has impelled me to write out the partial history of the day that has passed, though I have not the remotest idea what object is to be served by so doing. Mamma would call it one of my "whims," no doubt. Well, mamma is usually correct in everything, and I, too, will regard it as a "whim."

There is Dick's whistle in the garden again. I must go down to say good-by to him, because I promised that I would. I wonder, though, how it is possible for me to feel so indifferent about it. At one time, I really thought myself in love with that man. It must have been his handsome eyes I was enamored of! may Heaven help me to do what is right, and for the best.

II.

BARTON.

THERE is nothing under the sun that I, Barton Ray, despise more heartily than the character of an habitual eaves-dropper, a sly, slimy creature hiding about in unsuspected nooks and out-of-the-way places, and who possesses no higher end and aim in life than to gain possession of secrets that were never intended for his ear. And yet there may be extenuating circumstances in all cases. For instance, it does not seem to me that I was very culpable, when, on seeing Gertrude Wynne go gliding down one of the garden paths in the dusk of twilight, I followed her, knowing at the time that she was about to keep some appointment with Dick Chilton, and that I was not expected nor desired to appear as a witness to the said meeting.

The fact that I was in love with Gertrude, and more than a little jealous of Dick's handsome face and person, does not plead my excuse. Some feeling, both irresistible and inexplicable, impelled and guided my footsteps. I was perfectly satisfied in my own mind that Dick was an adventurer and a fortune-hunter, when you had put the best phase of his character on the outside. He had gained the entree of Mapleton society on false recommendations, and by a brazen impudence that almost won him my admiration, had thus far sustained his place in it. Gertrude had been quite friendly with him, from the first, and that is what vexed me more than anything else, for I did not like to see the dear girl imposed upon. Nor did I care to come out in accusations I could not prove, for she has a will of her own, and I was fearful for the result of such a movement on my part.

The two had held more than one private interview, without doubt, but no meeting of theirs had ever distressed me as did this at the foot of Mrs. Wynne's garden. A thousand nameless forebodings agitated my mind, and I stole cautiously along in Gertrude's footsteps, wherefore I could not have told, though some indefinable feeling seemed to be urging me on.

The dear girl was some rods in advance of me, and in consequence, I did not hear the first words exchanged between the two. On nearing them, I paused behind some acacia bushes to listen. At the time, Dick was crying out impulsively:

"I cannot go away without one hope for

the future, Gerty. You are cruel to ask anything of the sort."

He looked sullen and desperate. I could see that Gertrude was paler than her wont, and that she trembled.

"I am sorry, Dick, so sorry," she said, softly. "There are a great many better women than myself in the world, and those who would make you happier than I could ever hope to do. Life will brighten, and you will marry one of them, by-and-by."

"Humph," he muttered, impatiently. "As if love could be transferred like a note payable on demand! As if I could ever care for any woman save you!"

Gertrude sighed quite audibly. At that moment, somebody came galloping down the avenue to the right, only concealed from us by the thick hedge that bordered the way.

Dick gave an eager start, peering curiously in that direction, quite forgetful for the moment, as it seemed, of the fare he was enacting.

"Who was that?" he asked.

"Uncle Reuben. He has to ride to Farmer Winslow's, to-night. I wonder he did not take an earlier start."

"You will have a lonely night without him."

"Yea," returned Gertrude, glibly, as if glad of a pretext for diverting the conversation into a new channel. "There will be nobody but mamma and Chloe in the house. Tom, the coachman, is having a vacation, you know; servants must have their vacation as well as other people. The worst of the matter is that Uncle Reuben has left fifteen thousand dollars in the library desk for me to take care of."

Dick started violently. He had been holding her hand, but he dropped it suddenly, shading both eyes with his own, for one brief moment. For my part, I came very near to crying out. Reuben Wynne had confided to me the secret hiding-place in which his money had been deposited, but I had not supposed that any other member of the household so much as knew there was such an amount of money about the premises. Dick Chilton was the very last person to whom a confidence of that sort should have been made.

He put away his hand, keeping his eyes steadily averted.

"Fifteen thousand dollars is a large sum of money—a very large sum," he said, slowly.

"Yea," Gertrude nodded a weary assent.

Now the confession was out, and past recall, she seemed very much annoyed to think it had been made at all.

"Uncle Reuben would not compliment my stewardship, if he knew what I have been saying to you," she said, with an uneasy laugh.

"As to that, there is no harm done, unless we have been overheard," he returned, quickly. "I would not advise you to repeat the same story to anybody else, though."

Then he went back on the old strain again, pleading with the dear girl for some promise that would bind her to him. The allusion to Reuben Wynne's money had put me out of sorts, and I had no patience to listen longer; so I pushed out into the path, and went straight up to them.

Dick greeted me with a savage scowl, but Gertrude, on the other hand, gave a pleased start, and turned to me with a sigh of evident relief, as if she considered my arrival very opportune.

"Is it you, Mr. Ray?" she asked. "I will walk back to the house with you in one moment's space. Good-by, Dick," extending one of her delicate hands for him to take. "I shall hope always to hear good news of you."

All this was done so rapidly that he could not have made the slightest opposition, had he been so disposed, even. As it was, he saw himself compelled to say his adieus, and go away. But there was a baneful glitter in his dark eyes that warned me he was in a dangerous mood.

Gertrude and I went slowly towards the house, walking nearly a rod apart (which was her fault, as you may be well assured). I was wishing, all the way, that she would be as frank and friendly with me as she was with other men.

"I am sorry that you spoke of that money to Dick Chilton," I said, suddenly.

She looked quickly into my face.

"Were you near enough to overhear our conversation, Mr. Ray?" she asked.

"Yes," was my brief reply.

She colored, but said no more. In the parlor, she left her mother to entertain me, a frequent procedure on her part, and one that annoyed me not a little. Only once did she manifest the slightest interest in anything I had to say, and that was when I entreated with an unnecessary show of earnestness, that I should be allowed to occupy a room in the house for that one night.

"You are very kind, Mr. Ray," she said, turning about from the centre-table at which she had been standing, engaged, in adjusting some flowers, and speaking up quick and sharp, before Mrs. Wynne could possibly put in a word. "I know you think we need a protector, now that Uncle Reuben is away. But, most fortunately, neither mamma nor I belong to the timid sort. Thank you all the same, though."

"Gertrude is right," assented Mrs. Wynne. "In a quiet community like this, there are no risks to be run."

Of course I could say no more after that. As I walked slowly homeward through the starlight night, however, my thoughts kept running very much after this fashion:

"I see plainly how it is. Gertrude suspected my motives, and wanted to show me how brave she is, and how capable of getting on without me. Well, she can banish me from the interior of the house, but thank Heaven, she has not the power to hinder me from watching outside, to see that no harm comes to her."

Now I have said my say, and will make my bow to the reader, merely adding, for parenthesis, that my chapter of this history is written two days subsequent to the events therein recorded (as is also the one from Gertrude that immediately follows), and that it was prepared at her urgent request. But she wishes to come upon the stage again to conclude the narrative, and of course I shall not object, since like most women, "when she will she will, and there's the end on't."

III.

GERTRUDE.

It may be egotistical for me to say it, but shrewdness runs in the Wynne blood, alongside of daring. When Barton Ray offered to remain in the house over night, I knew at once that he was thinking of Uncle Reuben's money, and the danger that might menace us all on account of it, should any disreputable character become aware of its being in the house. I likewise thought, from a remark he made to me while we were coming up the garden path together, that he more than suspected Dick Chilton's honesty. Of course I could not agree with him in this feeling though.

I am frank to confess that I should have felt much more at ease knowing he was about

the premises. But my ridiculous obstinacy stood in the way again, and I vetoed his proposition in hot haste, and mamma sanctioned my remarks. She knew nothing about the money, however, or she would, I am sure, have brought in an entirely different verdict.

When Barton was gone, and Chloe had put out the fires and retired, and nobody was stirring in the house save mamma and myself it did seem gloomy and silent enough; and when I thought how Uncle Reuben and Tom were both away, I began to be sadly nervous, and soon proposed going to bed, fearful that mamma would suspect the state of my feelings and inquire too closely into the cause, if I remained as her *vis-a-vis* much longer. She would have walked the parlors all night, had she known of the fifteen thousand dollars which that dear, careless old uncle had left in the library desk.

"Sleep as soundly as you please," I said, on kissing her good-night at her chamber door. "There is no need for you to be wakeful. I shall keep an eye and an ear open, and shall be sure to know it if there is any unusual stir in the house."

Mamma laughed at that, of course.

"Silly child! You would be the first to hide yourself were thieves to break in. However, one cannot expect extraordinary bravery from a young girl."

"Golden silence" held my powers of speech, or I might have said something spiteful to dear mamma. "I almost wish something dreadful would happen," I thought, as I put on a loose dressing-gown and lay down on the outside of my bed. "Then I could prove to more persons than one that I am a greater heroine than they imagine."

I did not intend to sleep a wink that night, but the flesh is woefully weak, as has been proved in the experience of more than one poor mortal since the world began. In vain I meditated upon the lonely situation of the house, removed by several rods from any other dwelling, and thought of the money down stairs over which I had been instituted guardian; a dull drowsiness would steal over me, in spite of all my efforts, and presently I was fast asleep.

The great clock on the stairs, striking the hour of twelve, awakened me, and I found myself sitting bolt upright clinging to the bed-clothes as if for dear life. Instantly realizing the occasion of my alarm, I lay down again, trying to laugh off my foolish

fears, and to compose myself to sleep once more, doing the best I knew how to reason myself into the belief that there was not the slightest cause for uneasiness.

The night was sultry, and I slept with my window open. Just as I was beginning to drowse for the second time, I was startled by hearing a low growl from the house dog, Jip, whose kennel was on that side of the building. Raising myself on one elbow to listen, I heard the growl repeated, this time a trifle louder, and the next moment a man's voice called softly:

"Jip! Jip! There, be silent; that's a good fellow!"

The tone was singularly familiar, but I took no thought of that fact, nor that the dog had given a short bark of recognition, for the next sound to break upon my ear was a low, awful "thud" that seemed like a stealthy, treacherous blow, and then Jip broke into something between a wall and a whine, a horrible gasping noise that fairly made my blood run cold, and that momentarily grew weaker and weaker, and finally ceased altogether.

"Poor Jip! He is being murdered," I thought, in a dazed, bewildered way, rising with difficulty, crossing over to the window, and peering anxiously into the starlight night. I could just discern the figure of a man standing on the walk beneath, and a dark object lying on the lawn grass a few feet away that must have been Jip.

The man disappeared, the next moment coming close under the wall. As for myself, I stood like one stunned, assured that an attempt was being made to enter the house, and that by somebody perfectly familiar with the premises (else he could not have succeeded in imposing on poor Jip so successfully), and yet finding myself utterly unable to move hand or foot.

Uncle Reuben's money! That thought flashed suddenly upon my brain, sending the hot blood tingling through every vein in my body. Some wicked person had learned of its hiding-place in the house, and was come to steal it! I had promised Uncle Reuben to keep it safe until his return—it was a sacred trust. No earthly power could save it if I were to prove the mean, pitiful coward that everybody thought me.

The spell was broken, volition was mine again, the power of locomotion came back to my palsied limbs, and a stern, unreasoning determination took possession of my whole

being. Gathering the skirt of my wrapper into one hand that I might move more noiselessly, I stole cautiously down the stairs in my stocking-feet, hardly daring to breathe as I passed mamma's room, lest she should hear me and call out.

Instinct guided my footsteps. The library-door was ajar, and as I peered in, the man I had seen on the walk outside was just leaping into the room through the window, which, as I afterwards discovered, he had opened by cutting a small piece of glass from the pane just above the bolt, after the fashion of a professional burglar. He allowed it to stand open, as a means of retreat, no doubt, and crept cautiously into the middle of the apartment, pausing there long enough to suddenly send the light of a dark lantern successively into every corner, to make sure, I suppose, that nobody was lurking about to disturb his operations.

At one point of the examination, the lantern was brought very near to his face, so near, in fact, that every feature was discernible. Suppressing a cry of surprise and horror, I leaned against the wall, giddy and sick, for the countenance I looked upon was that of Dick Chilton! This dreadful discovery took away all my strength and I felt myself trembling in every limb. I was like one paralyzed again, though in momentary dread that he would open the door for a look into the hall, and thus discover my proximity.

"O Gertrude Wynne, you fool, you coward!" I muttered, under my breath, pinching my flesh savagely, and trying to bring back a grain of courage in that way. "Yonder man is nothing to you; he is a villain, a thief who breaks in at night to steal. Harden your heart against him, little simpleton, and ask God to give you strength to outwit him, and to be the means of punishing him as he richly deserves."

It was a tough struggle, but the Wynne grit of which I am so proud gained the mastery. When I again applied my eye to the crack in the door, he was at the desk, trying all the keys about his person, in the lock. Hitherto I had watched his movements through the small crevice by the hinges, and through the keyhole, successively, but now he was exactly in my line of vision where the door was ajar, and I could discern his various manoeuvres with much greater ease and accuracy.

The keys were of no avail, and he next had recourse to a chisel, trying to pry the desk

open. A pistol lay on a chair at the right and behind him, just within reach at a moment's warning. I caught the dull gleam of the weapon, and it held my fascinated gaze like the deadly eye of a snake. My breath came and went in hoarse gasps that he must have heard but for his preoccupation. A swift, sudden hope that hinted at salvation and safety had flashed upon my mind.

His back was towards me, and he was working away as if for dear life, steadily and cautiously, for the lock had given signs of yielding. Biding my time, I pushed the door noiselessly open, and went gliding in, silently as some visitant from the other world. Even my heart seemed to stand still. I reached the chair—my fingers closed steadily over the weapon—it lay in my grasp.

Venturing to breathe for the first time, I drew back a pace or two, cocking the pistol. The sudden click startled him, and he turned sharply about, facing me. A suppressed oath fell from his lips, and then he shrank away, confused and sullen.

"Gertrude!" he whispered, unwittingly, as it seemed.

I raised the pistol in a line with his head, my aim steady and true.

"Don't dare to name me," I cried, menacingly. "You are a low-lived thief. I do not know you."

At that, he grew fairly livid with rage. Glaring at me for one instant like a hunted animal at bay, he suddenly caught up the lantern in one hand, prepared to dash it on the floor.

"Stop," I said, in a low, steady tone of voice. "You are in my power. A single treacherous movement on your part, and I will shoot you through the head."

He knew I would do it, and quailed before me. It is not so easy to face certain death and make no sign. Then he drew back against the wall, folding his arms on his breast.

"What is your will, pretty one?" he asked, a leer on his handsome face.

Gliding up to the desk, I stood before it.

"Uncle Reuben's money is here. I promised to take care of it. I intend to keep my word."

A muttered curse escaped his lips. He made a sudden turn, standing between me and the open window now.

"I wanted your money, Gertrude," he said, maliciously. "You would not marry me, or there would have been no need to resort to theft."

"Hush!"

There was more scorn and hate in that single word than I could express in whole pages. He felt the tone, and there were still some grains of good in the man, for it pricked him all over like stinging nettles. He writhed under it, uneasily at first, and then put on a more desperate mood.

"Your forte is farce, pretty Gerty," he began, sneeringly. "But all things must have an end, and I for one, am heartily tired of this mockery. Put up your weapon, my dear. I hope you do not think I am afraid of a pistol that is not loaded?"

"You are trying to deceive me, Dick Chilton," I returned, coolly. "To prove that you are, I will pull the trigger."

White with terror, he drew back, putting up both hands.

"Don't!" he broke out, breathlessly, careless now of betraying the attempted ruse. "For God's sake don't murder me!"

He must have thought me wonderfully brave. But I had seen what he had not, a strong stalwart figure creeping in at the window just behind him—the figure of Barton Ray! The excitement of the moment was all that prevented him from hearing Barton's entrance, for it was effected too rapidly to be quite noiseless.

I stilled the throbbing of my heart, and schooled my face to make no sign. The first that he knew of the presence of a third person in the room was when Barton thundered in his ear, with the cold muzzle of a pistol against his temple:

"Scoundrel! coward! *thief!* You are balked at all points. There is nothing left you but to surrender or die."

Dick uttered a yell of surprise and fury, then sank into the nearest chair, cowed and sullen. He saw that the game was up. Barton regarded him angrily a moment and then crossed over and stood beside me.

"What are we to do with this fellow, Gertrude?" he asked. "You shall pass sentence upon him."

The color flamed into my cheeks like fire. I turned my back on Dick, hating and scorning myself beyond all expression that I had ever felt a thrill at the sight of his handsome face with its glitter of perfect teeth, and flash of midnight eyes.

"Let him go free," I said, slowly, feeling it would not be a very fine thing to have said that a quondam lover of Gertrude Wynne's was under arrest for attempted robbery.

Barton pointed to the open window.

"Let not to-morrow's sun shine upon you in Mapleton," he said, loftily, to Dick; and the wretched fellow slunk away, out into the quiet night.

Barton and I were alone. I was all of a tremble now, and he had to support me with both arms, or at least he did so, and I suppose, of course, he must have thought it necessary.

"How came you here?" I asked, not knowing what else to say to him, and feeling an eager desire to set him talking, since in that way he might be made to forget to stare at my burning face so outrageously.

"I have been loitering about the grounds since half past ten," he answered. "I only went home to fetch my pistol, for I was determined to constitute myself your protector, whether you wished it or not, since I scented possible trouble. I am more faithless than was Peter and the sons of Zebedee, however, for, instead of watching, I fell asleep under the hedgerow. Otherwise, Dick Chilton would not have succeeded in effecting an entrance to the house so easily."

And then, dear reader, something very silly happened—something I shall not repeat, and that Barton will never dare to tell so long as he retains a wholesome dread of a woman's tongue.

I have but a single word to add. Mamma is proven a true prophetess in one respect and a false one in another. She always said that Dick Chilton was a devil, which was very true; but she never dreamed that her heroic daughter would be proven a heroine!

P. S.—BY BARTON RAY:—Gertrude, the dear girl, has accorded me permission to write a line or two by way of closing up this narrative, providing that I "tell no tales out of school." But since that is the very thing I was anxious to do, and since the shrewd reader will readily guess the nature of the communication I would gladly have made but for a woman's dixit, I here will make my bow for the second time, and bid you a kind adieu.

THE SPIRIT-LAND.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

Oft in my dreams the scenes of Spirit-land
 Are opened to my sight, my brow is fanned
 By the soft gales wafted from Aidenn's shores,
 Where star-eyed beauty reigns forevermore,
 O lovely Spirit-land!
 Then as my heart's pulsations come and go,
 High swells the tide of happiness below,
 And o'er my spirit falls the wondrous spell
 Of pure entrancing music that doth dwell
 In Spirit-land.
 Ah! many a weary traveller hath found rest
 In the bright land of dreams supremely blest,
 To list the sounding anthems echoing free
 Through each fair bower and softly murmuring tree
 Of Spirit-land!

Then often do we wake and falsely deem
 'Tis but a fickle fancy, phrased a dream,
 Nor think a pitying angel's gentle hand
 Hath led us through the bowers of Spirit-land.
 There mountains rise with ever verdurous sides,
 And oceans roll their oft-recurring tides,
 There broad streams rush along and brooklets sing,
 And beauteous birds are ever on the wing.
 Far lovelier temples through the distance rise
 Than e'er on earth can greet our mortal eyes;
 Their graceful columns wreathed with wondrous flowers
 Of soft, rare tints more beautiful than ours.
 A clear, pure atmosphere, a roseate glow,
 Like morning sunlight flushing spotless snow,
 Lights up the landscape with a softer hue
 Than earth can gain from skies of fairest blue.
 No serpent lifts its head with outstretched fang,
 No touch of sorrow yields the heart a pang,
 But for each blighted hope, each hour of woe,
 Sweet floods of rapture o'er the spirit flow.
 And as a star each effort for the right
 Adorns the spirit's coronet of light.

Love is not blighted in the Spirit-land,
 And there is gathered many a joyous band
 Whose hearts on earth were wrung with grief and pain,
 Whose dearest, faintest hopes bloomed but in vain.
 The aching heart that lost its loved and best
 By realization of its dreams is blest.
 Those who on earth went all unrecognized,
 Their love unsought, their wealth of mind unprized,
 Are welcomed by the gifted and the great,
 Freed from the sorrows of an adverse fate.
 The praise of an unnumbered host above
 Ascends as incense to a God of love.

Thus much my dreams have told me, and my heart
Trusts to the joyful hope my dreams impart.
When sorrow's shades, like thickly falling night,
Close round the heart concealing all things bright,
E'en through that murky darkness shines a ray,
A golden sunbeam from the beauteous day
Of Spirit-land.

AFTER A DRINK.

BY J. P. MILLER.

ONE hot sunny day, some fifteen years ago, the whaler in which my first voyage to sea was made was slowly nearing the specks of land, in the waste of waters of the Pacific Ocean, called the Easter Islands. No one in the ship had ever been there before; but the inhabitants were credited with all the vices and faults in the list, including the trifling one of cannibalism—in the yarns which were spun around the windlass and abaft the try-works, as we neared what we hoped was to be a watering-place.

The boatsteerers, and the one or two old whalers in the fore-castle, told thrilling tales of the fate of unhappy men who had lost their lives from the savage barbarity of the natives, or of marvellous escapes; but where they found their authority for such stories no one could ever discover.

Our faith in the islanders' virtue being so weak, it was little wonder if we looked earnestly and curiously at the green, heavily-wooded island, as we moved lazily towards it on that bright, sunny, summer afternoon; but we saw nothing to warn us of danger—everything was calm and peaceful—and at about four o'clock our starboard anchor went into the water with a splash and a plunge, the anchor chain, ranged abaft the windlass, went over it and out of the hawse-pipe with a great clatter and a cloud of dust. The canvas was rolled up "after a fashion," and the N— lay as still as though anchored in Boston harbor, hooked to the bottom of the Pacific about five miles off a point of land which apparently divided a large bay into two equal portions.

No native had we yet seen; and the officers' careful scrutiny of the shores of the island with their glasses, disclosed no signs of human life.

We had been anchored for several hours, and were scattered about, some on the wind-

lass or try-works, and others sitting on the rail or lying on the forehatch, smoking after our suppers, and discussing the chances of our being able to increase our shrunken but by no means short stock of water at this island, without having any of our number served up for dinner—when we were roused up by the mate, a big, powerful man, with a voice like the bull of Bashan's, and a heart that was a lion's for courage and a woman's for kindness and charity, who gave us something to do by issuing the order, "clear away the larboard boat."

The term "port," as opposed to "starboard," was not then (nor do I know if it is now) so universally used in whaleships as in the merchant service; the "larboard" side and the "larboard watch" being always used in whaler's parlance, and "port" side or watch in the merchant seaman's.

The larboard boat, which is always "headed"—or commanded and steered—by the chief mate (the boatsteerer of any boat steering only after a whale is fastened to, while the officer kills the huge animal with the lance), was cleared of its gribes, the paddles and over-thwart gear, such as irons, lances and spade, hatchet and knives, taken out, the cranes swung from under her, and with Mr. C—in the stern, and his long Martha's Vineyard boatsteerer in the bow, and followed down the side by four men (not the regular boat's crew) whom the mate had selected, she was lowered into the smooth water, and pulled steadily away for the point of land nearest us. They were going on a voyage of discovery, to try and "spy out the land," and find fresh water, if possible, before dark.

We watched them till they were about half way to the shore, when the second mate, who had been talking earnestly with the captain for a few minutes, called out:

"Lay aft here, a couple of you, and get up the muskets;" and as my chum and I were going down the cabin stairs with him, in obedience to the command, we met the third officer coming up with a small sack in his hand, which we recognized as a cannon-cartridge, such as we had made up some months before for our old twelve-pounder signal-gun.

"What's up, sir?" said I, to the second mate, Mr. B.; "think we're going to have any trouble?"

"Don't know of any, Dick," replied Mr. B., "but I want to have things ready if anything *should* turn up. These black thieves are infernally treacherous—you can't trust 'em any further than you could heave an elephant by the tail. I've seen as much of 'em as I want to."

We got out muskets enough to arm every man in the ship's company with one, and loaded them carefully with powder and ball, of which we had abundance, but no cartridges; and when we returned to the deck we found that the third mate had carefully loaded the old cannon, filling it about half full of spikes, nails, and such bits of scrap iron as could be found—there being no cannon-shot of any kind on board, except a half dozen thirty-two pound ones that were kept in the try-pots to prevent rust from collecting, but which were of course too big for our twelve-pounder.

At eight bells all hands were called aft, and the captain told us that he felt as if every caution was necessary to be exercised, as the people of the island had a bad reputation, and might endeavor to harm us in some way; that it was every man's duty, as well as interest, to keep his eyes and ears open on watch; and concluded by ordering the arms and ammunition to be distributed, and sea-watches to be set—as it was not safe to trust the ship to an anchor-watch of one or two men.

The watch below stood their muskets up in the angle formed by the fore-castle scuttle and the windlass, throwing an old stun'-sail over them to keep off any possible, but not probable, dew, and turned in "all standing," that is, without removing their clothes. The boat-steerers and carpenter saw that their craft (as harpoons, lances, etc., are called) was ready to hand. And the watch on deck marched about, carrying their muskets at every possible angle and in every possible manner, or smoked and yarned on the fore-

hatch or in the waist—except two, who were stationed, one between the knight-heads, forward, and the other on the coach-house, aft, as lookouts.

At eleven o'clock, just as the word had been passed to rouse the watch below to take their turn on deck, the lookout aft reported a noise of oars approaching. We supposed it was our own boat, of course, for the South Sea Islanders use canoes propelled by paddles; but the watch was roused in a hurry, and muskets, lances and cutting-in-spades were held in readiness to give any unwelcome intruder a warm reception. The oars, however, *did* belong to our boat, and were pulled by our men, who were all back again safe—though they bore evident marks of having been handled a little bit roughly. It was pretty certain that *they* had seen natives, if we had not.

The boat was hoisted up and secured, and then each of her late crew became at once the centre of a group of eager inquirers, all anxious to know what had been seen, heard and done on shore. They had been among the islanders sure enough.

After reaching the point, and seeing nothing particular there, they had pulled along the shore for several miles, and at length saw a small fire some distance back from the beach, which they cautiously pulled in for. This fire we did not see from the ship, though the light at the ship's mast-head was seen by the boat's crew the whole evening.

On the beach they were met by several natives (including a number of women and children), who gave them fruit, and by signs invited them to land, and come up to the fire. For a while their invitations were disregarded, but their manner was so apparently gentle and kind that the men at last inconsiderately left the boat, and were soon mixed up among the islanders, who seemed to be fairly overflowing with hospitality.

Some time had been spent in "becoming acquainted" with their entertainers, when the boatsteerer, who had been the last man to step on shore, and had been jealously watching the boat ever since, having several times visited her to see that all was right, noticed that a much larger proportion of the savages were men than was the case at first, and that our boat's crew was very much scattered. He mentioned his suspicions to the mate—that the savages were gathering, and for no good intent—and the officer at

once agreed that the sooner they were afloat the better it would be for them.

The men were warned to get closer together, in as quiet a manner as possible, so as not to attract the attention of the natives, and to look out sharp for any movement on their part. None of the savages spoke English, so the arrangements were easily made, and the crew got within supporting distance of each other, near the fire, without apparently arousing their suspicions.

The mate and his men were armed but poorly for a conflict; the sailors had nothing but their sheath-knives, and the officers and boatsteerer nothing at all, to fight with; while the natives were armed with weapons of wood—two kinds, one a stick about sixteen inches in length, with a large knob on the end, which they throw with unerring aim, and with force enough to break a man's skull, unless he has an unusual supply of that article; the other implement was simply a heavy club, made in various forms, and ornamented with rude carving. How the carving is done I cannot explain, as no iron tools were seen among them but an old hatchet and a boat-hook, probably sold to them by, or stolen from a whaleboat.

The boatsteerer was directed to go down to the boat alone, which he could do without exciting suspicion, having done the same thing several times before since the landing was made. Once there, he was to get out the spare lances and irons from under the thwarts, and at the same time call one of the crew down to assist him. It was hoped that the two men would be able to get their arrangements completed without attracting the attention of the savages; and if they were successful, as soon as they were all ready the mate and his three companions were to start boldly for the boat, in a body. If they were assailed, as they expected and feared to be, then the two men from the boat would be able to lend powerful assistance by attacking the natives who might get between the boat and her crew, with the deadly lances.

The plan was perhaps the best that could be laid under the circumstances; and it succeeded so far that the boatsteerer and one man did get to the boat (round which the natives had begun to cluster pretty thickly), and had got out one lance from beneath the thwarts when the collision took place—the fight commencing at the fire.

The bow-oarsman, Gilbert, had on a Panama hat; and one of the natives, who

had been trying to buy his sheath-knife for a lot of fruit and a mat, suddenly snatched the hat off his head, and turned to run. He was not quick enough, however, for Gilbert, a big, raw-boned man, struck him on the side of his head with his clinched fist, knocking him fairly into the blazing fire.

"Out with your knives, men—make for the boat," roared Mr. C.; "come on, K. (to the boatsteerer), use your lances—fight for your lives, men—fight like devils!"

The boat's crew needed no urging. Gilbert, the moment he had struck the native, had snatched a club from another and felled him with a blow that would have killed an ox. The mate had grappled a savage, who, though but a child in his grasp, still managed to retain his weapon, till the black Portuguese from Cape Verd who pulled the midship oar drove a knife into his side—when the mate got his club. He was then an ugly customer to face, for any man. The savages, though probably somewhat taken by surprise at the commencement of the attack so soon, crowded around the little party, striking at them with clubs, yelling, and throwing stones and their short sticks. Several of the sailors had been hurt, but none disabled, when they got close down to the boat—the big mate fighting a passage, knocking out of his way everything that got in it, and cheering on the men all the time; while Gilbert and the other two men defended the rear as best they could. Our men were vastly superior in physical strength, if inferior in numbers; and they knew well that they were fighting for their lives. But all this time the boatsteerer and his man failed to make any diversion in their favor—the fact was, they had their hands full where they were.

When the shout arose at the fire for assistance, K. seized the lance and called on the other man to "grab the boat-hook," which he did; but they were instantly attacked by a crowd of the savages, effectually preventing them from giving any assistance to the mate and his little party. The lance was not the best tool to handle in such a melee, but K. managed to drive it through the naked breast of one unhappy wretch, when a second, who was too close to him to render the long lance available, aimed a blow at his head with his club. K. relinquished his lance and sprang aside in time to escape the club, whose owner he clinched, and the two whirled and twisted in a death struggle for the mastery, the infuriated natives who were crowding

round being unable to strike the seaman for fear of injuring their own friend. The boat-steerer had succeeded in getting the club from his antagonist, and had a grasp on his throat with his left hand which would soon have terminated his life, while with the cudgel he kept off the others as best he might, when he was struck a glancing blow on the back of the head by one of the short clubs, thrown at him from a considerable distance. Dazed and reeling with the blow, he dropped both the native and the club, and in a moment was down under the feet of a dozen of the savage wretches. His fate was apparently certain, when the man with the boat-hook made his appearance, and put a new face on the matter.

This man was a son of "ould Ireland;" and in his hands the despised boat-hook had proved far more effective than the trusted lance had been in the boat-steerer's. The handle of the hook was a stout piece of white ash, about nine feet long; and, holding it by the middle, with his two hands, Pat had fought with both ends, using either one to parry or strike with, and occasionally giving some one a punch with the pike, or a tear with the hook. He and his hook were a grand success; and it was well for the boat-steerer that Pat had managed to fight his way round to his part of the boat (they having been on opposite sides of her when the fight began), just as the savages had got the white man to the ground.

A tear of the hook into the naked flesh of a native who was kneeling beside the prostrate man and trying to get a blow at his head, a dozen rapid but heavy whacks of the boat-hook on the unprotected pates of the demons, and Pat waved his improvised shillalah in triumph over the living but still prostrate body of his friend, just as the mate and his men broke through the howling crowd into the open space cleared by the boat-hook.

"Hurrah! boys—here's the boat!" shouted the mate; "give 'em the devil, buillies—we'll weather 'em yet."

A glance told him the whole story (except that he supposed K. to be dead, when he wasn't—for he is living yet), and he gave his orders with the desperate coolness of a brave man who knew that he was expected to save the lives of the boat's crew—if they were to be saved at all.

"Gilbert, Pat—whack 'em back, whack 'em back. You Peanuts and Beef (the 'purser's

names' of the two Portuguese sailors), put K. in the boat—the hell-cats shan't have a dinner out of the N—'s crew, by —; then run the boat off and get out two oars." And all the time he was issuing these commands he was beating back the savages from the front, while Gilbert with his club defended one side, and Pat with his boat-hook took care of the other.

The insensible boat-steerer was tumbled into the boat, and she was shoved off the beach, by two Portuguese; one of whom, the black Cape de Verd Islander, carried between his teeth the reeking sheath-knife with which he had sent more than one of the assailants to their long home. It was fortunate for the crew that the boat's bow only was on the beach, so that the two men could launch her; had she been entirely hauled up, not a man of them would have left the beach alive. The moment the boat was afloat, the natives, as if satisfied that a desperate effort only could now prevent the escape of their prey, rushed upon the three men who were still on shore, and dashed out into the water to attack the boat, or perhaps to haul her again on shore.

One native seized the boat's gunwale only to fall back as Beef's knife passed with a jerk across his neck; and another was beaten down by Peanut's oar. But the whalemen were beyond the reach of reinforcements, and such fighting as they were engaged in would soon exhaust them. There were only two things for them to do—escape or die; to conquer was out of the question—for fresh men took the places of the natives as fast as they were knocked over or disabled.

"Now, men," called the mate, to his two companions, all three of them having been gradually forced backwards by the assailants until they were knee-deep in the water, the boat's bow being close to them, and the Portuguese lending a hand at the fight when they saw a chance; "now, men, stand by to jump aboard when I count three; stand by your oars, you two—one, two, three." And with the last word Gilbert and the mate tumbled into the boat, which immediately backed off a few boats' lengths, leaving poor Pat alone, to what seemed a certain death.

Pat, however, had no intention of submitting to his fate with anything of lamblike gentleness. On the contrary, he fought with a cool fury (to coin a phrase—the only one I know that will convey my meaning), that kept the savages from getting any effective

blows at him, while he called out to the men in the boat, in tones of agonized entreaty:

"For God's sake, boys, you wout leave me here now?"

He was obliged to retreat further and further into the water by the closing in of the natives, until he was so far submerged that the water seriously interfered with the working of his long boat-hook, one end of which was often below its surface; and another minute would probably have been fatal to Pat, when the boat came once more on the scene.

The mate had got aft to the steering-oar, and Gilbert was seated on his thwart, when Pat was missed; and at the same moment his appeal for help reached their ears.

"Pull in, pull away, pull, boys, pull," ordered the mate, hurriedly, to the two Portuguese; "Gil, get out an under-thwart iron—quick, quick!" And the brave men in the boat again pulled in, ready to face anew the terrible danger from which they had so recently escaped, but not to desert their shipmate in his extremity. The crew had gallantly supported each other—to which conduct they owed the ultimate safety of all their number; the Portuguese seamen might easily have backed the boat out of danger's way when they first got into her, and left the rest to be destroyed; as also might Pat have now been left to his fate, without risking the rest of the crew. Perhaps, in view of the almost hopelessness of saving him, those in the boat would have been justified in refusing to again face the perils of the beach; but they did not stop to consider the matter—they pulled straight in for where the fight was still going on, instead.

Not many strokes were needed to take them there; and the iron from Gilbert's hand transfixed one native, at the same time that the boat's bow struck another, knocking him down; and profiting by the surprise occasioned by this unexpected attack from an enemy they had supposed to have fled, Gilbert grabbed Pat by the hair with one hand and by the arm with the other, and singing out, "stern, stern!" with all his might hauled his man in over the bow, somewhat battered and bruised, and a good deal exhausted, but alive and "as well as could be expected." A few stern strokes of the oars took the boat off into darkness and deep water, and all danger was over.

"By the three geese! but wasn't it warm work?" said Pat, as he settled himself on his

thwart and shipped his oar; "but I lost the boat-hook, Mr. C.; couldn't help it, sir—the thieving vilyuns tuck it away from me!"

"O, hang the boat-hook—let it go," said the mate, in spite of himself having to laugh at such an apology at such a time, and under such circumstances. "But have a lookout at K.; see if he's alive, Patrick."

"Yes sir," responded Patrick, and thrusting his hand inside the boatsteerer's shirt, he continued, "alive? It's himself that is, then; hey—wake up, mate; what are yelayin' down here for, and we goin' off to the ship?"

Some salt water on his face soon brought the boatsteerer to, and he was seated in the stern-sheets of the boat; and though still weak and ill, he was able to climb the side when the boat got alongside. Old Beef had a bad hurt on his left side, and all were more or less bruised; but no lives had been lost, nor any serious, permanent injury sustained, by any of the boat's crew.

The utmost vigilance was exercised for the rest of the night, but no other disturbance took place.

The next day was calm; and our officers and captain consulted together as to the propriety of leaving the islands without attempting to procure water, as it was manifestly madness to trust the natives—particularly after what had occurred. The shores of the island seemed as destitute of life as they had when we first viewed them; and the third mate (whose boatsteerer I was), about noon lowered his boat, and pulled in for the land—not intending, however, to try the mate's experiment over again.

We kept a safe distance off shore, and kept a sharp lookout at it, as well; but we saw nothing to alarm us, so we pulled down past the point, on the opposite side from where the mate had gone the preceding evening, for about two miles. Here we found what was evidently a small stream of water, little more than a brook, running into the bay; and we knew it must be fresh water, though we did not dare to land, to test it by drinking; we should not have seen it at all but for a slight break in the dense growth of trees and brush—a species of mangrove growing on the banks of the brook, and nowhere else.

"That's the place, boys," said the third mate; "we must get water there, or not at all."

We returned to the ship without having seen anything suspicious, unless the absence of the natives from sight might be accounted such, and another conference took place

among the officers. It was agreed that the third mate (not the second, who generally gets the water, on board a whaleship), who knew where the stream was, should tow a small raft of casks to the watering-place the ensuing night, under cover of the darkness; fill the casks and roll them out as fast as possible before rafting them again, so that they would be, as much as possible, concealed by the salt water, and there anchor the raft, so that it would not be driven in shore again by the advancing tide. As soon as the raft was afloat, it was to be taken in tow, and the "whett" set in the stern as a signal for the other boats, which were then to come down boldly, well-armed, and help get it alongside.

The manner of rafting casks is as follows, two rope beckets are put on each end of a cask, and secured in place by the hoops—four beckets to a cask. A rope is then run through the beckets, the bight of it being around the end of the last cask, so that the casks all follow each other, end on; and are towed with greater ease, once the raft is started, than a single cask with its broadside to the boat.

Our casks had been becketed for some time; so during the afternoon six three-barrel casks were strung together and put over the side, in readiness for our midnight occasion. We cleared our boat, taking out everything but the oars and water-keg; a good lunch was stowed away in her; and a grand mustering of arms took place, to furnish us with the means of defence if we *should* be molested—which was not expected to happen, as we hoped to be able to get the raft started for the ship before the natives observed us. Once started, we did not imagine they would attempt to interfere; or if they did, a few musket shots were expected to put them all to flight.

As to arms, we made rather a poor show. There were plenty of muskets, but the third mate would take only two in the boat, saying they would only be in the way. Each man was furnished with a cutlass; but of pistols there was a most lamentable dearth, there being but one on board the ship—a wretched little "pepper-box" belonging to the captain, and called a "revolver" from courtesy—which would not go off half the time, and when it did, would hardly have hurt a man at ten feet distance. This Mr. S. (our officer) declined to take, saying he had much rather have a half brick to trust to in a fight.

At about ten o'clock we left the ship with our regular boat's crew (Peanut, the black

Portuguese, who had been on shore with the mate, pulling our midship-oar), towing the light raft, and at about midnight we arrived at the break in the woods which was our guide to the brook. The latter we easily found; and by four o'clock our casks were filled, rolled out in the water as far as we could manage it, rafted, and the raft anchored. The tide was still falling, but as the day was breaking we dared not show ourselves any longer; we depended for our safety on being able to conceal our presence from the savages until the casks were floated by the incoming tide, and then getting on board the ship before they could muster in force enough to annoy us.

Having finished the raft, we fisted the boat and ran her up in the bed of the little stream till she was wholly concealed by the mangroves; and then settled ourselves to wait with what patience we might for the raft to float. We stuck to the boat, the mangrove swamp not being a very inviting place to roam in, even if experience had not taught us a lesson. Daylight came; we could see the ship, which was pleasant, and could not see any natives, which was equally agreeable. The sun had got well up, and the tide had risen very perceptibly, and still everything was apparently going on all right. The vague sense of uneasiness which we had felt at first, and which had kept our eyes pretty wide open and our mouths closely shut in the early part of the morning, gradually gave way to a sense of satisfaction at the manner in which we were outwitting the natives, and we chuckled a little bit among ourselves, though in a somewhat guarded manner, certainly.

"The raft's nearly afloat, boys," said Mr. S., at ten o'clock or thereabouts; "we'll be off in half an hour, and the black thieves can bag their heads. Halloo! what's that? Take a look at the ship, Dick."

The exclamation was drawn from him by a low, dull booming sound from the direction of the ship. Jumping into the little stream, from the bow of the boat, where I had been lying, I parted the mangroves and looked out. The ship was all right, and nothing appeared to awaken distrust; but while I looked, a puff of white smoke rose from her waist, and I saw a dark object run up and down from her taffrail to the end of the spanker-gaff, several times. It was the "whett," or recall flag, which did not blow out so as to show well, the day being hot and still. The ship was signalling our return, and running the

whelt up and down was to emphasize it. In a few moments the dull boom of the cannon again reached us.

"The whelt's running up and down, sir, and they are firing the gun," I reported to our officer.

"Launch the boat—off with her, boys," said Mr. S., sharply and decisively; "there's a screw loose somewhere; the sooner we're off there the better. Off she goes."

We ran the boat into the water, shipped our oars, and started for the ship. As we passed the raft I remarked, "The raft's all afloat, sir."

"Pull away—never mind the raft; lay back, my lads," was the reply, as we left the anchored casks astern.

The sun was hot, but we pulled a long, sweeping stroke, that was rapidly taking us out clear of the point, when the signal-gun again boomed forth its warning, this time much louder and more startling, as we were considerably nearer than when it was first fired. All hands had been looking anxiously round to discover the cause of the evident uneasiness on board the ship, but nothing had rewarded our search. We knew that we must be visible from the ship, for they knew just where to look for us, and we were less than six miles distant. What could such anxiety on their part mean?

"Lay back, men," said the third mate, commencing to "back up" the after oar for the first time since we started; "lay back; there's the devil to pay somewhere, that we can't see. Spring her, boys, spring her!"

All felt as if, as Mr. S., had said, "the devil was to pay somewhere," and we laid back with a will, shooting our light boat through the water at a rate which soon took us clear of the point. The earnestness of the ship's men was all explained now. There, less than a mile from us, fair abeam, and paddling rapidly for the ship, were at least twenty large canoes, holding probably forty men each. To resist such a force in our boat was hopeless; our only hope of salvation laid in gaining the ship before they did.

As we were pulling straight for the vessel, and the canoes were aiming for the same point, we were of course rapidly nearing each other; our aim was to be ahead of the natives before the converging lines of our respective courses should meet. It was a hard race—to an uninterested spectator it would doubtless have been very fine; but we didn't think much of it. Pulling for life,

the stake is too heavy for the contestants to enjoy it. No breath was wasted in talk, for none needed urging to lay out the last ounce of strength. The musket in the bow bothered me a little—I missed a stroke, and tossed it overboard. The third mate said nothing, but ceased heaving on the stroke oar a moment, to toss over the other. So much weight was gone; and that was of more importance than all the fighting we could do, if we were overhauled.

We had reached within a mile of the ship, when it was evident that if there was any advantage in speed, it was on our side—we were certainly a little ahead of the other racers. The savages, a set of naked, howling demons, eager for vengeance, and accustomed to the heat of the climate, plied their paddles with a will; while we were encumbered with clothing (not much of it, to be sure, but still enough to make a difference), and were but a few months away from the cold and cheerless region of sea, north of Behring's Straits. But men will work hard for life—we did. Five minutes more would decide the race, one way or the other.

We had pulled in a direct line for the ship; but the savages had headed a very little across our course, hoping to cut us off, so that some of their canoes were now in our wake, and well astern. But the leading one was a little on our quarter, and not more than a ship's length off. Two years' practice in whaleboats had trained our muscles well, but, though we had many a hard tug after "fast boats," we had never seen occasion for such exercise as this race was giving us, and aching wrists and labored breathing warned me that not many more miles would be needed to finish me; nor were the others less distressed. One man only of our crew seemed fresh—Peanuts the black Portuguese, who bent his long back as he reached the blade of his eighteen foot oar nearly forward of mine, and then bent the stout ash as though it were a bit of willow, without "turning a hair" with sweat. Half blinded with the perspiration which streamed from our foreheads into our eyes, we could not spare even the moment required to dry our faces, but labored on, scarce able to see our oar-blades, the silence in our boat, broken only by the rapid, steady rollocking of the oars and the deep breathing of the rowers, contrasting strangely with the infernal yellings of our pursuers. Mr. S. could see the ship, of course, as he faced that way, but the boat's

crew could not, and the third mate could not see the canvas; but neither party could spare an instant to look around. Moments were too precious just then. Peanuts was the first to break the silence which had been observed since we first saw the canoes. Gnashing his teeth at the enemy, he said, half to himself and half to them:

"You black dev! we beatee you," and suddenly elevating his voice to a yell, he continued, "we beatee you?"

"Do we drop 'em any, Dick?" gasped Mr. S., without turning round.

"Yes sir, I think we do, a little," answered I; for I could see that the gap between us had increased.

"Hurrah, boys!" continued the third mate, "they haven't got us yet. Then we bring the ship this way, a boat's length every stroke. I can see the gun-barrels shine—there's men in the tops with muskets. Lay back, boys, another half mile and we're safe."

Encouraged by the prospect of victory in the race, hope and a feeling of defiance lent new vigor to our weakened and over-exerted muscles; and as the sound of a cheer from our shipmates reached our ears, telling us how eagerly we were watched, and how ready our companions were to assist us if possible an answering shout went back from us—drowned though it was in the yelling of the natives.

"Keep your stroke now, men, keep your stroke now," said our officer; "don't hurry your stroke—we'll do 'em brown yet—keep your stroke and lay back; one minute more and we're there. Steady and cool's the word. Ha! there goes a musket."

We heard no report, nor the whiz of the bullet; but a commotion in the leading canoe indicated that some one was hurt. "Aha! you black dev!" screamed Peanuts, "come on; we killee you—you black dev!" [Peanuts himself was black as the ace of spades, but was very fond of applying to other colored men the term "black devil" so often applied to himself.] A moment later and we could hear the report of the muskets which the men in the tops were firing at our pursuers, and the whiz of the bullets over our heads.

Some people may think the whistling of bullets nice music, but I don't. I frankly acknowledge that I prefer even the dulcet notes of the worst hand-organ. But "on this occasion only" I enjoyed the singing of the leaden messengers—and so did the rest of

our crew. In spite of himself, and his admonition to us to keep cool, a yell of exultation broke from the third mate, and was joined in by all hands. We had good cause to exult. Several of the natives must have been hit, judging from the confusion in the foremost canoes, which still pursued, but had evidently lost heart in the chase, so that we were rapidly gaining away from them; and we could distinguish the shouts of our shipmates as they cheered us on, mingled with rapid musket-shooting and cursing at the savages. And then came the chief mate's hail, "Pull round the stern, Mr. S., pull round the stern."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered Peanuts; and so suddenly had our spirits risen that something akin to a laugh took place in the boat.

We shot round the ship's stern, and alongside; in a few seconds we were on deck—exhausted, but safe. Each man grasped a weapon to face the foe; but they evidently had no intention to attack. On the contrary, they were paddling as fast as possible to get out of range of the bullets, which were being sent at them from the deck, now, as well as from the tops. The signal-gun, from which the "assorted" charge had been drawn before signalling to us, had been reloaded, and was pointing out of the waist at the canoes. Mr. S. rushed to the galley for the hot poker, and returned with it in his hand to fire the cannon.

"Stop, Mr. S.," said the mate, "for God's mercy, stop. There's no use in killing the poor wretches—they're clearing out as fast as they can, now. Stop firing, men," he continued, shouting to the crew.

The firing soon ceased; but Peanuts, whose blood was up, and who was fairly foaming with rage, saw the captain's "pepper-box" lying on the capstan, snatched it up, ran to the waist, and snapped it at the vent of the signal-gun. For once, the wretched pepper-box went off the first time it was snapped; and a deafening report ensued, the spikes and other missiles spattering thickly in the water around the retreating canoes, and doubtless doing much injury—we had no means of telling how much; while the overloaded old gun kicked square over the main hatch, landing on its back with the carriage uppermost, against the opposite bulwarks.

That was the last shot fired. How many, if any, of the savages were killed, we could not tell; but there were enough of them left to paddle back to the shore again nearly as

rapidly as they had come, at any rate. As the canoes neared the land on their return, the captain, who had been looking at them over the rail, suddenly turned to the mate. "Man the windlass, Mr. C.; we'll get out of this hole. Give the boys a glass of grog, sir; I'll send the steward up with the brown pitcher."

The anchor was lifted and our canvas being filled with a light breeze, we soon left the accursed islands astern; and the sun rose next morning on an unbroken horizon of water. Our raft of casks may be anchored there yet—we never went to look after it

again; and its loss put us on short allowance of water until we reached Tumbes, in Peru, some time after. If any one wants to go to the Easter Islands for water, he can go; but I shall beg leave to decline keeping him company.

For a week after that race I felt the effects of that half hour's terrible suspense and over-exertion; and it is certainly a human feeling, if not a Christian sentiment, which makes me hope that each of the natives was as much used up as I was. If I ever emigrate from New England, it will not be to the Easter Islands.

AVARON.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

"Under the lofty cloisters
Of the abbey of St. John,
For fifty golden summers paced
The good monk Avaron."

SOMEWHERE, I have read a ballad with an opening like this, calling up a thousand visions of the rugged old days, and of histories not written in books. Who was Avaron, save the recluse he seemed? In sooth, I know not, for the beautiful ballad leaves each reader to his dream. Let us subtract thirty from the fifty golden summers, and he shall have trod for a score of years beneath the lofty cloisters—a stately monk, such as few convent piles have sheltered.

Never saw England a period of greater violence than succeeded the usurpation of Stephen. The Empress Matilda, the rightful heir to the crown, invaded the country from Germany, and for the brief season of her triumph the monarch was himself thrown into prison. Robber knights committed outrages in all portions of the land. The great nobles became little better than brigands, and their castles were scenes of riot. During all this outward turmoil, the monk Avaron paced the solemn cloister. So strong of limb he was, and so martial of bearing, as to seem a warrior priest.

Not far from the convent of St. John, dwelt a woodman named Robert, with whom and his good dame abode their daughter Maud. One cannot imagine anything more lovely than this fresh young English girl of the twelfth century. Let the reader picture the fairest creature he has ever known—none

love of his glad young days—and then imagine her far away in the time of King Stephen, dwelling "under the greenwood tree." Maud was a poem, wondrous sweet, whose spirit, as read by the neighboring rustics, found but wretched translators.

There was one, however, who felt in the cotter's daughter an interest surprising to himself. This was the monk Avaron; and Maud had come to welcome his holy footsteps. His benignant spirit was sure to leave her happier, sweeter and nobler than when it found her. Well may we imagine the calm delight that Avaron found in this one bright oasis which bound him yet to earth. Sad and stern enough was he in cloister, but in the exercise of a kind of guardian love his spirit passed out of long frozen fountains, out of tempest, or whirl, or cataract, smooth and gentle, and deep, and with a joy unspeakable.

That the contemplative spirit of the monk, wearied with the flights of learning and scarred in the warfare of a world not yet forgotten, should have found pleasure and rest in the exercise of a spontaneous guardianship over one so lovely, was not wonderful. But there was something more than this—a deep, paternal love for the simple and beautiful child, such as she was when he first met with her, for the blushing, rose-lipped maiden, such as she had now become. Often the thought of her colored the page which the holy father read, till he would arise and walk toward the cot of the forester Robert, as if fearing that some great ill was about to befall his gentle charge. Dear is the cost of a lov-

ing nature, yet who would exchange it for indifference? Do not its own sweets a thousand times repay the anxiety, from which its worldly way is inseparable?

But if in the midst of stormy memories, and of heart-burnings, which his holy vestments covered but could not smother, the troubled priest found peace in his grateful office of counsellor and guide—no less did beautiful Maud reap benefit from the blessed communion. What knew her rude companions of the sweet conceptions of her heart? What knew the daughter of old Erwolf, or the sister of Gurth, of the Dale?

"They are stocks and stones," mused Father Avaron; "they receive nothing, they reflect nothing; they have no transparency of soul. But my little Maud—Maud, Maud; what a dear, sweet name! O, if evil should befall her! How clear her young fancy. Her soul is like St. Mary's spring in yonder valley. As the sun of her life rises higher and higher, she reflects all beautiful things. Nothing hath she lost of all that I have breathed to her of the wonders of the old time—nothing of the deeds of warriors, of the martyrdom of priests. To her companions, the forest and the heath end all; for the stone takes no impression. I tremble for the rose that may fall, for the fountain that may be drank up by a horrible draught. O, these troublesome times! Yet happier the serf than the baron!"

It was beautiful to see the good father wending his way through the green wood upon missions of charity or gentle consolation. The holy cross gleamed upon his breast like a golden star, wonderfully in keeping with the benignity of his features. Yet in that lofty face, though checked in its worldly impulses by his high and sacred faith, dwelt a spirit of dauntless resolution. Often the bugles broke upon his ear, as the neighboring nobles spurred in the forest chase, and as often, remembering the lawlessness of the times, he feared for lovely Maud.

"What lady of all their castle halls," he mused, "is so fair as she? I have armed her mind against artifice and dissimulation, but where these may not succeed, power and violence may. The daughter of a forester, yet she hath the Norman features—O how like, how like to those that live in my heart! And the name, too, the blessed name of Maud! It is a strange coincidence, as if the sweet spirit reincarnated, had stooped hither to mellow and make dear my seclusion."

Then the holy father would fall to musing

upon the past, coming instinctively to the troublesome times of the present—the slaughter of the brave Earl Arundel, and the devastation of many a broad estate. What of the unknown champion, whose deeds filled all the country-side? Where was his abode? and for what especial wrong did he wreak vengeance on Matilda's partisans?

"How life repeats itself!" cried Avaron. "Is it not the same story—devastation and murder, then a knight in dark armor, retribution and terror. It is mine own history reenacted, and methinks, almost, that I have two identities!"

Meanwhile the life of Maud was not without its adventures. Once, in the deep forest which custom had made familiar, she was startled by a charger's tramp, and raising her head, beheld a mounted knight in sable. No less surprised than the young girl, he checked his steed for a moment, but upon the appearance of old Robert, he turned slowly away, not, however, without a graceful gesture of salutation.

When Father Avaron heard of this incident he was somewhat anxious, but he became the more so when a week later, Maud, who had no secrets from the holy monk, told him of an adventure still more stirring than her encounter with the knight. A wolf had pursued her in the forest, but just as he was in the act of springing upon her, the arrow of an expert archer laid him dead at her feet. Her rescuer was a blue-eyed youth, a stranger to all the neighboring rustics, but though his garb was coarse, Maud could perceive that he had nothing about him of the servile air of a cottar. It might have been, Maud thought, that service in the train of some great nobleman had given that mellowness to his manners which none of her rude acquaintances possessed. He seemed a wall thrown out by the stormy sea of that violent period.

Again and again, as by the merest accident, Maud met the blue-eyed youth, who abode, as she learned, with a stout woodman some leagues from Robert's cot. Robert himself was strongly prepossessed in the young forester's favor, for that he could be a boon and brave companion was sufficiently evident. Charming Robert by his ruder nature, he charmed Maud by his gentler. The maiden's soul was all poetry. She would have shrunk intuitively from a villain, however cunningly disguised; but Arthur, her young deliverer, was earnest and noble in his

love. If he poured into the girl's impressionable nature a poetry of his own, it was because he felt it. The waterfall, and the birds, and the green leaves were his helpers, and with these he wrote upon Maud's heart. Now no more alone must she listen to brook or bird; another heard for her, and she for him.

The artless nature of his young charge soon unwittingly revealed to Father Avaron the true state of affairs, and the good priest was troubled. He had himself met with Arthur and been favorably impressed by his modest and frank demeanor. But here was a resolution—a venturing forth, never again to return. The thing which had been could never again be. It was not time or distance of which he thought—only change. It was an event which here drew a line separating a certain mellowness, and happiness, and beauty from the present and calling it a thing of the past. O, the misery of putting aside living offices of affection and calling them dead. Were we each morning to place in some beloved hand a bright new rose, would we not in this connection be unconscious of any past, feeling only the sweet flowing present, as if yesterday, to-day and to-morrow were bound together in one? But the border of the past is marked by the last rose. Beyond it are the things that were. So Avaron felt when he thought of Maud and the new channel which the fountain of her heart had found. Yet he knew that this must be—he felt sad, that was all.

With care for the woodland maiden weighing heavily upon his heart, the priest sought a long interview with Arthur; and when the latter rose from the confessional, the good monk's face expressed unusual pleasure. He was satisfied; a sweet peace beamed from his Norman eyes, and he felt that Maud's danger—for he had ever entertained a presentiment of danger to her—must be looked for at other hands than those of her youthful lover. Then the two men conversed of war, and peace, and of political economy, and falling from the lips of a peasant, the martial sentences of Arthur would have surprised any save the good monk Avaron.

"I would that these wretched days were over," cried the latter. "The nominal sway of Matilda is but a mockery. The nobles in her interest have become but brigand chiefs, with no strong hand to restrain their rapacity, or check their vengeance upon supposed enemies. The Count of Blois was ever

energetic as affable, and even before he seized upon the throne his name was a power in the land. I could have wished that he had been less ambitious, and that Matilda might have quietly succeeded her father; but since both church and state have acquiesced in the advancement of Stephen; since the crown at his demise can easily be returned to the hereditary line; since we behold the disorders which his brief imprisonment has already brought upon the land, and since no other hand can readjust the confused elements of society, I long for his return to power."

"But how, holy father," said Arthur, "is this to be accomplished? The walls of Arundel Castle, where he lies in durance, are defended by the flower of Matilda's forces. The single black steed and his rider," he added, with a deprecating smile, "would hardly be equal to such an enterprise."

"True," replied Avaron. "I feel that the condition of affairs is almost hopeless. Robert Earl of Gloucester is the soul of his party, and Matilda's enemies cannot make head against her while that nobleman exercises his present authority. Without him, her presence would become intolerable even to her own partisans, for she is weak, imperious and cruel."

"And what the king is to ourselves," said young Arthur, taking up the monk's idea, "such the Earl of Gloucester is to Matilda and her followers. I have it, holy father; without Gloucester, the hands of our enemies fall; with King Stephen at liberty, assured triumph is ours. So simple a proposition solves the problem of our affairs. But the proposition itself, how shall it be realized?"

"I know not," said Avaron, "but thou art young, and mayest yet see the dawn of brighter days. Would that I might have taken myself wholly within the cloister; that I had no anxieties beyond; but the weal of the human race is still dear to me, even the mere earthly weal. Should the fame of Maud's beauty once reach the lawless gentry—should any ill befall her—O my son!"

"But she has a guardian that she dreams not of," replied Arthur; "and besides, holy father, at the first whisper of danger, as I have heard thee say, she must take sanctuary in the abbey."

Maud's danger was greater than they imagined. Her fame had indeed gone abroad; a young, rollicking esquire had stared rudely at her as she passed under his gaze at the cottage door; another had met her in

company with the holy father; and even the fierce baron, Sir Ralph de Montmorencie, had drauk to the forester's daughter.

It was not long subsequent to his interview with Arthur, that Avaron was surprised by the arrival at the abbey in the darkness of evening, of Maud and her parents, escorted by several horsemen, among whom a knight in black armor was the most conspicuous figure. A band of lawless retainers of the train of Montmorencie had attempted to abduct the young girl from the cottage, and were just placing Maud forcibly upon a palfrey, when a small band headed by the knight in sable, charged them with irresistible fury.

"I had received intimation of the enterprise," remarked the dark warrior, apart to Avaron, "but had nearly been too late."

"Thanks, O thanks to the Virgin for her blessed interposition!" cried the good monk.

"And now," said the sable knight, "I will leave Maud in the keeping of the holy sanctuary. I have a mission which brooks little delay. Tell her that thou hast met with Arthur the woodman; that his heart is with her, but that business involving her hopes and his has for the moment called him to a distance. Adieu, holy father, till we meet again!"

A night and a day passed, and then Sir Ralph de Montmorencie attacked the abbey with his fierce retainers. It was a monstrous and sacrilegious act, but one to which there could be no successful resistance. In the confusion of the assault, Father Avaron led Maud and her parents from a secret postern, and they fled through the darkness, finding shelter in a wild covert of the green wood.

There was almost a fierceness in the air of the monk. His stalwart figure seemed taller, broader-shouldered, and more warrior-like than ever before; and how bitterly, how vehemently he spoke. But after the first ebullition, as Maud cowered close beside him in the sylvan dell, he seemed recalled to his calmer self.

"My child, my blessed child!" he said, "they cannot harm thee—surely there must be a way opened for thy deliverance. I know not why, but even in this terrible moment, I feel a presentiment of approaching good to thee and to all of us. This wretch who has invaded the sanctuary is the son of one who was himself guilty of monstrous crimes. Thou hast not been the first to suffer from the villainous race of Montmorencie."

The gray dawn had begun to light the faces of the concealed fugitives, and the forester looked inquiringly and almost with alarm towards the holy father as he spoke.

"Years ago, good Robert," continued the friar, "the elder Sir Ralph wooed a maiden who rejected his suit. She was highborn as beautiful, and many a proud baron knelt at her shrine. The lady's choice, however, fell upon a nobleman whose deeds in arms had already won him the favor of both king and people. They were wedded. A twelvemonth passed, when an uprising of the great barons called the happy bridegroom forth in the service of the king. In his absence, his castle was attacked by Montmorencie, but the Lady Maud, such was the name of his beloved, fled to the forest, as a second Maud has this night done, and for the moment escaped his hand."

"On the subsequent day, however, Sir Ralph de Montmorencie, Sir Geoffrey de Bohun and Sir Hugh de Grantmesnel scoured the greenwood in pursuit. It was arranged that the beautiful fugitive should be the prize of him who might first secure her. This brutal agreement they deemed a most excellent jest. At length they espied the lady fleeing at their advance. Her flight lay towards a cliff overhanging a rapid torrent, and inaccessible to horsemen."

"Mine, mine is the Lady Maud!" cried Montmorencie, flinging himself from his charger and leaping up the cliff. "Mine, Sir Hugh, not thine!"

"Hardly had he spoken, when stumbling in the rugged way, he fell with a force which forbade all further progress."

"The gigantic baron, Sir Hugh Grantmesnel, sprang furiously past him. The Lady Maud had reached the summit of the cliff, and was prepared for a leap below. The baron stretched his hands to grasp her—but in the forest there crouched an unseen figure. Stooping on one knee, a stout woodman drew his bow, the cloth yard arrow sped; and Grantmesnel, throwing his arms aloft, fell stark dead upon the rock!"

"Heaven's blessing upon the head of him who would have saved the Lady Maud! Vain, alas! was the act, as it was daring, for at that very moment she leaped from the cliff. The retainers of the slain nobleman caught a moment's glimpse of her floating garments as the swift torrent whirled her away. In vain they pursued the woodman; he vanished in the forest; and the story of this terrible scene was left to be related by

the vassals who witnessed it. None ever heard of the woodman more, nor of the hapless Maud. O, how like to thee, my daughter, how like to thee!" he added, turning to the forester's child.

"And didst thou know her, holy father?" asked Maud.

Robert the forester dropped upon his knees at the feet of the monk.

"Holy father," he cried, "I fear that I have done a deadly sin in thus far withholding from thee a confession long since due. I myself am the woodman whose arrow was met with the blood of Grantmesnel. But I have more to say. Returning to the scene of the catastrophe, when the ferocious enemy had departed, I discovered that the lady had been miraculously preserved from instant death. The swift current had swept her beneath a rock, hiding her from the view of those upon the cliff. Still able to walk, she accompanied me to my cabin where my good dame attended to her needs; but a week later, upon the birth of her sweet little girl, the beautiful lady died. Meanwhile I became aware that Grantmesnel's retainers suspected me of having slain Sir Hugh, and to escape their vengeance I removed to a distance.

"The child became the idol of our household; and not even to thee, when long afterwards I first saw thy blessed face, did I make confession of the truth, lest in some manner the angel should be taken from our hearth and bestowed among the great. What became of her father, in those turbulent days, I could never learn, further than that he in some way fell under the displeasure of the king and was imprisoned at the very time of the catastrophe; but as to Sir Geoffrey de Bohun and Sir Ralph de Montmorencie, they were both struck down and cloven from crown to chin, by a knight whom no man knew."

"My child, my blessed child!" cried Avaron. "Thus the whispers of nature have been true through all these years! Myself was the Lord of Oakland. The machinations of Montmorencie made the king my enemy, and I was imprisoned. I pierced the dungeon wall to reach those who had destroyed my fame and desolated my hearth; and, vengeance once appeased, I sought the cloister. Beautiful, marvellously beautiful, even in our days of trouble, are the dispensations of Heaven. Thou, sweet Maud, didst spring up as a flower almost by the portal of my cell. But hark! It cannot be that our enemies in pursuit would sound the bugle!"

Avaron started to his feet, and as he did so, the sound of trampling horses from two opposite directions smote his ear. The beams of the rising sun, lighting a narrow glade, flashed upon the armor of two opposing squadrons.

"What have we here?" cried the monk. "The sable knight, as I live! and opposed stands the son of him I slew."

"Montmorencie! Montmorencie!" "Arundel! Arundel!" and the two stalwart noblemen with their heavy armed squadrons, thundered to the shock. In a moment all was over.

"The blessed saints be praised!" exclaimed Avaron. "Thou art saved, my child, and thine enemy is gone to his account! His retainers are fleeing in terror!"

The fugitives stepped forth to view, nor need I describe the greetings that passed.

"Arthur, Earl of Arundel," said Avaron, "let me present thee to the Lady Maud, daughter of Ethelwald, Earl of Oakland."

Lord Arundel dashed the helmet from his head.

"Mine own Maud," he cried, "dost thou recognize Arthur the woodman in this cumbersome garb of steel?"

There was no mistaking the deep blue eyes and sunny clustering locks, and Maud threw herself into the mailed arms of her lover.

"Thus," cried Arundel, "have I avenged the slaughter of my father and the desolation of his estate. The Montmorencies are vile from root to branch, and he who would have ruined thy hopes and mine, helmed but the baseness of him who defamed the brave Earl of Oakland, my father's friend, and made desolate his hearthstone by the murder of his young bride."

In the vehemence of her feelings Maud would have spoken of the revelation so lately given, but a gesture from Avaron restrained her. Not here—not before those rude warriors, would he be sought but the holy father.

"My bands are strong," said the Lord of Arundel, "I have possessed myself of the abbey and dispersed many of my men through the forest, in quest of both friends and enemies. For weeks I have been mustering forces for a secret enterprise from which I but this morn returned to find you in such imminent peril. At the monastery, holy father, thou wilt find Robert, Earl of Gloucester, whom I captured as he rode in the chase."

"Then," replied Avaron, "assured triumph is ours, for the earl's ransom must be found only in the person of King Stephen."

And thus it was; Matilda's party, struck with consternation at the captivity of its champion, at once offered the king in exchange. Under the able head of Stephen, his oppressed partisans rallied, a compromise was effected, whereby the son of Matilda was designated as the king's successor upon the latter's demise, and the imperious princess retired from the land.

Arundel and beautiful Maud, in the presence of King Stephen, were linked by Avaron in the holy bonds; and not till the

rite was over did the king or his great baron learn the worldly name of him who wore those sacred robes.

Days of peace succeeded, and blessed were the visits of the holy father to Arundel Castle. Years later, his declining hours were soothed by the ministrations of the gentle Maud; and when he had departed, the brotherhood of the monastery wondered what had been his human record.

"The holy fathers knew not,
But they buried Avaron
Under the lofty cloisters
Of the abbey of St. John."

SAVED FROM DEATH.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

"GUILTY!" When that word rang through the crowded court-room, there was not a sound to break its awfulness. It struck like a heavy blow upon the silence, and made the hearts of every listener for an instant thrill with pity. Some one was doomed to death. Somebody stood on the boundary of eternity, with all life's worth and wealth luring him back, with mocking smiles and scornful eyes.

A hush for a moment hung like a cloud over the assembly, then there burst forth a dry, tearless sob, and some one with a wailing, despairing cry said:

"Father!"

Then all again was silent, but eager eyes peered sharply to discover the owner of that grief-broken voice, and heads were bent earnestly forward. Then there came a shuffling of feet, and the officers with the prisoner came down the room.

He was a magnificent specimen, and seemed to verify the words, "God created man in his own image." He towered several inches above any one near him, and his chest was broad and perfectly developed. A handsome head with a broad forehead, white as milk near the hair, and bronzed a little lower down, as was the entire lower portion of his face, exhibited a thoughtful and generous nature, and his eyes were tender as a woman's. There was not a sign of distress save the grieved white lips, otherwise the face was as serene as a summer's day. Just behind him walked a child—his child you knew at once,

by the striking resemblance—a little girl of eleven or twelve years of age. There was not a tear in the glittering brown eyes, but her face was white and rigid as death, and her tiny hands clenched fast together, betrayed a fearful struggle within.

"You will not drive me away yet, will you?" she pleaded, as they neared the door. "I want to talk with poor father."

"I've nothing to say about it. I can't let you go below with us, but I guess you can come to-morrow," said the officer.

"Can't I go now?" she asked, grasping his arm.

"No, not now."

She said not a word but sprang forward and clung to the prisoner.

"Mary, little daughter! Do you forget poor mother?"

"No, no, no! But what can I say to her? How can I tell her? What can I do?"

"Tell her to pray for me, and trust in God. Be a brave little girl, and comfort her as I would."

She stood up.

"And I shall tell her that I'll die to prove you a good man; and, father, I shall do it."

She stood aside and watched them as they walked down the hall, and disappeared; saying to herself, "Yes, I'm going to save him. He shall not die, he shall not be—" her white lips trembled at the word, "hang." She did not notice the crowd that was surging through the open door and rudely pushing her. She

saw nothing but the path he had taken down the hall into the open air. Her brown eyes were dull and vacant, and her lips cold and white. It was a strange sight, and the curious crowd gathered in hundreds about her. She did not see them; a hazy, filmy veil seemed spread before her eyes, and a numbness like death possessed her.

"It's poor little Mary Neilson," said a kindly voice, from the crowd; "some one order take her home."

"Little Mary," said a woman, stepping forward and taking her hand.

She did not hear them, but when the woman's arm stole around her, she sank bereft of life and strength into her lap.

"She must go home," said the woman. "Poor thing! she's a weakly creature, and this has proved too much for her. No wonder. Poor Neilson!"

"Hush!" The thin hand was raised. "Hush! He will not die. Some one says it is all well. Some one says, 'Mary, don't cry,' and Mary will not. I can see him climbing a hill where purple flowers and long-stemmed grasses wave their heads. There is a river at his feet, in which pebbles and yellow sand are lying as thick as they can lie. Now he's walking swiftly over the plain, talking wildly, and turning back to the white house away up on the hill. Then he goes on, on, on, O, so very fast that I cannot—O, I cannot—yes, I see him. It is the train which passed under the bridge below our house, and he is going away in it. O! O! mother, mother!" She threw out her hands, and her face expressed the wildest emotions with fear and horror predominating. "Right down over the steep, slippery bank with a fearful crash. Don't you hear them groan? See, they are bringing them out all covered with—O! with blood! There he is, but, he is not dead. There's a cut upon his head, and his arm hangs down at his side."

A convulsive spasm passed her face, and she moved wearily, and the awe-struck crowd pressed nearer.

"He is very weak and sick. I cannot speak to him. He is miles on miles away. It is a little bit of a house, on a broad field where there is not a tree in sight. There are flowers and grass, a lot of it, and when I look away off, it looks like water. They will take care of him and make him well, but he should not toss and growl so much. He talks about some one—some woman, I think—I am not sure, for I cannot hear her name."

Again that terrible convulsion swept her face, and she passed her hand across her brow. Her eyes grew again bright and deep, and she stood up with an effort, and looked in wonder upon the crowd.

"Are you ready to go home, Mary?" asked the woman who had held her.

"Yes. I forgot where I was. Have I been asleep?"

"Perhaps so."

The crowd parted, and allowed her to pass with a deference and tenderness they might give a queen, and with her companion the condemned felon's child passed out.

It was a wonderful case. Months before young Ray Berkely had disappeared. Neilson was foreman in the great factory of which he was a joint owner. They never agreed. From the hour of his coming, with his vague ideas of mechanism, gathered from books carelessly read, and from men who knew less than himself, there was open warfare. For fifteen years Neilson had lived in the heart of that great, noisy crashing mass of animated iron and steel, and there was not a bolt nor bar, screw nor valve, that he was not as familiar with as with his own name. He smiled at first at young Berkely's suggestions, but when he found the man in earnest, he stepped forward with the superiority of a practical machinist, and remonstrated against the foolhardy alterations which were then under consideration. Berkely was not a snob, but his education had given him as vague and indefinable ideas of equality as of machinery, and when Neilson, in his rough overalls and dirt-begrimed face, came forward and stood there beside him, in his snowy linen and perfectly fitting broadcloth, he felt a right to order him, with a severe censure for his boldness, back to his work.

Neilson obeyed, but his teeth left a mark upon his under lip, and from beneath his sullen brows he shot an angry glance at his perfumed superior.

"It's no use, Ray," expostulated the senior partner, his uncle. "Neilson has managed the works for fifteen years, and the profits have been immense. It is all folly to think of making alterations."

And Berkely went away muttering about old fogies and ignorant louts.

He was betrothed to Genie Hosmer, the heiress of Riverland, a fine old estate situated upon a high hill which overlooked the river. In these stormy days her heart and temper were sore tried. He seldom came without a

bitter story of his miserable attempts at alterations, and innumerable curses for Neilson and other rebellious spirits, which seemed to hold, in a demoniacal power, the entire control of his mighty machines in the old factory.

He became like a haunted creature, and wandered in feverish restlessness, pursued forever by the intricacies of his works, and their presiding genius, Amos Neilson.

One night Genie Hosmer said as she stood at her door:

"I am half afraid to trust you, Ray. The servants say that there is a great stir among the workmen. Your desire to reduce the power will throw many out of employment, will it not?"

"Yes, and save one half the expense under which we are now laboring."

"But you are making money enough. Neilson is an old workman and understands everything well, and why don't you let it go on? Let Neilson have his way. He knows best."

Poor Genie was terrified by the look he gave her.

"And so you turn away from me! O God, Genie, I believe I am growing crazy."

He did not pause to say good-night, but hurried away through the darkness, and she in her heart half believed him right when he spoke of growing crazy.

It was a heavy night, with only an occasional flash of blue light to break the dense darkness, and very few ventured beyond the village street. There was sufficient to keep them busy, and those who were not at home were in the barroom, the post-office or the stores, talking and commenting upon the strange battle between Berkely and Neilson.

A little past eight Neilson looked into the grocery store, and said to one:

"Have you a horse here, James?"

"No, I walked down. Do you want him?"

"It is no matter. I am going over to the Hill to get the doctor; my wife's a little out to-night, and I thought if you had your horse here I would borrow him for an hour or so. However, I can walk about as well."

"It's a little duskish, aint it?"

"Yes."

He walked away, and the crowd went on with their gossip. On the following morning Neilson made his appearance in a pitiful plight. He was as pale as death, and over one eye, a long cut extended quite across his temple, back beneath his hair. A fall, he said, from the plank bridge, which spanned

the river a little way below the highway, had caused it. He ventured, on his way home from the Hill, to take the footpath through the woods, and the planks gave way and let him fall into the water. No one doubted him then.

Before night the town was noisy with inquiries for Berkely. He had not been seen since he left Genie Hosmer at her door, and he could not be found within the limits of the town.

Just at nightfall, a party of laborers, crossing the plank bridge where Neilson had met his accident, found a glove, a handkerchief and a knife. The glove was torn in several places, and the handkerchief which bore the letters R. B., and the clasp-knife, were covered with blood.

Of course they were identified as belonging to the missing man, and immediately the air was thick with blood and murder. Before noon on the following day, Amos Neilson lay a hopeless, helpless prisoner in the jail.

The well-known feud which existed between them was sufficient to convince the public mind that Neilson had killed Berkely, and other circumstances combined to make as clear a case of wilful murder as ever came before a court of justice.

Neilson had a few friends. The senior Berkely was one. He too thoroughly understood the honest, high-spirited fellow to doubt him, and knew the nature of his nephew too well to deem him incapable of suicide, or any other rash, impetuous deed which his ill temper suggested. He testified to the fact that Ray left him on the night of his disappearance, in a perfect fury. The combatants had exchanged words during the day, and Ray swore to be avenged. He even begged his uncle to discharge Neilson, and fairly ground his teeth in rage when he refused him.

Miss Hosmer's testimony verified the truth of Mr. Berkely's statement. Ray was in a state of terrible excitement, and seemed capable of doing anything to rid himself of the troubles which were pursuing him.

The testimony of the workmen went further. Occasional threats from Neilson were distinctly remembered, and the conversations between the two were many of them entirely repeated.

Others, ten or twelve at least, recognized the clasp-knife as having belonged to the prisoner, and the evidences of a struggle were clear in Neilson's pale face, and the bruises which were afterwards discovered.

It was fully believed, that on his return from the Hill he overtook Berkely, and that they resumed their quarrel and a fight ensued, in which Neilson conquered, but he denied all knowledge of the affair. He stood up before his accusers, when they sought to beg a confession from him, and only replied:

"I am innocent, so help me God!"

In the spring-time he had his trial, and they led him back to his cell, a condemned man.

Through the dreary days of his imprisonment little Mary had been his comforter. She had flitted from the bedside of her sick mother to his dismal cell, and worked with a will which shamed many a woman. She had so much faith in her father that she could not believe they would condemn him. She had told him so, with a radiant, smiling face, day after day, when he sat gloomy and despondent, and many times cheered him so well that he began also to have hope. But the blow came, and crushed and broken, he reentered his cell, from which he was never to come forth until he came forth to die.

From the hour of the strange scene in the courthouse, which one imputed to hysterics, another to clairvoyance, and one or two willfully skeptical ones to her own artfulness, little Mary became bright and cheerful. She went on with her work, with a courage and light-heartedness surprising to every one.

Neilson was condemned to die, but the day of his execution was indefinable, and she reminded every one who came near her of this fact.

"My father may be saved—" she would quietly say.

Miss Hosmer was her best friend. In her grief for her betrothed her generous heart did not forget the more than orphaned child, and in each other's company these bereaved ones found great comfort.

"If Mr. Berkely had only listened to you, Miss Genie, he would have been happier. Don't you think so?" asked Mary, one day.

"To me? What did I say?"

"Did you not tell him to be content with what he had?"

"Yes, but who told you?"

"I don't know. Somebody did. Somebody tells me a great deal of late. But, Miss Genie, it is not clear. There's a great load upon my head. I often think that if you would put your hand there, it would all go away. You or somebody like you. Sometimes when you take my hands there's a strange feeling goes

up, away up into my shoulders, and it pricks, pricks, like many little pains."

A faint smile came to Genie's white lips. She prayed that she had no mesmeric power to touch this strange child, and wake her slumbering spirit to action, for to her it seemed horrible.

"Will you rub my head, only just a little, Miss Genie?"

She mechanically put forth her hands and laid them up on the low white forehead.

"O Genie, how pleasant it seems. It all slides away like a heavy great cloud, and I feel, O Genie, as though I stood away up on a tiny place in the blue sky, with nothing but air, air, air!" Don't move your hand! If you do I'll fall! O, there's a strange face—I've seen it before. It is one that would bring you, and me, and others a world of pleasure. I'm going to bring it here. It would have been here days ago, but for that rolling field, and the lame arm, and the bad temper that would not let the arm get well. It can't be a great way off. And yet it looks so strange—so white and calm, and it used to be dark and stormy like the Hill on a winter's night. There'll be a great time in the street. They will shout and laugh as you and I will. Genie, do you see that face?"

"No, child," answered Genie, with a shudder.

"You will by-and-by. You'll be very glad to see it. I suppose you'll see it clearer than I do. Sometimes it is hid away from me, by a crowd, or smoke, or a hill. Strange things come up, but I never lose it. I always know where it is, even if I don't see it. O the garden, the air, the flowers, Genie—"

The little head fell back upon her arm, and the child lay motionless as a corpse. A desire to keep the reappearance of this singular state a secret, possessed her, and gently removing her head to the sofa she arose and fastened the door. The long windows were open, but she knew that none of the servants would enter there, and throwing a shawl over the child she sat down beside her. Through the long afternoon she slept, breathing with a regularity that indicated peace in mind and body. Miss Hosmer would not awaken her, for she knew that she was exhausted, and needed rest, and twilight crept on, and still she sat there.

With the increasing darkness came a desire for company, but not caring to arouse any one, she drew the lace curtains and lighted a lamp.

"Genie! Why, I'm still here!" And Mary suddenly sat up and looked wildly about her.

"Yes, dear. You have been sleeping all the afternoon. Hark! There is some one on the piazza. I wonder who has called at this hour?"

"Shall I go?"

"Not yet. Whoever it is, I shall be at leisure to entertain you until I can send one of the servants home with you. It is not safe to go alone. I do not feel like seeing visitors."

There was a rustle at one of the curtains.

"If you say so, Genie, I will go away again." And Ray Berkely sprang in and stood before her.

She could not speak. Her eyes were wild with terror, and had he not caught her with his warm, living hands she would have fainted and fallen to the floor.

"Why, Genie, are you frightened? You look as though you had seen a ghost."

"I thought you one. Are you alive, or am I dreaming?"

"I am alive, I believe, and you are awake; but if this young lady does not cease her strange antics and tears, I shall believe neither one nor the other."

In five minutes he knew the whole story, and with tears in his eyes he turned to Mary, who in her happiness was crouched upon the floor at his feet, and gathered her up in his arms.

"Thank God, that I am not too late."

"And to-morrow we will go and open the prison doors, and lead poor Neilson home in triumph."

"No, Genie, not to-morrow, but to-night. Think, darling, how wearily each hour drags to a condemned man. To-night he must know it; he must be liberated if it can be done."

In his lonely cell Neilson sat counting the hours as they dragged on, or pacing up and down, praying, moaning, begging for mercy, when through the clear air came a confused murmur of voices, that swelled into a roar and echoed like thunder in his ears. Some one was coming rapidly down the corridor, with loud cries. Impatient hands were at the door, and when it opened, a flood of light streamed upon Mary, Miss Hosmer and—O, it could

not be!—yes, Ray Berkely were dragging him forth.

How he ever came out beneath the free blue sky he never clearly knew. He only felt himself borne above a crowd who were shouting his own and Berkely's name, and soon after was kneeling in peaceful silence by the bedside of his happy wife.

"I fled from Riverland," said Berkely, in telling his story, "and ran hastily down the footpath across the plank bridge. Upon the bridge I fell, and as a moment before I had taken my knife to cut a staff from the hedge, it was of course my fortune to cut myself severely. I instantly tore aside my glove, and wrapped my hand in my handkerchief. This did not stay the bleeding, and angrily I threw them all away and gathered some leaves from a bush beyond the bridge. I walked on all night, and part of the following day. Then I became exhausted, and at the first town, found the depot, and entered the cars. I travelled night and day for nearly a week, not knowing nor caring whither I was bound. At the end of the seventh day we were thrown into a deep and rock-bottomed valley, by the carelessness of the engineer, and there I paused. I was dragged from the wreck with a broken arm, and a terrible cut upon my head. In a cabin on the prairie I found a resting-place; and there I worried myself into a fever, and cursed myself and all the world. Something came over me while I lay there, a calmness, a knowledge of my folly and wrongdoing. When after months of suffering I arose from my bed, I felt like a new being. Neilson, you and I can thank God together."

"I knew it would be so, did I not, Miss Genie? Somebody or something told me so. It never came before, but in our great trouble it saved mother and me, and perhaps all of us." And Mary laid her head upon her father's arm. The works went on as they had gone for fifteen years, and Berkely had so much faith in Neilson, that a year ago he admitted him into the firm.

Old ladies tell long tales of Mary Neilson's gift, but she has forgotten it, and only calls it a dream, or any name that occurs, as seems the whole of those dark months in her young life.



SAVED BY A RING.

BY FENNO HAYES.

HE had heard the boat's keel grate on the sand half an hour before, and he knew his ship but waited for him in the harbor below to up with her anchor and away, and when before had he been last on board? Standing in the deep embrasure of a window, a glance without now and then showed him the two sailors walking impatiently up and down the beach, but still he lingered, watching a little figure that danced as lightly as if Captain Charley Grayson's ship was just coming into port instead of being just ready to leave it; or as if Captain Grayson were no more to her than any other sailor that came and went from Rockport.

The least bit of a figure it was, with great, deep, baby-blue eyes, a skin white as milk, a mouth like a ripe cherry, and hair, not gold nor flax, but just yellow, with not a straight inch in one of its curling threads. Captain Grayson looked at this pretty creature, and asked himself if it wasn't all a dream that that cherry mouth had kissed him only the night before; that the yellow curls had floated over his shoulder while the baby-blue eyes had looked up in his dark ones, with tears for his going. Why she hadn't missed a dance that evening but never once had danced with him, and as for the air at the north pole, that he had breathed more than once, it wasn't to be compared to the atmosphere that surrounded her for him, though there were smiles enough, and to spare, he thought, for everybody else.

What did it all mean? Was it true, what Basil French said of her, that Genie Lawton was the veriest flirt in Christendom? He couldn't—he wouldn't believe it. Well, the stars were growing pale in the skies, and he must be gone. But he must speak with her first, if he had to interrupt her in the midst of a dance. Did she think he could vow everlasting love to a woman one night, and leave her the next for a voyage half round the world without a word?

Fortune favored him a little, for just then, for the first time since he had entered the ballroom, Genie stood a little apart and alone between the dances. Captain Grayson crossed the room and said, almost imperatively:

"Come out into the garden a minute, Genie. I must be gone in five minutes."

"Indeed, Captain Grayson," she answered,

coldly, "the dew would do neither me nor my dress good, I fancy. Since you are going, good-by." And quick as a flash she slipped a ring from her finger and as she gave him her hand as if in farewell, she left the ring—the ring that had been his token of betrothal—in his hand as she withdrew her own.

Then the music began again. Somebody came up and claimed Genie for the dance, and Captain Grayson found himself out in the garden alone a moment afterwards, without the slightest recollection of coming thither. The ring was still in his hand. Should he cast it away? Somehow he could hardly do it. She had worn it on her little white hand, and he was one that was slow at unloving. And as he held it, feeling more bewildered than angry yet, Basil French, his old friend, came up the walk.

"You here, Charley?" he said. "Why, I thought you out of sight of land by this time. What's up, old fellow?"

"Everything," said Grayson, impulsively, opening his hand and disclosing the ring.

Basil French laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I didn't think you were so hard hit, Charley. She has served you better than most," he added, a little grimly; "I think her jewel-box must be quite well filled."

At that the ring sped out of Captain Grayson's hand with emphasis.

"Good-by, Basil," he said. "My men have waited long enough for this fool's play."

Basil French remained a while longer in the garden after Grayson's departure, pacing up and down the walks with a quick step, and smiling once in a while as if his thoughts were pleasant, and yet the moonlight falling full on his face scarcely showed a pleasant smile. Once he stooped and picked up something and put it in his pocket.

"Who knows but it may save me buying?" he said, in a low undertone. "Two engagement rings exactly alike would be a romantic coincidence, and all women love romance—pretty fools!"

"You've had a merry night of it, haven't you, child?" said Mr. Lawton, as the carriage whirled them homewards at last, just as the gray dawn was peeping over the hills. "I was such an old fool, seeing you so gay, that I

couldn't bear to take you away, and here's daylight close at our heels. Come, your old father is about as good to you as any of those young popinjays could be that were so thick round you to-night—eh, Genie?"

The young girl crept a little nearer her father and laid her cheek fondly against his. How happy he thought she was, his gay, light-hearted Genie! If everybody could be so cared for and protected as was this fair child of his! Ah, but there is no garrison for a woman's heart, no fortress through which the arrow of treachery and deceit may not find its mark.

Virginia Lawton's feet had been much lighter than her heart that night, for she was proud and had plenty of spirit, for all her childish look, and no man should imagine that she wore the willow for him. She had come into the ballroom with a shadow on her bright spirit, it is true, for the parting that was so near; but to be wretched when one loves and is loved again is hardly possible. Youth, and hope, and love build such rainbow bridges across absence. Some caprice had led her to ask of Grayson not to speak of their engagement to her father.

"Wait till you come back, Charley," she said. "You know it is all right, for he likes nobody so well as you. He's such a tease I should have no peace of my life if he knew."

Grayson had told her he should not be able to come early to the hall—he was so busy getting ready to sail; but come he certainly would to dance at least one dance with the "sweetest lass in all the round world," to whisper something besides "good-by" in "the ear that no sea-shell of any shore he ever trod matched."

Perhaps some memory of words like these haunted her brain, for her cheeks were like rose leaves and her mouth smiled as if some one were speaking to her as she stood by a window alone.

It was but for a moment; then some one came up. Of course she had a bright smile for Basil French. Wasn't he Charley's best friend—the man who owed his life to her gallant lover?

He was a handsome, frank, open-hearted looking fellow, you would have said. His forehead was broad and white with brown hair waving back from it, his nose straight and shapely and his mouth smiling. If there was any fault to be found with his face it was with his eyes. Perhaps it was their being so very light that made them seem cold. At any

rate the smile of his lip never crept up to them. Of easy address, notably good-tempered, Basil French was a universal favorite.

"Do try to console me, Miss Lawton," said French. "I'm as much in the dumps about Charley Grayson's going as if I were Laura Rice herself."

It can't be denied that a little sudden pallor came over Genie's cheek at these words, and a strange feeling of constriction seemed around her heart, but she answered lightly:

"And who is Laura Rice? and why should she be disconsolate about Captain Grayson's departure?"

"O, a little girl over to Middleton that he's saying good-by to now, I suppose. Charley always tells me all his love affairs, and as it's 'off with the old love and on with the new' at every port with him, they make quite a list. But there's Davenant, that I've been trying to find all the evening. Excuse me, Miss Lawton," and he was gone.

Genie felt one minute as if she were ice and the next fire. Basil French had spoken so carelessly and yet so assuredly, and she knew very well that if Charley Grayson had a friend in whom he confided it was Basil French. But yet he could never have spoken of her to him, for French's manner hadn't a shade of meaning in it. She couldn't think he lied, for even if he had the disposition, which had never been attributed to him, where was the motive? Then came little memories that stung like scorpion bites. How often Charley Grayson rode over to Middleton, a town four miles distant, and it was to be remembered that he never spoke of why he went. Laura Rice? Yes, she had heard of a girl by that name there, said to be very beautiful. How willing Grayson was not to speak to her father of their engagement. "His first, his only love," he had called her—"a love in every port," said Basil French. "What does a woman know of men?" she thought bitterly; and then Virginia Lawton, fiery and impulsive, made up her mind that her name at least should be off this gay gallant's list. And all the while these thoughts rankled in her heart she danced and smiled as if she hadn't a care in the world.

Captain Grayson was late, very late—"quite a ride to Middleton," thought Genie, scornfully—but when he did come Genie never gave so much as a look his way, and when he did come up to her but the least toss of a word and her card was full to the very last dance.

This was a bold game Basil French was playing, but he had planned it well. Virginia Lawton was high spirited he knew—it would not take much to rouse her, and at this late moment Grayson would have hardly time for inquiry or explanation, and as for letters hereafter, he would look out for that. For himself, why should Genie suspect him of falsifying his dear friend, Captain Grayson, and least of all would she suspect him of doing it for love of her, to whom he had never seemed much more than politely indifferent.

A nobler, truer heart never beat than Charley Grayson's, or a baser, more treacherous one than that of Basil French. How two such could be friends for years without the true discerning the false is hard to explain.

Some three years before, at some foreign seaboard town, Grayson had rescued French from drowning, he having been seized with cramp while bathing. French was a man who simulated gratitude gracefully, to say the least; and indeed, so long as Grayson did not stand in his way in the slightest, he doubtless liked him as well as he could anybody. The two countrymen became friends at once. French took a cruise up the Mediterranean on the Ariel, Grayson's ship, and then the two parted, the one to saunter through Europe at such pace as he liked, the other to "range the seas over." One day, long afterward, French saw the Ariel lying amid the crowd of shipping at Liverpool, and wasn't long in overhauling her captain. It chanced that Grayson was going to set sail at once for Rockport, French's very home, and Basil decided to return on the Ariel with him.

A few days after their arrival at Rockport, French, strolling about the quiet old town with Grayson, vowed there hadn't so much as a leaf on one of the trees changed since his departure four years before. Down on the wharf the same old weather-beaten men sat on casks and kegs and told the same old stories of pirates, and sharks, and running the blockade; nobody had moved into town or out. If anybody had died it was nobody that Basil missed, for all the old familiar faces and forms moved about the quiet streets, or sat behind the counters of the small, dingy shops. Basil found it unspeakably stupid, but still his accommodating mouth had a ready smile for every one, his smooth tongue spoke as warm words of gladness to be home again to everybody that shook his hands as could be desired. And everybody thought Basil French was such a pleasant young man, while he

walked on repeating to himself that it was "well enough to have the good-will of a dog."

As they turned a corner Mr. Lawton put out his hand, which Basil took with a sudden recantation of his vow that nothing in Rockport had changed, if that was Genie Lawton by her father's side. He had a faint remembrance of a little fair-haired girl, but this—this was a very fairy queen.

While Mr. Lawton was assuring him, in the usual form of an introduction, that this really was his daughter Virginia, Basil French was thinking of several things—first, that circumstances made it very desirable that he should have a wealthy father-in-law, and Mr. Lawton could furnish that desideratum to anybody that married his beautiful daughter; second, that it might be profitable for him to remain longer than he had at first proposed in Rockport; third, that he didn't like the look the young lady gave Grayson; and fourth, that when he had taken his aim everybody must stand out of the range. Perhaps, had French known that Virginia Lawton, from a love of contrast it may be, disliked fair men and considered six feet the proper standard for a gentleman's height, he would have liked still less the look she gave Grayson who was a handsome man, both dark and tall, while French was light and rather short. Mr. Lawton gave both gentlemen a cordial invitation to call upon him and passed on.

"I never saw so pure and innocent a face in my life," said Grayson to French.

"Take care, Charley," laughed Basil. "Report says she's a rare flirt. I believe that's the way always with these women that look like angels."

Basil knew Grayson disliked a flirt above everything, and he thought, at any rate, it would do no harm to throw out this hint in the beginning; Grayson might be frightened off.

But at their very first call at the Lawtons, Basil, who was an adept at reading faces, saw that in a fair field he should stand no chance beside Grayson, and as for the captain himself, it was very evident he thought the prize worth winning. So Basil decided not to show his true colors at all for the present, and at the same time determined to "move heaven and earth" but he would have his will. The father's money and the daughter's beauty were altogether too desirable not to try for.

"Grayson will have to leave soon, and then the game will be in my own hands," he thought. So, apparently indifferent to Genie, he let the matter alone until the very night of

Grayson's departure, when he began his evil work as we have seen. French was acute enough never to lie when the truth would serve, so his occasional falsehoods found ready credence.

Anger and mortified pride swallowed up every other feeling with Captain Grayson as he turned his steps from the garden to the shore. He had never loved a woman before, never had even a passing fancy, and he had disclosed all the passion of his heart to add to the triumphs of this jilting girl. He wondered if many women were such adepts in simulating love.

There was a rough sea running for a day or two after Captain Grayson sailed, but he was more tossed about in mind than in body.

As the first heat of Grayson's anger subsided, the face of Genie Lawton, so innocent in its childlike loveliness, seemed ever before him. What if there were some mistake—some misunderstanding? If he only had had the chance to ask an explanation! But Basil had said he was only one of her numerous victims. He never thought of doubting Basil's word—why should he? But perhaps report had wronged her. So in softer mood he dwelt on this idea until he determined to write and beg some explanation. "I cannot give her up so," said poor Charley, to himself. "Why, it seemed to me I was as sure she loved me as that the stars shone over us when she whispered it." And by the very first chance he sent a letter to Miss Virginia Lawton, enclosed in one to Basil French.

"I dare say you'll think me a fool, Basil," wrote Grayson, "but the truth is I can't give her up easily." Then he recounted the sudden returning to him of his ring, and expressed his hope, his almost conviction, that there was some misunderstanding. "I enclose the letter to you," he said, "because she took a decided fancy to keep our engagement a secret from her father until my return, and I yielded to it because she wished it, though I would much rather not have done so. If Mr. Lawton sees a letter for his daughter with a foreign postmark, it will, of course, excite his curiosity, and I do not wish her to be annoyed, however she may regard me. I know I can rely on you to see it safely delivered."

Basil French took up a habit shortly after Grayson's departure, of lounging in the back room of the post-office about the time of the arrival of the mail, and cultivated the acquaintance of young Lane, the postmaster's son and clerk, in a manner that decidedly

flattered the young man. Careful to keep out of the way, never seeming to take any interest in anybody's affairs in the matter of correspondence, Basil had managed to find out the number of Mr. Lawton's box, and watched with the eyes of a lynx any letters that were deposited in it. Captain Grayson wrote a very bold, peculiar hand, and this, with the foreign postmark, Basil was sure would serve him to detect it, if any letter should come from him. If there did, why then he would secure it in some way that he did not think it necessary to play until the spur of the moment should aid him. But his watch was a short one, for as we know, unsuspecting Grayson played into his hands in an unexpected manner by the first foreign mail that arrived.

Basil read Grayson's letter to himself with very much the same smile that he had worn in the moonlit garden a few weeks before, then broke the seal of that addressed to Virginia Lawton and perused it, the smile growing more and more into a sneer at every line. "What stuff a man like that will write to a woman," he said, and then, twisting the letter in his white, shapely fingers, he held it over the blaze of a lamp till it turned to ashes.

"Now a line to you, my beloved friend, and I think you will not trouble me with any more letters for Miss Lawton."

He drew his writing-desk toward him, and wrote, in the middle of a long letter:

"And now, Charley, I dare say you've skipped half the preceding, looking for something about Miss Lawton and the way she received your letter. I delivered it into her own hands, hinting that I knew what had passed between you as excuse for its coming through me.

"She took the letter, and tearing it open read it at once in my presence. As she finished, she broke into one of her musical laughs—you know how sweet her laugh is, sometimes—'Dear me,' she said, 'what an absurdly in earnest man your friend is! Only read this, Mr. French.'"

"Of course I declined, but how a woman could look a very saint while acting so like a Satan is one of the mysterious dispensations of Providence, I think. But forgive me, Charley, for speaking lightly of what I'm afraid is rather a serious matter with you. I thought it best to tell it to you just as it was. Forget her, old boy; she isn't worth a thought."

"There," said Basil, sealing the letter, "if she should become my wife, why, men have said harder things than that of women and married them afterward. I should tell Captain

Grayson, and, of course, there would never be any explanation between them. If I don't marry her, it's likely he'll never see her again. And now he's disposed of I think it is about time to be about my own wooing." For French had been too wary to make any move until Grayson had been gone some time.

Meanwhile, poor old Mr. Lawton had been puzzling his brains as to what was the matter with Genie, or whether there was anything the matter with her, or was it all his imagination? It wasn't that she was less gay, rather that she was too much so, seeming restless and uneasy unless her life was a whirl of excitement. Somehow he missed something in her—the old childish way she had of being pleased at nothing, and once or twice she had burst into sudden tears when he had stroked her hair and called her his "yellow-haired lassie"—the very name Grayson had called her more than once. But when her father asked anxiously the cause of her tears, Genie laughed and said she "guessed she cried because she was too happy—people did, sometimes."

Perhaps that was the reason she cried sometimes in the night when the wind raved and tore, and the big waves tumbled in the harbor and broke, booming like guns of distress, on the beach. Why couldn't she forget him—him who had his love in every port? That was the ugly ghost that refused to be laid, but rose and walked before her if ever she had a thought that she might have been hasty. Laura Rice might have been a mistake, but, of course, Basil French knew his friend's character. Then Genie would vow to herself, as she had a hundred times before, never to think of Grayson again.

There were only these two, Genie and her father, for Mrs. Lawton had died early, and everybody in Rockport knew that Genie dearly loved her father whose heart was bound up in her. Basil thought it might be well to have a friend at court, and commenced his wooing by making Genie's father her proxy. Basil's garden and Mr. Lawton's adjoined, and one day Basil came and leaned over the intervening fence while Mr. Lawton was at work among the flower-beds, his favorite occupation.

Basil was very entertaining that morning. He had seen so many beautiful gardens, public and private, abroad, and he described them well and suggested little imitations of some of their beauties that might be made, on a small scale, in Mr. Lawton's premises. Then he remembered that he had somewhere seeds of various foreign plants that would undoubtedly

grow in America. He would hunt them up, and if Mr. Lawton liked, he should be very happy to have him try them. And then he went away, leaving Mr. Lawton thinking what a very pleasant fellow young French was.

The next morning Mr. Lawton was called away on business, and so Genie went out to water the flowers alone. Basil, seeing a movement among the shrubbery, thought at first that it was Mr. Lawton, but coming nearer, the gleam of a light muslin showed him that he had made a mistake; a decidedly pleasant one, he thought, as he stood for a few moments behind the bole of a large tree near the fence watching the fair face that was just then bent above a lily of exquisite beauty.

The morning was a lovely one, and Genie Lawton's was a beauty that seemed in peculiar harmony with blooming flowers and smiling skies. Here, among the blossoms, young and healthful, she had forgotten all save that it was sweet to breathe in so lovely a world; but as she looked up from the lily, the sight of Basil, as he stepped forward, reminded her of that which she was even trying to forget, and the color on her cheek deepened into crimson.

"Good-morning, Miss Lawton," said Basil. "I saw something moving among the trees, and thought it was your father, to whom I promised some seeds yesterday. So I came down with them, but the flutter of your dress told me my mistake before I was half way. They should be sown at once, and as I may not be here for a day or so, I think I will leave them with you for him."

Genie shared her father's enthusiasm about rare plants, and there were questions to be asked and answered, and it is not to be supposed that Basil spared less effort to entertain his companion of to-day than that of yesterday. Yet he was very careful not to have the slightest air of *emproisement*. He had determined upon his role for the present—that of the kind, neighborly friend, the man who should show every attainment that he possessed in the best possible light, and command respect, admiration and confidence. He rightly judged that Grayson had been an ardent, passionate wooer—Genie would be apt to recoil from anything of the kind from another. Patience, the ingratiating himself into her father's particular favor, the gradual unfolding of himself from her father's friend to her lover, paved by a watchful but unobtrusive attention to her comfort and wishes, these were the steps Basil had laid out for walking, if not exactly into Genie Lawton's heart, at

least into her acceptance of him as a husband, if her father strongly desired it.

So, cautiously and warily, he followed up the beginning he had made, and every day Mr. Lawton became more convinced that there were very few young fellows like Basil French, so ready to put himself out for anybody, willing to sit and read the paper an hour at a time for an old gentleman whose eyes were failing him.

Then when Mr. Lawton began to suspect that Genie might be the magnet that drew Basil so often to his house the idea was not unpleasing to him. To be sure he had once thought that Captain Grayson and Genie were going to make a match of it, but he had been mistaken. He was getting old, and if he should die Genie would be left all alone in the world. Basil's father had left him a handsome property (of which Basil had left a very large portion in Europe, but Mr. Lawton didn't know that), and in fact Mr. Lawton didn't know of anybody he would sooner trust Genie with than with Basil French.

As for Genie, though she could not help liking Basil for his attention to her father, and being a little touched by his silent devotion to herself, she had made up her mind that there was no such thing for her as loving any man again. She might have many friends, but hers was a nature that admitted of but one love.

But one night there came a sad blow for Genie. Her father had a paralytic shock, and in her distress and alarm Basil appeared so honestly sympathetic, so helpful and strong, that the poor girl really clung to him; for this man could wear the "livery of heaven to serve the devil in" with so consummate a grace that he might have deceived an angel. Basil was sadly tempted to declare himself at this very time, but he never acted from impulse, and he reflected that this might shock Genie. But he was so thoughtful, and tender, and kind—so good to Genie! She could never forget it, she thought.

When Mr. Lawton rallied somewhat from his illness, he appeared much broken and shattered, and a little childish. He manifested a great affection for Basil, and was very anxious about Genie, being constantly tormented by a fear of dying and leaving her alone. "What will she do when I am gone, Basil," he said, one day, "my poor lamb, all alone in the world?"

"My dear sir," said the saintly Basil, "would you entrust her happiness to my care

if I could prevail upon her to honor me so?"

"To nobody so quickly," said the old man, pressing Basil's hand in his feeble clasp.

Armed with this "good-speed" Basil sought Genie and urged his suit with the same tenderness that had marked his manner all along.

But Genie would give him no encouragement. "I shall never love any man," she said, vehemently, a fiery blush suffusing her face, "it is impossible—impossible."

Basil received this rather emphatic answer with a sad resignation, only begging of her if ever it was possible for her to give his suit any consideration to remember that he should never withdraw it. And then he troubled her no more, but was the same kind, respectful friend as ever.

But Mr. Lawton was at first disappointed and grieved, and then angry at Genie's refusal of Basil. With the petulance of sickness he reproached Genie for refusing to let her poor father have the comfort of knowing that she was provided with a safe protector before he died. Meanwhile Basil gained more and more influence over the weak old man, and this marriage of Basil and Genie gradually took the form of monomania with him.

He entreated and expostulated with Genie day after day till she was almost wild. Sometimes she would think, "Why not? He has been good to me—he always would be, I suppose. Perhaps I should be as happy as many other women." But she knew very well all the time that she was only trying to make herself willing to become a sacrifice for her father's sake.

One day she went into her father's room and he began, as usual, bemoaning the probability of his soon leaving her alone, and how strange it was that she could not let him die happy, knowing that she was safe with so good a man as Basil French. Genie listened in silence, thinking how little like her old indulgent father was this querulous, complaining invalid, and asking herself why it was that she could not do this thing upon which his heart was so set; and as she thought a tear stole unbidden down her cheek.

Her father saw it. "Virginia Lawton," he said, suddenly, "I believe you are crying after that puppy of a Captain Grayson."

"Don't say that blue eyes cannot flash. There was fire in Virginia Lawton's, and her cheeks, brow and bosom flamed a fair crimson as she said, 'Father, you cannot despise Captain Grayson more than I do. Moreover, you may tell Basil French, if you like, that if

he still cares for such regards as I can give him he is at liberty to tell me so." It seemed to her at that moment that she would die sooner than live with the possibility existing of ever listening again to such words as those her father had spoken of Captain Grayson.

Now Basil French congratulated himself that the game was won, and he only wished to hasten the wedding, for he was tired of his *goody* part and of dull, stupid Rockport. Genie's money would take them abroad in good style. He didn't flatter himself at all that Genie loved him—indeed, she had honestly told him that she had consented to marry him for her father's sake—but he didn't know but it was almost as well. A woman who loves is always exacting, he thought, and a little apt to be sharp at spying out occasions for jealousy, and, in truth, Basil's words about Captain Grayson, "a love in every port," would apply very well to himself. On the whole, Basil was very well satisfied.

Why is it that so often a criminal, after having laid some admirably and carefully concocted plot and carried it out almost to the end, at the very last does something absurdly rash and foolish? Basil French bethought himself that he must furnish an engagement ring, and then he remembered his little speech to himself in the garden. He unlocked a box and took the ring from it. "It must have cost a pretty sum," he said. "I cannot afford such a one in the present rather reduced state of my funds."

He examined it carefully. There was no mark by which it could be identified, and Basil French decided to give Genie Lawton the ring Captain Grayson had given her.

When he brought it to Genie a sudden palor came over her face. "Where did you get that ring?" she gasped.

"Are you faint, Genie?" said Basil, anxiously, and with the most innocent air possible.

"No, no," she said, "but where did you get that ring?"

"I ordered it from Tate & Co, New York," he said. "What is there about it that affects you so?"

She looked keenly at him, but his eyes unflinchingly met her own, and there was upon his face only a puzzled, anxious expression. It must be only a cruel coincidence, the similarity of the two rings, but how could she wear it, to be a constant reminder of that which she prayed and strove to forget?

But she must, she thought wearily, for least of all could she bear any questioning that

touched ever so unwittingly upon this subject so painful to her heart. "I am not quite well, to-night I think, Basil," she said, extending her hand for him to place the ring upon it. "I fancied that I had seen a ring like this before. It is very beautiful," forcing herself to look at it and speak naturally.

The moment Basil French had given Virginia Lawton the ring he repented it, and inwardly cursed himself for a fool for doing it. He went home uneasy and ill at ease, and taking up the evening paper the first thing his eyes fell upon was not at all calculated to dispel these feelings. It was the ship list, headed by the arrival in Boston of the *Ariel*, Captain Grayson.

"Hang it," said Basil, "who knows, if I don't go where he is but he'll be coming here, and that won't do just now. No, no, I am so anxious to see my dear friend that I cannot wait a day to join him in Boston. Depend upon it I'll stick closer than a brother to him while he's on shore this time."

When Genie Lawton escaped to her own room, after her trying interview with Basil, she tore the ring from her finger and threw it upon her table. It seemed to burn her hand like a flame. "Will nothing allow me to forget that man?" she said. "I will hide it, lose it, anything rather than wear a perpetual reminder of him."

Then a sense of the strangeness of the two rings being so alike struck her, and she took up the ring and examined it closely. It was a perfect *fac-simile* she thought. She opened a drawer to put it in a box. A small microscope, a favorite toy of hers, caught her eye in the drawer. She remembered that she had looked at the first ring through this, and an impulse rose within her to look at this in the same way. Why, there it was, that very little flaw in the same stone, a flaw too small for the naked eye. She trembled like a leaf, for she knew that she held in her hand, not the *fac-simile* of Grayson's ring, but the ring itself.

At this moment a servant tapped at her door and said that her father was waiting for her to read the evening paper to him. She had no time to think or wonder now. She must go down at once, for her father didn't like waiting for the news.

The ship news was always the first thing that Mr. Lawton desired read, and here again fate thrust memory before her as she read, "Arrived—Boston—ship *Ariel*, Grayson."

Well, she read on, telegraphic, congressional, general news, anything, everything, but it all

might have been so much Greek or Hebrew, so far as the words conveyed any sense to her, for, though her mind was not left free enough to conjecture *how* the ring came to be the same, she was repeating over and over in her mind, "it is the same."

Before the paper was finished Basil French came in again. "I am called to Boston, suddenly," he said, "and as the train goes early I must say good-by, to-night."

Genie did not follow him to the door to say farewell, as lovers have a fashion of doing when others are by. "Good-by," she said simply, giving him her hand, coldly, he fancied, and as she did so he noticed that the ring was not on it. This worried him a little. "By heaven!" he thought, "what a fool I was to give her that ring! I must have been crazy."

The paper was finished at last, and Genie was at liberty to go back to her room. It seemed to her afterward as if something entirely without and beyond herself controlled her action that night, for she went immediately to her writing-desk, and taking a sheet of paper wrote:

"CAPTAIN GRAYSON:—This ring, once given me by you, Basil French gave me to-day for an engagement ring. How did he come by it?
VIRGINIA LAWTON."

In this note she enclosed the ring, and folding it and placing it in an envelop directed it to "Captain Charles Grayson, ship *Ariel*, Boston." Then she went swiftly down the stairs, and found Tom and bade him take it to the post-office that night, so that it might go by the early morning mail.

While doing this Virginia Lawton had scarcely thought at all, only that she must ask of Grayson this question, but when the letter was past recall a dozen tormenting surmisings came to her. Grayson might have sold it to Basil, or to the jewellers. O, why had she not thought of all this before she wrote? And in an agony of pride and remorse the night went by.

Two more congenial friends you would have thought were seldom met together than Basil French and Charley Grayson, as they sat together in a snug room at Grayson's hotel when a servant entered with a letter.

Surely Grayson knew that delicate hand. He opened the letter. What was this?

Basil French, too, saw the ring, and for once his face played him false. The smile and color both forsook his lip and cheek, and Captain Grayson, looking up from the few

words of the letter, read convicted treachery and deceit written in every line of the face of him he had thought his friend.

He strode to French's side and grasped his shoulder with fingers that felt like the grip of steel. "Where did you get this ring?" he said, holding the ring before him. "Did you give Virginia Lawton the letter I sent her?"

French tried to rally, but he did not know how much, or whether any, of his falsehoods Virginia had exposed, and he only managed to say, with rather a poor show of calmness:

"Why, picked it up, to be sure, Charley; you know I never let anything slip through my fingers."

"I wish I had let you slip through my fingers at Leyden," said Grayson, "for I believe you are a treacherous, lying villain."

Grayson was fairly trembling with rage, but he controlled himself with a mighty effort. He opened the door of the room.

"Basil French," he said, "if you do not go out of that door in one instant of your own accord you will by my help. Go," he said, as French hesitated.

He looked at him and went without a word.

In the evening of the most wretched day Virginia Lawton ever spent, a ring at the door was followed by Hattie's announcement to her mistress that a gentleman wished to see her.

Genie went down listlessly. Probably somebody on business, for Genie's father was too feeble to bear much and so the most of the burden fell on her.

She opened the door and looking in walked a step or two forward as if in a dream. Then somebody came up, and taking both her hands turned her full toward the light so that he might look down into her face. "Virginia Lawton," he said, "do you love me?"

She trembled, she blushed, and ended with a shower of tears that Captain Grayson found himself wiping away with kisses a moment afterwards in the most unaccountable manner.

Then it all came out, of course, and as the story of each was told, it would have been quite touching to have heard the soft sigh, "my poor Genie," "my poor Charley," if anybody had been there to hear it.

But "all's well that ends well," and Genie and Captain Grayson soon forgot past sorrow in present joy. As for Basil French, he never troubled his friend Charley Grayson with his presence again, and I think it was quite as well for his dainty body that he didn't, after Grayson knew all.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

A LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

It is unnecessary to detail the conversation which took place between Squire Turner and Hartley Brandon, since the nature of it may be guessed from the events which followed. As might be expected, Brandon was by no means squeamish, and made no objection to what was proposed. Indeed, he made an occasional suggestion which was adopted by his kinsman. The squire did not, of course, think it politic to reveal the real causes of his hostility to Harry, nor of the reasons which he had for desiring that the boy should be out of the way.

He was too cautious a man for this, and moreover had too little confidence in Brandon, whom he regarded as an unprincipled fellow, being in this opinion not far from right. He merely said that he had reasons for wishing Harry out of the way, and expressed his willingness, should matters turn out satisfactorily, not only to make Hartley a present advance of fifty dollars, but to pay him over a further sum of five hundred when

the affair was over, besides what might be needed for preliminary expenses.

To the shiftless vagabond who had been tossing about the ocean for a quarter of a century, five hundred dollars was a large sum, though we may consider it a trifling compensation for an act of villany. So he readily promised the squire his cooperation.

"It is best that you should leave Vernon at once," said the squire, when the arrangements between them were concluded.

"Why?" asked Brandon, rather disappointed, for he fully expected to be the squire's guest till the next day.

"Because it won't do for you to be seen by the boy. He would recognize you when you meet in the city, and this might lead him to suspect something wrong."

"What do you want me to do?"

"I will have my horse harnessed to the carryall, and will take you over to the Wrexham station, where you can take the cars for the city."

"What time do the cars start?"

"In a couple of hours. We have no time to lose."

"Have you got anything eatable in the house? I'm almost famished. Haven't eaten anything since early this morning."

"I will look to that. Stay here, or rather I will lead the way up stairs. Some one might be in. How will some beefsteak suit you?"

"Just the thing. Only let there be plenty of it. I've got a famous appetite."

Brandon was conducted up stairs to a back room on the second floor, where the squire suggested that he might as well fill up a portion of the time till lunch by brushing his clothes, and performing ablutions which appeared to be needful. He then went down stairs to give the necessary directions to Mrs. Murray.

"Broil some beefsteak, and plenty of it," said the squire. "You may boil two or three eggs also, and send up a loaf of bread and some butter."

"Where shall I set the table?" asked Mrs. Murray.

"Never mind about a table. You can carry all up on a waiter to the back chamber when ready."

Seeing that the housekeeper looked surprised, he added in rather an embarrassed way:

"The fact is, the man was a schoolmate of mine, who hasn't turned out very well. Out of pity, I am going to help him a little, but don't care about his being seen in my house."

This seemed plausible enough, particularly when Mrs. Murray saw Brandon, who certainly looked very much like one who had not turned out very well. The rapid manner in which the abundant meal melted away under his vigorous attacks was certainly a tribute to the culinary skill of the housekeeper, who was led to form a more favorable estimate of the shabby stranger in consequence.

In a little more than half an hour Squire Turner was on his way to Wrexham, Brandon occupying a back seat. They reached the depot ten minutes before the train arrived, so that there was ample time to buy a ticket.

So the train was set in motion, which was to lead to important changes in the life of our young hero. These it shall be our task gradually to unfold, and set on record.

Four days passed quietly. The villagers had ceased to talk of the fire, as another exciting occurrence had succeeded. Deacon Watson had been thrown out of his carriage, and broken his leg, and the details of this

accident were still fresh in the mouths of all.

Harry pursued the even tenor of his way in his new position, trying to make himself as useful as possible, and succeeding to the satisfaction of his employer. Always prompt, always reliable, Mr. Porter felt that in spite of his youth he fully filled the place of Alfred Harper, whose temporary loss he now regarded with equanimity.

Harry was weighing some sugar for a customer one afternoon when John Gaylord, who had just got through sorting the mail, said to him, "Here's a letter for your mother, mailed at New York."

"Let me see it," said Harry, who felt some curiosity as to who might have written to his mother, for her correspondence was very limited.

He took the letter in his hand, and looked at the direction. It was in a dashing business hand, quite unknown to him, and revealed nothing.

"I will take it home when I go to supper," he said.

"Has your mother got friends in New York?" asked Gaylord.

"Not that I know of. I don't recognize the handwriting."

"Maybe it's a lawyer's letter informing her of a legacy," said the senior clerk, jocosely.

"Very probably," said Harry, smiling.

It was already the hour when he usually returned for supper. Accordingly he put on his cap, and went out of the store. Being a little curious as to the contents of the letter; he hastened his steps, and entered the house out of breath.

"You're a little early," said his mother. "Supper isn't quite ready."

"I hurried, because a letter came by this afternoon's mail. 'It's mailed at New York.'"

"New York!" repeated Mrs. Raymond, in surprise. "Who can it be from?"

"I don't know. Haven't you any friends in the city?"

"Not that I know of. Harry, you may take up the tea and toast, while I am reading the letter."

She tore open the envelop, and first, as was natural, turned to the bottom of the second page, and read the name appended to the letter.

"Lemuel Fairchild!" she repeated, thoughtfully. "I don't recall the name."

"Read it aloud, mother," said Harry.

She complied with his request.

This is the way the letter read:

"No.—Nassau street, Room 7, New York, Nov. 7, 18—.

"DEAR MADAM,—Though personally a stranger to you, I knew your husband well, and have heard with the deepest regret of his sad fate. We hadn't met for years, but I have always cherished a warm regard for him, though on account of the absorption of my time by important business I have not been able to keep up a correspondence with him. But, without further preface, I will come to my object in writing.

"If I remember rightly, you have a son who must now be a boy of sixteen or thereabouts. No doubt you are anxious to get him into some kind of employment. In the country I am aware desirable opportunities are rare, and I presume you are at a loss how to secure him one. Now I am desirous of taking a boy, and training him in my own business. Having no one in view, it has occurred to me that it might be a pleasant arrangement for you as well as for me, if I should take your son. I may add that I am a commission merchant, doing a large business. Can you send him up at once? As to wages, I will give him twelve dollars a week at first. He will not earn half that, but I shall feel that in overpaying him, I shall be assisting the widow and son of my old friend.

"Yours very truly,

"LEMUEL FAIRCHILD.

"If you accept my proposal, I should like to see your son at my office some time Monday."

Mrs. Raymond looked at Harry in perplexity, after finishing the letter.

"Lemuel Fairchild?" she repeated. "It is strange I never heard your father speak of him."

"Perhaps he may have done so, and you do not recall the name."

"It may be so," said Mrs. Raymond, slowly, "but I do not think so."

"At any rate," said Harry, "it's a splendid offer. Think of earning twelve dollars a week, to begin with, in New York?"

"Yes, it's a good offer, but how can I spare you?" said his mother, sorrowfully. "It will be very lonely without you. Don't you think you had better remain in Mr. Porter's store?"

"That will only be for a few weeks, you know, mother. Alfred Harper will be getting well before long, and then I shall be out of a situation. I think we had better say yes."

Harry's ambition was fired by the prospect

of a place in the city. Like many another country boy he had the most splendid visions of what city life was. By the side of a position in a city office his present situation looked mean and contemptible. Even had the pay been the same, he would have preferred New York to Vernon; but the fact that the salary offered in the city was just double was an additional inducement. Why, John Gaylord, Mr. Porter's chief salesman, though already twenty-five years of age, and with several years' experience as clerk, received just that and no more. That Harry should be offered the same salary at fifteen was indeed a compliment.

"I expect board is higher in the city," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Yes, I suppose it is, but next year I shall probably have my pay raised. Who knows but I may get into the firm some day," said Harry, glowing with enthusiasm, "and make money hand over hand? Then I can take a nice house in the city, and you and Katy can come up and live with me. Wont that be nice?"

Mrs. Raymond confessed that it would be nice. Still she did not like to let Harry go. But he gradually won her to his side, and she admitted that there was something in his arguments. So, before he went back to the store, it was virtually agreed between them that the offer was not one to be refused.

"Let me take the letter, mother," said Harry. "I would like to show it to Mr. Gaylord and Mr. Porter."

CHAPTER XIV.

HARRY ARRIVES IN THE CITY.

ON going back to the store, Harry showed the senior salesman the letter his mother had received. Now John Gaylord was in the main a good-natured young man, but he was not without the fallings incident to humanity. It happened that he had himself been secretly desirous of going to the city, and obtaining some position which promised better than that of chief salesman in a country store. But he had no friends to help him in New York, and he was wise enough to feel that it would not be expedient to throw up a fair place in the country for the uncertain prospect of one in the city. But for all that, he used to think oftentimes that his business abilities deserved something better than weighing out tea and sugar in small quantities for country

customers. So when he learned that Harry Raymond, an inexperienced boy, had received an offer which he would gladly have accepted himself, he naturally felt a little envious, and provoked with Harry for his good fortune.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Gaylord?" asked Harry.

"I think you had better stay where you are," was the unsatisfactory reply.

This was rather a damper to Harry, who had expected to be congratulated.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because you're a mere boy, and can't expect to earn twelve dollars a week."

"No, I don't suppose I shall at first, but then, you see, Mr. Fairchild was a friend of my father."

"But when he finds that you don't earn your money, he'll get dissatisfied with you, and send you home."

"I don't know about that," said Harry, stoutly. "I mean to do my best."

"You have no experience."

"I shall get it."

"O well, suit yourself," said the young man; "only if it turns out as I tell you, you mustn't be surprised."

Harry made no reply, being rather offended at the manner in which his communication had been received. He did not suspect that John Gaylord was secretly envying him all the while, and contrasting his own poor prospects very discontentedly with Harry's. But he was not in the least discouraged. He had faith in himself, and felt sure that if he did his best, as he meant to, he should get on well enough. He gave Mr. Porter notice that he should leave him at the end of the week. The latter congratulated him on his good prospects, and expressed satisfaction with his services while in his employ.

The next day, as if by accident, Squire Turner entered the store, and advancing to the counter behind which Harry was standing, said with unusual graciousness:

"Well, my young friend, how are you getting on?"

"Very well, thank you, sir," said Harry.

"I think Mr. Porter may find it for his interest to engage you permanently."

"I have accepted another situation," said our hero, with a little excusable importance.

"Indeed!" said the squire, in assumed surprise. "In Vernon?"

"No sir, in New York."

"I am surprised to hear it. It is not easy

to obtain a situation in the city. How did you hear of it?"

"A friend of my father's, a commission merchant in Nassau street, wrote to my mother, yesterday, offering it to me."

"What is his name? I may know him."

"Lemuel Fairchild."

"Lemuel Fairchild," repeated the squire, slowly. "I don't recognize the name. So you are going to accept it?"

"Yes, I am going up Monday morning. I am to have twelve dollars a week."

"An excellent salary. Well, I am glad to hear you are so fortunate. When I go up to the city, I will call and see how you are getting along. What is the number?"

Harry gave the number, which the squire copied down in his pocket-book, and with a friendly salutation left the store. He had found out what he wanted to know, that the decoy letter had been received, and that the plan was likely to work well.

"He has swallowed the bait," he said to himself, with satisfaction. "I hope the rest of the plan will work as well. I shall not dare to draw my insurance money till he is out of the way."

The cordial manner of the squire impressed Harry rather favorably. In fact, he felt very much puzzled about him. It seemed hard to believe that he was meditating a fraud upon the insurance company. But, as might be expected, his own affairs occupied the greater portion of his thoughts, which was just what Squire Turner wished. The change in his mode of life was so great and so important that he could scarcely think of anything else. Besides, there were preparations to be made for his departure. He needed a new suit of clothes. It would be inconvenient to pay for them now, but the village tailor readily promised to give him a four weeks' credit until he should be able to pay him out of his wages in his new place. This suit was to cost twenty dollars, and so good progress was made in getting it ready that Harry was able to wear it on Sunday to church, where he received the congratulations of his friends and schoolmates.

As Harry had never been to New York he was placed under the care of a gentleman who proposed going up to the city on Monday.

He was up bright and early, of course, having slept little, if the truth must be told, on account of the excitement which he felt. His mother was up, also, and prepared a better breakfast than usual.

"I don't know how I shall get along without you, Harry," she said, despondently. "The house will be lonely."

"O, I'll come home soon to pass Sunday, mother," said Harry. "Besides, you'll hear from me soon; I'll write twice a week, regularly. Then you'll know I'm doing well."

"I'm afraid you'll get run over in the streets. They are so crowded with wagons."

Harry only laughed at this.

"Don't fear," he said. "I'm old enough to take care of myself. You forget how old I am, mother."

"You're only fifteen."

"A boy of fifteen ought to be smart enough not to get run over. You see, mother, you're a woman, and don't know much about boys. I'll do well enough, and you'll feel better about my going away soon."

What Harry said was partly true. If the situation which he had been going up to fill had been a genuine one, his pluck and good principle would have been likely to insure his success. But he little knew what a plot had been formed against him, and what a series of adventures lay before him ere he would again see his mother and home. Could he have foreseen all this, brave as he was he might well have quailed. But he supposed that all was fair and aboveboard, and that he would have nothing to encounter beyond the usual experiences of a boy in a city counting-room.

Time never waits for any one, and the hour of parting came. Harry hastily embraced his mother and little sister, and with a certain swelling of the heart which he could not quite repress, hurried out into the road to the carriage which was to convey him to the railroad station.

Mr. Falkland, his companion, was not a resident of Vernon, but had visited the place on business, and had readily undertaken to act as Harry's guardian as far as the city. He spoke civilly to our hero, and asked him how he expected to like the city. But after getting into the cars, he took out a book and began to read. Harry took a seat behind where he could look out of the window, and was sufficiently interested in watching the varied scenery through which he was whirled rapidly by the cars. His spirits began to rise once more, and bright dreams of the success he was going to achieve in the city swept across his mental vision. He was undecided whether, when he got rich, which he confidently hoped to be at twenty-five, he would

install his mother in a nice house in the city, or build a house for her in Vernon, say as large as Squire Turner's. However, as he wisely concluded, there was no immediate necessity for deciding about this. He might leave it subject to further reflection.

So the train whirled on at the rate of twenty-five miles an hour, and in about two hours he found the houses growing more and more numerous, until the cars came to a final pause in the New York depot.

Mr. Falkland put his book into his carpet-bag.

"You have never been in the city before, I think," he said.

"No sir."

"Then, of course, you don't know the way anywhere. I'll go with you at once to Nassau street (that's the place, I believe), and then you'll be all right."

Harry was a little bewildered by the strangeness and novelty of the scenes to which he was introduced. So this was the great city of which he had heard so much. It was here that he was to work his way. Most boys would have felt a momentary depression and loss of confidence, but Harry had a good deal of faith and courage.

"Plenty of men succeed here," he said to himself; "and I'm bound to succeed, too."

Just then his courage was reinforced by the thought of his motto, and he repeated to himself, "'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish,'" closing the quotation in a manner suited to his circumstances and determination.

After a while they reached Nassau street, and the number which was mentioned in the letter.

"What is Mr. Fairchild's business?" inquired Mr. Falkland.

"He is a commission merchant."

His companion looked rather surprised at this statement, as Nassau street is scarcely the place where a commission merchant would be likely to establish himself. However, he did not feel called upon to express any opinion on the subject to Harry. It was, no doubt, all right, and he had business of his own to occupy his thoughts. As long as he conducted Harry safely to his destination, he would have done all that he had agreed to do.

They paused at the foot of the staircase, at the bottom of which, on either side, was a sort of directory of names occupying the apartments above. Opposite No. 7, was the name, Lemuel Fairchild.

Harry pointed it out to his companion.

"That is the right name, is it?" asked Mr. Fairchild.

"Yes sir."

"Well, I suppose you won't have any trouble in finding it. You don't need me to go up with you, do you?"

"No sir," said our hero, promptly. "I'm all right now."

"Good-by, then."

"Good-by. Thank you for taking care of me."

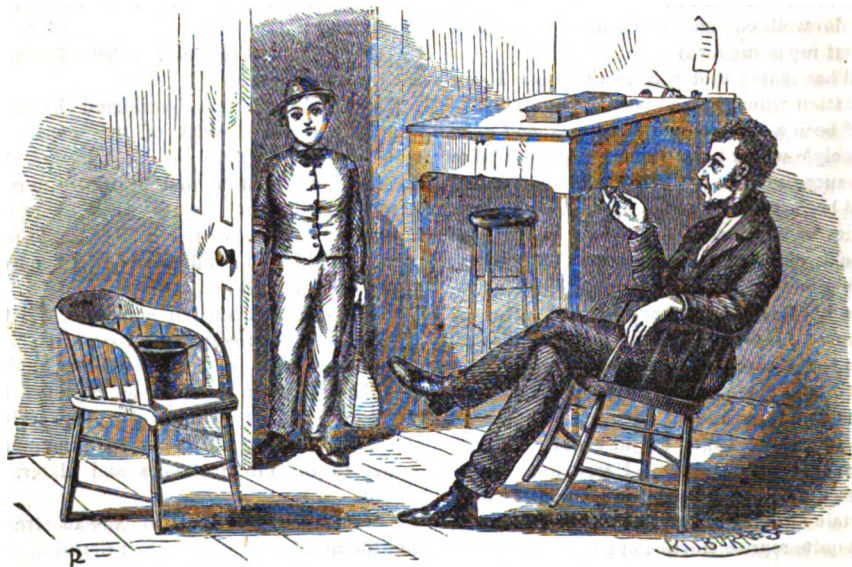
Harry shook hands with Mr. Falkland, and ascended the stairs. The staircase was rather narrow, and not particularly clean. It did

CHAPTER XV.

HOW THEY DO BUSINESS IN THE CITY.

THE room into which Harry entered was possibly twenty feet square, and had rather a desolate look. It was poorly lighted, having but one window looking upon a courtyard. At one end was an elevated desk, with a large ledger lying upon it. There were two armchairs in the office, on one of which a man of forty-five sat smoking a cigar. He was rather a hard-featured man, with stiff, wiry black hair, and rather a seedy look.

"Is Mr. Fairchild in?" asked our hero, dubiously.



HARRY'S INTERVIEW WITH MR. FAIRCHILD.

not look quite so magnificent as Harry had anticipated, whose ideas of places of business in the city were rather brighter than the reality. But, then, he reflected that people at any rate got rich in the city, and that was the main point.

When he arrived at the head of the stairs he saw four doors, the highest number, of course, going up to 4. It would be necessary to climb another flight. This he did, and found himself very soon standing before No. 7. He was not quite sure whether he ought to knock, or go directly in. On the whole, he thought it best to knock.

"Come in!" said a voice from within.

Harry opened the door, and found himself in the presence of his employer.

"I am Mr. Fairchild," was the unexpected reply. "Are you young Raymond?"

"Yes sir," replied Harry, feeling considerably disappointed with the appearance of his employer as well as the office in which he was to work.

The fact was, he had formed a very different idea of both from the present reality. He supposed Mr. Fairchild would be a portly man, handsomely dressed, and his place of business a large warehouse several times as large as Mr. Porter's store, which he had just left. But here was a miserable little twenty-foot room, at which, he felt very confident, John Gaylord would turn up his nose. He fervently hoped that none of his country friends would come and see him. After all

the glowing anticipations he had formed, this was certainly something of a come down. Then, he was disappointed in Mr. Fairchild himself. He certainly did not look by any means like a prosperous city merchant doing an extensive business.

"Have you just reached New York, Raymond?" asked the merchant, picking his teeth with the small blade of his pocket-knife.

"Yes sir," said Harry. "I came right here."

"All right. I was expecting you. So you want me to make a business man of you, eh?"

"Yes sir," said Harry, wondering if he should dress as shabbily when he became a commission merchant.

"Well, I'll do my best for you."

"How is business, sir?" asked Harry, a little anxiously under the circumstances.

"Pretty good," answered Mr. Fairchild.

Harry involuntarily looked round the empty room with a puzzled air. He wondered what Mr. Fairchild had to sell, and where he kept it. He could not help wondering, also, where his salary of twelve dollars a week was to come from.

"Yesterday I sold a cargo of sugar," resumed Mr. Fairchild—"ten thousand dollars worth. I must have you make out the bill presently."

Harry looked and felt astonished. He began to suspect that in spite of appearances considerable business might be done even in this little room. Probably Mr. Porter's sales for an entire year would not amount to more than twenty thousand dollars, yet here was a sale of half that amount in a single day.

"Do you often make such large sales?" he asked, with a new feeling of respect.

"Do you call that a large sale?" said the merchant, indifferently.

"I should think it was, sir."

"Ah yes, your being from the country explains that. I sell large quantities of merchandize on commission. I never take any consignment worth less than a thousand dollars. It wouldn't pay."

"Indeed?" said our hero, becoming more cheerful. The office was small and dull. Still the amount of business done there redeemed its significance.

"Day before yesterday I sold a cargo of cotton, amounting to—let me see—"

Mr. Fairchild went to the desk, and opening it, took out a small blank book.

"Twenty-seven thousand five hundred and

thirty-three dollars, seventy-five cents," he read, from the book. "What would my commission on this sale be, at two per cent? I want to see whether you are quick and correct at figures."

"About five hundred and fifty dollars," answered our hero, making a rapid calculation in his head. "If I had a pencil and some paper I would give you the exact figures."

"Quite right. I see you understand the principle. That's doing very fairly for one day, isn't it?"

"Yes sir," said Harry, considerably impressed.

At this moment a man entered, and with a hasty glance at Harry, addressed Mr. Fairchild.

"Ah, Miller, how are you?" said the merchant.

"Very well, but in a great hurry. Have you sold that cargo of silks yet?"

"Not yet."

"Have you thought over my offer of this morning?"

"Seventeen thousand dollars? Yes, I have thought of it, and I can't accept it. My price is eighteen thousand."

"Too much, but I'll tell you what I'll do, I'll split the difference, and say the five hundred."

This offer, after a little chaffering, was finally agreed to.

"Raymond," said Mr. Fairchild, "make out a bill against Mr. Miller, Thomas Miller, of \$17,500 for the cargo of silks, at present on the ship *Argo*. You will find pen and paper on the desk."

Harry stepped to the desk, and with some tribulation made out the bill, as he would have done for a supply of groceries. He feared that it would not answer, but on handing it to Mr. Fairchild that gentleman made no criticism. He just glanced at it, and handed it to Mr. Miller.

"Very well, I'll send round a check for the amount in the morning."

"All right."

"Good-morning. I am in a hurry," and the silk purchaser went out.

"What do you think of that specimen of doing business, Raymond?" asked Mr. Fairchild, complacently.

"It didn't take long."

"No, that's the city style. And it pays too. Just calculate the commission on that sale at two per cent."

"Three hundred and fifty dollars," said our hero, promptly.

"I dare say you are not used to such transactions in the country."

"No sir."

"Well, it's a very comfortable way of doing business. Probably I may have no other sale to-day—possibly not to-morrow, but two or three large sales a week count up."

Harry began to think he should not have to work very hard, and his doubt as to Mr. Fairchild's making money enough to pay him his wages disappeared.

"Do you want me to go to work at once?" he asked.

"Yes, I have some copying for you to do. Open that ledger."

Harry did so.

"You may commence at page 51, and copy down the entries upon these sheets of paper. You are used to copying, aren't you?"

"No sir, but I can do it well enough."

"Very well. You may go to work at once. I must make a business call. I will be back in an hour or two, and take you to dinner."

He took his hat and went out. Harry began to copy industriously. The transactions entered appeared to date several years back, and Harry did not exactly understand what connection they had with Mr. Lemuel Fairchild's business. But then, as he reflected, he was not competent to judge of that. All he had to do was to obey instructions, and after a while he would know more. It was certainly very astonishing the way in which business was done in the city. The prospect of being cooped up in a small dark room was not very pleasant. Still Harry recalled the pleasant circumstance that he was earning two dollars a day, and was at the same time learning business. So far as he could see, the commission business was not very difficult to

learn. Perhaps Mr. Fairchild might eventually admit him as a partner in the firm. If so he would soon realize a fortune.

Harry kept on copying steadily while these thoughts were passing through his mind. After an hour or more, the door opened, and Mr. Fairchild entered.

"How much have you copied?" he asked, advancing to the desk.

"About two pages and a half," said Harry.

"Is it done right?"

His employer glanced at the writing carelessly.

"Yes," he said, "it will do very well. You have a good business hand."

"I shall improve as I go on, I hope," said Harry, modestly.

"O, of course. I've no doubt I shall be able to make a business man of you. But I suppose you are getting hungry."

Harry admitted that he was a little hungry.

"Well, we will go out as soon as a friend arrives whom I have invited to accompany us."

Fifteen minutes later the friend referred to arrived. It was Hartley, the same man who had visited Squire Turner in Vernon the week before.

He glanced sharply at our hero, and said something in a low tone to Mr. Fairchild which Harry did not understand. He little dreamed that the new-comer was to be intimately connected with his fortunes. Still less did he dream that he was an agent of Squire Turner, and that all the profitable business transactions of Mr. Lemuel Fairchild were merely fictitious, and got up solely to deceive him. Harry was a smart boy, but even smart boys are likely to be taken in in matters of which they have no previous experience. But Harry's eyes were to be opened very soon.

THE ENCHANTED NECKLACE.

LITTLE Gertrude sat eating a piece of brown bread by the tiny brook that flowed over the round smooth pebbles, at the foot of her father's garden.

"O dear," she exclaimed, at length, "I wish I had something better than brown bread to eat. I wish I had a fairy godmother who would give me everything I wished, like the little girl in my story book. I wish I could see a fairy this minute."

Here a rustling of the leaves caused Gerty

to look up, and lo! there stood a beautiful lady, not more than a foot tall, with floating gossamer robes, and hair like braided sunbeams.

"Child of earth, your wish is granted; take this necklace, and as long as you wear it, whatever you wish will come to pass;" and placing a golden necklace, with a diamond clasp, in the child's hand, she disappeared before the astonished Gerty could find words to express her thanks.

"O, what shall I wish for?" thought she. "O, now I know, I wish I was a grown-up woman, with a beautiful house, and splendid furniture, and plenty of money, and plenty of servants."

The words were hardly out of her mouth before she found herself in a gorgeously furnished parlor, seated at a grand piano, trying to drum out a piece of new music that lay before her.

"How hungry it makes me to practise my lesson," she exclaimed; "I wish dinner was ready."

Instantly the folding-doors of the parlor flew open, revealing a table, covered with a snowy cloth, and the richest silver, and costliest china, and nice white bread and golden butter, and fried chickens, and jellies, and cakes, and fruits of all descriptions, and behind her chair stood a servant ready to do her bidding. This is something like living, thought Gerty. But hardly had she tasted the first morsel, when a huge black mastiff bounded into the open doorway, his eyeballs shining like coals of fire, and the white froth dripping from his open mouth.

"He is mad," shrieked the servant, springing through an open window.

"I wish I was in China," screamed Gerty, and, at a bound and a whirl, she was high in the air, and in an instant she landed in the midst of a dark-skinned, black-eyed crowd, who stared at her and talked in a language she could not understand.

"O, I wish I was at my own father's house," said Gerty, and with another whirl she was again in the air, and then she found herself at her father's gate. Her mother was at the door.

"O mother," cried Gerty, "I am—"

"Who are you?" asked her mother.

"Why, I am your Gerty; do you not know me, mother?"

But the woman only laughed, and said:

"You my Gerty? Why, Gerty is only a little girl, and you are a woman. No, you are not my child," and she entered the house and shut the door.

"O, what shall I do?" sobbed Gerty; "even my own mother does not know me." And she darted through the gate just as a runaway horse dashed along. She tried to get out of the way, but it was too late. She slipped and fell directly in front of the horse, and would doubtless have been crushed had she not thought of the necklace.

"I wish I was a rabbit," she shrieked; and in an instant she bounded from under the horse's feet in the form of a plump gray rabbit. She did not pause till she reached the forest, when, looking up, she beheld a sportsman with a gun about to shoot her.

"O, I wish I was a bird," she gasped; and, lo! there she was flying through the air in the form of a beautiful bird, pausing now and then among the leafy branches of the trees, and singing a few notes of joy.

"I shall be perfectly happy now," thought Gerty, but glancing up she beheld a hawk about to seize her.

"O, I wish I was a little girl again. I wish the fairy would take back the hateful necklace." And she flung the trinket from her with such force that she awoke.

Gerty started to her feet.

"I am so glad it was a dream," she said; "I am sure I will never grumble about brown bread again, nor want anything more to do with fairies." And she kept her word, for when she found herself wishing for things she could not have, she thought of the enchanted necklace, and was contented.

BESSIE FOLLEN'S NAP.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

It was a terrible thing for Bessie Follen when her mother died. Not that the child realized what it all meant; but she missed her mother, and she was frightened at the solemn look of everything. She had always thought it a very fine thing to have a drive in a real carriage, with two horses; but, some way, she did not much enjoy the drive to her mother's grave.

But, as I said, she did not know what it all

meant. She only knew that everybody looked sober, and that she had a black dress on, and that she couldn't find her mother anywhere. She went to the poor little chamber where they had slept, and where her mother had been sick, and the bed was all taken away, and the windows open. She searched the house over, but found her not. She went, crying, out into the yard, and looked up and down the street; but still no mother appeared.

The neighbors were kind to her; but they were poor people, and had many things to attend to, and could not spare much time to comfort her. So she wandered about the whole day, and cried herself to sleep that night, and the next day a man came and took her away to the poor-house.

Bessie didn't know what that was either. She was but four years old, and hadn't yet learned much about the world we live in.

At first she was rather pleased, for the man said that he would give her a drive and that by-and-by she should see her mother. So Bessie looked on impatiently while they tied up her little bundle of clothes, and let the woman kiss her, and did not cry when the strange man drove off with her. They gave her her gray and white kitty, and the man said she might keep it, and they gave her the basket that her poor mother used to go to market with.

Well, they rode and rode till the little girl was tired. Out of the city they went, and into fresh country roads. And after what seemed to Bessie about a hundred miles, but which was really only six, they drew up before a large brick house, in a pleasant place, with trees round it. Here a woman came to the door, and stood waiting for Bessie to come to her after she had been taken out of the wagon by the man.

"Run right in," he said, to her, and drove off towards the stable.

"Come!" the woman called from the steps.

But Bessie didn't stir. She was afraid, and she didn't see her mother, and she didn't like the looks of this stranger.

"Why don't you come in?" the woman called, quite sharply. "I can't stand here waiting for you."

At that Bessie began to cry, but did not go a step nearer.

"Dear me!" the woman exclaimed. "I've got to have the bother of a bawling young one, with all the rest of the plague!" And she came down the yard, and taking Bessie by the arm, almost pulled her into the house.

"There, there! Don't cry so!" she said, for the child was screaming now. "I aint going to hurt you; but I can't stand waiting for you to cry and sulk. There, now. Go and play with your kitty."

Bessie held on tight to the kitty, and went out into the yard again, meeting the man just coming in.

"I want my mother!" she sobbed, looking up pitifully into his face.

He patted her on the head. He was a kind sort of man.

"Don't cry now," he said, "and she'll come by-and-by. You may have your basket to put kitty in. Do you want it?"

Bessie took the basket and put her kitty into it, and kitty curled up in the bottom, and made believe go straight to sleep. But she looked out of the corners of her eyes with little bright looks, and watched everything. For she was a very knowing kitty.

"I want my mother," Bessie repeated, looking up into the man's face again, not sobbing this time, but with her pretty eyes full of tears, and her pink little mouth trembling. "Where is she?"

"O, she lives away over there," he answered, pointing off towards the westward. For he hated to tell the child that her mother was dead. "If you are good, you may go to see her some day. Now don't cry any more, but play out here with your kitty, and by-and-by you shall have some dinner."

At that the man turned away and went into the house, and Bessie stood and looked the way he had pointed, saying that her mother lived there.

"Mew!" said the kitty, softly.

Bessie looked down into the basket, and the kitty winked at her with both eyes, then jumped out and ran through the gate, looking back, and stopping when she got outside.

Bessie understood just as well as if the kitty had said, "Come, let's go and find mother!" and her pale little face grew suddenly red, and her dim eyes began to sparkle. She glanced at the house to be sure that no one saw her, then she stole softly into the road, and when she was outside of the gate, began to run as fast as she could run. The road was winding, and in a few minutes she had lost sight of the house; but still she ran. It seemed to her that she heard voices calling her back, and steps running after her; but it was only her poor little heart beating and knocking in her bosom. Presently she came to a narrow grassy lane that crossed the road, and she turned into that. Little as she was, she knew that the more turns and twists she made, the more sure she was to get out of sight.

Kitty ran softly along beside her young mistress, never stopping once to mew, but looking up now and then in Bessie's face.

"I'm awful tired, aren't you, kitty?" the child said, at length.

The kitty stopped short at that, and looked

behind her. There was no one in sight. So the two walked more slowly.

It was a very pretty road, trees growing close to both sides of it, and flowers of all kinds under the trees. At one side the prettiest little brook in the world ran with a pleasant gurgle over the stones, and the birds were singing merrily all about.

Somehow this soothed Bessie's heart, and pretty soon she forgot to cry. It seemed likely that she would soon find her mother, and she was sure that the poor-house man and woman could never find her. Then, she had spent a whole year in the city with her mother, and in all that time had seen nothing of the country. Now, as she walked along, looking at the flowers to right and left, and listening to the bird-songs, it began to seem as though she had seen that place before.

And so she had; for Bessie was now near the place that had been her and her mother's old home in happy days before poverty came.

Bessie's mother had been the wife of the gardener on a large and beautiful estate belonging to Mr. Slade, and they had lived in a tiny cottage on the edge of his grounds. The gardener had grown intemperate though, and been turned away, and then he died, and his wife died, and there was no place for their little girl but the poor-house.

Well, Bessie and her kitty walked along this narrow, shaded road a while, and presently they came to another road crossing it, and there they stopped. The road they were on was the pleasantest and easiest, for this cross-road was open, and at one side ran up quite a hill; but still the hill looked as though she might see from it where her mother lived. So Bessie thought best to go that way.

But just as she was about starting, she heard steps coming on behind her, a sound like some one running. At that all her fears returned, and, without stopping to think, she ran into the woods followed by her kitty, and hid behind the bushes. Scarcely was she hidden when she saw the poor-house man come running past, looking right and left in search of her. Her poor little heart quaked as she saw him stop at the crossing and look every way, uncertain which of the three directions to take. But after a minute he went straight on, probably because he could see the road a good way in each of the other directions, and saw that she was not in them.

No sooner had he got out of sight than poor Bessie started up and ran into the woods as fast as she could run, which, indeed, was

not very fast. For the way was rough, and she fell over the stones and sticks, and the great roots of the trees. But she didn't care for that. Only let her get out of the way of those poor-house people, and she would find her mother some way. But if they got her back, they would shut her up, she knew they would.

At length, when she could run no further, Bessie sat down on a green bank where the flowers grew, and a tall tree kept the sun off of her. She set her basket down, too, for she had brought it all this way, and kitty took a seat. And then the two looked at each other, and didn't know what to do next.

"I'm awful tired, aren't you, kitty?" Bessie asked, kissing her pet on the top of its white head.

"Mew!" says the kitty, meaning yes.

"And I'm most starved to death, aren't you, kitty?" pursued the little girl, weeping.

"Mew!" says kitty, meaning yes again.

"And I'm sleepy, too, aren't you?" asked Bessie.

The kitty said nothing, so Bessie asked no more questions, only sat there and felt the heat, and grew more and more tired and sleepy. It was but a little past noon, and she had always been in the habit of taking a nap at noon, and felt the need of it now. First her head nodded one side, then the other, then it came forward and almost jerked off. After a while she couldn't stand it any longer, but just laid down at full length on the bank, put one arm under her head, and dropped off asleep.

Kitty sat upright beside her little mistress, and watched that no harm came to her. Flies, and bugs, and butterflies came peering round, but kitty soon sent them about their business, and as for a little gray bird that sung loudly over the sleeper's head, as if to wake her up in spite of everything, kitty opened her mouth, and gave a jump, and the little bird flew away for its life. And while watching Bessie, her gray guardian kept an eye on the basket too, and not even an ant dared poke his nose into it.

And so the hours rolled away while Bessie slept, and the sun got round and shone in her face, and in kitty's face, and began to fill the basket full of sunshine. Then kitty put her head a little one side, as if wondering if it were not almost time for Bessie to wake up; and then she pricked up her ears; for there was a sound of steps.

They came nearer and nearer, and present-

ly a lady and gentleman came walking slowly through the edge of the wood, both dressed in black, and both looking very sober.

"What is that?" the gentleman said, seeing the top of kitty's white head above the herbage.

They went a little nearer, and then they both stopped, and exclaimed. For there in the midst of the green foliage they saw a lovely little girl asleep on a bank. The tears were hanging from her long eyelashes, and on her cheeks, for they had flowed even while she slept, and her shoes were muddy, and her frock torn.



BESSIE FOLLEN'S NAP.

The gentleman and lady looked at each other, and in the same breath said the same thing:

"O, if we could have her!"

For these two had lost all the little girl they had, and had just been to visit her grave in the country graveyard, and were returning home by the shortest way.

The lady bent down very softly, and kissed Bessie on the mouth.

"Wake, my little dear!" she whispered, and kept so near that the child could not see her face.

Bessie stirred and opened her eyes as she felt the kiss, and flung her arms around the lady's neck, and cried out:

"Mamma!"

But when the lady took her up, and she saw a stranger, Bessie began to cry, and to

all their questions would only say that she wanted her mother.

So the gentleman took her in his arms, and carried her to his home, he and the lady coaxing and soothing her all the way, and promising to find her mother. Kitty followed after them, seeming to be very well pleased, and the lady carried the basket.

Pretty soon they came to a beautiful house, with trees and gardens about it, and the most elegant rooms with everything in them that could be desired. Kitty immediately laid herself down on a cushion, and went to sleep, making herself quite at home.

She had no notion of going any further.

"Now, little dear," the lady said, taking Bessie on her lap, "tell me what your name is."

"Bessie Follen," said the child, not very plainly; but they knew the name at once.

"Bless me!" the lady cried. "To be sure! I see the look now. She is poor Follen's little girl, Mr. Slade. I didn't know that her mother had come back here. We must find her."

"If she has come back, she has come to the poor-house," Mr. Slade said.

"Poor thing!" the lady said. "Do send down and see."

So Mr. Slade sent right off to the poor-house, and found out the whole story.

"Poor, dear little orphan!" the lady said, weeping. "Will you stay and live with me? Your mother has gone to heaven, and you cannot find her now."

Bessie cried a good deal, but her kind friends consoled her, and soon she grew happy again. Children cannot grieve long, and so much the better for them.

Mr. and Mrs. Slade adopted Bessie, and now she is a beautiful young lady, with everything she wants. And her adopted parents say that they could not be fonder of her if she were their own.

The kitty, I am sorry to say, is dead, but she has a good many grand-children living, which is the next best thing to living one's self. And Miss Bessie has a beautiful photograph of her little pet. And, moreover, she still keeps that basket.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

OYSTER FRITTERS.—Line some patty-pans with a fine puff paste, put a piece of bread into each, cover with paste, and bake them. While they are baking, take some oysters, beard them, and cut the remainder up into small pieces, place them in a tosser, with a very small portion of grated nutmeg, a very little white pepper and salt, a morsel of lemon peel cut as small as possible, a little cream, and a little of the oyster liquor; simmer it a few minutes, then remove the bread from the patties, and put in the mixture.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Take two or three large russeting apples, pare them thin, cut them half an inch thick, lay them on a pie-dish, pour brandy over them, and let them lie two hours; make a thick batter, using two eggs, have clean lard, and make it quite hot; fry two at a time, a nice light brown, put them on the back of a sieve on paper, sift pounded sugar over them, glaze them with a shovel or salamander; dish on a napkin. After they are cut in shoes, take out the core with a small round cutter.

FRITTERS.—Are made of batter the same as pancakes. Drop a small quantity into the pan, have ready apples pared, sliced and cored, lay them in the batter and fry them; they may also be made with sliced lemon or currants, the latter is particularly palatable. They should be sent to table upon a folded napkin in the dish; any sweetmeat or ripe fruit will make fritters.

BEST SPONGE CAKE.—Take one coffee-cupful of sugar, and four eggs; beat them to a cream; add a piece of saleratus as large as a pea dissolved in a tea-spoonful of milk; also a little nutmeg and essence of lemon; stir in carefully a coffee-cup of flour. Bake in a quick oven.

A LIGHT CAKE.—Take a pint bowlful and a half of sugar, one and a half cups of butter rubbed in two pint bowls of flower, two cups of sour cream, a tea-spoonful of saleratus, table-spoonful of rose water, four eggs well beaten, and a little nutmeg.

INDIAN CORN CAKES.—Mix a quart of Indian meal with a handful of wheat flour, stir in a quart of warmed milk, a tea-spoonful of salt, and two spoonfuls of yeast; stir alternately into the milk the meal and three well-beaten eggs;

when light, bake as buckwheat cakes, on a griddle; send them to the table hot. Should the batter sour, stir in a little saleratus dissolved in lukewarm water, letting it set half an hour before baking.

RICE PANCAKES.—To half a pound of rice put two-thirds of a pint of water, boil it to a jelly; when cold, add to it eight eggs, a pint of cream, a little salt and nutmeg, and half a pound of butter melted; mix well, adding the butter last, and working it only so much as will make the batter sufficiently thick. Fry them in lard, but employ as little as it is possible to fry them with.

MEAT PATTIES.—The patty-pans should not be too large; make a puff paste, put a layer at the bottom of the tins, put in forcemeat, and cover with puff paste, bake them a light brown, turn them out. If for a small dinner, five patties, or seven for a large dinner, will suffice for a side dish.

POUND CAKE.—One pound dried sifted flour, the same of loaf sugar, and the whites of twelve eggs and the yolks of seven. Beat the butter to a cream, add the sugar by degrees, then the eggs and flour; beat it all well together for an hour, mixing a tea-spoonful of rose water, a little nutmeg or cinnamon, two cups of cream, and a tea-spoonful of saleratus. To be baked in a quick oven.

COMMON PLUM CAKE.—Mix five cups of butter with ten cups of flour, five cups of sugar, add six cups stoned raisins, a little cinnamon and mace finely powdered, half a cup of good new yeast put into a pint of new milk, warm and mix the dough, let it stand till it is light.

INDIAN GRIDDLE CAKE.—Take one pint of Indian meal and one cup of flour, a little salt and ginger, a table-spoonful of molasses, a tea-spoonful of saleratus, sour milk enough to make a stiff batter. Bake them on a griddle like buckwheat cakes.

COMMON GINGERBREAD.—Take a quart bowlful of flour, and rub into a teacup of sweet butter, two cups of sugar, three of molasses, teacup of cream, tea-spoonful saleratus, ginger to your taste. Make it stiff batter, bake in a quick oven.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A WONDERFUL PLANT.—The *Victoria Regia*, in the Botanic Garden at Ghent, has thriven to an unprecedented degree during the last summer. Several of the leaves attained a diameter of nine feet, and have supported a weight of two hundred and fifty pounds. Seven of the leaves completely covered the basin of 164 feet square. Every four or five days a fresh flower appeared, which lasted only two days, or rather two nights, opening in the morning of a perfectly white color, diffusing, about five or six P. M., a very powerful odor of vanilla, closing the next morning at eight or nine A. M., opening the same day towards evening, this time of a beautiful carmine, and finally closing the next morning. The magnificent leaves last through summer, the plant begins to dwindle in October, and dies towards December. About this time the seeds, which have been obtained by artificial fecundation, arrive at maturity. They are sown in January, and appear above the ground in about six weeks. Their infancy is very critical; but once past this period, the young plants grow with astonishing rapidity. The plant in the Ghent Botanic Gardens, unquestionably the finest that has ever been cultivated, arrived at its development in five months.

AN INTELLIGENT DRAKE.—The following is related by an eminent naturalist: "A young lady was sitting in a room adjoining a poultry yard, where chickens, ducks and geese were disporting themselves. A drake came in, approached the lady, seized the bottom of her dress with his beak, and pulled it vigorously. Feeling startled, she repulsed him with her hand. The bird still persisted. Somewhat astonished, she paid some attention to this unaccountable pantomime, and discovered that the drake wished to drag her out of doors. She got up, and he waddled out quietly before her. More and more surprised, she followed him, and he conducted her to the side of a pond where she perceived a duck with its head caught in the opening of a sluice. She hastened to release the poor creature and restored it to the drake, who by loud quackings and beating of his wings testified his joy at the deliverance of his companion."

A NEW IDEA.—It is generally supposed that the robins emigrate to the South during the winter months. From the following account it would appear that such is not always the

case. Two gentlemen crossing the Sandwich mountains in New Hampshire discovered a deep valley, and approaching it found it clothed with hemlock, spruce, fir and tamarack, growing so near together that it was with difficulty they could make headway between them. Before they came to this growth the snow was over a foot in depth; after entering it was only six inches, the residue lying on the tops of the trees, making quite a roof, and excluding much of the light of day. After making their way a few rods they were surprised to find the place an extensive robin "roost," occupied by thousands, and so thickly were they congregated that they might have killed numbers with their walking sticks in crossing the premises from south to north—about thirty rods.

TREASURE TROVE.—In 1702 the English attacked a fleet of Spanish galleons near Vigo, when seven of them were sunk and nine burnt. The galleons contained the tribute of the Spanish colonies for the years 1700-1, amounting, it is stated, to £20,000,000. The greater part of this enormous sum is presumed to be still at the bottom of the sea, and a French society has been formed for the purpose of recovering the lost treasure. Operations have already begun, and the divers have hit upon ten of the galleons. They are thickly encrusted with marine growth, yet the chief engineer proposes to raise them up to the surface of the water. Several curious articles, oxydized armor and weapons, a silver vase, and numerous cannon balls, have been found by the divers on the decks of the vessels. The Spanish government has claimed forty-three per cent of the recovered treasure.

A PLAYFUL DOG.—There is a small greyhound at Greenfield Mass., who is very fond of dolls. The little girls in the family of his master sometimes allowed him to carry their dolls around the parlor in his mouth, and he went through the operation wagging his tail with great vigor. One day an older sister made a doll expressly for the greyhound, and made him understand it was his own property. At once he ran off and hid it where it could not be found. Several days after, seeing the children playing with their dolls, he begged to be let out of the house. He went directly to the yard where he had buried his doll like a bone, dug it up, shook it free from dirt, and rejoined the group with his pet in his mouth.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

WATCH AND PRAY.—Parson Buxby was an eccentric preacher located not a thousand miles from Rochester. The parson had a weakness; it was the love of Johnny-cake baked in Western fashion, on a board leaning at an angle of forty-five degrees from the fire. And of all Johnny-cake bakers, old Nancy Jeems, one of his flock, was the best.

One day the parson was making his round of calls, and of course proceeded to call on Nancy. On entering, the old lady gave him a friendly greeting in a hearty hand-shaking, saying as she did so:

"Well, now, Brother Buxby, 'peered to me all the morning as if you were a-coming; I've just put up a Johnny-cake, and ye'll stop and help me eat it up."

Of course he assented—but proposed, in the meanwhile, to have prayer, having as much an eye to Nancy's spiritual comfort as she had to his physical.

Accordingly they both knelt, he with his face towards the fire—she with her back towards it. Brother Buxby had an elegant out-pouring, but while under full headway the cake began to burn, and he saw it! He hurried over the remainder, bringing out the Amen like the crack of a whip, and then adding to it in the very same breath:

"Sister Nancy, your Johnny-cake's a burning up!"

She turned to remedy the evil, when he remarked:

"Sister Nancy, you should have watched the cake."

"But, Brother Buxby, I was attending to the prayer."

"Ay, ay!" said he; "but Scripture, you know, says you should both watch and pray."

COULDN'T FIND THE VERDICT.—At a recent session of one of the courts of South Carolina, an entire negro jury was empanelled. A case was brought before them, the witnesses examined, and the attorneys made their respective arguments.

The judge, after laying down the law and recapitulating the testimony, gave the papers into the hands of the foreman, a rather intelligent looking negro, with instructions as soon as they found a verdict to bring it without fail.

Thirty minutes more elapsed, when the jury returned headed by the foreman, and stood before the judge.

As the foreman appeared to hesitate, the judge inquired:

"Mr. Foreman, have you found a verdict?"

"No, Massa Judge, we haben't found 'em no how," replied the ebony jurymen.

"It's a very plain case," said the judge.

"Can't help it, massa, couldn't see it," replied ebony, again.

"On what grounds?" inquired the judge.

"We didn't look into de grounds, Massa Judge," replied the foreman; "de ossifer did not take us out into de grounds, but he took us into a room and locked us in, and tole us when we found de verdict he would let us out. So we began to find de verdict, and search ebory nook, corner, crevis, an ebory ting dere was in that room, but we found no verdict—no nuffin ob de kind dere."

A SOLEMN JOKE.—One of the clergymen of Peoria, Ill., has been put in a parsonage that did not come up to his idea of what a minister should enjoy. Recently he was called upon to announce that there would be a mite society at the ministerial dwelling. He said:

"There will be a mite society on Thursday evening next at the parsonage. The parsonage is a little, old, tumble-down building on — street."

Some of the older ones of the congregation took umbrage at this, while the younger ones laughed. In the evening the parson was called upon to make the same announcement. After saying the mite society would be held at the parsonage, he added:

"On the corner of the street near my residence, is a well. Said well is covered over and clapboarded. It is unpainted and weatherworn, but I wish to describe it so that none of you may make a mistake and take the well for the parsonage. The mite society will be held in the parsonage and not in the well."

A FRIEND AT COURT.—One Grant, a Scotchman was in the service of the great Frederick of Prussia, and was observed one day fondling the king's favorite dog. "Are you fond of dogs?" asked Frederick. "No, please your majesty," replied Grant, "but we Scotch have a saying that it is right to secure a friend at court." "You are a sly fellow," said the monarch, "recollect for the future that you have no occasion for any friend at court but myself." Grant rose afterwards to the command of the most important fortresses in the kingdom.

A VISIT TO COUNTRY FRIENDS.



Smith visits his country relatives, and is packed into the family carriage.



Relates all the city gossip.



Indulges in a husking, and gets lots of kisses.



A dance in the kitchen.



The delights of apple-paring.



Smith leaves for home with numerous samples of country produce.

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THE VALE OF CASHMERE.



A LADY OF CASHMERE.

The Vale of Cashmere is sung by many poets and its beauties quoted by many who never saw it, we venture to say. Everybody has read Lalla Rookh, and of course the "Light of the Harem" has shed her beams broadcast in the mind of the reader. All writers unite in pronouncing the country the grandest and most picturesque of any of the lands that the Eastern sun shines on, and its

people—men and women—the handsomest. The women are especially charming, but like poor Eastman's *Fanny*—a physical creation of great beauty—they do not know a thing. The men are crafty and treacherous, and not models of moral excellence, though children of the Prophet. Of one of the fairer sex we herewith present the counterfeit presentment. We know not whether the

fashion of the headdress has changed or not since our picture was made, but certainly it has no more grace than a two quart tin pail would have in a like position; however, the face it surmounts is interesting, and it is a type of those which have made poets rave, as stated above.

The Vale of Cashmere is ninety miles long, and through it flows the beautiful river Jylum, or Jhelum, the famed Hydaspes of early days. Surrounded by mountains of the boldest and grandest character, seen clearly in the purest atmosphere, the vale green and rich with the graces of a luxuriant cultivation, the traveller enjoys himself to the top of his bent, while passing through it, or sojourning in it. One, while passing down the Jylum, looks from the awning of his boat, that protects him from the summer sun, and describes what he sees of a Cashmir city, that bears the name of *Sreenuggur*:

"The houses on either side stand close to the water's edge, and some, supported by piles, project over it; every here and there a flight of steps leads down to the river, looking up which you see a vista of picturesque lanes, opening out into streets beyond—foul, dark and odoriferous; and as a foreground to the picture, sitting on the steps nearest the water, are groups of straw-colored women, with handsome features, and soft black eyes, clad in long wrappers of maroon-colored stuff, and engaged in the wholesome occupation of washing themselves, the somewhat arduous one of washing their children, and the pleasant and congenial one of talking scandal. While round and about you bubble up on the surface of the stream the little black heads and merry faces of urchins who, though they scarce can walk, can swim, and dive, and disport themselves in the water like so many water-kelpies."

Visitors find the boat an inexpensive addition to their conveniences on the river, costing but five shillings a month apiece, and always ready at order by night or day. This is enjoyed in the after part of the day, and at the close of one of those we catch another glimpse of Cashmerian life, through the eyes of the sojourner:

"But now the sun has sunk below the houses of the city to our left, and its slanting rays can no longer annoy you, so the boatmen stow away the awning, and permit your gaze to wander upwards, from the bathing machines, boats and landing-stairs to the trellised windows of the picturesque houses

above you, some of which, perched on slender piles, leaning over the water, seem to have serious intentions of taking an evening stroll on stilts. Seen dimly through the delicately-carved woodwork of the half-open lattice, you will now and then, if you are lucky, catch a glimpse of the graceful form and face of some fair Cashmerian girl, with braided tresses and dark bright eyes, slyly peeping out on the crowded river below. And now, his day's work done, the pleasure-loving Cashmerian begins to enjoy himself; sounds of mirth and laughter, of music and merriment, are borne out to you from those mysterious casements, for there abide the queens of dance and song:

"Those songs that ne'er so sweetly sound,
As from a young Cashmerian's mouth,"

and boats freighted with bundles of dim drapery, whence peep little jewelled hands and slipped feet, glide past you—

"Youth at the helm and pleasure at the prow."

This description applies to one city—a type of the whole so far as surroundings admit. The gardens are beautiful, the lakes romantic, the fountains picturesque—everything is lovely, in nature and art, and, better than all, "the face that peeps playfully from under the white folds of a half-raised veil, fair enough to be that of Nourmahal, the Light of the Harem's self." The garden of Shalimar is of great age and retains all its pristine beauty, to the attractiveness of which are added appliances of dance and song that regale the modern visitor.

The Cashmerians are excellent manufacturers. Shawls, guns, leather, papier mache, jewelry, are made of the most elegant quality. The shawls, of course, have a world-wide celebrity, but their gun, pistol and matchlock barrels are equally deserving. The jewellers, shoemakers and tailors only want a pattern, and they will imitate it with the minutest accuracy. If a person's watch is out of order, it may be intrusted without compunction to the ill looking fellow in a greasy gaberdine, who will squat down in the corner of the room or tent, deliberately take it to pieces, and perform all necessary repairs therein in the presence of the owner.

From all this description turn back to the sweet Cashmerian of our illustration, whom we have had in mind, however, through it all, and give her the credit of grace maugre her costume.

THE YO SEMITE VALLEY.



Bierstadt and Hill have introduced to us, on this side of the Rocky Mountains and the Nevada, the great wonder of the world, the *Yo Semite*—not associated with the world's wonders of classical notoriety, but surpassing them all for beauty and sublimity. Until

quite recently, it was not easy of access, but, with increase of visitation, the roads are made better, and the perils diminished, which, however severe, were all compensated for by the grandeur of the spectacle that ended the travellers' journey and made their leaving a

source of the deepest regret. It is a matter for boasting with the Californians that no one who has ever seen the valley has returned dissatisfied. The completion of the Pacific railroad affords new facilities and inducements for visiting the scene, and to view it will become a grand object with tourists to seek the Pacific slope hereafter.

The valley is ten miles long and three wide. Its sides are granite walls, from 2000 feet to 4500 feet high. Great domes and pyramids rise above the deep hollow, at the bottom of which is a little lake and stream. A small river, 70 feet wide, tumbles over on one-side of the immense height, coming down in three falls, the first of them 1300 feet. In the valley are nooks and bits of scenery of rare beauty, contrasting almost strangely with the solemn grandeur of the surrounding walls and peaks. The spot is more than a place for a tour—it is one of the wonders of creation. And yet the first time a white man entered the valley was in 1848; till this time the magnificence and glory of the scene was involved in impenetrable wildness, and all its lavishness of beauty and sublimity bestowed upon eyes and ears that comprehended not.

An idea may be formed of the grandeur and magnitude of the scene from the fact that the rock of Tutucanula, or El Capitan, is an almost vertical cliff of naked smooth granite 3600 feet from the summit to its base in the valley, and that the trees, which are represented in our illustration on the top of the distant precipice on the right, are many of them over 200 feet high. These coniferous trees are one of the marvels of this extraordinary region, growing at an elevation of 6000 feet above the sea, and rivalling the gigantic precipices on which they grow, and by which they are surrounded. One tree measured 100 feet in circumference at the base, but it has been burned on one side, and therefore its original girth must have been nearly 120 feet; it was 276 feet high. Another tree, which lay prostrate on the plain, had had its interior hollowed out by burnings so as to form a tunnel sufficiently large to ride into it on horseback for a considerable distance, with room to turn round, being over 13 feet in the clear inside the bark.

From near the foot of the Sentinel rock, looking directly across the end of the valley, is seen the most stupendous feature of the Yo Semite, that is, the Yo Semite Fall, which is far beyond any other known to exist, both as regards its height and the wondrous char-

acter of the surrounding scenery. The fall is formed by a creek of the same name, in the west side of the Mount Hoffman group, about twenty miles north of the valley; and as the volume of water, of course, varies during the different periods of the year, it cannot always be seen under the same aspect. From the edge of the uppermost cliff to the bottom of the valley is, in round numbers, 2550 feet. The first fall is a vertical descent of 1500 feet, the second 650 feet, and the bottom one 400 feet. The cliff a little east of the edge of the fall is 3030 feet above the level of the valley.

Bowles, in his "Across the Continent," speaks of the entire inadequacy of words to convey an idea of the stupendous spectacle as first seen by the visitor:

"As well," he says, "interpret God in thirty-nine articles as portray it by word of mouth or pen. As well reproduce castle or cathedral by a stolen frieze, or broken column, as this assemblage of natural wonder and beauty by photograph or painting. The overpowering sense of the sublime, of awful desolation, of transcending marvellousness and unexpectedness, that swept over us, as we reined our horses sharply out of green forests, and stood upon a high jutting rock that overlooked this rolling, upheaving sea of granite mountains, holding far down its rough lap this vale of beauty of meadow, and grove, and river—such tide of feeling, such stoppage of ordinary emotions, comes at rare intervals in any life. It was the confrontal of God face to face, as in great danger, in solemn and sudden death. It was Niagara magnified. All that was mortal shrank back, all that was immortal swept to the front and bent down in awe. We sat till the rich elements of beauty came out of the majesty and desolation, and then, eager to get nearer, pressed tired horses down the steep rough path into the valley.....It is not too much to say that no so limited space in all the known world offers such majestic and impressive beauty. Niagara alone divides honors with it in America. Only the whole of Switzerland can surpass it—no one scene in all the Alps can match this....."

"The one distinguishing feature is a double wall of perpendicular granite, rising from a half mile to a mile in height, and inclosing a valley not more than half a mile in width on the average, and from ten to fifteen miles in length. It is a fissure, a chasm, rather than a valley, in solid rock mountains; there is not breadth enough in it for even one of

the walls to lie down; and yet it offers all the fertility, all the beauties of a rich valley. There is meadow with thick grass; there are groves of pine and oak, the former exquisite in form and majestic in size; there are thickets of willow and birch, bay trees and dogwood, and various flowering shrubs; primrose, and cowslip, and golden rod, and violet and painted cup, more delicate than Eastern skies can welcome, make gay gardens of all the vacant fields; the aroma of mint, of pine and fir, of flower, loads the air; the fern family find a familiar home everywhere; and winding in and out among all flows the Merced River, so pure and transparent that you can hardly tell where the air leaves off and the water begins, rolling rapid over polished stones or soft sands, or staying in wide, deep pools that invite the bather and the boat, and holding trout only less rich and dainty than the brook trout of New England. The soil, the trees, the shrubs, the grasses, and the flowers of this little valley are much the same in general character and variety as those of the Connecticut river valleys; but they are richer in development and greater in numbers. They borrow of the mountain fecundity and sweetness, and they are fed by summer rains as those of other California valleys rarely are."

The author is equally enthusiastic regarding the several falls which give beauty and grace to the valley, already described. He says:

"In the main portion of the valley, the Bridal Veil is the first conspicuous fall—now a dainty rivulet starting over a precipice nine hundred feet high, but usually all lost at once in delicate spray that sways and scatters in the light breeze, and fastens upon the wall, as sign of its being and its beauty, the fabled rainbow of promise. The name of this fall is well chosen; it is a type of the delicate gauze, floating and illusory, by which brides delight to hide their blushes and give mystery to their charms. Further up, you see the Yo Semite Fall, perhaps thrice the size, in volume, of the Bridal Veil, but distinguished for its height—the greatest height of any waterfall yet discovered in the world. It is broken about two thirds the way down its high wall of rock by projecting masses of the mountain, giving it several hundred feet of cataract passage; but count-

ing its whole fall from top to bottom, it is two thousand six hundred (2650) feet in height, which is fifteen times as high as Niagara Falls!"

As you ascend the several plateaux of this



CALIFORNIA MINERS.

astounding mountain chain the aspects of nature gradually change. In the very depths of the valleys, by the watercourses and swamps, large numbers of birds of every color perch on the reeds and branches, and at sunset chant in the most monotonous tones a

melancholy farewell to day. High over the mountain peaks soar white-headed eagles, falcons and black vultures, who eternally sail in circles, and seem to take no notice of such an insignificant object as man. There are many specimens of birds in the valley and its vicinity unknown to ornithologists, but it appears to be a very paradise for pigeons.

The route from San Francisco to the valley is by way of Stockton, a town 110 miles due east, and this part of the journey is done by river steamer, the next 100 miles by stages, and the last forty-three by saddle-horses, which in two days, the riders camping in the woods for the night, bring the travellers to Inspiration Point, where the whole magnificence of the Yo Semite bursts upon the view.



HEAD OF A CALIFORNIA MALE INDIAN.

The valley was discovered in 1848 by miners who were prospecting for gold, a class capable of appreciating its beauties; for though rough, there, they had but just come from civilization, and it broke upon their vision with the force of a new creation. Even the Digger Indians had given no hint of its existence, though it is to be supposed that it was not unknown to them. These explorers for gold would go far away from their camps into the wildest portions of the mountains, and beside every stream they came to they would dig for the surface gold, and wash the dirt, by the first process, the pan. Patient, industrious, persistent, fearlessly they explored the country, sometimes rewarded but oftener disappointed, in continual danger from the treacherous and

malicious Diggers, and many dying in the wilderness, or betrayed, never returning to the camp they left. The scene of our illustration is on one of these small streams that penetrate the Nevadas, the men a type of the daring and hardy prospectors that have given the miner character and distinction. Not in appearance, one would think, persons to appreciate the Yo Semite were it to open its magazine of beauties before them, more than the other human specimen, the Digger himself, who is represented in a waterfall and headress that would make a fashionable belle beside herself to possess, or his "dusky mate" whose dark eyes flash upon us from the next page. We can fancy those rough people as they looked upon the scene for the first time, and the glory of

rock, and river, and cascade and mountain unfolded before them. Like the old mathematician they may have shouted *Eureka* in their delight, and forgotten in the sublime spectacle the sting of disappointment. But their discovery has given to the world a satisfaction that will outlast the discovery of gold, the gratified visitor will find in its contemplation the "joy forever" that a "thing of beauty" imparts, and though the discoverers be nameless the grand fact lives to reward the seeker who pursues Nature into this delightful retreat.

We append from Dilke, an English traveller of keen observation, his remarks on California scenery, including this of which we have written, and introducing some with

which we are familiar nearer home, that captured the eye of the Englishman and is still treasured in his memory to contrast with the grandest he has seen abroad:

"A few days were all that I could spend in the valleys that lie between the Sierra Contra Costa range, basking in a rich sunlight, and unsurpassed in the world for climate, scenery and soil. This single State has twice the area of Great Britain, the most fertile of known soils, and the sun and sea-breeze of Greece. Western rhapsodies are the expression of the intoxication produced by such a spectacle, but they are outdone by facts.

"For mere charm to the eye, it is hard to give the palm between the cracks and canons of the Sierra and the softer vales of the coast range, where the hot sun is tempered by the

cool Pacific breeze, and thunder and lightning are unknown.

"Coming from the wilds of the Carson Desert and of Mirage Plains, the more sensuous beauty of the lower dells has for the eye the relief that travellers from the coast must seek in the loftier heights and precipices of the Yo Semite. The oak-filled valleys of the Contra Costa range have all the pensive repose of the sheltered vales that lie between the Apennines and the Adriatic from Rimini to Ancona; but California has the advantage in her skies. Italy has the blue, but not the golden haze.

"Nothing can be more singular than the variety of beauty that lies hid in these Pacific slopes; all that is best in Canada and the Eastern States finds more than its equal here. The terrible grandeur of Cape Trinite on the Saguenay, and the panorama of loveliness from the terrace at Quebec, are alike outdone.

"Americans need not go to Europe to find scenery; but neither need they go to California, nor even Colorado. Those who tell us that there is no such thing as natural beauty west of the Atlantic can scarcely know the Eastern, while they ignore the Western and Central States. The world can show few scenes more winning than Israel's River Valley, in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, or North Conway, in the southern slopes of the same range. Nothing can be more full of grandeur than the passage of the James at Balcony Falls, where the river rushes through a crack in the Appalachian chain; the wilderness of Northern New York is unequalled of its kind, and there are delicious landscapes in the Adirondacks. As for river scenery, the Hudson is grander than the Rhine; the Susquehanna is lovelier than the Meuse; the Schuylkill prettier than the Seine; the Mohawk more enchanting than the Dart. Of the rivers of North Europe, the Neckar alone is not beaten in the States.

"Americans admit that their scenery is fine, but pretend that it is wholly wanting in the interest that historic memories bestow. So-called republicans affect to find a charm in Bishop Hatto's Tower which is wanting in Irving's "Sunnyside;" the ten thousand virgins of Cologne live in their fancy, while Constitution Island and Fort Washington are forgotten names. Americans or Britishers, we Saxons are all alike—a wandering, discontented race; we go 4000 miles to find Sleepy Hollow, or Killian Van Rensselaer's Castle,

or Hiawatha's great red pipe-stone quarry; and the Americans, who live in the castle picnic yearly in the Hollow, and flood the quarry for a skating-rink, come here to England to visit Burns's house or sit in Pope's armchair.

"Down South I saw clearly the truth of a thought that struck me before I had been ten minutes west of the Sierra Pass. California is Saxon only in the looks and language of the people of its towns. In Pennsylvania you may sometimes fancy yourself in Sussex; while in New England you seem only to be in some part of Europe that you have never happened to light upon before, in California you are at last in a new world. The hills are



HEAD OF A CALIFORNIA FEMALE INDIAN.

weirdly peaked or flattened, the skies are new, the birds and plants are new; the atmosphere, crisp though warm, is unlike any in the world but that of South Australia. It will be strange if the Pacific coast does not produce a new school of Saxon poets—painters it has already given

"A few hours' quiet steaming in the sunlight down the Sacramento River, past Rio Vista and Montezuma, through the gap in the Contra Costa range, at which the grand volcanic peak of Monte Diablo stands sentinel, watching over the Martinez Straits, and there opened to the south and west a vast mountain-surrounded bay. Volumes of cloud were rolling in unceasingly from the ocean through the Golden Gate, past the fortified island of Alcatraz, and spending themselves on the opposite shores."

SHEEP-WASHING AND SHEARING.

BY JAMES THOMSON.

From hill to dale,
Waking the breeze, resounds the blended
voice

Of happy labor, love and social glee,
Or, rushing thence, in one diffusive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compelled, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair-spreading in a pebbled shore.

Their swelling treasures to the sunny ray,
Inly disturbed, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud com-
plaints

The country fill; and, tossed from rock to rock,
Incessant bleatings run around the hilla.
At last, of snowy white, the gathered flocks
Are in the wattled pen, innumerable, pressed,
Head above head; and ranged in lusty rows



Urged to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamor much, of men, and boys and dogs,
Ere the soft, fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly sides. And oft the swain,
On some impatient seizing, hurls them in;
Emboldened then, nor hesitating more,
Fast, fast they plunge amid the flashing wave,
And, panting, labor to the furthest shore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-washed fleece
Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is banished by the sordid stream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmless race; where, as they
spread

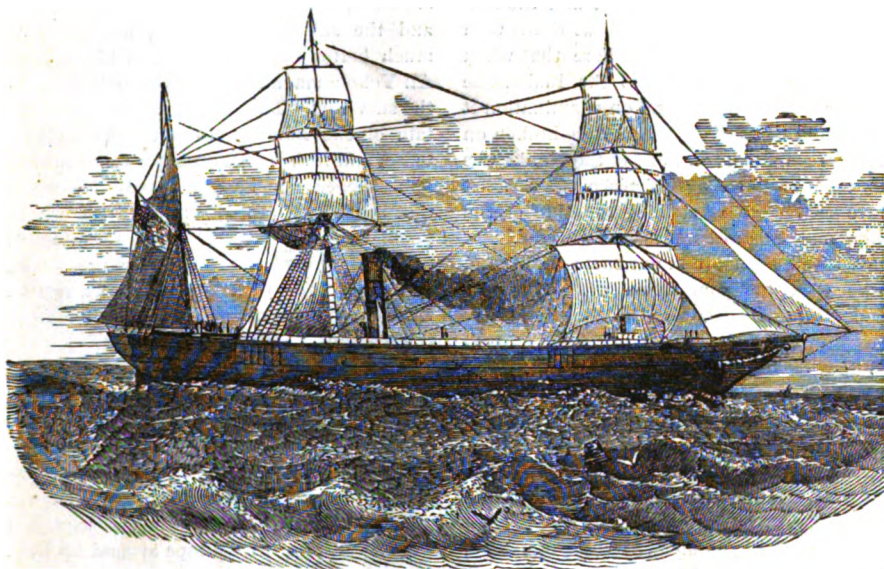
The shepherds sit, and whet the sounding
shears.

Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!
What softness in its melancholy face,
What dumb, complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid slaughter that is o'er you waved;
No, 'tis the tender swain's well-guided shears,
Who, having now to pay his annual care,
Borrowed your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will send you bounding to your hills again.

THE U. S. STEAMSHIP ONEIDA.

On this page we give our readers an excellent representation of the United States steamship *Oneida*, whose loss in the waters of Japan, on the evening of the 24th of January, created such a painful sensation all over the world. Only four officers and fifty-seven men were saved out of a crew of one hundred and sixty. The steamship that cut the *Oneida* down to the water's edge was the *Bombay*, a large vessel steaming at the rate of ten miles an hour. The master of the latter vessel did not stop to see what damage he had done, but continued on his

all carried away, and in fifteen minutes she sunk in fourteen fathoms of water, and out of a personnel of twenty-five officers and 150 men, nine officers and fifty-four men are left to tell the tale. The wardroom dinner was just finishing at the time of the collision. It seemed to me as if the whole side of the ship was coming bodily in on the dinner table. We all rushed on deck, and immediately everything was in the greatest confusion. As I stepped over the hatch-combing I saw a large steamer just leaving us. She was hailed by our executive officer and requested



course and anchored at Yokohama, Japan, in less than two hours after the accident, and did not even report the collision to those on shore. The *Bombay* is an English steamship and manned by Englishmen; yet English sailors and landmen condemn the leaving a vessel in distress.

An officer of the *Oneida*, one who escaped almost by an accident, has furnished the following account of the collision and sinking.

"We left Yokohama at 5 P. M., on the 24th, and at 6.45 were run in by the *Bombay*, on the starboard quarter, the whole of which was carried away. She struck us full with her sharp iron stem, and cut everything off as with a chisel. The wheel, steering gear, spanker boom, and gaff and poop cabin were

to stay by us, but as far as I could judge they steamed away as fast as they could go. I walked aft on the quarter deck and saw that everything was smashed to pieces. I then looked over the quarter and saw the extent of the damage. I believed then that the ship would go down in two minutes, and rapidly concluded that every man must look out for himself. As I realized the position I noticed that the wardroom boat, which hung at the port quarter, was manned by twelve or fourteen men. I jumped on the rail and asked if an officer was in the boat. The men said 'no,' and seeing who I was, they said, 'Jump in, doctor,' and securing hold of me two or three of them dragged me into the boat. I at once took charge, ordering a man

at each fall to lower when ordered, having first cut all the fastenings with knives. We staid there until within three or four minutes of the ship's going down. During this time the boatswain and two or three men got into the boat, making the whole number seventeen. We were still hanging at the davits, when the ship began to roll in that peculiar way which precedes foundering, and the boat was dashed against the side of the ship, threatening to stave her to pieces. I looked on the deck and saw no one abaft the main-mast, and gave the order to lower away and hang by the falls. The fall got jammed, and had to be cut away with a knife. Had we been three minutes longer on the davits it would have been too late, as the vessel went down like a shot after starting, and the suction would have carried our boat down with the wreck. I may mention here that when the boat was brought up to the Idaho, she nearly sunk alongside, and on examination it was found that seven pieces were broken on her starboard side, and one of the planks was knocked an inch out of place. This must have been done by striking the side of the ship, and convinces me that we could not have saved any more in our boat as she would have filled and gone down with a heavier load. As the coxswain cut the fall a junk was seen close by, under sail. We started for her, intending to bring her alongside if possible and save life. Being under sail, however, and going free, she rapidly left us in about two or three minutes. We gave it up, and on turning to go back to the ship found she had disappeared. We pulled to where we thought she had been, but seeing and hearing nothing, finally headed for the shore, and landed about 8.30 o'clock. I at once went up to a Japanese house, engaged three

guides and started off for Yokohama, 25 or 30 miles distant. We crossed five mountains on the way and had the most fatiguing tramp you can imagine. We arrived all safe at four o'clock on the morning of the 25th, when I spread the news and sent down assistance to the wreck. The vessel was found yesterday but no bodies as yet. The English Consular Court is investigating the matter. All the officers of the Bombay have been examined. Our turn will come to-morrow. Mr. DeLong, American Minister, is conducting the proceedings on our behalf. You will know the result by the next Pacific mail, due at San Francisco March 17th. I landed on the shore in undress uniform, without a cap, and only saved my watch by having it on. I have been very much shattered by the occurrence and the subsequent fatigue, but am now much better and begin to feel like myself. All Yokohama has been extremely kind to the survivors. The feeling against the captain of the Bombay for not stopping is intense, and if the court attempts to whitewash him violence may be attempted. No vessel that has been in the Eastern waters was so popular as the Oneida. Even the English officers say they would rather the misfortune had happened to one of their own vessels. Of twelve officers eating dinner at the time of the collision, I am the only one left."

Captain Eyre, of the Bombay said, on arriving at Yokohama, that he had cut down a "d—d Yankee frigate." His cowardly conduct should condemn him to everlasting reproach and disgrace; yet his sentence was simply suspension from command for six months. He should have been suspended from a yardarm, with a rope around his neck for an hour or two. There would have been some justice in such a punishment.

BOSTON HARBOR IN SUMMER.

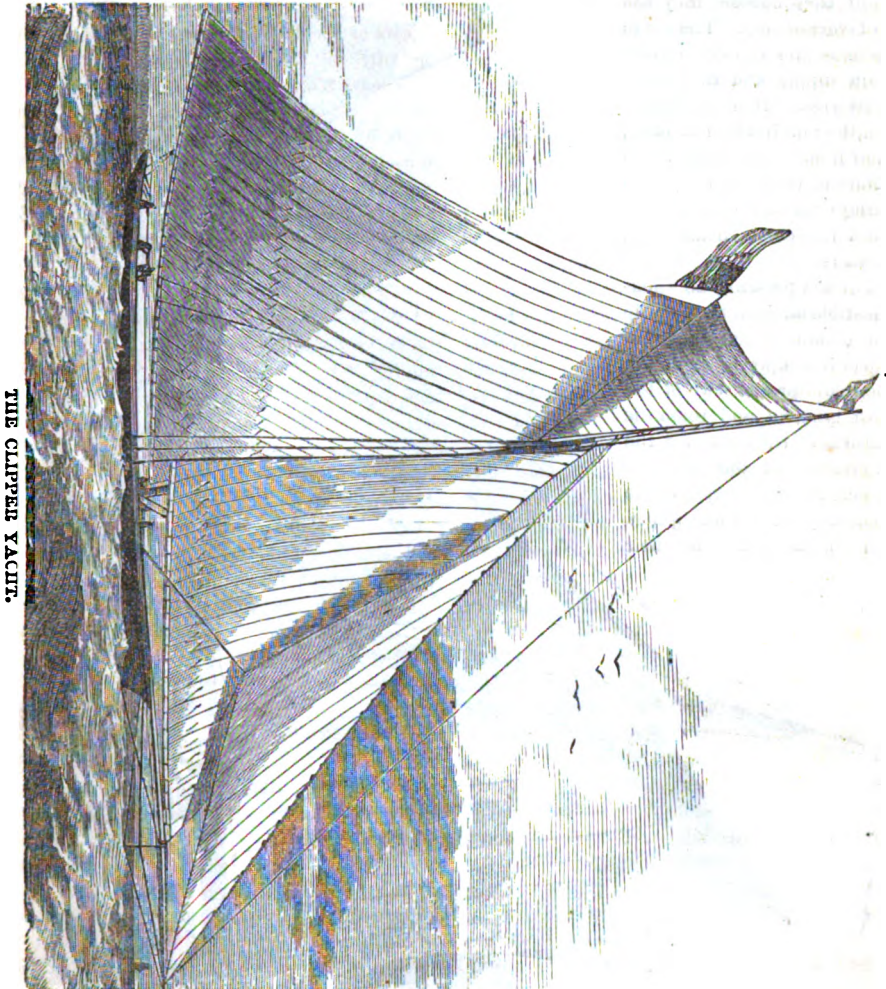
At this season of the year the most delightful recreation, as well as employment, is that which is derived from the water, and boating and fishing have great attractions when the sun is at the warm point of the solstice, and the land is sweltering beneath fervent heat. Then the water pleads in the secret mind, and "as pants the hart for cooling streams," we long for the running brook or the sea, and, throwing aside dusty toil, run like the rivers to the ocean, sailing upon

its surface or bathing in its waters. Happy is he who has a yacht of his own, who can embark all his cares in his graceful ark and sail out like another Noah over the billows, refreshing soul and body in the invigorating breezes of the sea.

Yachting has long been encouraged, in England, as a noble pursuit, and the progress made in marine architecture there and throughout the world has proceeded from the ideals of the yacht-builders, that, begin-

ning in little, grew to a triumph of art. In this country the improvements were most marked, and Sears, in his *Young America*, won a renown that has not yet been dimmed, though his ideal afterwards embodied in the steam frigate *Niagara* was not a success practically, or at least was not deemed so by those who do not believe that aught good can come

The growing interest in yachting is evident from the increasing number of clubs that are being formed, and in the feeling of enthusiasm among the general public regarding them. The clubs of New York and Boston have become national institutions, and their chronicled movements are of importance sufficient to attract the attention of the entire



THE CLIPPER YACHT.

out of the Nazareths that are outside the naval constructor's office at Washington. The ocean race in midwinter between the *Henrietta*, *Vesta* and *Fearnaught* was an event in the history of American yachting that has no parallel for audacious daring, and the bold challenge thrown in the face of England by Capt. Bennett, exhibits a faith in American prowess that should be further tested.

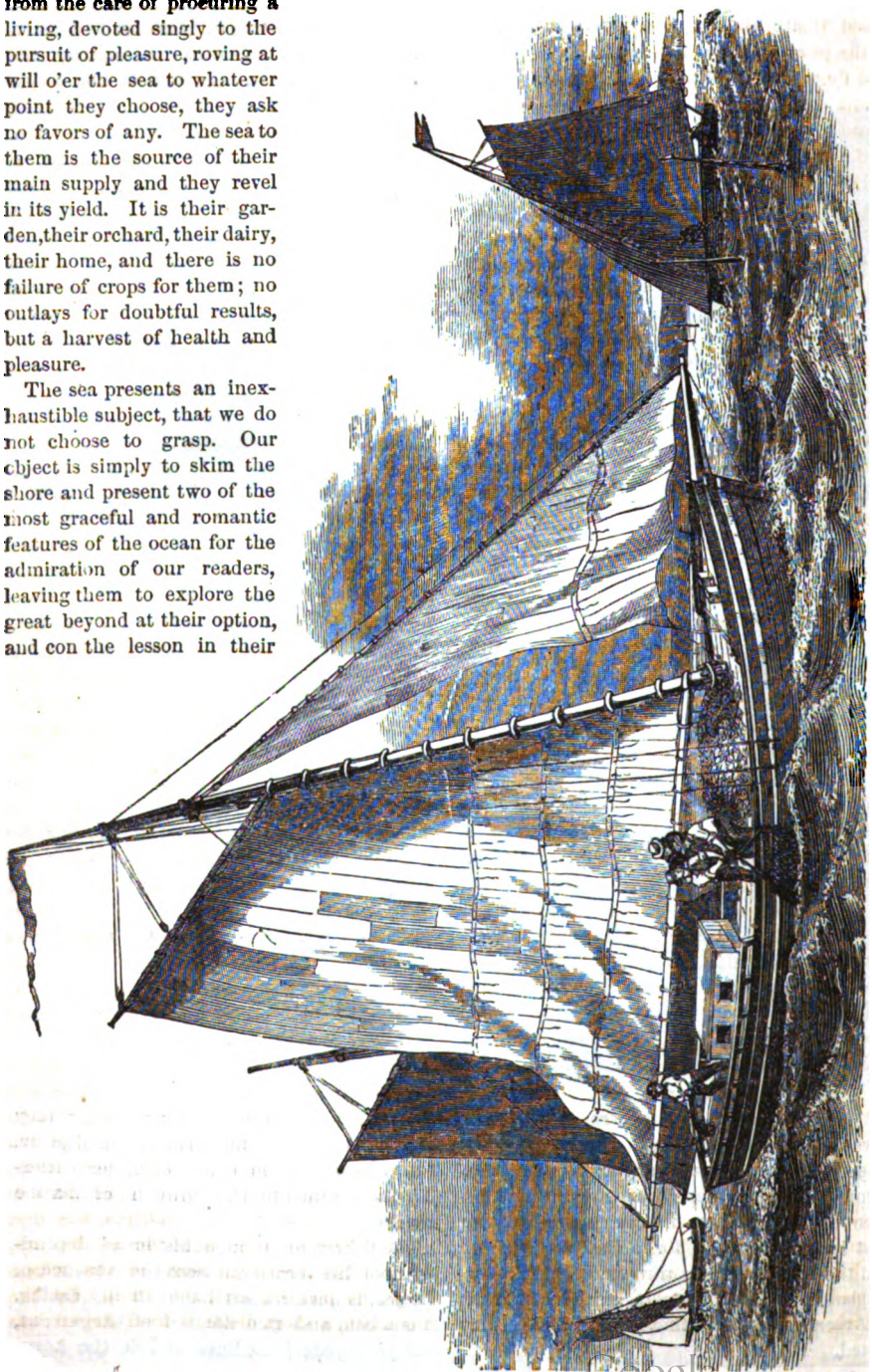
community. And well they may, for they are friendly fleets; not cruising to destroy, but to unite men in bonds of better friendship and promote the growth of marine science.

The fisherman, though his bread depending upon his vocation lessens the romance of the sea, is nevertheless happy in his calling. It is a bold and free life, full of excitement, and yields, amid the lines of toil, the keen-

est relish. But more than the professional fishermen do those enjoy, who, as many do, charter vessels for the summer cruise, with the purpose of fishing. Free from the care of procuring a living, devoted singly to the pursuit of pleasure, roving at will o'er the sea to whatever point they choose, they ask no favors of any. The sea to them is the source of their main supply and they revel in its yield. It is their garden, their orchard, their dairy, their home, and there is no failure of crops for them; no outlays for doubtful results, but a harvest of health and pleasure.

The sea presents an inexhaustible subject, that we do not choose to grasp. Our object is simply to skim the shore and present two of the most graceful and romantic features of the ocean for the admiration of our readers, leaving them to explore the great beyond at their option, and con the lesson in their

own way. There may be those who will say with the Henglish schoolmaster, "If Britannia rules the waves, I wish she'd rule 'em straighter;" but most people delight in the sea.



THE FISHING SMACKS.

MOUNT ARARAT.

This celebrated mountain, distinguished in holy writ as being the resting-place of the ark at the subsidence of the waters of the Flood, is situated in Armenia, Western Asia, at the point of contact of Russia with Turkey and Persia, to all of which it belongs. It is about seventy miles long and thirty-five broad. It is a singular mountain, isolated and apart, its highest point rising to the height of 17,323 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,520 above the plain of Arar in which it is situated. The mountain possesses two peaks, the great and little Ararat, the latter of which is 13,093 feet above the sea, and 10,140 above the plain. Great Ararat is covered with perpetual ice and snow, for about three miles from its summit downward, in an oblique direction. On the entire northerly half, from about 14,000 feet above the sea, it shoots up in one rigid crest to its summit, and then stretches downward on its southerly side to a level not quite so low, forming what is called the Silver Crest of Ararat. As it stands depicted in our illustration, a cloud dividing the icy region from the main, its peak elevated in cold grandeur far above, it presents a splendid spectacle to the traveller across the great plain. Little Ararat is free from snow in September and October. Its declivities are greater and steeper than those of the Great Ararat, and its almost conical form is marked with several delicate furrows that radiate downward from its summit.

The top of the Great Ararat was first reached October, 9, 1829, by Professor Parrot, who reports it to be a "gently vaulted, nearly cruciform surface, of about 200 paces in circuit, that at the margin sloped off precipitously on every side, but particularly towards the southeast and northeast. Formed of eternal ice, without rock or stone to interrupt its continuity, it was the austere silvery head of old Ararat." Towards the east this summit is connected, by means of a flatish depression, with a lower summit, distant 397 yards; and, in like manner, covered with ice. After remaining on the summit three-quarters of an hour, determining the height, and making various observations, Parrot descended, the third day after he left it. The observations of Parrot have been in every respect confirmed by another Russian traveller, named Abich, who reached the summit of the Great

Ararat without difficulty, July 28, 1845. He, with six others, remained an hour on the top, without experiencing any inconvenience from cold, described by Parrot and his companions. Abich, previous to making the ascent, had his tent pitched on the upper slope of the mountain, in the valley between the two peaks, nearly 8000 feet above the sea. It would appear even that the ascent of Mount Ararat is easier than that of Mont Blanc; for the height of the latter, above the valley of Chamouni, is 12,000 feet; while that of the former, above the point where Abich pitched his tent, cannot be above 9000 feet; and the limit of perpetual snow is lower on the Swiss than on the Armenian mountain. The season most suitable for the ascent is the end of July or beginning of August, when the summer attains its greatest heat, and when there is *annually a period of atmospheric quiet, accompanied by a clear, unclouded sky*. So soon, however, as the fine days in the earlier part of August are over, the atmospheric war commences in the higher regions of the air, the strife being hottest between the two great peaks. Then there is no certainty of fine weather, for sudden thunderstorms, always on the highest parts of the mountains accompanied by hail and snow, endanger the life of the traveller.

The Ararat mountains are doubtless volcanic, evinced by stones on their sides evidently the product of a crater. This was in dispute, however, till July 2, 1840, when an eruption took place from the head of the great chasm of the bigger Ararat, which destroyed the monastery and chapel of St. James, and the village of Arguri and their inmates. Arguri, in Russian Armenia, was situated at the end of the great chasm on the northeast slope, about 5400 feet above the level of the sea. It was one of the largest and most beautiful villages in Armenia.

The inhabitants, 1600 Armenians, and a number of Kurds, lived by rearing horses and cattle, and by growing some corn, though at a distance from the village, the soil in the immediate neighborhood being very stony. They also cultivated the vine, which, according to very questionable tradition, was first planted here by Noah when he left the ark, whence the Armenian name of the village [*argh*, he planted, *wrt*, the vine]. Up the mountain, a short distance from Arguri was

the monastery and chapel of St. James, 6375 feet above the sea. It stood on a grassy terrace, about twenty-five feet above the rivulet in the lower part of the chasm, which here has a depth of six hundred to eight hundred feet. In this monastery Parrot and his companions resided during their exploration of the outmain. On July 2, 1840, the eruption above alluded to overwhelmed, in one common destruction, the village and the monastery and chapel, with their inhabitants and inmates, consisting of fifteen hundred Armenians, four hundred Kurdish servants, and eight monks. Only one hundred and fourteen individuals escaped, who were engaged in the fields, and otherwise at a distance from the scene of the calamity. Since the eruption, the wells of the village have given forth discolored water of a sulphurous taste.

with immense force stones and earth over the slope of the mountain down into the plain. The vapor rose very quickly higher than the summit of Ararat, and seems to have been wholly of aqueous composition; for in the same night a heavy rain fell in the vicinity of the mountain—an unusual occurrence in this country during summer. The vapor at first was of various colors, in which blue and red prevailed. Whether flames burst forth could not be ascertained; but the pillars of vapor or smoke had a red tint, which, had the eruption taken place during the night, might possibly have exhibited flame.

“The blue and red tint of the vapor soon became dark black, and immediately the air was filled with a very disagreeable smell of sulphur. While the mountain continued



Dr. Wagner, an enterprising German traveler and naturalist, who visited the spot in 1843, gives in substance the following account of that event, as related by Sahatel Chotschaieff, brother to Stephen Aga, village elder of Arguri, honorable mentioned both by Parrot and Dubois, and confirmed by two other eyewitnesses:

“On July 2, 1840, half an hour before sunset, the atmosphere clear, the inhabitants of Armenia were frightened by a thundering noise, that rolled loudest and most fearfully in the vicinity of the Great Ararat. During an undulating motion of the earth, lasting about two seconds, which rolled from the mountain east-southeast and wrought destruction in the districts of Sharur and Nakhichevan, a rent was formed in the end of the great chasm, about three miles above Arguri, out of which rose gas and vapor, hurling

to heave, and the earth to shake, with the unremitting thunder, along with the subterranean cracking and growling, might be heard the whiz, as of bombs, caused by the force with which stones and large masses of rock, some upwards of fifty tons weight, were hurled through the air. Likewise, the dash of the stones as they met in the air in their flight, could be distinguished from the thundering noise issuing from the interior of the mountain. Where these large stones fell, there in general they lay; for in consequence of the gentle declination of the ground at the foot of the mountain, to roll far was impossible. The eruption continued a full hour. When the vapor had cleared away, and the shower of stones and mud had ceased, the rich village of Arguri, the monastery and chapel of St. James, were not to be seen; all, along with their inmates, were buried under

the mass of stones and mud that had been ejected. The earthquake which accompanied the eruption, destroyed 6000 houses in the neighboring districts of Nakhichevan, Sharur and Ardubad. Four days after a second catastrophe occurred, which spread still further the work of destruction at the foot of the mountain. After the rent in the chasm, whence issued the vapor and stones, had closed, there remained in the same place a deep basin filled with water by the melting of the snow, by the rain, and by a streamlet from above, so as to form a small lake. The mass of stone and clay, which formed a dam, and surrounded the lake like the edge of a crater, was burst by the weight of water, and poured down the declivity of the mountain with irresistible force a stream of thick mud, which spread into the plain, and partly stopped up the bed, and altered the course of the small

river of Karasu. A part of the gardens of Arguri that had escaped the eruption, were destroyed by this stream of mud, which carried trees, rocks, and the bodies of the inhabitants of the village, down into the plain, and to the bed of the Karasu. This stream of mud was three times repeated, and was accompanied by subterranean noises."

The name Ararat is said to be derived from Aral, a king who lived 1750 years B. C. He fell in battle on the plain which was hence called Arac-Arat—the fall of Aral. That Noah's ark rested on the *top* of Mount Ararat is not to be credited; the difficulty of the descent, and the low temperature of the atmosphere, which must have killed many of the animals, alike preclude the supposition; and, moreover, Scripture does not say it rested on the top, but merely "on the mountains of Ararat."

A SUMMER RETREAT

Summer is with us, and its advent forces men and women to consider the best means for escaping heat. Wives are packed off to the country to look for eligible boarding-places for the season, while the rich, those who need not think of dollars and cents, telegraph to the proprietors of hotels in cosy watering-places, and secure rooms without making contracts for charges, although the prices are enough to compel an ordinary mortal to turn pale with apprehension. Some of our sensible citizens have removed to summer cottages, where they can enjoy a few of the comforts of home at a slight additional expense, while others contend that there is more comfort at home, even in the hottest weather, than at any hotel or cottage in the country. In this they are about half right, but children need change, and wives will have it or know the reason why, so policy compels our friends to leave the city on the first sweltering day, and they don't return, unless compelled to, until late in the season. They may drop in upon us once in a while, and complain that business brought them to town, but trade gets along very well without them, for the old clerks stick to their posts and do all that is necessary in the way of looking after things.

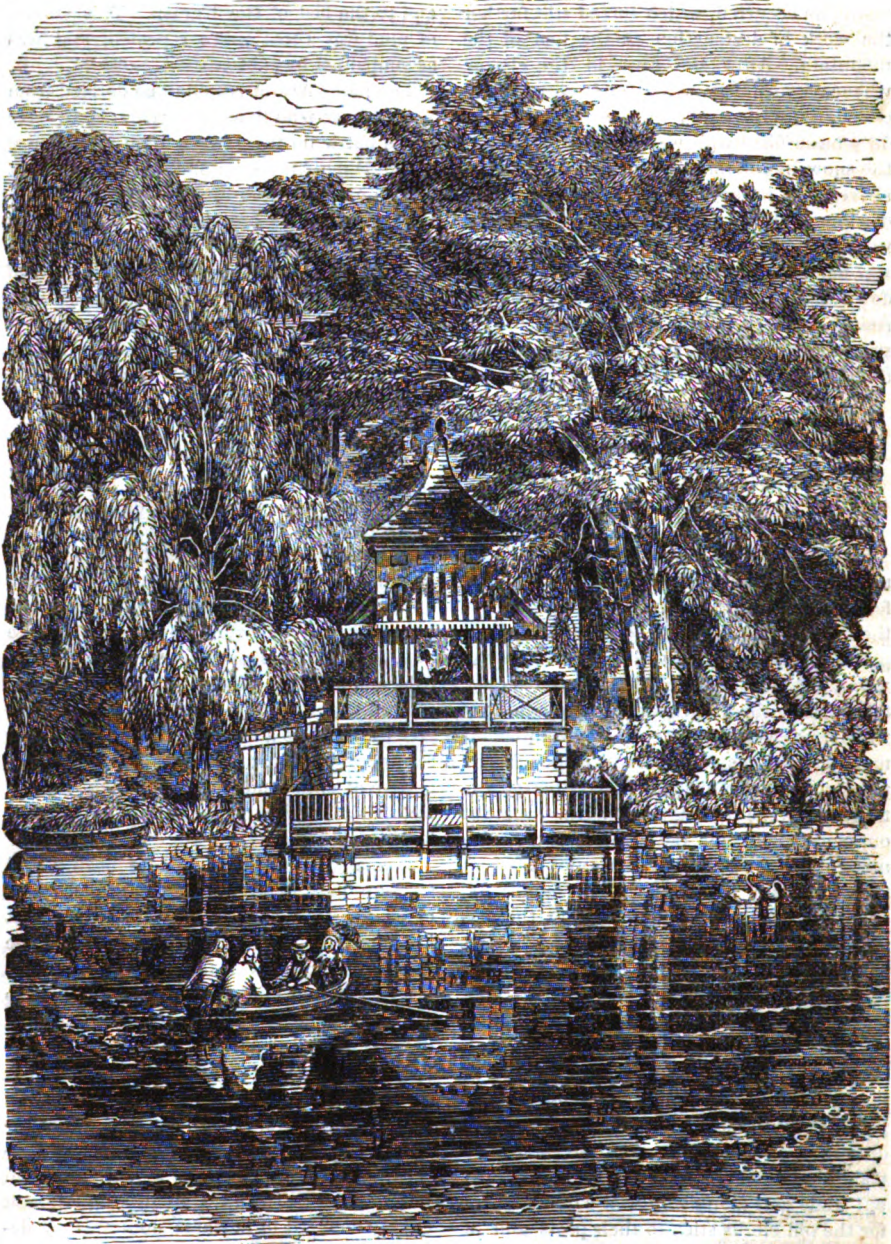
New York people are great for summer houses. They build palaces on the Hudson

and call them cottages, and cottages on Staten Island and call them palaces. It all depends on a man's purse. If he is rich he can call his palace a cottage and no one will believe him, and if he is poor and calls his cottage a palace no one will place the slightest degree of credit on what he says. On page 520 we give our readers a view of a genuine summer retreat on the river Bronx, N. Y. It is suggestive of chills and fever, although we are informed that the disease is unknown in this locality.

It is a sylvan retreat of rare beauty and surroundings, and is of course the property of private taste and possession. One might imagine it to be a Chinese pagoda, on some Eastern river, for it has a foreign look about it that is not at all American. We rejoice to see such taste displayed in the construction of ornamental and beautiful resorts of this character; we like the spirit that leads the town-bred man to resort to the country, and there to build himself a home, and to beautify it. It is of service, too, not alone to ourselves, but to others, for us to cultivate and improve the soil; and a man, who, though closely engaged in business, does this, by devoting but a few hours of the day to the object, does well, and should be respected for it. The real benefactors of mankind, as St. Pierre has so beautifully said, are those who

cause two blades of wheat to mature where one did before. The fields ought to be the morning and evening theme of all Americans who love their country. To fertilize and im-

source. Commerce and manufactures are only subordinate results of the main spring. We consider agriculture as every way subordinate, not only to abundance, industry, com-



prove his farm ought to be the prime temporal object of every owner of substantial soil. All national aggrandizement, power, and wealth may be traced to agriculture, as its ultimate

fort and health, but to good morals, and, ultimately, even to religion. We shall always regard the American farmer as belonging to the first order of men.

THE STRUGGLE FOR MAVERICK.

A Dramatic Story....In Three Parts.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

PART SECOND.—XV.

NO one at the mansion was astir earlier than Mrs. Roesselle. By six o'clock she had aroused old Toby Small and sent him on the roan pony to the village to notify the lawyer to come to the house, according to his agreement. At half past seven she met the Mavericks at the breakfast-table. She was pale and quiet, but resolute at heart, and fully prepared to go through unflinchingly with the scene that was about to open. Both Oliver Maverick and Laura were reserved and haughty in their demeanor, and, in fact, declined any conversation with Mrs. Roesselle, her nephew and her foster-daughter. They seemed laboring under a constraint of impatience that they should be obliged to see these people sitting at this table again.

When the meal was finished the father and daughter withdrew to the rooms which they still occupied, and Mrs. Roesselle beckoned the others to follow her, and led them into the parlor. Seeing them seated there, she went to the front door to watch for arrivals, and presently descried two human figures approaching in the road, one appearing to walk by the help of the other. And while she was observing them, two horsemen came in sight, and presently the roan pony trotted up the avenue, accompanied by the lawyer's horse, with their riders.

An unusual opening and shutting of doors below, and the continued sound of voices reached Oliver Maverick, and he rung his bell to inquire the cause. The servant who answered the call announced that Mrs. Roesselle requested the presence of both Mr. and Miss Maverick in the parlor, upon the most urgent business.

"What now, I should like to know?" he exclaimed angrily. "That person knows she has no business with me until noon. What, in the fiend's name, is going on below?"

"I don't know, sir—except that the parlor is full of people, and madam asked me to deliver the message I have given you."

He sprang from his chair with a wrathful face and an imprecation as he heard her words, and followed by Laura he descended to the parlor. What he saw as they entered

the room was not calculated to restore his composure. Mrs. Roesselle stood by the piano, in conversation with Mr. Jenks: Roecoe Grayle and Anna were near them; old Roger Brill and his guest sat together, and Toby Small and David Terry, the farm-manager, completed the number. The latter was a stout, shrewd-looking man, with a very red head and a very freckled face; a sturdy Scotchman of the middle class, who had managed this farm ever since he came to the country.

Oliver Maverick surveyed the occupants of the room, and turned with anger burning in his eyes to Mrs. Roesselle.

"A pretty company, indeed, madam, is this that you have assembled in my house!" he sneered. "May I inquire what the object of this is?"

She looked undauntedly at him, and then led Anna forward to the centre of the room.

"My object," she said, in a clear, firm voice, "is to make public that this young lady is the sole heir of Augustus Maverick, and entitled to all his property."

Laura looked with some alarm at her father, who actually trembled all over with rage.

"I have borne enough of your impertinence within the last twenty-four hours," he said, trying to speak slowly and calmly. "I will not be insulted any longer. Mr. Terry?"

"Eh, mon?"

"Will you call in some of your hands, and throw these people out of the house?"

"No sir; certainly not!" said David, dropping his dialect, and speaking briskly. "Mrs. Roesselle asked me to come in here to listen to something she has to say; and I'll see that she has fair play, in the bargain."

The seaman crossed the room with a swagger that he might have used on the deck of his ship in a storm, and slapped the Scotchman heartily on the back. "I'm with you there, Davy," he said, and he looked at Oliver Maverick in a way that made him feel quite uncomfortable.

"Well, well," said the latter doggedly, "if I must listen to your nonsense, pray make it as brief as possible. I tell you all candidly, I don't want you in this house longer than is

absolutely necessary. As for those present who have been in the employment of the house, they may consider themselves discharged from this moment."

David Terry took a heavy pinch of snuff, and old Toby winked knowingly at him. Oliver Maverick looked uneasily about him, paying no heed to Laura's anxious whispers, while Mr. Jenks stood forward and addressed the company:

"I have attended here at the request of Mrs. Roesselle, like most of you," and he bowed to those seated around, "as a witness. This, it is true, is not a court of justice; but I believe that no statement will be made by those who are here called upon to speak, which any of them would refuse to verify under oath. The fact to be proved, and made public, is, that this young lady, who has long been known as Mrs. Roesselle's foster-daughter, is the only and rightful heir to the estate of the late Augustus Maverick. And after the astonishing developments that have been made to me this morning, I think that all parties concerned may safely regard all conflict about this estate as ended, and allow that it is unnecessary and useless to carry it into the courts.

"I am requested to make my own statement first. It will be very brief. On the night before his decease, I was sent for by Mr. Augustus Maverick to make his will. I attended him at his bedside, and there the will was duly drawn, subscribed and executed. That will gave all of his property to this young lady, by the name of Anna Maria May; stating as a reason for so doing that she had been very kind to him. The will was by his direction placed under his pillow for safe-keeping. That will, I am informed, was missing immediately after the death of Mr. Maverick, and has not been found. It is undoubtedly destroyed. But there were at that time in the house two persons who were related to the testator, and who expected to be his heirs, and who therefore had a strong motive for the destruction of the will. Moreover, a chain of the most formidable circumstances, which are not necessary to be repeated, connects those persons with this act. Their guilt is believed by all who know those circumstances."

"Do you refer to my daughter and myself?" Oliver Maverick demanded, masking his trepidation with anger.

"I am compelled to say that I do refer to your daughter and yourself," said the lawyer.

"I shall hold you personally responsible for the charge, sir! It is false—false as hell itself, sir! But I cannot justify myself here, and in such company. I only warn you that you shall smart for that alander."

"I am ready to reassert my belief, and prove the fact, anywhere," was the rejoinder. "But to proceed. The will being destroyed, and the brother and niece appearing to be his heirs, they have expected to take possession of his estate. They—"

"I am his heir—and I have taken possession," Oliver Maverick defiantly interrupted. "Who dares to dispute my right?"

The lawyer turned his eyes inquiringly toward Mrs. Roesselle. She placed her arm around Anna, and whispering a word in her ear, stood calmly before them, while she took up the thread of the narrative that was to be told out by different tongues.

"I was present at the deathbed of Augustus Maverick," she said, "with others who are here, and one, Mrs. Wadhams, who is sick and unable to be here. I appeal to those present who were there to say whether I state correctly what happened then and there. He said—and I repeat his exact words, for I have not forgotten one of them—'Where's Anna? I want her.' He signed that he wished her to come nearer and take his hands; and when she had done so, he said: 'My last words—bear witness! This girl is my own daughter; she's to have it all. Will—will—' Is this correct?"

"It is just as I heard and saw it," Mr. Grayle said; and Anna, too much agitated for speech, bowed her assent.

"Something of that kind did occur, I believe," Oliver Maverick bruskiy said. "What then? Do you propose, madam, to base your extraordinary and ridiculous pretensions in behalf of this girl upon the crazy maunderings of a weak old man in the very act of death? Or worse—if there is any foundation for their new claim of relationship," and the speaker sneered so that Roscoe Grayle felt his blood tingling hot in his veins, "if there is some truth in it, do you mean to bring forward one of Augustus Maverick's nameless children, unknown to the law, as his heir? Your meddling friend yonder, the lawyer, can teach you better than that."

Anna shuddered, and nestled closer to Mrs. Roesselle, as she heard the unfeeling taunts of the man. The lady drew her closer to her side, and with a firm voice and a flashing eye, spoke out bravely and boldly.

"I brand the imputation that your language conveys as false," she cried. "This girl is not only the daughter of Augustus Maverick, recognized as such by him on his deathbed, but she is his child and heir, born in lawful wedlock, and beyond dispute."

She spoke these words, that fell with startling effect on the circle of listeners, firmly and without hesitation. Anna raised her eyes, wet with tears, and thanked her with an eloquent look; while the sneer on Laura's lips disappeared, and her father uttered the passionate expression:

"It is a lie!"

"It is the truth, you lubber!" Edson Bayne thundered, and pounded his fist on the centre-table with emphatic force.

"I will quickly prove it to be the truth," she said. "First, let me say, that as for the dead men whose names I must mention, and whose acts I must unveil, they are now judged of God, with all their weakness, all their temptations, and every motive taken into account; and therefore I will not stop to justify or excuse anything that they have done. I will only speak of the facts as I know them."

"The mother of Anna Maverick bore the name that her father inserted in the will as that of the child—Anna Maria May. She was the daughter of a widow in very humble circumstances, who lived in that little brown cottage near the parsonage. She was a dear young creature, with winning, artless ways, and very pretty. No one would say that Anna Maverick bears much resemblance to her father; but to my mind she is the image of her mother."

The orphan hid her face, to hide the tears that fell thick and fast from her eyes. "My poor dear mother!" she murmured to Mrs. Boesselle. The lady pressed her hand and continued:

"Her mother died shortly after I was married, which was something more than twenty years ago. Augustus Maverick was then a wild, dissolute young man, feared by half the neighborhood, and hated by the other half. His father was advancing to the last stages of the slow disease that at last carried him off; his brother Oliver had been practically disinherited." A twinge passed over the face of the latter; but he said nothing. "It was known by a few people, after the death of Mrs. May, that Augustus Maverick made frequent visits to the cottage where her daughter still lived; but nobody knew or saw much of her, she was so shy and sensitive."

"The year that I am speaking of will be better remembered by some of you, when I say that it was the same in which occurred the dreadful tragedy at the Tory's Leap. The dead body of a young man well known in this neighborhood, Horace Levin by name, was found at the foot of the cliff, bruised and mangled; and a coroner's jury found that he died by his own act. It was during the summer after this occurrence that Augustus Maverick was known to make stealthy night visits to the cottage, which he owned, and permitted the orphan girl to occupy, rent free. In the January following, it was reported that poor Anna May had gone mad with grief and the distress of her poverty; and she was, in fact, taken to the county poor-house, and placed in the insane department. There, six weeks later, her child was born."

The lady's arm pressed the girl closer to her, and Anna hung with trembling eagerness upon her words.

"I saw poor Anna May at that place before she died. But first, I have been informed of a scene that occurred in the house, while the poor-officer was on his way to the county-house with her. She begged and entreated that she might see Mr. Maverick before she was taken away; and the officer, willing to humor what he thought to be her crazy whim, stopped here on his way. There is one present who heard what passed upon that occasion. How was it, Toby?"

"Yes ma'am; I was called in by Mr. Maverick himself, with some of the other servants," the old man replied. "It was in the library, back of here; and there we found Mr. Maverick, Mr. Boesselle, the parson your husband, ma'am—and that poor distressed creeter a-kneelin' on the floor and wringin' of her hands, and prayin' young Mr. Maverick to do her justice, and a callin' of him her dear husband, and such like names. She did look very wild, indeed. Young Mr. Maverick spoke up, when half a dozen of us were in the room, something like this. 'Here,' says he, 'is a poor crazy creeter, that is being taken to the poor-house asylum. She has got it into her crazy head that I have been married to her—as you know such poor unfortunates will often get queer notions into their addle-pates. I want you here as witnesses that you may hear this crazy story denied, once for all; and I have sent for the parson, for the purpose of settling the matter forever.' Then he turned to the poor young creeter,

who was all the time a-wringin' of her hands, and a-moanin' and a-subb'n' on the floor; and he says, says he, 'So you say I am your husband, do you?' 'O Augustus,' says she, wild and pitiful like, 'you know you are! you know you are my wedded husband; you know we were married by Mr. Roesselle last May, and you said it must be kept secret till your father died, or he would be angry, and turn you away, and you would lose the estate. I meant to keep it secret, dear Augustus; don't blame me for telling of it; but they are taking me to that frightful poor-house, and I must ask you to save me, and tell them I'm not crazy.' And then she would seize hold of his hands, and cry and sob again, as if her heart was a-breaking. It was the dreadfulest sight I ever saw. But young Mr. Maverick laughed and spoke kind of pityingly, and says he, 'Why, my poor girl, what crazy notion is this?' 'Are you not my own husband?' she shrieked. 'No, of course not,' says he, with an angry oath. With that she flew to Mr. Roesselle and took hold of his hands, and asked him in the same wild way if he didn't know that Mr. Maverick was her husband. 'You married us, and you will tell the truth,' says she. He looked very pale and distressed, and young Mr. Maverick looked at him stern-like; and then he says in a low, shaky voice, 'No, my poor girl; I fear you are crazy. I never married you to Mr. Maverick.' And then there was an awful scene; she screaming and going off into convulsions, and they carried her by force out of the house to the wagon, and then took her away to the poor-house."

"You seem to be proving your case very fast," Oliver Maverick sneered. "I don't think I shall want any witnesses on my side, if you introduce such good ones for me. Make haste with your precious story, and have an end of it;" and Laura again joined him in his sneer.

"As I said," Mrs. Roesselle resumed, not in the least discomposed, "I saw this poor unfortunate girl at the asylum a few days before she died, and after her child was born. I had known her slightly before; and knowing of her condition, I went with other ladies to see her. We found her rocking herself to and fro on the floor, holding her baby to her breast, and singing a lullaby to it. She stopped when she saw me, and set up a cry of joy. 'There is Mrs. Roesselle,' she said. 'Her husband married me to Mr. Maverick. Please ask him to say so, dear lady!' And she took my hand

and kissed it, and repeated the words over and over again while we were there.

"I spoke to my husband about her that night, and it powerfully affected him. 'It is the most distressing case of insanity I ever knew,' he said; and he walked nervously about the room, and then abruptly left it. Once afterward I spoke of it, and he said, 'Pray, Helen, don't mention it again; it distresses me beyond measure.' I thought he was weak and irritable from overwork, and I never alluded to the subject again—until upon his dying bed he told me the awful secret."

The speaker paused to still her hard, quick breathing, and to control her agitation. "I pray you to remember," she said, "in proof of the truth of the extraordinary story that I am about to tell, that I am dragging from the grave the errors of my dead husband, whom I loved most tenderly, and that my words must cast reproach upon his memory. I pray you, too, to remember how he suffered and how he was overcome; and how for years he went about among you, devoting himself to doing good. But justice to the memory of that poor trampled girl—justice to her daughter, that she may receive her name unspotted, and inherit her father's wealth—demands that I should speak the truth boldly.

"And this is the truth; that in spite of the denial of Augustus Maverick—spite of the denial of my husband—Anna May was the lawfully wedded wife of that Maverick, married to him by my husband, and was not insane at any time, beyond the temporary frenzy into which the sense of her cruel wrongs drove her."

"This is nothing but assertion, weak, vain assertion," Oliver Maverick interrupted. "Where is the proof?"

"You shall have the proof. My husband, upon his dying bed, revealed the secret to me. Driven to a premature end by his remorse, and the burden of the secret, he spoke to me, as it were, from the threshold of another world, and told me all. 'I took an oath,' he said, 'never to reveal it; but the vows of men to men are nothing in the presence of God. I will tell you all, Helen, that you may help to undo what I have wickedly done; and I call God to witness the truth of what I say, and to forgive me.'"

"He astounded and frightened me, then, with the revelation that will astonish all of you; that Horace Levin was pushed from

the cliff by the hand of him, Alvin Roesselle. He made the story a long one; I must make it a brief one. Levin had stopped him at that place, and after trying in vain to anger him into a physical contest with bitter words and taunts, he struck him. Alvin was overcome by the heat of the moment, and springing upon the youth, hurled him violently from him. The force of the effort was so great that Levin went over the bank. My husband, horrified by what he had unintentionally done in his fatal moment of passion, fled from the spot, and kept the knowledge of the affair to himself. But, unknown to him, the whole rencontre had been seen and heard by a witness. Augustus Maverick, while riding by, was attracted to the spot by the sound of their voices; and from behind some bushes near by he observed all that happened.

"While my husband was suffering from the torments occasioned by this dreadful affair, he was surprised by a visit from Augustus Maverick, in which he disclosed to him his own knowledge of the awful secret. After torturing my poor husband with repeated threats of making the matter public, and arresting him for the crime of manslaughter, he named the terms upon which he would close his mouth forever upon all mention of crime. They were that he should perform the marriage ceremony secretly between himself and Anna May, and take a solemn oath never to make that fact known. With shocking heartlessness he said that he had prevailed upon the girl to think it all right, and that a secret ceremony was necessary for the reason that his father would disinherit him as he had good reason to think, if he married a poor girl. 'But after that ceremony is performed,' said the man, 'and the girl satisfied, it is to be as though it had never been. You are to forget it entirely; to deny it utterly, if it is ever named to you. The girl may some day take it in her head to claim that I am her husband, and to appeal to you to confirm her assertion. If that happens—you will know what to say?'

"Horrified by this shameful, brutal project, my husband begged, and plead, and prayed on his knees to his persecutor for half a night, to spare him this great wickedness. It was all in vain; the man was obdurate, demanding compliance and threatening to make his complaint to a magistrate immediately if he refused. In the end my husband was forced to yield; the marriage was performed by him

in secret at the church, one night; and thenceforward Alvin Roesselle lived, and in a few years died, a hopeless victim of bitter remorse."

She paused a moment to wipe away the tears that flowed at the thought, and Mr. Grayle rose and led her to a chair, while Anna sat by her side, holding her hand and listening with intense eagerness—as did all those in the room. At this point Oliver Maverick abruptly exclaimed:

"I denounce this whole story as a flagrant lie! There is nothing for it but what you say your husband told you; I defy you to prove the fact?"

"I will prove the fact," she quietly replied. "Before the hour arrived when the parties were to meet privately at the church, my husband was so far overcome by the goadings of his conscience that he determined to provide a way for the undoing of the wrong. He therefore secreted a witness behind the pulpit of the dark church, who saw and heard all that transpired. They took no light, for fear of discovery; but it was a moonlight night, and peering out from his concealment, the witness found himself able to recognize the faces of the pair who stood before the altar. The name of this person was Edson Bayne; a lad of twelve or thirteen who did chores about the parsonage, and lived with us. When my husband mentioned his name in his dying confession, I remembered that he had disappeared very soon after the time he spoke of, and that he had left no trace of himself. But he has returned, unexpectedly, nay providentially, and is here to speak for himself."

The sailor stepped forward and took up the thread. "What the lady says is true," he said, with solemn emphasis. "I was a mere boy then; but it is all as distinct in my mind as though it happened yesterday. I was taken to the church by the parson, just as she says, and unknown to either of them, I saw Augustus Maverick and Anna May married. I was nothing but a heedless boy; Mr. Roesselle told me always to remember what I had seen, but not to mention it until he told me. Boylike, a few months after, I ran away to sea, and the sea has been my home ever since. But of late years, I have thought more and more of this matter, and with a man's judgment instead of a boy's, I have come to understand that there must be deep villainy under it. The belief took such strong hold of me, that being in port at New York

the other day for the first time in six years, I had to come up here and look into it."

"Did you," Mrs. Roesselle asked, "sign a certificate of the marriage?"

"Yes. It was written in the parish register. Mr. Roesselle wrote it and had me sign it."

"That brands the whole story as a fabrication!" Oliver Maverick exclaimed, exultingly. "I know that book from the first to the last leaf; I have looked it through a dozen times, searching to make sure that Augustus had not contracted a marriage privately, that might cut me off from the inheritance. I positively assert that there is no such certificate there! Produce it—prove it—or forever hold your peace about this lying story."

"I have reason to think," Mrs. Roesselle quietly said, "that Augustus Maverick went to his grave with the same belief upon that subject that you hold. Upon that point I will call for the evidence of Roger Brill."

After a great deal of circumlocution and gossip, old Roger gave the details of Augustus Maverick's stealthy visit to the church, on the night of the day of the clergyman's death, as they are described in a previous chapter. Toby Small at once confirmed the statement.

"It cannot be doubted," Mr. Jenks remarked, "that the object of this visit was to finally satisfy himself that the register contained no evidence of his marriage."

"And I do not doubt," continued Mrs. Roesselle, "that he failed to find any, and went away satisfied. But a certificate was written and duly signed, as Mr. Bayne tells us, and it is in that register, as I shall presently show you."

"I must, however, first speak plainly of Augustus Maverick. He was, almost to the very last, a selfish, heartless man. He never dreamed that I had even so much as a suspicion of the existence of such a marriage, or I should never have been allowed to come here as housekeeper. My husband charged me in his last moments to seek out and care for the child that Anna Maverick had left, and to watch for an opportunity to assert her rights, as he had not dared to do. I had not been blessed with any children, and my husband left me a moderate income for my support; and I at once took to my heart the sacred duty that he had enjoined upon me, and have never forgotten it. The child had been apprenticed by the poor-officers to a laborer's family, and for a consideration I got the indentures cancelled, and adopted her as my

own. When the proposition was made to me to take the place of housekeeper here, although I did not need the compensation it would bring, I accepted the offer with secret joy, seeing that I could hardly fail to serve the interests of Anna by so doing. She was a large girl when we came here; and though her father did not at first know her, he discovered soon after where I had obtained her, and at once began a system of surveillance to ascertain if I had the least knowledge of her parentage. Without exciting his suspicions in the least, I satisfied him, by a letter written to a friend and dropped where he could not fail to find it, that I knew nothing of my protegee, excepting that she was a charity-child, bound out to the family from whom I had obtained her. That satisfied him, and she grew up to womanhood here as my adopted daughter. In the presence of his daughter, I must say again that he was a heartless, cruel man. He never treated her with any tenderness; the feeling of a father never broke through the coat of mail with which his secret enveloped him. He never meant to acknowledge her as his daughter; he intended that the secret should perish with him; and I think he was only induced to make a will in her favor, naming her in it by her mother's name, because of his determination that Oliver Maverick should not inherit his property. That he saw the enormity of his sin with the clearer vision of approaching death, and proclaimed what he had so long concealed, that she was his own daughter, will plead for him, I hope, before the bar of God."

She paused again, deeply affected; and now Anna Maverick held her up and wiped away her tears. Filled with rankling disappointment and anger as they saw their prey slip from their grasp, and that their evil deeds had been all in vain, Oliver Maverick and Laura sat pale and trembling with consternation. Rising and staggering forward to the table like a drunken man, the former said, weakly, and with ill-assumed defiance.

"Produce the register, and it will prove the lie! Where is it? You dare not show it!"

Roger Brill had it under his arm, carefully wrapped up in a newspaper. He laid it on the table, and all the company gathered in breathless silence about it. Mr. Jenks took it and turned over the leaves.

"The year was 1830," he said. A moment's inspection followed, when he added in a tone of disappointment:

"There is no such record here."

"I knew it!" Oliver Maverick chuckled.

Mrs. Roesselle stepped in front of the book, and selecting a leaf which to all outward appearance was the same as the others, inserted the point of her penknife into the edge, and running it around the three sides, split it completely in two. The paper of the book was heavy, old-fashioned and parchment-like; and it was at once evident that this was a leaf originally split in the process of binding, which had been neatly pasted at the edges, leaving no trace of the union.

"Here," said the lady, exulting at last, "is all that remains of the Maverick secret!"

The missing certificate was found within, in the undoubted handwriting of Mr. Roesselle, subscribed by him, and by Edson Bayne, and formal and legal in every part. It certified the marriage of Augustus Maverick and Anna Maria May, on the 21st day of July, 1830.

A moment's silence followed, after Mr. Jenks had read it aloud; and then he addressed himself to Oliver Maverick, who, tottering backward again to his seat, required the arm of his daughter to keep him from falling. She looked in silence at him as his chin dropped weakly on his breast, and his eyes fell to the floor; she white, and stern, and desperate; he weak and faint.

"I remarked," said Mr. Jenks, "when I opened this matter, an hour ago, that I thought that, when the story we have heard should be told out, there would be no need that it should be told again in a court of law—or words to that effect. Now that you have heard our case, and asking the question as the legal representative of Miss Anna Maverick—I ask you, sir, do you not concur with me?"

Neither Oliver Maverick nor his daughter answered; and turning from them, the lawyer took the hand of his blushing client, and respectfully bowed.

"Then I present to you all," he said, the heiress and new mistress of Maverick! God bless you, my dear, and give you long life and good health!"

His speech was hardly concluded before Roscoe Grayle was pressing both her hands, much harder and closer than Mr. Jenks had dared to do. "My congratulations, Anna," he whispered; and her eyes brightened and her cheeks reddened as they had not under Mr. Jenks's salutation. Then the others came forward with their congratulations, dear Mrs. Roesselle fairly breaking down with sobbing

and weeping of rejoicing and excitement; and the servants from the basement and the farm, getting a rumor of what had happened, soon filled the hall with their clapping of hands and noisy felicitation; and each of them had to shake hands with the young favorite of all, and wish her joy, until Oliver Maverick and Laura fled from these sounds and sights, which rankled like thorns in their breasts, to the quiet of their chambers.

PART THIRD.

I.—THE LAST STRUGGLE.

SECLUDED in one of the upper chambers, as the night of that day came on, Laura Maverick sat on an ottoman at her father's feet, and sought to encourage and strengthen him. He seemed utterly broken down and dispirited; his hands hung listlessly down, and his eyes looked dejectedly to the carpet.

"All is lost—all lost!" he groaned. And she, white and stern, looked at him with scornful pity.

"All is *not* lost, father," she said. "Much may be done yet." And whispering the words through her shining teeth, she added, "and much *shall* be done."

"What?" Oliver Maverick asked, raising his poor dazed face. "What can we do?"

A tap at the door interrupted her answer.

"May I come in?" said a soft voice outside; and as she rose to go to the door, it opened, and Anna Maverick was before her, with a face full of pity, of love and forgiveness. Laura drew herself up haughtily, and folded her arms.

"I had hoped," she said, "that you would allow us a few hours here before you began to exert your new authority. I had hoped that during the little time that remains to us here, we might be spared such an intrusion as this."

"O Laura—how you wrong me!" was the exclamation that met the repellant words and manner. "Do not forget that we are cousins, and that our fathers were brothers; let us two heal up this long bitter feud, and have peace forever in this family. I know your story; I have learned it all from Mrs. Roesselle, and Toby, and others who know all about it; and when I heard it, since you were in the parlor this morning, I said to them that you, too, have wrongs to complain of, and rights to gain. My dear cousin, I tell you frankly that I think my father wronged

yours deeply in depriving him of the whole of this inheritance—in causing him to be driven out penniless from his patrimony, for nothing except to gratify a revenge which he had little or no cause for. It seems to me as though at least one half of this estate is by right yours; and in all kindness, my cousin, I offer it to you. If you have done or wished me evil, I forgive it; if I have thought hard of you, please forgive me for it. Let us both make this our home; half of all that my father left shall be yours; and we will live here at Maverick—you, and I, and your father, and Mrs. Roesselle, as one family. Cousin Laura, let us forget the past, and be sisters!"

She held her hands, while her eyes beamed with the generous enthusiasm of her sentiments. She had not thought of a repulse; her heart was warm with the feeling of kinship toward the pale forbidding girl before her, and she truly felt every word that she uttered. Her offer, made on the spur of a sudden determination, and regardless of the counsels of Mrs. Roesselle and Mr. Jenks, to deliberate and advise upon the intention, and the best way of carrying it out, was made in a spirit which she thought must meet with a grateful acceptance; and she now looked with surprise to see Laura stand before her as haughty and reserved as when she first spoke. Laura Maverick heard the eager whispers of her father behind her, "You'll do it, Laura—of course you'll do it," and giving no heed to them, took a moment's thought. Her mother's dying, delirious words came back to her, and with them the long, long sufferings and toils of that mother, vainly expended that her daughter might be mistress of Maverick, and possessed of all that she should have had. She thought of her own and her father's efforts, so nearly crowned with success—of the bitter disappointment of that day, and of the story that her eyes had told her, that this girl was beloved by the man who had almost scornfully cast away the love which she had prayed him to take. The tender, affectionate words of Anna never moved her; her thoughts were of her mother's ambition and hard fate, and of her own; and hardening her heart to Anna's kind advances, she stood proud and obdurate, with hands still folded.

"I cannot do it," was her cold, emotionless reply. "It is all mine by right; I will not take half of it, or a foot of it, at your hands."

The hands that were extended toward her

dropped, and a look of painful surprise came over the face of Anna.

"Cousin Laura," she said, "I beg of you to be reconciled to me. Take back your refusal; think of it, and say yea. We must be friends."

She came nearer; she placed an arm about her neck, and kissed the white, bloodless cheek. Her arm was impatiently thrown off, and Laura drew further away from her.

"Again I say no!" were the harsh words of the unyielding, unforgiving cousin. "No bounty—no friendship—no peace while we two live! You hear what I say; never think to shake my determination; Maverick cannot hold us both."

Anna persisted no further. Astonished and grieved at the temper of her cousin, she simply said, "Farewell, then. May time soften you;" and went below.

For two hours after this did Laura walk the floor, heedless of the pitiful remonstrances of her father at her conduct in refusing the gift offered her. She had told him that all was not lost; that something might yet be done to retrieve their fortunes; and she believed it. Her faculties, her hopes, her very passions, had been from the first absorbed in the conquest of this property; she clung to the acquisition of it, as a sacred legacy from her mother; and her jealous heart kindled and burned hotly as she thought how easily this moon-faced girl, as she called her, had won the precious prize of Roscoe Grayle's affection, which she had vainly humbled herself to obtain. Each successive minute ripened her for a desperate deed.

Night came while she was revolving these bitter feelings and the dark suggestions that sprang from them, and she stepped out into the hall, intending to go into the open air for a few moments. She went no further than the first balusters; the sound of voices in the hall below arrested her steps, and caused her to listen. The words were easily distinguishable as the voices of Roscoe Grayle and Mrs. Roesselle, and their words came plainly to her ear. She learned from them that the excitements of the day had thrown Anna into a slight fever, and that Mrs. Roesselle had put her to bed and given her a composing draught. The lady informed Mr. Grayle, in answer to his anxious inquiry, that it was of itself a very trifling matter, but that she deemed it important that the girl should sleep the unusual excitement away. She was then asleep; and Mrs. Roesselle meant to come up at twelve o'clock, to administer

another sedative, if necessary. A good-night was then exchanged between them; the door of Mr. Grayle's room was heard to close, and the silent watcher saw Mrs. Roesselle go down stairs with her lamp.

Laura Maverick made no effort to resist the dark temptation which came to her with the words she had heard. She waited until she heard the closing of the door of Mrs. Roesselle's sitting-room, and then went silently down, and out by the front door. The moonlight streamed down upon her weirdly through the giant elms as she ran along the paths; and presently she stopped at the flower-beds, and listened. The clock in the hall rang out the hour of nine.

"Nine o'clock!" she thought. "It must work for three hours; and that will bring it just after that woman has been up to see her."

She turned to the flowers. She shuddered, and then was vexed at herself because her hand trembled. "It is the chilly night-air," she said; and stooped to gather something from the flower-bed.

But she did not tremble because of the night-air. It was because a thought of murder was in her heart.

She hesitated, and thought again. She went back in thought only six days—so short had been the time in which this chain of events had occurred—and saw herself standing by her own little flower-beds, in the cottage-yard on the river, idly meditating on the deadly effect to be produced by the simple mingling of certain green leaves, as she had read it in the old volume. Only six days had passed; and here she was, prepared to use that fatal knowledge in one last desperate attempt to win the Maverick estate for herself.

That strange unnatural brilliancy filled her eyes; her face and hands were cold as the moonbeams that rested upon them. She gave a sigh to the remembrance of days and scenes of youthful innocence and happiness that surged up to her from the past, and filled her soul with fond, wild regrets—and then the tigress within her triumphed.

"I must go on," she said. "I dread what lies behind me—not before me. I have no life to live if what has been done must stand; I have a life to live, when it is overturned."

She stooped again; and gathering a handful of green leaves here and there, wrapped them closely in her handkerchief. With rapid and stealthy steps she returned to the house, and ascended unperceived to her room.

Her father was there, sitting in the same posture, with his head in his hands. She placed her hand on his shoulder, and shook him out of his stupor. He looked up vacantly.

"I told you," she said, "that we could and must do something yet. I meant that we could and must prevail. I will tell you how."

His eyes dilated with surprise, with fear, and finally with hope, as she showed him her handkerchief, explained the properties and the use of what was within it, the situation of Anna Maverick's chamber, immediately beneath them, and the certainty of accomplishing her destruction—swiftly, secretly, silently, by means of the poison.

"Are you in earnest?" he asked, with new animation. Her eyes glittered in the moonlight; her hands compressed the bunch in the handkerchief; her tongue gave a quick "yes."

"We shall be discovered," he objected.

"We shall not be discovered. At twelve o'clock Mrs. Roesselle will go to her room to give her another draught; at half past eleven we will be concealed in the parlor, on the watch. Everything will be quiet; you have only to enter her chamber, and press the handkerchief close over her nose and mouth. Death follows, almost instantly, without noise or alarm. No sign or trace of the cause is left behind; the doctor will most likely call it heart-disease. But you must do it."

"You can do it better," the father whined. "You are light of foot, and will make no noise. I—"

"Pshaw!" she interrupted, with impatience. "She has taken soothing draughts; she will be sound asleep. There is no danger; there need be no fear. I cannot do it, because—well, because she kissed me! I want her dead, but I can't kill her myself. Be as resolute for a little while as you were yesterday, and all will be well."

He sat upright and passed his hands through his tangled gray hair, and tried to shake off his numbness of mind. Laura went to the window and thought to herself of the other reason why she declined to be the bearer of death to Anna Maverick.

"The Italians have a proverb," she thought, "that woman who kills her rival never prospers in her love. However that is, I'd rather let him do it."

The moon shone down full in her face; far and wide, that night, which that moon

found so pitiless. And it shone through the half-curtained window of the room underneath her, on a sweet young face which pressed a peaceful pillow, while dreams of love and friends visited her slumbers.

II.

AT eleven o'clock, Roscoe Grayle, sleeping in the room opposite that of Anna Maverick, awoke and sat upright. The first stroke of the clock awakened him, and he counted until the eleventh, as they rang and vibrated with a pealing sound through the silent house. He had slept soundly since eight o'clock, till within a few moments, when his slumbers grew light and restless, and the stroke of the clock easily roused him. He saw the moonlight outside; he heard nothing to alarm him; all was quiet and peaceful; and still, an undefined sense of impending danger weighed upon him. And that danger seemed to refer to Anna Maverick. What secret of psychology can account for this phenomenon, we know not; it has often been exhibited, and science still puzzles over it. And in this case, as in every other of its kind, reflection only increased and aggravated the fear. Without apparent cause, it grew upon its own suggestion, until Mr. Grayle could bear it no longer. He rose from the bed, half dressed himself, put on his morning-gown, and went silently down to the door of his aunt's room, where he tapped.

"It is Roscoe, Aunt Helen," he said, in a low tone. "Please come to the door."

"In a moment, nephew," she answered, from within; and in less time she opened the door and met him in her wrapper, with a lamp in her hand and her unbound hair streaming over her shoulders. Her face at once betrayed her alarm, without the utterance of a word.

"Don't be frightened, aunt," the nephew hastened to say. "I don't know that anything is wrong; but I can't sleep for thinking of Anna. After what has happened, I am afraid to have her sleep where those people can reach her. I may be exciting alarm without any occasion; but after what has occurred in this house since I have been here, I believe them capable of almost anything. You—"

Mrs. Roesselle understood him, and gave a start of real alarm.

"Good heavens—are *they* here yet?" she exclaimed. "When Anna came down about the middle of the afternoon, grieved and

troubled by the treatment which that dreadful girl gave her, I was sure she said that they were just about going away. She was nervous and excited, and perhaps she was a little out of her head then, and did not know what she said. They did not come to tea, and I took it for granted that they had gone, and felt heartily glad of it. And you say they are here yet? The child shall not stay a minute longer up there. I think I know better now than to run any risks with those people!"

She called up the girl Ellen, and gave her a light; and the three went up together to Anna's chamber. Soon after Ellen came out with the light, and Roscoe Grayle followed her, bearing in his arms carefully and tenderly the form of Anna Maverick, wrapped in the bed-clothing. She was sound asleep; the first sedative had acted upon her like a narcotic. He carried her down stairs and laid her in his aunt's bed; and leaving Ellen to watch with her (after stealing a kiss that sleepy Ellen did not see), he returned to his own chamber. The door of Anna's room was shut as he passed; his aunt had remained within to gather up the clothing of the sleeper, and select from the bureau-drawers some necessary articles for her wear.

All this had happened within the half-hour next following the stroke of eleven; and while Mrs. Roesselle yet remained in the chamber just vacated, with its door closed, Laura Maverick and her father came stealing swiftly and silently down to the parlor. They reached it and shut themselves in; and Laura, peering through a crack, eagerly watched the stairs. Impelled by the restless spirit within her, she had accompanied her father hither to reassure him at the critical moment. She stood with one hand on the door-knob, and the other tightly grasping the fatal handkerchief, rolled up in a ball, and confined in her pocket.

"The time is short for the poison," she mused. "But it will work; I can't wait longer than to clear the way."

A light appeared at the head of the stairs, to her surprise, after some minutes had passed, and she saw Mrs. Roesselle descending with an armful of female clothing and a lamp.

"She wants to prevent her getting up before she is quite well," was the explanation that instantly satisfied the concealed watcher. Mrs. Roesselle reached the bottom of the stairs, and went straight into her sitting-room, shutting the door behind her.

Laura half opened the parlor door, and drew her father out into the light which shone feebly from the hall-lamp.

"Now is your time!" she said, speaking in short, quick whispers. "The woman has come down—all is safe. Give me your hand—there! put it into your pocket—quick!" and she transferred the poisoned handkerchief to him. "As soon as I leave you, go back into the parlor and shut the door; wait till the clock strikes twelve, and then go up and do it. Remember! press the handkerchief close over her mouth and nostrils, and hold it there—a minute, for safety. She is asleep; she can't cry out; there will be no alarm. Feel of her pulse after you have done it, to make sure of your work; and then come up to me. Be sure and bring the handkerchief away."

She paused and looked up to his face in the faint light.

"Are you resolute?" she asked. "Are you bent on winning your inheritance this night?"

"Yes, Laura." His voice was firmer, and the hand that she took was working with nervous activity.

She bent his head down to her, and kissed his wrinkled cheek with her hot lips.

"Remember what I have told you," she hoarsely whispered. "Don't fail!"

She saw him return to the parlor and swing back the door; and with her heart throbbing in great blows beneath the feverish hands that she pressed over it, slowly mounted the stairs. She knew that it must be some minutes yet before midnight, and she had no need for great haste. Slowly her feet carried her up the first flight; and before she reached the top she was oblivious to all that was around her. Her brain was in a whirl with thoughts of Maverick regained, of the love of Roscoe Grayle surely her own; of pride, and ambition, and love all satisfied; of victory at last! Unconscious of her exact surroundings, and distantly conscious that she was going to her room, her senses failed to tell her that she had ascended but one flight of stairs. The force of habit turned her to the left; the force of habit brought her to the first door on the right.

Unconsciously, she entered the room from which Anna Maverick had but a few moments before been taken.

The clock in the hall pealed forth the hour of twelve. The sound was heard by Mrs. Roesselle and Ellen, sitting for a while by the

sleeping Anna; and by Roscoe Grayle, whom it aroused from another uneasy slumber. Troubled by the same nameless fear, he lay awake and listened. He had not removed his clothing.

Three minutes passed. The fourth had not passed when a thrilling scream from the room opposite pierced the silence of the house, and turned the blood of those who heard it back upon their hearts. And quickly following it came another; a fainter cry, but full of mortal agony. Roscoe Grayle sprang up and rushed in the direction of the noise. He burst open the door of the opposite room, and a sickly odor in the air made his head swim with dizziness. He threw the door wide open, and threw up the window; and by the time he had done this, his aunt was at the door with a light, with Ellen following at a distance, almost paralyzed with fear.

"Good heavens, what has happened?" Mrs. Roesselle exclaimed.

He pointed to the bed, and motioned to her to approach with the light. With the first flash of the lamp upon the scene he had recognized the faces of those whom he found in the chamber; and his quick mind instantly comprehended the meaning of the sight that was disclosed.

They approached the foot of the bed; he first, then his aunt, finally the girl. They saw Oliver Maverick extended upon the floor, groaning in a frenzy of grief and horror at the result of his act, and an open handkerchief by him. With the sound of that frightful cry he had learned the horrible truth; and while they stood there he passed into the unconsciousness of convulsions.

They looked towards the bed. Upon it lay Laura Maverick, her teeth clenched, her features fearfully contracted, and her nails working into her palms. Her eyes were wide open and staring, and a spasm shook her from head to foot. It seemed to release her for a moment from the acute pain that contracted her muscles, and she looked wildly around. Mr. Grayle saw that she was whispering, and bent his head to hear.

"The book lied!" were her words. "I was bound to fail; the poison was sure to betray me!"

Her eyes rested upon his face, and she beckoned him to bend lower.

"I am dying," she whispered again; and again a spasm shook her. Her face was pinched and sharpened with her intense agony, and looked like the face of a hag. "I

have been a wicked woman; you did right not to love me. I die loving you; I have no right to, but I must. I am almost too wicked for God to forgive me; perhaps you will—perhaps Anna will. That pain is coming again—quick—put your ear lower—I've not a minute to live! I'm a wicked woman, and I've no right to love you—but I do—love—"

A third and a harder spasm seized her, and life went out when it ended.

They closed her rigid, staring eyes, to the new morning; while in another room the eyes of her cousin opened to its light, and her full heart offered up its prayer to the God of mercy for her who had gone unprepared to her judgment.

The last struggle for Maverick was over.

CONCLUSION.

III.

LETTER FROM MR. JENKS TO MR. GRAYLE, IN MARYLAND.

Maverick Mansion, December 9th, 1850.

MY DEAR MR. GRAYLE:—I will acknowledge, to begin with, that I have attended very poorly to your injunction, given me when I bade you and your lady good-by in New York, three weeks ago, to write frequently, and inform you of all that should happen at home. My letter of a week ago I believe merely informed you that the people at the house had set everything to rights again after the general pulling down and putting up, and overhauling of the wedding (and, bless my stars, sir, what a jolly wedding it was, to be sure!), and that everything was going on in a quiet and orderly manner. I have some excuse for my failure to write since—the excuse of business. When I drew that will for the late Mr. Augustus Maverick, I told him that if one person was to have all his property, I should want no other business than to manage the law part of it, attend to the collection of the rents, dividends, interest, and so on, and be legal adviser generally; and now that you have entrusted me with all this, and have also asked me to exercise a general superintendence over the alterations and improvements going on here at the house, and see that your plans are not departed from—why, you can see for yourself, sir, that I must have my hands about full, even with my son to take charge of all the business of the firm.

I write now, principally to inform you of a curious discovery that has just been made

here. I came up this morning to see how the carpenters were getting on with the alterations in the suite of rooms on the second floor, which you will remember you design to have thrown into one spacious apartment, for an upper parlor. They had got the partitions pretty much torn away, and were clearing off the hanging fragments, when one of the men accidentally struck the wall on the closet-side with his axe. I noticed that it sounded very hollow, and that the man immediately knocked in several places on the plastering. "There's something queer about this," he said. "There's a space between these rooms and the outer wall; and a large one, too, from the sound." "Are you certain?" I asked. He was positive about it, and called to the head carpenter to come and examine it. He came and sounded for himself, and then went into the closet and knocked on the panels. "We can have a larger room here than Mr. Grayle expected," he said, coming out with a knowing look about his eyes. Then he told me that there was without doubt a hidden passage or area there; and I at once ordered him to open it. Their axes soon brought down the whole width of the partition, back to the closet; and as I live, sir, there was a secret passageway, three feet wide, of the same height as the ceiling of the rooms, and as wide as all of them, barring the closet. And while we were looking and wondering over it, one of the men knocked pretty hard on the panels of the closet, and one of them flew open, revealing a means of access to this curious place.

But this was not all. In removing the rubbish that the destruction of this partition had made, a nicely-hemmed lady's handkerchief was found under it. They brought it to me, and I discovered in one corner the initials, "L. M."

You will see that this discovery explains much that has puzzled us in conjecturing about the sources of all the knowledge that those wretched people gained, in regard to what was said and done in the house during the few memorable days that they were in it. I have no doubt that Oliver Maverick knew of the existence of this place, and the means of access to it; and I do not doubt that his daughter, concealed in it on the night of the execution of the will, heard the will read, and heard that it was to be placed under the pillow. You will see, therefore, that once in the sick-room, she knew precisely where to

find it. I am very glad that we have made this discovery. It clears up a mystery that has troubled me awfully; for mysteries are not in my line.

By the way—speaking of handkerchiefs—you will remember that the one that caused the death of that unhappy young woman was taken by the doctor who attended the coroner's jury, for the purpose of analyzing the poison that had impregnated it. He testified before the jury, you will remember, that her death was no doubt occasioned by the inhalation of some unusually powerful asphyxiating poison, producing much the same effect as strychnine; but what that poison was he could not then say. I saw him yesterday, and asked him if he had discovered what it was. He shook his head. "I have carefully analyzed the water in which the handkerchief was soaked," he said, "and I am free to say that I know of nothing that would produce exactly such properties in solution. I hope the secret of compounding the thing died with that young woman." And though, as I said, I hate mysteries, I cordially agreed with him.

Your wishes have been complied with in regard to a headstone for her grave. I had expected that her relatives in the city would see to that; but as they did not attend the funeral, so they have never been near her grave. I have caused to be put up a simple slab of white marble over her remains, bearing merely her name, age and time of death.

I had a letter a few days ago from the medical superintendent of the asylum to which Oliver Maverick was conveyed. The doctor says that his case is one of incurable, raving mania, and that there is no relief for him short of death, which event he thinks will occur very soon.

The inquiries which both Mrs. Roesselle and your lady (you will see that I write "Miss Maverick" whenever I mention her, and then cross it out) were desirous should be made for the girl, Jane Shorey, have been carefully and diligently made in the towns along the river; and some measures have been taken to find her in the city. Nothing, however, has as yet been ascertained about her, and I presume she cannot be found. It is to be hoped that she is at peace, wherever she has fled; and I trust she is. I think she is the only one who is finally a sufferer by the outrageous villanies of those people.

Mrs. Roesselle appears well and cheerful, and has resumed her management of the

household since her return from her visit to your mother. She tells me that she decidedly prefers to perform her old duties in the house; and I simply told her that you intended that Maverick should always be her home, without any cares at all, if she preferred it. She will never be contented without something on her hands to take care of; and I presume it is better so. Her visit to Maryland did her all kinds of good; and though I think that the terrible trials and burdens of her life will always shadow her kind face, yet we shall find her still cheerful, contented, and perhaps as happy as the average of human creatures.

Old Roger Brill died quietly and without pain, sitting on his bench, last Monday morning. Jerry Small wants his place, and had the effrontery to ask me for your influence to help him get it. I don't get decidedly mad more than once in three or four years; but I was just about full of wrath. "You pusillanimous little scoundrel!" I said, and jumped for my cane; but he got nimbly out of the way. I don't think he will show his ill-looking face at Maverick again.

Toby grows infirm, and has been compelled to give up the garden and the orchard. He looked very serious when Mrs. Roesselle told him that he had got too old and weak to work, and that you desired him to take care of himself and take life easy. He said he should be sorry to think that he was not able to do anything more for his kind mistress (as he calls her) and "Miss Anna and her husband," and that he would like nothing better than to have his youth and health again, that he might give it all to them. Excellent old man! He is true as steel, and I hope he may live long to enjoy the rest and comfort that you mean to give him.

About the general management of the farm, it is unnecessary for me say anything. David Terry is emphatically the right man in the right place, and looks sharply to the interests of his employers.

The servants generally are delighted that the ownership of the estate has fallen to their young lady, as they still call Mrs. Grayle, and are pleased with the prospect of her speedy return.

I must make particular mention of one more person—Edson Bayne. While in the city lately I went down to one of the slips, and while there I was hailed by a sailor-dressed man who was just stepping into a boat with a bundle in his hand. Seeing me,

he clambered back and seized me by the hand, with a hearty "Halloo, mate! I'm glad to see you, for I believe you're a lawyer that isn't a landshark." He said that he had made one short trip since his visit up the river, and that he was now going on a long one, around the Cape of Good Hope. "We sailors," he said, "never know what voyage may carry us to our long anchorage; but when my hulk drifts out of this world's waters, I know it will lighten the way to think that I helped to do justice to that young woman—God bless her bright eyes!" I told him that she had married the young man whom he saw at the mansion that day; and he immediately extended his blessing to you, adding the superfluous remark that he wished his timbers might be shivered and his toplights dashed if you were not a fine fellow. I think the vernacular of seamen might be improved; but I have no doubt that he intended to be quite complimentary.

I am glad to learn that you propose an early return to Maverick. Bridal trips, I am aware, are rare occasions in human existence, and should not be unreasonably shortened; but you will find such a joyful welcome back to Maverick awaiting you, and so much in the affairs of the estate to occupy you, that you will not wish to have lengthened your own.

Looking forward with much pleasure to

the day of your return, and with my respects to Mrs. Grayle and yourself, I remain,

Very truly, your obedient servant,

ANDREW JENKS.

IV.

ALMOST twenty years more have elapsed since the date of the occurrences last described. Of those who have lived, and toiled, and wrought for good or evil, in these pages, as it were, while this life-history has unfolded itself to the goodly company who have graciously given it their attention, some have sailed away to their "long anchorage," and others still live to learn the lessons of life to their end.

In the upper parlors at Maverick there still hangs an exquisitely finished portrait of Helen Roesselle, painted a short time after the union of the two hearts that were dearest to her. Those hearts loved and revered her while she lived; and the children who came after them were taught to look with grateful regard upon the lovely and benevolent but care-marked face that looked from the canvas, and to know the meaning of the words which the hand of Roscoe Grayle inscribed upon its back with indelible characters:

*"Thou hast been faithful over a few things;
I will make thee ruler over many."*

NEGLECT.

BY L. M. W.

I cannot bear neglect from thee;
It chills my very heart;
I would forget, but memory
Still brings thine image back to me,
All lovely as thou art.

I cannot bear neglect from thee;
To see that dark soft eye
Rest on all others tenderly,
Yet turn away, half-scornfully,
And coldly pass me by.

I cannot bear neglect from thee,
My spirit bends to thine;
My life is one sweet thought of thee,
As the miser counts, in secrecy,
The hoards that round him shine.

I cannot bear neglect from thee;
I sicken neath the chill;
For ah! 'tis worse than misery,
To feel each hope a mockery,
Yet fondly love thee still.



THE LOST RING.

• BY MARGARET VERNE.

HAD I been my own mistress I should never have served Marie Rosis. But poverty, the need of food and raiment, the hungry mouths that must be filled were too strong for me and I engaged myself to her. True, she asked no reference, but why need she? With those deep, penetrating eyes she seemed to read me to the soul. Perhaps she learned in that way that I had no one to refer to; that I was out in the world—a skiff without moorings—at the mercy of wind and wave. Certain it was she seemed to know my poor little history from the first. She did not ask if it was this or that way with me. She simply affirmed that it was so, and I could not dispute her.

"You are poor, Louise," she said, when I answered her advertisement, speaking with a slight French accent. "Money is of no account to me—I only ask you to be faithful. I said that I should travel, so you will need to supply your brother's and sister's wants before we go. I shall be liberal with you. Take this."

As she spoke she reached out a roll of bills. I drew back my hand.

"It is too much," I said.

"Allow me to be the judge of that. I know what will be required of you."

A little chill ran over me. What would be required of me? I looked up to see, if possible what meaning lie hidden beneath her words.

"Are you fearful?" shrugging her shoulders. "I shall have you in my power."

"To some extent, yes. But never wholly."

"O, you think of your God! I have none; therefore I fear and trust none."

I looked at her in wonder. No God! She was poorer than I then.

"I shall travel as fancy pleases," she continued. "One spot is as pleasant as another to me. I go in search of something which I have lost. It may be here, it may be there. I have nothing to guide me in my search. It is all blind chance."

I was a little enthusiast in those days. I was full of the missionary spirit and eager to go somewhere to do good. It struck me as I stood before Marie Rosis that here was the mission for which I had prayed. I might lead

this perverse soul to its God. I might melt through the iciness that surrounded her heart, and bring it back to its spring-time of warmth and beauty. Well, well, we all have our time of strength, when we can "float the bubble earth" in a cup and never feel its weight. But we have none of it when we have learned our little lesson of life, and turned our footsteps towards the waning light of the west.

But all this time I have not told you how beautiful was my new mistress. Neither can I tell you, now. I knew that she was clear and dark, with the most wonderful eyes that I ever beheld. She was not large, but exquisitely moulded. Her voice was wonderful for its clearness—not bell-like, nor hardly bird-like, but distinct and O, so very sweet! From the soundest sleep she could awaken me by a single low-spoken word.

At first I was not happy in my migratory life. I used to long for home—or what had been home—and for the caresses of those I loved. But this did not last long. Marie Rosis soon grew to be the world to me, and I her bonds slave.

Sometimes we rested for two or three weeks from our travels, and then went forward day after day and week after week, without stopping. I do not know how long I had been with her when I discovered that we were not travelling alone—that we had a follower who pursued us from place to place with unwavering persistence. He did not seem to be conscious of us. He never addressed us—he only followed us like a shadow. I do not know why I did not speak of him to mademoiselle, nor why she did not mention him to me. I used to think sometimes that she did not see him. And yet, why not? Her eyes were too sharp to allow anything to escape them. Perhaps she was afraid that she might alarm me by speaking. We were two women journeying alone, with no one to protect us, and I was naturally timid. Still about this man, with his gentle mouth and clear blue eyes, there was little to alarm any woman. Ordinary people Miss Marie did not notice, and this gentleman's presence was not marked. So I tried to think no more about him.

It was after this stranger came that I learned what mademoiselle was searching for. A ring that had mysteriously disappeared from her finger one night while she was sleeping. A strange ring with a garnet heart for its centre—all that she had left of Monsieur Rosis. I glanced at her in surprise.

"You are *Madame Rosis*, then?"

"Did you not know it? Am I so young and so fair?"

"So young and so fair!" I answered.

"But I have been through much," she said, sadly.

"And you expect to find the ring that was stolen from you while you slept?" I said.

"You doubt it, I am certain."

"Was it your wedding ring?"

"Better than that, Monsieur Rosis gave it to me while he was dying. He came back to life to give it to me—just as we turn back when we have forgotten something."

I looked at her keenly. Was the woman crazy?

"He gave it to me, and said that a curse would follow me if I lost it. I did not lose it—it went away from me, but I am not happy. Monsieur was very hard."

"But you are not to blame for what you could not help."

"Ah, but if a lover took it?" she said, shaking her head slowly. "I had fallen to sleep in the drawing-room—the day was warm. When I awoke monsieur's heart was gone and the air full of shadows. Ugh, how frightened I grew! I've been searching ever since for it."

"Did you love monsieur?"

"Do we love our jailors?"

She laughed nervously and began pacing up and down the room. We were stopping for a week at a hotel in a large inland town. This conversation had been carried on in the parlor, a long, wide room looking westward. As madame walked I thought I had never seen her half so beautiful. She wore a dress of some soft black stuff which trailed on the bright-hued carpet. This was relieved by a gauzy scarlet mantle, as delicate and filmy as the wing of a butterfly. While she went back and forth restlessly, the stranger came noiselessly in and walked beside her. She did not notice him, but looked straight out of the window to the green trees and beyond them to the wide sunset.

For myself I grew angry and heated at the stranger's boldness. If he had anything to say to her why did he not speak? What

right had he to dog her steps so persistently? At least I would tell madame. As I started forward to speak, the strange gentleman raised his head to his forehead, and I saw something on it that glowed blood-red in the sunlight. I looked at it eagerly and saw the shape of a heart outlined on the slender white finger. My heart bounded. Here was the lover who had stolen madame's ring. It should be restored to her, and once more she should know happiness. Ah, how frightened I got though! While my lips were parted to speak, and my hand reached forth to touch his arm, he was gone, and I stood quite alone with Madame Rosis.

"What makes you so white?" she asked, stopping short in her walk.

"Why, he has gone!"

"Who has gone?"

"The gentleman who walked beside you."

"Indeed, who so honored me?" she said, incredulously. "I was busy at my thoughts."

"A strange gentleman walked with you—near you, and as I started towards him he disappeared."

Madame laughed a low, musical laugh, but I saw that the white hand that clasped her scarlet mantle over her heart was shaking. Her lips grew white and dry.

"I hope he was handsome."

"Very; blue eyes and a mouth like a girl's."

Her forehead grew puckered up into scowls.

"And what else?"

"He wore a ring with a blood-red heart."

I pray that I may never on earth see a face so fearful as was madame's at that moment. I put up a quick prayer, for I thought she was about to kill me. She clutched both hands about my arm and held me closely to her.

"How dare you, girl?"

"I could not help seeing him," I said. "There he is now, outside, looking in at the window."

She cowered down at my feet and covered her eyes with her mantle. I do not know how long I stood there, or how long she knelt without moving. I know the figure stood motionless at the window looking at us with steadily, unwavering eyes. Would he never go? Would he hold us forever with that quiet, unflinching gaze? I began to have some idea of what endless torment might be. I grew cold and a mist floated before my eyes. Still he was merciless. I opened my lips to speak but was too frightened to utter a word. Then I seemed to be sinking down, down.

At that moment I shrieked and madame sprang to her feet. A crowd came to us and I fell back fainting.

"She saw something that frightened her," was the last that I heard.

"When I awakened I was lying on a lounge in my own room. Madame was bending over me wringing her hands.

"I thought you were dead," she said, as I looked up into her face.

"She is all right now," a cheerful voice sounded, close by me.

I sprang up, but a gentle touch reassured me and I sank upon the pillow again.

"We called a physician," madame said. "Do not fear."

Looking into his frank, cheerful face, there was no room for fear. It was as tender and gentle as a child's.

"If you will sleep I will sit here a while," he said.

"She will need rest. We start early in the morning," madame answered, coldly. "I can watch her."

"And does not madame need sleep as well?" asked the physician.

She gave the shrug to her shoulders which was so peculiarly her own.

"I have kept awake for weeks at a time, and no harm came to me."

"Ah!"

He looked at her keenly. I saw that she was growing angry.

"You are very kind," I said; "but I am quite well now. I shall not need you."

As I spoke he looked into my eyes. Though I spoke cheerfully he knew that something was wrong.

"My room is on the same floor with yours," he said to madame. "If your sister should be worse in the night do not hesitate to send for me. There is a bell at the door—number twenty. Good-evening."

Madame bowed stiffly without a word; but my eyes followed him lingeringly as he disappeared.

"Myster!" sneered madame. "He knew that it was not so. He has fancied your face, and is in love with you. How thankful he would be if you should get to death's door. He could watch you, then. But no; I would thwart him. I would send for another."

Wise as was Madame Rosis, she was very foolish in this. I was so in need of love and protection then, that I caught eagerly at her words. If he could only have staid by me for a while.

"Madame is wrong," I answered, absently. "And still you follow him?" she said, sharply. "You hear his footsteps in the distance."

"I hear nothing."

"I am glad then. I will lock the doors that you may see nothing."

"Locks are of no use sometimes."

"You mean that hearts fly beyond doors. Ah me!"

I meant no such thing and she knew it.

"We will sleep in the same room to-night—I will not leave you. We start before light in the morning."

Madame Rosis's bolts and bars were effectual. The dark hours passed undisturbed. The "noon of night" came and went in silence. Did I say that the bolts and bars protected us? Was it not rather, the steady, even footfall that paced up and down the corridor the night through? Was it not their music that kept me wakeful, contented, and at rest? Well, I knew who it was that watched over me. God be praised.

In the morning, as madame had planned, we started. It was summer-time and our way led through the richest of earth's gardens. All was beautiful from the sky downward—birds, flowers, fruit and velvety greensward. In spite of everything I was happy.

"We will soon have a long rest," madame said, as we whirled along. "You shall hear from the brother and sister at home."

I was looking out of the window as she spoke. As I turned my face towards her I felt some one touch my shoulder. I turned around quickly. The stranger was sitting back of us.

His presence seemed so real to me that I spoke out angrily:

"If you please, sir—"

Madame looked back.

"To whom are you speaking, Louise?"

I knew, then, that whatever I saw, whether man or evil one, Madame Rosis was conscious of nothing. I looked over the face—at the blue eyes and gentle mouth, down at the white hands and red ring, without a word.

"Monsieur Rosis," I thought. "But why does he follow madame?"

I wondered then at my fearless strength. I had no feeling of faintness about me, but sat and looked at the quiet face and figure as I would have looked upon a statue.

Just then madame said, flushing angrily:

"I think your doctor is on the train. Look yonder."

My eyes followed the direction indicated and I knew that she was right. No wonder that I was not afraid, when my fearlessness came from him. Strong? Of a certainty when another's strength upheld me.

"Impudence," said madame.

"It has only happened so," I said, soothingly, but in my heart I knew better.

We rode the day through with the fair, immovable figure behind us, and the living earnest face but a few seats in front. The one counteracted the influence of the other. Nothing could harm me.

At night we came to our resting-place.

"Here we shall find the ring," said madame, as we hurried out of the cars. "It is like an inspiration. I feel it through and through."

We did not go to a hotel, but to a house near the outskirts of the town. I know the coachman stared at madame when she told him where to drive us. The night was very dark. Looking around for my friend I could not see him, and I thought that I was lost.

Warm as was the night the place to which we went was chilly. Madame had fires made in the grates and ordered wine to be brought.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Pardon me for not saying. This is my home. No one dare intrude here."

No one? Was madame so sure? As she spoke the pleasant-faced stranger, ghost or man, came noiselessly in and sat down by the fire. He wore the same expression as when I had first seen him. Glancing at his hand I saw the blood-red ring glowing upon his finger.

"You do not drink," madame said, as I sat holding the wine-glass. "What is it?"

I put down the glass with a shudder.

"Madame Rosis, I want to go home."

"This is home. By day it is beautiful. To-night I know there are shadows—and it is cold. We can have more fire."

"That is not it—I want my sister. I seem to be stifling here."

"Well, well—I will play to you. I will sing."

She threw open the piano. Good heavens, what a wail came from it as her delicate fingers ran up and down the keys! Wild unrest, agony, despair found voice in the melody which she awakened. Then her little hands pattered softly, softly down, and her voice broke out softly to the weird accompaniment. Through it all I could hear the falling of ghostly feet; the whispers from shadowy lips.

The stranger listened at her side; so close was his face to hers that in the unsteady light they seemed to mingle and waver together.

My God! where was I! The atmosphere was like that of a tomb. Was I among living flesh and blood realities, or had I been drawn into the charnel house to expiate some sin which I had committed. Sin, indeed! What did I know of sin?

"Don't, madame, don't," I cried. "You are driving me mad. Let me go, in the name of mercy, let me go."

"This is Louise's home. Why should she leave it? Let her wait until the morning light shows her its beauties."

Madame held her hand to her face as she spoke. I started back. For the brief second I thought I saw the ring of Monsieur Rosis upon her finger. I rubbed my eyes and looked again. It was not there.

"You need rest," spoke madame. "You are nervous. You shall go to your room and have supper there."

She led me like a child. What could I do?

Up stairs it was more cheerful. The fire was fresh and the lamps gave out a clear, steady light. I drew a sigh of relief.

"You like it?" said madame.

"How can I help it?"

"I am glad. My room is opposite. In the night if you are wakeful you can come to me. But I think you will sleep. I will send up your tea in a moment."

I did not wait for supper. Thoroughly exhausted, bodily and mentally, I sank upon the bed. I do not know how long I slept. I started up suddenly from my pillow, a fearful shriek echoing through my brain. It was madame's voice that had aroused me. In a moment there was a sound of hurried feet in the hall, a murmur of strange voices, and some one threw open the door opposite mine. I stole softly out, and crossed the hall to madame's room. There was a group of strange people standing by her bedside.

A voice that I recognized said:

"She is dead."

I went up to the physician's side and touched his hand softly.

"Thank God, you are safe!" he whispered.

"What is it?—what killed her?" I asked.

"I do not know. Probably her heart was diseased. Some sudden fright did it. The detectives have been on her track for weeks."

"The detectives? Why?"

"She poisoned Monsieur Rosis, her hus-

band. That is his portrait yonder," said the physician.

I gave one glance towards it. I had little need to look at it, since the face was so terribly familiar to me.

"She has escaped justice," some one said, solemnly.

"You are mistaken," said my friend, "she has gone to meet it."

My eyes filled with tears. Madame Rosis had been kind to me.

"See!" cried another, in a startled voice. "She wore his ring again."

I looked down at the little waxen hand, now clay cold. On the white forefinger the heart of Monsieur Rosis glowed and burned. It was plain to me, no matter what others thought. Madame had died of fright when the ring was placed upon her finger.

Her impression had been true. She had that night *found her ring*. Let us hope, too, that in God's wide mercy she found rest.

THE TWO FRIENDS.

BY HENRY LORNE.

What is it that causes the heart so to swell
With emotion as, chancing a moment to dwell
On the past, it recalls the reverses and joys
Of the time, Will, when we—you and I—were mere boys?

When our pleasures were one, and no thought of the day
That should part us had crossed with its shadow our way;
When we lived soul to soul! Those were happy days, Will,
Many years have now passed, many long years, yet still,

While sitting alone in the silence of night,
I love to go back, in my mind, and recite
To myself all I knew of my bright boyhood home,
Ere I left it, and you, dear Will, hither to come.

'Twas an Eden on earth. Ay, indeed, such a spot
As seen in its glory might ne'er be forgot;
Where all the day long the birds twittered and sung,
And the grape in rich clusters so temptingly hung;

Where the soft velvet grass, with its borders so neat,
Seemed too pretty to soil with the tread of the feet;
Where the gayly-dressed flowers coquetted and smiled,
And all was so fair. I was only a child.

You, *too*, were a child, Will—how look you now?
Is your step any slower? are lines on your brow?
Is your heart changed since first our attachment was formed,
And we vowed lasting friendship—or is it still warmed?

As you sometimes recall—I'm sure that you do—
The spot where we met; where, together, we grew?
Dear associate of days that may come now no more,
Let us love in our age as we've ne'er loved before!

OUT OF THE JAWS OF DEATH.

BY BETT WINWOOD.

I.

ON a rude bench before a fisherman's cottage sat a wrinkled old woman, with mesh-block and needle, mending nets and singing a snatch of song in a cracked, shrill voice, as she worked.

Stephen Trevor and Maud Meredith, sauntering slowly along the amber sands in the direction of the hotel, paused near. They were in earnest converse. Maud, severely set upon, was finally compelled to make use of woman's peculiar weapon—sarcasm—since the obstinate fellow beside her could be silenced in no other way.

"That's what I should come to, mayhap, were I to marry with you, Stephen Trevor," she said, giving her head a scornful toss as she pointed out the old woman. "I have not taken leave of my senses, to be in love with such a vocation. I humbly crave your pardon, but you force me to utter some unpleasant truths by persisting in this idle talk."

Stephen bit his lip, very much hurt. He might have been angry, as well, but for a strong conviction that Maud had made these remarks on purpose to vex him.

"Then personal merit counts for nothing!" he exclaimed. "Money and position are the standard by which everything is to be gauged. Because I am a poor lawyer, and have naught but my honest love to offer, you despise me and that."

In his earnestness, he caught her hand, covering it with impetuous kisses; she, poor girl, had not the strength to resist or to draw it away.

"What are you doing?" she cried, at last, mustering courage. "You have no right to treat me so rudely. Let me go."

He looked at her fixedly and sadly, a moment, imprinted a last kiss, then dropped her hand.

"It is right for you to scorn me, Maud," he said, slowly. "I am a rude, awkward fellow, and not half good enough for you. I did think there was merit in the great love I bear you—because I had nothing else to recommend me, perhaps. Since you will not listen, I shall never again distress you by telling how true and faithful that love is."

At last she grew pale, and began to tremble. It was some moments before she found voice to speak.

"You are a noble man, Stephen, the noblest God ever made, I am sure. But I shall not attempt to excuse my treatment of you. Think the worst you can of me, it will no more than equal the truth. In falling of my love, you lose nothing that was worth the winning. Remember that and be comforted. Don't try to think kindly of me, don't forgive me the wrong I have done you. For my part, though, I shall always pray, as I do now, that God will bless you!"

She hid her face, walking rapidly away before he could say one word in reply. There was a look in her eyes she did not wish him to see, since it was by no means such an expression as maidens are wont to dismiss rejected lovers with.

Stephen stood as if transfixed, and saw her go gliding up the hard beach-road, never turning to the right hand nor the left. Presently she passed in at a little wicket, and joined a party of friends on the Point House piazza. Stephen sighed, not hopelessly, but sadly.

"She did not tell me that she loves any other man," he thought. "Nothing but my poverty stands in the way—and her pride, God bless her! Greater obstacles have been overcome before now. I'll not be a coward, and give up the game. Giles Lyman the millionaire is the only opponent with whom I need measure steel, and hereafter it shall be 'neck or nothing' between us two. What if he does come of a blood that boasts an antiquity older than the waters of the Raritan? What if he outshines the Rothschilds, the Hopes and the Barings, even, in the amount of his riches? It is a great pity if sympathetic youth and the shrewdness that may be exercised by a moderately close man, are not more than a match for even greater advantages than even these. Besides—"

He broke off shortly, and went pacing up and down upon the beach; whistling softly to himself; and when Stephen whistled, it always meant something. It was not a musical treat with which he often favored him-

self. But, when any knotty question came up to vex him, he had fallen into the habit of whistling the difficulty clear; when any misfortune or impending disaster threatened, he never sat down and folded his arms in supineness of grief, but—whistled! When fortune frowned, and the world looked dreary, he never thought of pistols, arsenic, or the pitiful waters of the bay, but straightway fell to whistling. And there was always a deal of magic in that whistle of Stephen Trevor's. Somehow it read riddles and righted wrongs; it chased away trouble and helped to set him right in the world; it lightened his heart and gave him courage.

The sun went down sullen and wrathful, and purple shadows darkened along the shores of the bay. The dabbled streaks of flame died slowly from the sky, and two or three stars peeped bashfully out. But Stephen still paced and whistled, and whistled and paced, until the moon coming up, threw his shadow on the glistening sands—a great, ungainly shape outlined in blackness and following his footsteps like a pursuing demon.

Then he walked steadily up the road towards the hotel, listening to better music than his own insignificant whistle, as he drew nearer; for the sweet treble of violins, the blare of horns, and the silver kisses of cymbals were trailing their melody on the silent air. Windows were open, and fair forms circled past.

Stephen looked in on the festive scene. A great room flooded with light and sweet sounds, and shimmering with color, Maud Meredith at the further end walking with Giles Lyman—a cool, perfect figure in all that crowd of heated and giddy dancers, floating on the waves of music in tireless and illimitable circles that seemed the expressed poetry of motion—a figure to catch the eye and keep it, like some pleasant and restful vision.

Presently the two whirled nearer in the progress of the dance, and finally swept out of it altogether, pausing beside an open window, only a fluted pillar and a yard or two of space between them and Stephen. The pulses of the latter throbbed a trifle more rapidly, but he sturdily stood his ground.

There was a little gay talk between Maud and Mr. Lyman, and then Stephen, listening with clenched teeth, heard him ask her company in a quiet sail on the bay for the following morning—a sail that would only include

themselves and a man to assist in managing the boat.

"I am proud of my skill on the water," he urged, "and vain enough to wish to display it. What do you think of such an excursion, Miss Meredith? Will you trust yourself in my care?"

She was about to plead some excuse, but Stephen jealously fearing a contrary decision, and really afraid for Maud's safety, turned sharply about until he was facing the two, of a sudden, when he crowned his folly by making an imperative gesture for her to decline the invitation. She caught his eye, and colored resentfully. Her decision was instantly made.

"I will go with you, Mr. Lyman," she said, placidly; "you will find me ready at any hour that you may be pleased to name."

The millionaire was profuse in his thanks. Stephen fell back discomfited, and without having uttered a word. He was sensitive enough to be wounded by this rebuff, but not sufficiently wise to profit by it, for seeing Maud on one of the balconies a half hour later, he plucked up courage to approach her.

"I do not expect you will brook my interference, Miss Meredith," he began, in a low, unsteady tone of voice, "but I have come as a friend to entreat you to remain at home tomorrow. Giles Lyman is a bundle of conceit, and knows no more of the management of a boat than Mrs. Belmont's poodle. If you venture upon the bay with him, you do so at the peril of your life."

Maud's lip curled.

"Really, Mr. Trevor, you take an unaccountable interest in my movements," she said, curtly. "But your warning comes too late, since I have already pledged my word. Moreover, it is barely possible that you underestimate Mr. Lyman's skill."

With that, she turned impatiently away, and Stephen was compelled to smother his mortification for the second time.

"The dear angel," he thought; "she will not listen to a word of warning, and I must contrive to be of service to her in some other way. Thank the Lord that, though my good friend Lyman is an ignoramus on the water (and not much better on the land), I know every crook and turn of the bay, and am perfectly at home with a few heaving planks beneath my feet, nor necessitated to ask any odds of the best old salt of them all. My head may be too thick for money-making, but I can steer a craft equal to any crack pilot

on the Jersey shore. Thank the Lord, I say, for now it will be something wonderful if Maud Meredith does not have two lovers instead of one, on board the boat that sails to-morrow!"

And Stephen marched out upon the veranda and set to whistling again—this time a low, soft melody into which the music of the orchestra, sweeping out in savage, exultant marches, or tralling a minor sweetness in birdlike waltzes, brought no clangor of discord.

II.

It was half past eleven when Maud and Mr. Lyman stood on the beach, the next morning, fully equipped for their expedition. The boat was moored near at hand, as neat and stanch a little craft as one need care to see, ready to spread its white wings over the water.

Overhead, a lurid sun looked down from a brazen sky, the result, perhaps, of the blood-dabbled horizon of the preceding night. A low moan seemed to be coming from afar out at sea, as if the million dead were astir on that day of all others, and were crying out against the pitiless waves that had engulfed them. The tide was low down, but at the water's edge crisp bits of yellow foam flecked the amber sands, and the bay was all of a wrinkle with the salt sea breeze that was blowing.

The boatman, a bronzed, wrinkled old man, stood in the bow of the boat, shading a pair of keen, restless eyes with one hand, and peering first into the sultry sky, then over the moaning water, as if he scented danger. He turned as Mr. Lyman and Maud took their places in the boat, barely glancing at the two.

"The signs be mighty bad, mister," he said, in a cracked, husky voice, now keeping his eyes turned resolutely away. "The sky's uncanny, and don't you hear that moan comin' out o' the heart o' the sea? Them's bad omens for this shore, mister."

"Humph!" muttered Lyman, angrily. "Peace, babbler! There's not a cloud in the sky, as you can see for yourself. Cease your old woman's croakings and set the sails." Then he turned to Maud.

"I assure you there is not the slightest danger, Miss Meredith. Shall we go on?"

She, in turn, swept both sky and water with an intent eye. To her unaccustomed

vision, they only revealed a certain, subtle power, latent as the fire in steel. Moreover, she could not forget that Stephen Trevor had urged her not to depart on this excursion. A pink flush crept into either cheek.

"We will go," she said.

The boatman did not stir, but still stood leaning against the side, stroking his grizzled beard. Lyman's brow darkened. He stepped nearer, looking at him more curiously than he had done before.

"You are not the person of whom I hired the boat," he exclaimed, in surprise and anger. "Why has a change been made?"

The man gave his tarpaulin an extra twitch that pulled it lower over his eyes than ever.

"That were Ben, my mate, mister," he answered. "He were took with one o' his spells again, and I had to fill his place. Poor Ben. He's been troubled with 'em nigh on to ten year, now."

Lyman looked dark again. "What do I care? Look alive, man, or Ben will have a second successor. Do you comprehend?"

"Ay, ay, sir."

This time the sailor went about his business. The boat was launched, the sail set, and her prow "cleaved the waters like a thing of life."

Maud was charmed. Her eyes sparkled, and the color glowed redder upon her cheeks, as she sat in the stern, watching the receding shore. She was in a gay, tantalizing mood, though she must have known that Mr. Lyman had planned this sail on purpose to make a formal declaration. The sly witch was as full of chatter as some provoking magpie, and had a bit of pleasantry on hand whenever he attempted to speak of love.

"This is the happiest hour of my life," he ejaculated, as they swept into the open sea.

"Delightful," murmured Maud, sweetly.

"I wish it might last forever."

"Dear me, how can you say that?" returned the little hypocrite with charming unconsciousness. "It is very nice for a few hours; but then I should soon tire of it. There would be no flirting, no dressing for parties, and all that; ugh!"

She shrugged her shoulders, petulantly, and Giles found himself compelled to reserve his fine speeches for more fitting occasion.

The sailor kept his distance, busy with the management of the boat. But, no matter how closely he might be occupied, he could find time for frequent though covert glances directed towards the two sitting in the stern

Perhaps the sight of the lovers brought up some old memories. No life is so poor and barren that it may not have some romance to sweeten it. Every Bottom is pretty sure, sooner or later, to find a Titania to stroke his amiable ears.

And still the sea continued its moan, flashing up powdery jets of foam, here and there, for tears. The boatman listened uneasily.

"Hadn't we better shorten sail and put about, mister?" he asked, finally. "It will be blowin' big guns afore long, if I can read the signs aright."

Lyman had made no progress towards accomplishing the object of the expedition, and was cross in consequence.

"Keep straight ahead," he said shortly.

They bore down in the direction of Hurdle Island, coming to anchor under its precipitous shore. A new whim had seized upon Maud. She knew there was fishing tackle on board, and wished to try her skill.

"It would be delightful to take a whale or a shark home with us," she said, laughingly; "the Point House belles would be so horrified."

The boatman was standing near by, at the time.

"There be land sharks as well as water sharks, miss," he muttered, in his huskiest tone of voice.

Maud started, and turned, with bated breath; but the boatman became unaccountably busy with the sails all at once, and kept his back towards her.

The fishing was profitless work—nobody caught anything. But the sun glared hotter and hotter while they were at it, and began to creep down the western sky. The sea sent up its moaning like a troubled human heart. The water was streaked with purple lines, and yellow bits of foam lay here and there.

Lyman and Maud were chatting at their old rapid rate, and the boatman, reclining against the side of the little cabin, was lazily listening. Suddenly he started to his feet with wonderful alacrity for a person of his apparent years, and began pulling in the anchor hand over hand. Lyman observed the movement.

"What is it, my man?" he asked.

For answer, the boatman pointed westward, just above the beetling cliffs under which they were anchored. Of a sudden the sun seemed to have gone out in a wan, ghastly glare. Below, an awful calm had fallen, treacherous as death. Up the sky strode jagged masses of clouds frowning black, and throwing out

shadowy arms here and there, as if feeling for their prey. The silence momentarily grew more intense and intolerable—more ominous. The three felt the change, even as they looked.

"Good God!" cried Lyman, aghast, "there's a squall right upon us!"

He started to his feet, some of the color gone from his face. Maud gave a second glance into the sky. She remained perfectly quiet a moment, and then crossed over to where the boatman stood, working with might and main to clear the vessel.

"Is there any danger?" she asked, in a low, intent tone.

"Don't know, miss. Might as well hope for the best, though," said he, briefly, not so much as looking at her.

Lyman swaggered towards them.

"Pooh," he muttered, trying to speak assuringly, "there's nothing to frighten one, though I was somewhat startled at first. It's only a little bluster that may not reach us at all."

The sailor blurted out some expression that was not exactly scriptural, but kept his face averted, and still worked away as if for dear life. The black horror swept toward them like a winged demon; the heaven frowned above, and the rocky isle frowned beside them, the two threatening all sorts of evils.

Out of the dead calm, like the breath of an angel, swept a capful of wind. The boatman shook loose the linen, which, catching the breeze, spread out like the wings of a bird, snow-white, then taking the helm, the vessel stood shivering one instant, and then glided through the waves at right angles to the island, its movements graceful as those of a high-born dame.

A heavy roar of thunder rolled along the sky.

"Are you sure we are pursuing the wiser course?" asked Lyman, grown anxious again. "Would it not be better to return to our old anchorage?"

"We'll be on the rocks soon enough as it is, I reckon," growled the boatman, doggedly. "They'd suck us in like a whirlpool."

The wind came in puffs, but freshened every minute, sometimes bending the masts before it. Lyman crawled about on deck in a state bordering upon frenzy now that he was in real peril. Maud stood watching him, her face pale, her lips apart. Only once, however, did she utter one word that sounded like a reproach.

"I thought you were a great sailor, Mr. Lyman," she then remarked. "Otherwise, I should not have trusted myself in your care; but you are really more helpless than am I."

Then she sat down clinging to whatever object she could lay hands on. The miserable man crouched near, looking at her appealingly every now and then, but too thoroughly frightened to try to excuse his conduct.

The boat left behind it a long shining streak flecked with foam. The mad demon in the sky came tearing and bellowing after, howling out its fury, at last. The mast shivered and creaked, and the keel was lifted half out of sky. The water. Maud clasped her hands.

"Is there no hope?" she asked, despairingly.

Lyman covered his eyes shudderingly, not daring to look into the black depths of the "None. We are lost," he groaned.

The boatman heard the answer, and began to growl again, this time more savagely than ever.

"Stop your mouth, you lubber," he roared, giving over all show of respect for the pitiable coward. "If it wasn't for the miss, yonder, I should say the sooner we went to Davy Jones's locker the better. There would be two rogues the less among the sinners."

Lyman was silent, too dispirited to resent such words. A handful of spray, snow-white, came dashing into the boat, drenching him to the skin. He crawled nearer the cabin, making a wry face, and spitting the brine from his mouth.

The boatman, working hard at the helm, heard the splash of the water. He looked grave, but broke into a shrill whistle, finally, that was audible above the roar of the wind. Maud heard it and glanced at him sharply, then hid her face. When she raised it again, it wore a calmer and braver look.

Silence had fallen between the three. The boatman broke it, calling out sharply:

"Lyman, a word with you!"

The poor fellow crawled slowly from where he lay.

"You love life, and wish to save it, I reckon, mister," said the boatman. "I know these waters like a book, and there's one chance for us, though it's a risk to run. Three miles ahead, on the north side of Girdle Island is a narrow inlet that will float us. The high shores shut off the wind, and if we can double the point we're safe enough. There'll be an awful sea runnin', but we must take our chance."

"Anything to get rid of this cursed squall," growled Lyman, not knowing what else to say.

"Take the tiller then. Keep her straight ahead, and stand firm, for your life."

Lyman dropped into his place. His face was white, and his hands shook. He seemed vainly trying to summon courage for the duty before him.

The tiller began to swing round. Two white, shapely hands pushed suddenly past his, and grasped it firmly and steadily. Maud Meredith stood there, her eyes kindling, her cheeks aflame.

"This is my part," she said, resolutely. "I have a life to save, and cannot stand by without doing something to help myself. S. e. I am calmer than you, Giles, and stronger. Go away!"

The boatman looked at her keenly. He saw a true, trusty face and great shadowy eyes wide open with an appealing look. He knew that she was to be relied on.

"Get up, Lyman," he said, in the tone he would have used in speaking to a dog.

Maud gave him a grateful look.

"Thank you, Stephen Trevor," she said.

Lyman, crouching near, regarded the two steadily a moment, and then muttered an oath, startled out of his fear, even.

"A thousand furies!" he yelled. "Is it really you, Trevor? Why are you masquerading in this style?"

Stephen answered nothing; but tender-hearted Maud turned swiftly.

"It was for my sake," she said, softly, "though God knows I never deserved such goodness."

She kept fast hold of the tiller, beginning to cry quietly. Stephen longed to take her into his great, brawny arms, but the black cloud in the sky was swooping lower, eager to shut them in, and the time had come for action. It came driving onward with an awful inarticulate roar, like the shrieking of myriad fiends, or the howling of lost souls. A gust of fiercer wind than any that had preceded bent the masts like reeds. Stephen sprang forward, thinking in some way to relieve the strain.

At that moment a terrible darkness swept over them; one loud continuous roar filled the air, more awful than anything they had, as yet, experienced; blinding flashes of lightning leaped hot from the very heart of the blackness to fall hissing into the water. An instant later, something crashed sharply

above their heads; one half the mast dropped short over the bows, dragging the heavy sail into the water.

The boat began to swing. When the first stunned sensation was past, Stephen sprang for the tiller. Maud was not there—she was nowhere to be seen on the deck!

"God of mercy!" he cried, wringing his hands. Then speech and strength failed him.

The rain fell about him in torrents, but the darkness lifted a little, and he saw a few tangled locks of hair floating among the sails over the side of the boat. Somehow, the canvas must have been twisted about Maud by the wind, and so had dragged her with it into the sea.

Lyman lay like a log on the deck. Stephen caught him roughly by the shoulder and dragged him to the tiller. The strength of a dozen men seemed to be in him.

"Keep it firm, this time, or I'll throttle you," he roared, foaming with rage.

Lyman was pale as the dead, but something in the man's eye compelled obedience. There might be hope of escape from the warring elements, but a man who spoke and looked like that would show no mercy.

Stephen knotted a rope about his waist, and leaped into the boiling water that was rendered all the more appalling by the debris of the broken and dismantled mast, strips of ragged canvas, and ropes all in a snarl that filled it. Salt spray dashed blindly over him, and stopped his breath, at times, but he heroically worked his way onward to where Maud's inanimate form was tangled in the wreck, when he commenced cutting and slashing away with his pocket-knife, and soon had her free. Even then the sea tugged frantically at the two, as if reluctant to give up its prey, but Stephen succeeded in reaching the boat again, bearing the unconscious girl clasped tightly in his arms.

He dropped weakly on the deck, shedding some very childish tears, careless now of the din of the tempest, or the fierce glare of the lightning that seemed to be cutting the air like a knife. Death would not have been a very hard portion, since she he loved must share it with him, if he continued to hold her clasped like that.

He left her once, to cut loose the dragging sail; then went back again. While he sat chafing her cold hands and sheltering her head on his breast, Lyman, from his place at the tiller, watched the two in a dazed, bewildered way, as if not quite sure whether they were earthly like himself, or whether the storm-fiend had let loose these phantoms to mock him.

Presently the wind fell into silence again, and overhead the sky opened into clear, pure depths of promise. The storm swept bellowing onward as rapidly as it had arisen, and by-and-by hung curtain-like in the far horizon. The sun came out, a great, burning ball in the western heaven, and tipped the foam-capped waves with fire.

The boat was little else than a sparless wreck. The surf, rolling solemnly inward in long, low breakers bore it steadily landward, where there was only the danger of drifting it on a sunken rock, or of stranding it on some rocky beach. But no such destiny awaited its human freight, for presently a staunch little boat shot out of the entrance to the bay, and bore gallantly down to the rescue.

It was at this moment, when the coming boat was only a mere speck upon the water, that Maud heaved a gasping sigh, and slowly awoke from that sleep of unconsciousness. She found strong arms about her—arms that would never weary of their burden.

"Steve," she whispered, softly.

He stooped and kissed her. She held him there, putting her lips close to his ear.

"Steve," she said, "there is something I longed to say to you when we both stood face to face with the danger that is passed. I expected to die, but I was glad—really glad—to think that we were sure of sharing the same fate, whatever that might be. And, O Steve, I did so long to tell you what a grand, brave man I thought you for risking your life, as I know you have, for such a silly chit of a girl as I am."

She clung to him, crying quietly. He held her close, his heart too full for words. He had brought her out of the jaws of death, even, and the gift of the life he had saved was, assuredly, the only return she could make.

HIS FIRST LOVE.

BY GRACE H. HORR.

Come sit down, my love, in this grove;
In shade let us linger a while;
It suits with my sad, sombre mood,
Away from the sun's garish smile!

Sit down, now, sweetheart, by my side,
And hear of my first boyish love;
Nay, do not be jealous of her,
Nor further away from me move!

She had not thy bright hazel eyes,
For hers were a soft, tender blue;
O, why do you tremble, my love?
She never was rival to you!

She had not thy brown glossy curls,
Her tresses were fair burnished gold;
But, ah! are you weeping, my girl?
It can't be at what I have told!

I worshipped her, then, with first love,
But breathed unto her not a word;
O, turn not away thy dear face,
Till all of my story you've heard!

But soon she was laid neath the grass;
My anguish how then could I veil!
Ah, dearest, what aileth thee now?
Thy lips and thy cheeks have grown pale!

O sweet! 'twas a story I made;
She never was aught unto me!
Now open again thy brown eyes,
The rose on thy cheeks let me see!

* * * * *
A fool I have been for my pains!
I ought to have known it, I'm sure;
Nor spoke to a woman I love
Of one I had worshipped before!

CRUISE IN A CHINESE GUNBOAT.

BY I. P. MILLER.

SHANGHAI, China, is not a very inviting place in which to spend a lifetime. In the middle of a low, flat country, intersected by numerous canals, with not even the smallest elevation of land visible from any point, in any direction; with its narrow footpaths, dignified with the name of streets, crowded with a filthy population, all dressed in one style; with vile smells on every hand; and with the dull, dingy color of the earthenware tiles, of which all the houses are built, a less inviting place of residence would be hard to find, without going to some other Chinese city. This description applies only to old Shanghai, the city proper. "English Town" and "French Town," outside the high tile walls of the old city, have broad streets, kept scrupulously clean by the labor of petty Chinese criminals, trees, lawns, gardens and fine large buildings. "American Town" is but little better than "China Town," as our government never had anything to do with it—our men-of-war took possession of it for a while, to guard our consul and citizens from danger during the great Taeping rebellion; that was all. The danger over, the settlement was deserted by the sailors and reoccu-

pled by the Chinese. England and France held on to their "concessions," as they are called, and have made them really fine-looking towns.

But it is no place—neither English, French nor China Towns—for a man without money. Chinese labor is so very cheap that a white man who should attempt to compete with it would starve; so, unless in some manner connected with the consulates, or some of the great trading firms who ship teas to Europe and America, even the cutest Yankee would have hard work to make a living there.

In the year 1865 I found myself adrift in that inviting city. I had been paid off from the ship in which I had lately been second mate—for a very good reason; we had bumped her on a rock on the coast of Japan, and she was now lying (and I believe still lies) a dismantled hulk in the great Kang-tse Kiang, having been condemned and sold.

I had but little money. While in Japan, I had drawn to a pretty good extent upon my back wages, to purchase "curios;" so it was with no very enviable feelings that I sat down one afternoon to watch the sunset, the ships anchored in the river, and the innum-

able fleet of junks and sampans (small boats) that were constantly passing on this great watery highway of China. The city is some forty miles from the mouth of the river—at least, from the place where the river gets narrow enough to seem like a river; for after the Yang-tee and Hankow join, their united waters stretch to such a width that it is only in very clear weather that both banks can be seen. Shanghai is in reality seventy miles from the muddy Yellow Sea—following the windings of the river.

At Pootung, on the opposite side from the city, the resident merchants have erected a lofty lookout stand, from which any "white men's ships" that may be coming up the river are reported long before they are in sight from the city.

On the afternoon of which I speak I was pondering how to get clear of Shanghai—whether to ship before the mast ere my few remaining dollars were gone or not—I observed a flag displayed from the watch-tower at Pootung; and asking a white man (Chinamen are not "white men," in sailors' parlance,) its meaning, he informed me that a steamer was coming up the river. This was no uncommon occurrence, as many large river-boats, similar to those in our own waters, traverse the inland rivers of China, or are engaged in the coasting trade; but a second flag was soon displayed beneath the first—a yellow flag with a nondescript red monster depicted on it.

"Ha!" said the gentleman, "she's a Chinaman. It'll be a Chinese gunboat, most likely—all the river-boats that are owned by Chinamen fly either the English or Yankee colors. I haven't seen a fighting John Chinaman up this way for a good while."

An hour later the Chinaman-steamer hove in sight, steaming up the river at a fair rate of speed. She was no very terrible looking craft. A paddle-wheel steamer of less than three hundred tons burthen; with a walking-beam working high in the air; two small masts; four or five very large, pointed flags, counterparts of the one on the watch-tower; six small guns, of French make, and one long twenty-four pounder for armament, and a crowd of Chinese sailors—this was the imperial man-of-war. She brought up nearly abreast of where I was seated, and lowered a boat, which pulled in for a landing stage a little down the river.

An officer, evidently "one having authority," jumped ashore, jabbered a little in

Chinese to the boatmen (who at once put off for the steamer again), and started at a rapid walk towards China Town, which lies higher up the river than either English or French Towns. I noticed that his brown face had nothing Celestial about it, and that his walk was that of a nervous, active man—wholly unlike the movements of a Chinaman; but he was dressed in genuine Chinese costume, and wore a pig-tail that would have been the delight of a mandarin's heart. As he drew nearer I turned away to look at the steamer again, and as I did so, I struck a match on a piece of sand-paper which I kept glued in the crown of my hat—a fashion I had had ever since I was a boy.

The Chinese officer abruptly stopped in his rapid walk, stared straight at me for a moment, and then grasped my hand, giving it a most un-Chinese shake and squeeze, as he exclaimed in such English as never John Chinaman yet spoke:

"By the Lord Harry! you're either Dick Murray or the old boy himself. How in the name of all that's comical did you come here?"

The man knew me, that was certain; for Dick Murray was a "purser's name" under which I had sailed in a Hobartown whaler, ten years before, when I had been compelled to ship under an assumed name, as I had taken French leave of another vessel a few days previously. I returned his cordial grasp by another as cordial, but wholly failed to make out who he was; yet he seemed like an old friend, from the moment he accosted me by my old name. If the reader has ever been in that most lonely of all places, a large city where all are strangers, and has suddenly been spoken to in a familiar manner by some old acquaintance, some idea may be formed of my delight at this unexpected rencontre.

"Don't you know me, Dick?" said the stranger, with a laugh; "I knew it must be you as soon as I saw that bit of sand-paper stuck in the top of your hat. Have you forgotten Si Edmunds? He hasn't forgotten Dick Murray, anyhow."

I knew him then, well enough. Si Edmunds was my mate in the Hobartown "spouter," and a good fellow he was, too. His sea-chest happened to be rather empty when he joined, while mine was chock full of good sea-clothes; so we had gone chums—and never had a quarrel from the day we first met till we parted, some seven years before the present meeting—Si to go to India and I to the Australian gold-fields.

"Look here, Si," said I, after our first interchange of inquiries and congratulations was over, "what are you doing in this rig—what sort of a billet have you got, anyway?"

"O, I've got a good billet—don't you see that warlike-looking craft off there, flying the Chinese colors? That's the imperial gunboat *Fueng-li*, and I'm her captain! But come along, if you've nothing to do. I'm going up to old Shanghai on business, and coming right back. But what are you doing, yourself?"

As we wended our way to the old city, and through its crowded alleys, I gave Edmunds a sketch of my movements since he and I parted, winding up by saying:

"What in the world to do now I don't know."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Edmunds; "when we get back to the English concession, we'll have your traps aboard the steamer at once; there's plenty of room for you there, and plenty of Chinamen to wait on you. I'm going down around Hainan and Formosa in a day or two—the pirates are pretty busy round those islands just now. So you'll have a chance to see some fun—and perhaps to make a dollar. Anyway, you will get to Foo-Chau by going with me, and there are always plenty of Yankee ships there, if you want to ship."

That night I found myself on board a war-vessel, for the first time in my life. She was a light draft boat, which had been purchased two years before from an American speculator by the imperial government. She was pretty strongly built originally, and her bow had been strengthened since her purchase, by the addition of timber inside and planking without. Her crew were all Chinese; but her chief engineer was an Englishman, her gunner a Russian, and her captain, Edmunds, an American. I had a stateroom next the latter's; and as I sat with him that night, smoking a cigar and talking of olden times, I asked him about his vessel and himself, since we parted.

His story was soon told. He had at first gone to India, where he left his ship. He had then joined a Macao (Portuguese) "larcher"—a nondescript craft, half junk and half ship—in the Chinese coasting trade. His adventures in that vessel need not be recounted here; it is enough to say that at last he had joined the steamer "*Pueblo*" as mate, had then become her captain—and when she was purchased by the Chinese and her name

changed to *Fueng-li*, he had been retained in command.

He had brought more than one lawless junk to grief, and was regarded as a bold and skillful commander, not only by the Chinese but by the merchants and traders along the coast; this much I learned at a later day, from other sources. He did not seem to think his vessel a match for an iron-clad, but said he should not fear to engage a junk of three times his force in men and guns; "for," said he, "my Chinamen are well-drilled, and they fight well enough when they have white men to back 'em up; but they aren't what I depend on mostly. It's our steam I trust to—the steamer's bow is what does the fighting for us. I shouldn't like to put her nose against one of the American or British men-o'-war, but she'll knock a hole in most anything in the shape of a junk. Besides, the Chinamen go overboard like rats, when they see a steamer coming for 'em end on. The only great danger is, if they should happen to hit our walking-beam with a round shot, and disable us; but they use stink-pots, and grape and canister, mostly, so there isn't much fear of that. I consider this dug-out of more real service on this coast than the *Ashuelot* there is," pointing his thumb in the direction where the American double-ender of that name lay.

Three days later I looked back over the flat country between Shanghai and the sea, at that city—I hope and trust for the last time. I never wish to see it again. Soon we were out on the China Sea—but not far. We ran slowly down along the coast, Edmunds and his three Chinese pilots threading their way inside sand banks, and through channels, among rocks and reefs, where only a most intimate acquaintance with every hidden danger could have secured our safety. The captain seemed to know perfectly well what he was about; frequently some apparently unarmed fishing-junk would be stopped and narrowly overhauled, while a heavily-armed trader, with perhaps a dozen or more big guns frowning from her sides and bow and stern, would be passed unnoticed.

I remarked to Edmunds one day that a huge junk we had just passed, with twenty-two guns, big and little, in position on her decks, looked much more likely to be a pirate than the one we were making for—a junk not half her size, with no armament, and whose crew were all engaged in fishing over her side, as she lay to under short sail.

"Looked more likely to be a pirate!" said he; "why, man, they are *all* pirates—only they don't hang out a sign. We can't take 'em because they *look* like pirates—they all look that way to me—but we look for pirated cargo; that's pretty much all we have to go by, for it's hard work to catch 'em at it. That big fellow we've just passed does a little piracy once in a while, when he sees a good chance, I've no doubt; but he hasn't been doing any of it very lately, or he would have tried to get out of our way or to conceal his force. But here we are at the fisherman—we'll have some fresh fish, at all events, for our dinner."

The steamer was stopped, and a boat, commanded by one of the Chinese officers, and manned by a well-armed crew, pulled away for the fisherman, which was an eighth of a mile distant. We saw the boat go alongside, and the officer jump on board. Then there was a little confusion on her deck, and then the officer appeared on the junk's high poop, waving his big hat to the steamer. The crew were always at their stations whenever we were nearing any vessel, so Edmunds instantly steamed ahead, close up to and alongside of the junk. A colloquy between the captain and his Chinese subordinate took place, as the two vessels were within easy speaking distance; at the end of which the officer disappeared again amongst her crew.

"There's something wrong aboard there," said Edmunds, to me; "they didn't want to let my officer search their hold. I shall take 'em in as a prize, whether we find anything or not—to pay 'em for their impudence!"

A few minutes passed and the officer again appeared, hailing Edmunds from the junk's waist. A number of the Chinese were about our man, gesticulating violently, and all talking at once. Our captain listened to the report of his inferior, and then turning to me, remarked:

"We've got that fellow fast enough, Dick; he's got silks, tea, and a lot of general cargo, in his hold."

"Well," said I, "how does that give you a 'claw' on him? he may be a trader."

"Pooh!" was the answer; "traders don't lay to, fishing, with their hold half full of valuable cargo. He wanted us to run past him without overhauling him. I don't fancy he has captured a ship—he has probably stolen what he has got from some wreck. But into Swatow he goes, at any rate."

Most of her crew were transferred to the

Fueng-li, and a prize-crew sent on board under the officer who had first boarded her; a hawser was attached, and we started on, to tow the prize into Swatow, where we arrived all right—and where the junk was condemned, as well as her crew—the former sold and the latter executed. As Edmunds had supposed, the goods on board the junk were taken from a wreck—a Danish barque which had grounded on a sand-bank near the entrance to the Foo-Chau river—and consisted of part of her cargo and her ship's stores. A French war steamer which went down the river from Foo-Chau to the barque's assistance as soon as news of the disaster was received, found only a dismantled, empty hulk. Her hold was cleared; and her still bloody decks told the fate of her crew. Not a man of them was left alive. Some of the barque's cargo was identified in that junk; and her entire crew, some sixty in number, were beheaded by the authorities. Some of them maintained that they had never seen the Dane, having joined the junk at a later date, and perhaps their statements were true; but the China authorities were determined to put somebody or other to death, and they answered the purpose as well as any others would have done.

Several weeks were spent in Swatow before the affair was settled. In the meantime I enjoyed myself very well; whenever I chose to take a ramble, one of the steamer's officers, who spoke a little English, was always sent, with two or three men, to accompany and guide me about the city and surrounding country. My nights were always spent on board the steamer. At last we were again ready for sea; and two days following the execution of the pirates (so rapid is Chinese "justice" in its operation) we steamed out of the river, and off for a cruise around Hainan.

Here six weeks were spent, boarding junks, running along the shore and peeping into inlets, without catching any more prizes. Many of the junks would have been a heavy overmatch for the Fueng-li had it not been for the latter's steam—some of them mounting as many as twenty guns of various sizes, from thirty-two pounders down to a kind of swivel, called a gingall, which worked on a pivot on the junk's rail, and threw a one-pound ball; but Edmunds found nothing to induce him to seize any of them. Some of them were engaged in the coolie slave-trade (for it was nothing else), furnishing cargoes of wretched beings to the splendid clippers—

mostly American ships—which were employed in transporting the unfortunate creatures to the Chincha Islands and to Cuba, where their condition was very much worse than ever was that of the negroes in our once slave-holding territory. We saw a number of these with full loads of human merchandize, their own countrymen, which they had procured partly by deception and partly by force, bound to the Portuguese station at Macao which is the great coolie market of China.

Our stock of coal was husbanded with the utmost care. When the wind was sufficiently favorable to render our limited amount of canvas available, the fires were banked up, and we jogged along leisurely under sail alone; but it was very slow work, our paddle wheels held too much water for swift sailing. At night, also, we generally anchored; but with all this saving of our fuel, the large amount with which we had sailed from Swatow was now getting very small. Edmunds was dissatisfied with his ill luck, for he said he had never been compelled to return from a cruise empty-handed before; and he did not like the idea of making a blank expedition at all.

One afternoon, two or three hours before sunset, a sail was made out in the offing—evidently not a junk, but a good-sized vessel, square-rigged, and bound for some port on the China coast. We paid little attention to her, as she was no game for the *Fueng-li*; but Edmunds observed to me, as we took a parting look at her, after coming to an anchorage at sundown, "that fellow had better give this island a wide berth, if he knows when he's well off. Those sand-banks are no playthings to get amongst without a pilot." That evening he told us (the gunner, engineer and myself) that he should make a start in two or three days for Swatow or Shanghai; but that he would have one more look up a certain inlet before he started.

Next morning the anchor was lifted, and we paddled moderately along to double a cape some ten miles from our last anchoring-place. Plenty of junks were in sight, as usual, but there was nothing to excite our curiosity or our hopes of a prize. Our breakfast had been served on deck, as was often done in very pleasant weather, the captain, gunner, engineer, two of the Chinese officers and myself constituting the mess, and we were smoking after our meal, and laally chatting, when one of the under-officers approached Edmunds and said something in Chinese.

What he said was beyond my comprehension; but it scattered our party at once. Edmunds was on the bridge, and the engineer and gunner at their stations, issuing orders in an unknown (to me) tongue, in a moment; and the cloud of black smoke from our funnel, and the constantly-increasing speed with which our paddle-wheels beat the water, evidenced that more steam was being raised than we had carried for many days past. I went up to where Edmunds was standing, on the bridge, scanning the projecting point with the aid of a glass.

"What's in the wind, Si?" I asked.

"Don't know," was the answer. "The Chinamen say they heard several guns fired while we were at breakfast; but I didn't hear anything, did you? By the Lord Harry! I heard it then, though."

Sure enough, while he was speaking the report of a cannon sounded plainly on our ears; then a second and a third.

"Give her the steam, Charlie," called Edmunds, to the engineer, down the speaking-tube; "give her all you can. The guns are going yet; we'll have a finger in the pie, if we're lucky;" and turning to me, he continued, "that's the ship we saw last night, I'll bet. He's got among the sand-banks off that side the island, and the pig-tailed thieves are at him; if he keeps his deck clear till we get there he'll be all right; if he gives in or is overpowered, there'll be some widows where he belongs. But we'll have a junk or two to take in, either way."

I could hardly contemplate the prospect of a fight with regular pirates so coolly as Edmunds did; but he was used to it, and I was not. One thing I observed particularly, which was that the Chinese crew seemed as active and skillful, and were as silent as any well-trained crew of Americans or Englishmen would have been; but that they depended greatly on their officers was certain. Edmunds occasionally took a whiff from a cigar, and the Russian gunner puffed quietly at a short black pipe. Not to be behind the rest, in case I might have to fight, I ran to my room and procured my revolver, and pipe; thus armed, I again sought the bridge.

We passed the cape, and altered our course down the coast on its other side; but could see no sign of any conflict, or any vessel grounded. Junks there were, in plenty; but they all seemed to be making the best of their way for their various destinations; none of them were very near us. The guns had

ceased; and Edmunds laid down his glass and picked up his cigar, saying:

"I don't understand this, anyway; that ship must be ashore in some of these cursed bays, I suppose. But it's all up with him by this time—he hasn't made any noise since we heard his guns 'tother side of the point."

"Do you make out anything?" asked the engineer, poking his head out of the engine-room.

"No," said Edmunds, "nor hear anything either—heard guns plain enough just after we started, but they are still now—don't hear a thing."

"I do, though," broke in the gunner, who spoke very good English; "and not far off, either."

We were nearing another point, behind which we had several times laid at anchor, as there was an inlet there which extended far up into the island; how far we did not know. It was not more than a quarter of a mile wide, and the further shore was a sandy shelf; a bank of sand, a short distance from that shore and parallel with it, had been our anchorage ground, our light draft enabling us to take advantage of very shoal water. From around the point came the sounds which had caused the gunner's exclamation; a sudden outburst of shouts and yells, mingled with musketry. The engineer instantly disappeared, and the gunner passed rapidly around to each gun, giving directions, the Chinese gunner's mate being in the magazine. We shot out clear of the point, and the cause of the firing was plain. At right angles with the opposite shore, with the sails clewed up, careened heavily to seaward, and hard on the sand-bank, was a large barque, with her stern towards us. She had evidently sailed right on to the bank in the darkness of the preceding night. A mile more of sea room would have taken her clear, as she would have passed between the island and the outlying sand-banks. On the starboard side was a large junk, nearly as long as herself, alongside; on her port side was another one, with her bow close up to the barque's waist, and her stern swung to seaward by the ebbing tide. It was between the latter junk and the barque's crew that the fight was going on. The barque was well manned; and her crew had barricaded the forward end and port side of her poop with casks and spars, and were defending themselves desperately. She was so much heeled to port as to render it difficult for the Chinese to get on board on the

starboard side, except in the waist; nor could they use their infernal machines, the suffocating stink-pots. Several of the seamen were defending the starboard side, and all the rest were battling against tremendous odds to beat back the pirates from the barricade, or exchanging musket shots with their assailants in the seaward junk.

As we came in full view of this scene, the latter's broadside was towards us; and Edmunds, instantly deciding on his "order of battle," called out at once:

"Give her all the steam you can, Charlie; secure your guns there, quick—I'm going through that fellow; take that wheel, Dick, and show some of your old steering."

I took the wheel, and laid the steamer's bow fair for the junk, amidships. Her men were too busy to observe us at first, and we had got half over the intervening distance, and the pirates had got the barricade and were beating back their antagonists to the taffrail, when we were seen. A tremendous outcry ensued—the tables were turned at once. Without waiting for their companions to get on board, the men in the seaward junk cast off the fastenings, and commenced to run up her huge mat-sails, while some of her men mustered at the guns. They were all too late, either to escape or to harm us; our stem struck her—there was a loud crash, a shock on our decks (but nothing to what I had expected), and we backed off clear of a sinking wreck, with a hole in her side big enough to admit an ox team. We were unhurt.

Edmunds had told me that the Chinese "went overboard like rats when they saw a steamer coming for 'em end on," and so it proved in this case. Very few of the junk's crew remained on her deck when we struck her; and as we moved around to get at the other junk, our Russian gunner was coolly directing our Chinese musketeers to pick off with their small arms the wretches who were struggling for their lives in the water. There is no mercy in this kind of warfare. Victory or death is the word.

The other junk was making great exertions to get clear of the barque, but without avail. The tide on her broadside jammed her hard against the vessel, and the latter's crew, encouraged by the unexpected assistance they had received, were acting on the offensive, and keeping up a deadly fire on the pirates—all of whom had crowded on board the junk. Perceiving the trap in which she was caught,

and that she could bring none of her guns to bear on us, Edmunds ordered the gunner to try his hand at her with our battery. Steaming slowly past the barque's stern, gun after gun was discharged within fifty feet of the target; and shrieks and cries from the junk and cheers from the barque told the effect. Again and again this was repeated, until the wretched Chinamen, unable to return a shot, knocked over like nine-pins by the close fire from the barque, and with no possibility of escape, either jumped overboard or ran below in the junk.

Laying the steamer alongside, Edmunds and the gunner led our boarders to the attack, meeting the crew of the barque, headed by a gigantic negro, on the junk's deck, but no enemy was there, excepting the dead and the dying; most of the latter were at once despatched by the vengeful seamen—and I must own that Edmunds tried but little to save them.

"It's no use," he said, to me; "they'd only have their heads chopped off when we get in, and we've got enough left for that, as it is."

The barque was a Prussian, called the *Vineta*, belonging to Stralsund. The first guns we had heard had been fired by her, as signals to the junks for help. When we had

heard the second firing, the junk we had captured was attacking the barque—but the tide had swept her down alongside, and they had managed to beat the pirates back in their first attack, and to make the barricade which had served them so well. The junk we had run down had but just arrived and commenced the attack when we appeared and smashed her. Eleven of the barque's crew, including her captain, were killed, out of twenty-five men. We got her off next tide, and she reached Shanghai without further adventure.

Our prisoners, notwithstanding the numbers killed and drowned, were more numerous than our own crew. They were all executed at Canton, without exception. The junk we captured mounted fourteen guns, four of them of heavier calibre than our heaviest one; and from the prisoners we learned that the other, which sunk before we could secure her (or even try to), carried eight guns, and that both were engaged in the slave-trade. The prize was taken into Swatow.

This was the last of my cruising in a Chinese gunboat. I got a passage in a coasting steamer to Hong Kong, from whence I took passage to New Zealand. Of Edmunds I have never heard since I bade him good-by in Swatow.

THE GOLDEN HEART.

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

I.

THE level bars of sunset, streaming across the restless sea, were lighting up the west with a blaze of crimson fire and changing all the little pools along the beach into so many mirrors of shining gold. The rolling blue of surf, transformed by the mellow evening light into a foam-capped wall of beryl green, lapped the sands in an endless, snowy fringe, thundering upon the shore with a heavy, ponderous roar and awakening the echoes of the weedy rocks and caverns which bordered the glistening beach, and formed a dark and fitting frame to the brighter picture seaward. Here and there, under the shadows of the scattered boulders along the sand, little miniature lakes left by the receding tide held lazy sprays of seaweed idly floating in their clear depths, and numberless fantastic shapes of animal life, seldom found so far from deep water, but

blown on shore sorely against their puny will by the storm which had so recently swept along the coast.

Three days had passed since the *Eurydice* had been lost, but not yet had the wreck entirely broken up. All that was left of her intact could be seen nearly a mile to seaward, half of a great black hulk with neither masts nor spars and almost without shape. Her bow, tilted up upon the reef where she first had struck and broken in two, still remained a sort of mournful beacon, marking the spot where her gallant crew had perished, and the waves yet continued their fierce assaults upon her, and to dash their foam over her broken timbers with hardly unabated fury. With every tide portions of the ill-fated vessel still came on shore and covered the beach with splintered planks and broken spars, bales and barrels, boxes, chests and all the various

items of her cargo, some of them spoiled, some of them worth the saving, but all of them broken, bruised and shattered, as though they had been mercilessly ground in pieces upon the cruel rocks which had been the destruction of the ship itself. Sometimes a mast, with slings of ropes and sailors' handkerchiefs knotted round it, was thrown upon the wet sand, telling anew the dreadful tale of that fearful shipwreck, and occasionally, too, a still more shocking thing was seen, tossed ruthlessly upon the hard, white beach to remind the living that the deceitful sea was no respecter even of the dead.

As nearly as could be ascertained, all on board had perished. The hardy wreckers along the shore, used as they were to the work, had been more than busy, but now their labor was nearly done and their searches among the rocks for at least one portion of the vessel's freight were discontinued. How thoroughly their task had been accomplished the mournful rows of rude pine coffins in the hollow behind yonder sheltering sandhill had given evidence, but these things now were gone and the wind had obliterated even the wheel-tracks of the wagons which had carried them away. In their place remained only the shifting sand and the scattered blades of beach grass waving mournfully in the evening breeze. The wreck-strewn shore below told half the story, but only the sea and the wreckers knew the rest.

Perched upon the top of a huge boulder which lay half buried in the wet sand, and gazing dreamily off over the sunset-tinted sea, sat Mr. Thomas Brittridge, listening to the thunder of the surf at his feet, and anon dropping his eyes upon the beach below, as a white surge, larger than its predecessors, disturbed the fringe of rockweed about his seat and caused him to shrink from the spray which flew around him. He had watched yonder little rosy sail, shining so brightly against the distant sky, for upwards of an hour, had watched it while it passed across nearly a quarter of his arc of vision, each moment growing less, and yet glistening more and more brilliantly as it dwindled away and the yellow evening light flashed to it a parting kiss across the waste of waters. The events of the past few days had induced a contemplative mood in Tom. The circumstance of the wreck, with its sad accompaniment of death, his brief sojourn among the rough people of the coast at a time when their lives of hardship and privation had

been most impressively demonstrated to him, the awful grandeur and might of the sea, of which he had had so fearful an illustration, contrasted with its serene and glorious beauty as it appeared in this golden sunset hour, had created in Brittridge's breast a deeper feeling than often knew a place there. It was something unusual to hear him quote poetry, but as he sat in the crimson glow, snapping the yellow pods of rockweed between his fingers and watching the lessening sail in the offing, the words of an old song that he had somewhere heard arose unconsciously to his lips and he repeated them:

"Backward and forward, over the sands,
And over the rocks to fall and flow;
And this wave has touched a dead man's hands,
And that one has seen a face we know.

"They have sped the good ship on her way,
Or buried her deep from love and light;
But here, as they sink at our feet to-day,
Ah, who shall distinguish their voices aright?

"For their separate burdens of hope and fear
Are blended now in one solemn tone;
And only this song of the waves I hear,
Forever and ever His will be done!"

"Brit! Brit! What are you doing up there? Have you turned Parsee?"

"No," replied Brit, looking down from his perch at the speaker, who was advancing toward him across the beach. "No, but I am worshipping the sun."

"Old Sol looks well to-night, don't he?" returned the other, leaning his elbow against the rock. "Quite a different scene here now from that three nights ago."

"Yes. Where's the professor?"

"Gone back to the house. He's been giving us a lecture on optics, illustrated by beach mirage. Those fellows hauling up tow-cloth yonder looked like giants, fifty feet off. We've all got to go home to-morrow."

"I know it. We only came down here to stay three days, and this affair of the wreck has kept us a week."

"I am not sorry. It's a good deal jollier here than it is up in Springville Academy, digging out Greek roots, and the shipwreck has been something for us to remember all our lives. None of the class want to go, but the professor says we must."

"Well," said Brit, "I'm ready, for one. It's rather a melancholy place to me now, after the experience of the last few days. I've seen quite enough of drowned sailors and coffins. I'm glad we are going."

"I aint, then," said the other. "Do you see that long point of rocks running out into the sea, away down the coast yonder? I've had a curiosity ever since I have been here, to see the other side of that point. What do you say to going down there?"

"We haven't time before dark."

"Plenty, if we walk fast. The tide is running out and there can't be any danger. The sea has been beating over it ever so high ever since the storm, that none of the wreckers have been able to get around there. Tom White said they were going to try it to-morrow. If we get ahead of them, whatever we find will belong to us, wont it?"

"Yes," said Brit, "but if we should find something which we had rather not, Dick?"

"Never fear," replied Dick, laughing. "If we do, we wont claim it, that's all. Come along."

"I will," said Brit, swinging himself down from his seat. "Who knows but that to-night will render our names immortal in the annals of Springville Academy?"

"Who knows? Those rocks look to me like the gates to the happy valley. Perhaps they conceal a gold mine."

Brit laughed, and the two youths started off together at a quick pace across the sands. It was a pleasant walk, in that ruddy sunset, and the fringe of foam which capped the green crystal wall of surf was turned to ripples by the red light as they passed along the beach. Their shadows fell upon the wet shore before them in a long and grotesque slant, and reached half way to the rocky point almost before they started. So charming was the scene to Brit, and so frequently did he pause to look back at the crimson ball of fire just dipping into the sea, that more than once Dick was compelled to halt and wait for him.

"Come, come, Brit," said the latter, impatiently, "it's very beautiful, I know, but we have no time to lose. It will be after dark before we get back, and the professor will be raving."

"Let him rave," said Brit. "There's a moon."

"I know," said Dick, "but let's be sure of our way while the light lasts. Halloo! What's this?"

He pointed to a dark brown tress, which lay drifting out upon the sand from behind a monstrous boulder above the tide-mark. It looked like a mass of sun-dried ribbons of *zostera*, but so little of it was visible that it

would scarcely have attracted notice except at such a time, when the bright sheen of the beach in the sunset formed a contrast with its rich brown color.

"Come away!" cried Brit, seizing his companion quickly by the arm. "Don't you know what it is?"

"It looks like seaweed," answered Dick, unclasping Brit's hand. "It's nothing else but that."

Brit looked again and shook his head. "It's not seaweed," he said; "but what a fool I am to feel so nervous. Let's go and see. It would be singular if any of those poor fellows had been overlooked."

They passed around together to the other side of the rock, when Brit, who was in advance, started back with a sudden cry.

"My God!" he said, "it is a woman."

"Come back," exclaimed Dick. "You were right. She is dead and we cannot help her. Let the wreckers attend to it."

"No, no," said Brit, bending over the prostrate form, "come here. Did you ever see a more beautiful face than that?"

It was indeed very beautiful; a fair oval, with ripe full lips and a delicately chiselled mouth and chin which bespoke a gentleness of blood of no ordinary quality. The eyes were closed, and the lashes, long and dark, swept the marble cheeks with a shadowy fringe, which in life could hardly have bordered orbs that were wanting in depth or melting tenderness. The hands and feet were very small, the left of the former members bearing upon its third finger a plain bright hoop of gold, and the upper portion of the dress was torn open, leaving the bosom partially exposed.

"But here is something else," said Dick. "See! Down there between her and the rock. Her dress has been thrown over it. It moves, I verily believe!"

"There is something here," returned Brittridge, pulling aside the woman's drapery that concealed the object. "It's a child, as I live."

"Dead?" asked Dick, eagerly, bending around the corner of the rock to get a nearer view.

"No, not dead, but asleep. Such a little thing, too! Not more than three years old, I should judge."

He lifted it up tenderly in his arms and tried to bring it out into the sunlight, but the little one awoke and clung to the cold form of her mother in mute terror.

"She must be starved," said Brit, compassionately. "I don't think the mother has been long dead. The body is hardly fixed as yet. Poor things! Why had we not known of this sooner?"

"They must have lain here three whole nights," said Dick.

"Yes, the mother's limbs are broken. What shall we do?"

"I cannot tell. I thought, if we got around the point, we might find something there. I hardly looked for anything here, especially such a thing as this."

"You proposed to claim whatever we discovered," said Brit, dryly. "Will you have the child?"

"Thank you. I'm hardly in a position to assume the responsibility."

"I can tell you who is," remarked Brit, again stooping to unclasp the little fingers from their grasp upon the mother's dress.

"Who?"

"Springville Academy."

"What do you mean?"

"This is nobody's child," said Brit, raising her in his arms once more. "If we find no clue to her parentage, suppose we adopt her. The whole class shall be made her father and shall contribute to her support."

"Bravo!" cried Dick. "Capital, provided the faculty agree."

"Of course, and the matron, who will have to take care of her."

"I'll risk Mrs. Trotter," returned Dick. "She's been wanting a chick of her own too long not to be thankful for the godsend. What's that around the child's neck?"

Brit set the little girl on her feet on the sand and examined the trinket. It was part of a golden heart, fastened upon a slender double chain which passed twice around the child's throat, but it had been broken completely in two through the middle and only half of the bauble remained. There was no inscription and no date.

"Not even a name for her there," said Brit. "We must take her away from here though, before it gets dark. Come, my little one. Throw a kiss to your poor mother. If she is looking down upon us from heaven, perhaps she will think kindly of us for our good intentions. And if we cannot know what name she gave you, your name now shall be Amber."

"Yes," said Dick, reverently covering the mother's breast, while Brit picked up the child again tenderly. "She came from the sea and her name shall be Amber."

They returned slowly along the beach in the twilight, which had now closed in, wrapping the sterile waste of sand in a mantle of utter desolation. Brit bore the child in his arms, while Dick kept step with him along the line of roaring surf, both talking earnestly together, and the former carrying his burden so gently that before they had reached the simple cabin in which the professor and his excursionists had taken up their temporary quarters, the little girl was fast asleep.

The news of their discovery created no little excitement. There was no doubt that the child was the only survivor from the ill-fated Eurydice, and the wreckers were at a loss to understand how these two unhappy creatures could have been for so long a time overlooked. A party was immediately sent back to bring in the body of the mother, and a meeting of the academy class was held in the moonlight upon the beach that night to decide upon the adoption of the child. A careful examination of the clothing of both mother and daughter failed to afford the slightest clue to the identity of either. Clearly, she was nobody's child. Upon this becoming evident, the professor mounted a huge boulder upon the beach, and raising his voice high above the crash of the surf, shouted:

"Gentlemen, the facts are before you. Shall we adopt this little waif as the especial charge of Springville Academy, until some one proves a better claim?"

"Ay!" was the answer, given unanimously.

"Shall we all contribute equitably to her support and proper education?"

"Ay!" again, without a dissenting voice.

"And shall we accept Mr. Brittridge's proposition, and decree that her name shall be Amber?"

"Ay! ay!" once more, as one man.

"You are brave boys," said the professor, getting down from his pedestal, "and I'm proud of you."

And thus was this tiny bit of humanity, which had been so near to drifting out upon the great ocean of eternity, thrown back again upon the hard sands of life, with its future all unwritten and its past perhaps forever lost in the secret bosom of the sea.

II.

If the readers of this little tale will kindly consider that the space of fifteen years has now elapsed since the wreck of the Eurydice and the discovery of Amber upon the beach,

they will save the author a vast amount of time and trouble, for the changes which have passed over Springville Academy within those fifteen years are great and very many. The professor is still there, much older now, and with hair fast turning from iron gray to snowy white. He still retains his professor's chair and continues at his old work, explaining the mysteries of the first and second aorist to other heads than those which accompanied him on that famous geological excursion when they obtained so rare a specimen. The old class is broken up, and its individual members long since scattered to the four quarters of the globe. Dick is in Japan, but Brit is still at the academy, no longer as a pupil, but in the dignified seat of professor of physical science. Mrs. Trotter, too, yet retains her old position as matron, and lastly, though by no means least, Amber is still the ward and charge of the institution, and around her neck still hangs, though by a single chain now, the broken golden heart.

The changes which have passed over her head are surely the greatest of all. In the fair young girl with dark and lustrous hair framing the face which had been her mother's, with the same long, sweeping fringe of lashes, the same ripe, sensuous lips, the same tiny feet and delicate, blue-veined hands, one who had not watched her youth from childhood into splendid womanhood, as Brit had done, would have hardly recognized the little babe whom the sea had cast upon the sands fifteen long years before. But such was Amber now, brightening with her cheerful presence the smoky dinginess of Mrs. Trotter's rooms at the foot of the main staircase, ringing her clear voice through the vaulted halls of the building, sometimes with merry laughter, sometimes with snatches of silvery song, passing rapidly from her first position of the academy's pet, to the more awful and responsible one of the academicians' idol, plunging whole platoons of the pupils heels over head in love with her every year, and bearing with unconscious grace her enviable reputation of being the most beautiful woman in Springville.

Amber was no longer dependent upon her adopted fathers, for, thanks to Brit and the professor, she had been given the most complete education which the academy could afford, and had been herself appointed to the position of assistant principal in the female department of the institution. It is hardly worth the while to say that she had no end of lovers, for a girl so beautiful as

Amber, surrounded on every side by scores of susceptible youths, must have been less than human, certainly not a woman, had she been able to resist the temptation to exert her power upon some of them. There were few evenings when Mrs. Trotter's cosy but smoky little parlor did not have some visitor to Amber seated in its wide-armed easy-chair, although it argued little that the most frequent of all these visitors was Brit. Was he not her father? and had he not the right, if he chose, to come down stairs and spend the evening with her every night in the week? And Brit, though indeed a bachelor, was thirty-five years old, while Amber was scarcely yet eighteen. Surely there was little reason among her admirers for jealousy of Brit.

Yet there was one among Amber's most devoted train who, if not jealous of Brit, formed at least an object of some envy to Brit himself. This was William Earle, one of the beauty's most recent acquisitions, a tall, gracefully-built and not unhandsome fellow, member of the senior class, a youth with reasonably good expectations in life and with an habitual air of aristocratic nonchalance which is ever captivating to the female heart. A brilliant scholar, possessed of an unusually pleasing address and a fair degree of talent, nature had qualified him for a most desperate "lady killer," in the better sense of the term, and Amber could scarcely have been blamed had she fallen in love with him outright. Whether she had done this or not was a secret known only to herself, but she had seen fit to carry on a high-handed flirtation with him, to the dismay of all her other lovers and to the disturbance even of sober, steady-going Brit.

"You ought not to encourage the fellows," he said to her one day, "unless your intentions are serious, Amber."

"You dear old Brit," she said, placing a little hand on each of his rough cheeks. "Aren't my intentions perfectly serious?"

"You can never intend to marry him," he said, holding her off from him and looking earnestly down into the dark eyes.

"Dear me!" she said, laughing. "Don't be in such a hurry to know that. He's never asked me yet."

"And if he does ask you?"

"Ah, that's another thing. I don't know. I haven't thought anything at all about it. You're getting jealous of him, I verily believe; and you an old bachelor, too."

It was too bad for her to be constantly reminding him of the difference between their ages. Brit bit his lip and looked at her reproachfully.

"You are good to take such interest in me, dear Brit," she said, twining her arm around his waist. "I shall never, never forget what you have been to me. When the other half of this little golden heart is found—"

"You still think that it was broken by design?" interrupted Brit.

"Indeed I do, and I feel that the rest of it will some day be placed in my possession. By whom, Heaven only knows. I wish the mystery was solved, Brit. I would give half the years of my life to know who and what I am."

The young man looked down tenderly upon her and caressed her dark hair with his hand as he answered her.

"Though you should prove to be a princess, Amber, we should love you none the more, and if you were a beggar's child, our love would not be less. Be contented as you are."

"And I am contented," she said, "and very happy. But I cannot help wondering at times—nor could you, if you were in my place—who my father may have been, and what was the name and station of that mother whose love I never knew and whom you say I am so like. I wonder if she ever had as many lovers as I?"

Brit heaved an enormous sigh from the bottom of his heart, and looked at her in despair.

"You are incorrigible," he said. "And I tell you, Amber, that as long as you persist in taking such frivolous views of life, and in schooling yourself in nothing better than the accomplishments of coquetry, your existence will be of no more value, either to yourself or others, than of any little pretty butterfly who thinks that clover blossoms last all the year round. A girl with your strength of mind ought to think of something else besides counting her beaux."

The dark eyes opened to a wonderful extent.

"Come here!" she said, pertly, leading him to the sofa and sitting down beside him. "I see you need talking to quite as much as I do, so don't begin to preach. Now haven't I done as well as most of the other young girls that you know?"

"I don't know many others," said Brit.

"That's an evasion, sir. Answer my question."

"Well, yes."

"Learned as much?"

"Yes."

"Thought as much?"

"Yes, perhaps so."

"Accomplished as much?"

"More," said Brit.

"Then why won't you let me amuse myself in my leisure hours by flirting just a little with these silly young fellows around me? It doesn't hurt them, and I'm sure it does me a great deal of good."

Brit was glad that she used that expression, "silly young fellows." It rather pleased him.

"I will tell you a secret," she continued, "or at least half of one, if you will promise not to scold."

"You would coax a saint out of paradise," said Brit, laughing. "Well, I promise."

"Then," she said, "this is it. There is one among all the others of these men whom I love very, very dearly. I would give up my life for him, Brit, if the necessity ever came. I have loved him long and truly, and I know that through all my life to come, my heart will never find a place within itself for any other love but this. Now is not that a secret worth the knowing?"

"You astonish me," said Brit. "Why have you not told this before? Who is it?"

"Tut, tut," she said, putting her hand upon his mouth. "I said I would tell you half the story. Who it is, is the other half. That you must not know."

"But—"

"Not a question. I have told you this to quiet your fears for these other foolish men who pretend to be going distracted about me. You must never breathe it to a soul."

"One question, Amber," he said. "Has anything passed between this man and you, as yet?"

"Ah, Brit! I see you have all of an old bachelor's curiosity. Well then, I think he loves me, but he has never asked me to be his wife. Now not another word. I must go and help Mrs. Trotter get ready for tea."

She placed her hand for a moment on his shoulder and then tripped lightly away, while poor Brit groaned in spirit.

"Neither has Will Earle asked her to be his wife," he said to himself. "And Will Earle and the man she loves are one and the same. I wish it were not so. I do, indeed."

He went to his room to think about it, and the more he thought about it the harder

was it for him to be reconciled to the idea of Amber being in love. Yet he would not have her remain single all her life. No, not that, but then it would be so hard to lose her. She had for fifteen years formed the chief and almost only joy of Brit's solitary life. From childhood to womanhood she had been binding herself to him by a silver cord. He could not let her go now, and least of all to the keeping of Will Earle.

He tried to reason with himself that this was selfishness. Dearly as he loved her, and well as he could have wished to keep her with him always, if not as his ward, then perhaps—yes, perhaps as his *wife*, yet he had no claim upon Amber's affection other than the paternal one which she had already acknowledged. He was a father to her, and he knew that more he could not be.

"If I were not so old," he thought, "then, perhaps—perhaps I might please myself with such dreams; but there are seventeen years between us, and I am a fool for thinking of these things."

His conversation with Amber had made him feel so wretched that he hardly dared trust himself that night in Mrs. Trotter's little tea-room, where, with one or two of the other professors and tutors, he usually took his supper. Therefore he sent word that he was unwell and should not come down stairs. He did not even care about lighting his lamp that evening, although there was a formidable pile of badly rendered Greek translations upon his table to be examined for the next day's recitations. So pulling his chair up to the open window he sat for a while in the twilight, looking out at the darkening sky, and watching the lights as they one by one appeared in the village below the academy grounds. It was very nearly dark when a light tap upon his door announced a visitor, and he answered the summons indifferently by telling the applicant to come in. The door softly opened and a light figure glided gently to him. It was Amber.

"I have brought you up some tea, you naughty boy," she said. "Why didn't you tell me that you were sick?"

"It is nothing," said Brit. "Only a slight headache."

"Poor Brit!" she said, setting her tea-tray upon the table and placing her cool, moist hands upon his temples. "Your head is hot as fire, and I can feel it throb clear through my palms."

The electric touch of her soft hands, the

magical influence of her presence near him, the knowledge of the true state of his own feeling toward her, which he had never realized until within a few brief hours before, were too much for Brit's powers of self-control. Catching her quickly and impulsively by the wrist, he drew her toward him almost fiercely.

"Amber!" he cried. "Do these things for me always. Make my life worth the living. Be my wife, Amber, for there can be none who love you half so dearly as I."

She sprang away from him with a sudden exclamation, and stood up before him just beyond his reach, trembling.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Not now, not now, Brit. You don't know what I am. Wait until you learn what to-night will prove me to be, before you ask me that."

She turned away quickly toward the door, and in a moment was gone, while Brit leaned his head upon the table and cursed himself for his wretched folly.

"I think I will go out," he said, after a while. "I shall go mad if I stay here."

He put on his hat and walked out into the academy grounds. The night was very cloudy, and violent gusts of wind, banging the shutters of the buildings and roaring through the tops of the great trees, betokened the near approach of a storm. As he turned the corner into the main street, a fierce blast nearly lifted him from his feet, and in his face he felt a few cold scattered drops of rain. By the nearest way he turned his steps toward the open country. It was more lonely there, and he was in a mood for loneliness. The fierceness of these heralds of the approaching battle of the elements chimed well with his feelings, and scarce noticing whither his footsteps led him, he walked on long and rapidly.

It was nearly two hours before he turned to go back. It had commenced to rain then quite heavily, but in his feverish condition he did not care for that. He had traversed nearly half the distance home again, when he discerned through the mist and darkness two persons approaching him along the road. On the impulse of the moment he stepped aside into the bushes to let them pass him. As they came nearer, their figures seemed familiar. Surely one of them was Will Earle. And the other! was it—*could* it be Amber?

It was Amber, beyond a doubt, and the arm of Will Earle was around her, under the heavy cloak that she wore, and he was talking to her earnestly.

"O Will!" she said, as they came opposite to where Brit was standing. "Is not this a night to be remembered, of all others in our lives?"

"Yes," replied Will, "truly so. Did you say that you were speaking to Professor Brittridge about this thing this afternoon?"

"Yes," said Amber. "And how surprised he will be!"

"Surely, for to-morrow you will have become—"

The rest of Will's words failed to reach Brit's ear, for the figures had passed from sight in the darkness and the rain.

"My God!" cried Brit, sinking down among the leaves and ferns. "What does this mean?"

And the wind, howling across the fields and roaring in the tops of the trees, gave him back the answer:

"It means that she is running away with Will Earle!"

III

MR. PETER JACKLES was ferryman at Laleham Point, the locality at which a great sweeping river crossed the main turnpike leading away from Springville, and where the authorities of the town had not as yet seen fit to construct a bridge. Peter's immediate predecessor had come to a sudden and untimely end by falling out of his boat while tipsy, and when the question of appointing a new ferryman at Laleham arose in the village, it was generally conceded that the situation could have no more fit incumbent than old Peter Jackles. Peter had seen long service in his country's navy and passed through the war of 1812 with an honorable record, a record which he always carried with him in the shape of a wooden leg and a sadly disfigured face. Since his discharge and his appointment to the position at Laleham, he had been a faithful servant of the public, and there were few people within a circle of thirty miles around Springville who did not know him or enjoy the ten minutes' chat with the old sailor which the interval of their passage across the ferry afforded. For years the Laleham ferryhouse, although several miles from the academy, had been one of the chief resorts of the academicians and a general rendezvous for fishermen, sportsmen, picnic parties and skylarking excursions, so that the kindly faces of old Peter and his wife were nearly as familiar to the students as those of their own tutors and professors. To Peter

this contact with the light and cheery natures of these youths and maidens formed his chief delight and comfort, for, Laleham Ferry without its visitors was a dreary place enough, and Peter had never had a solitary chick of his own to brighten his declining years. But with all this, our story has, after all, little to do.

While Thomas Brittridge was trying to assuage the fierceness of his heartache by his feverish tramp through the rain and darkness, Peter Jackles and his wife sat cosily by the fire in the homely kitchen at Laleham Ferry, Hannah with her sewing, under the pleasant candle light, and Peter with his pipe, in the warmest corner of the great fireplace.

"It's a fearful night," said Hannah, laying aside her work to build up the fire a little higher.

"Yes," replied Peter. "There's a deuce of a storm brewing. The wind howls fierce enough to shake the old house down."

"Hark!" exclaimed his wife. "What's that?"

"What's what?"

"Somebody on the other side, I guess."

A long, distant cry came to their ears, borne back and forth upon the wind.

"Halloo-o-o-o!"

"Bother!" growled Peter. "He can't want me."

Again came the cry, longer this time than before.

"Halloo-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-o!"

"He's got to be fetched over, I suppose," said the old man, laying down his pipe. "What the deuce any honest chap is doin' out o'doors in sich weather as this is more than I can tell."

Once more the cry, floating up and down upon the wind before it reached their ears:

"Halloo-o-o! Halloo-o-o, ferry!"

"Yes, I'm comin'," snarled Peter, getting into his greatcoat and banging the door after him as he passed out into the night, although there was little need for that, for if he had left the door open the wind would have banged it for him quite as violently as he could have desired.

It was half an hour before he returned, and when he made his reappearance, a little old gentleman about fifty years of age, with beady black eyes and a fierce gray military mustache accompanied him.

"Is there no one waiting for me here?" said this individual, as soon as he had entered.

"There hasn't been no one here to-night," replied Hannah.

"I expected a gentleman," said the new-comer, looking about him anxiously, "and a lady."

"I beg parding," said old Peter, pausing in the operation of hanging up his coat and casting an astonished glance at him, "did you say a *lady*?"

"I said a lady," returned the stranger. "A lady and a gentleman."

"To-night, in such weather as this?"

"Certainly. They arranged to meet me here."

"He's a lunatic," whispered Peter to his wife. "Keep an eye on him."

The little military gentleman refused the chair which Hannah dusted for him with her apron and commenced to walk nervously up and down the room, pausing at intervals to gaze out of the window into the darkness. To Peter's questions he returned very brief answers, and so, meeting no encouragement to conversation, Peter lit his pipe and sat down in the chimney corner again in silence. For upwards of half an hour nothing was heard but the sound of Hannah's needle, the measured tramp of the stranger to and fro and the howling of the gale without. At last the new-comer stopped suddenly in his rapid walk and went quickly to the window.

"They're coming," he said, excitedly. "Don't you hear footsteps?"

"No," said Peter. "I don't hear nothin' but the rain."

"They are coming, I tell you," repeated the little man. "They are close here."

And truly enough, in a moment more the door was flung open and there appeared to the amazed eyes of the ferryman and his wife the dripping forms of Amber and Will Earle.

For a second the military gentleman and Amber stood face to face. The stranger stretched out his arms tremblingly and exclaimed:

"My daughter?"

"Father!"

And then he clasped her closely to his breast and reverently kissed her forehead.

"What?" cried Peter, jumping up, bewildered and confused. "You have found your father, Miss Amber?"

"Yes," cried Amber, laughing and sobbing together. "Or rather, he has found me. He lost me in England and he has found me at Laleham Ferry. Haven't I always said that my old dreams would come true?"

"But hold on!" said Peter, who had somewhat of a grudge against the military man for having called him out of his warm corner into the storm. "Hold on! He hasn't proved his relationship. Seems to me you are all a little fast."

"This is my proof," said the stranger, producing from his breast a little broken golden heart, and proceeding to fit it into its counterpart hanging upon the chain around Amber's neck. "See! It fits perfectly, after fifteen years."

As Amber's new-found father said this, there appeared at the window a surprised and half-incredulous face, pressed close against the panes. Its owner was standing without, in the storm, but although his person was nearly invisible in the darkness, had either Amber or Will Earle chanced to look toward the window they would have recognized the face as that of Brit.

"It is a long story, my daughter," said the military man, "and you shall more fully know your early history when we get home and I have a chance to tell it. You are not a princess or a duchess, nor even a baronet's daughter, for I, who am your father, have never been anything of more importance than a colonel in her majesty's army. When the Eurydice was lost, your poor mother was on a voyage to Barbadoes, where, through the death of a distant relative, some property had been left her. The condition of the estate seemed to require the immediate presence of the heir or her representative, and I was then in India and unable to obtain a furlough for the purpose. So it was arranged that she should go alone, taking you, our only child, with her and that I should tender my resignation and follow as soon as circumstances would permit. Before your mother went, she caused this little trinket to be broken in two and sent one half of it to me while the other was fastened around your baby throat. The Eurydice sailed from Liverpool without giving me any opportunity to say farewell to those I loved so dearly, and the next news I heard from the ill-fated vessel was the terrible intelligence of her loss with all on board. A grief-stricken and broken man, I sought service in the wildest and most dangerous countries, hoping through the stimulant of constant excitement to forget my trouble, or to meet the death which would take me once more to my lost wife and child. Throughout the whole I treasured most sacredly the little broken token which I carried next to my

heart. At last I came to America, and through the merest accident fell into the train of circumstances which has ended in bringing me here to-night. God has indeed been merciful to me!"

"You know the rest, Amber; without my repeating it," said Will Earle, speaking for the first time. "Your father met a relative of mine in Philadelphia, where my parents live, and to whom I had related what I knew of your singular and romantic history. My relative wrote at once to me, and we shall together claim the merit of placing Colonel Lyle upon the track of his missing daughter. For my share of the reward, I shall only claim your presence at my wedding, which if nothing happens to prevent, will take place at my father's house immediately on my graduation next month. So I have a piece of news for you, you see."

At this there was heard a crash outside, the door was flung violently open and Brit burst into the room more like a hundred men than a single one, and in a very undignified manner indeed for a professor of physical science.

"I have heard everything," he cried. "O Amber! How I have wronged you! I followed you to-night, fearing, even believing the worst. Can you ever forgive me for my cruel, wicked thoughts of you?"

"The wrong was mine," said Amber, "in hiding it all from you. But I thought I should be so happy in telling you the whole, after it was over! And if there is anything to forgive, Brit," she continued, dropping her eyes to the floor, "I will give a token of forgiveness in what you asked to-night."

He looked at her eagerly, fearing to question, lest he was not understanding her aright. She left her place and, going to him, put her arms about his neck.

"Now I will be your wife," she said, "for you are the only one whom I have loved so dearly all my life long."

He caught her in his arms quickly, and she bent her head upon his breast and sobbed, for her heart was full. And Will Earle threw his hat up into the air with a loud hurrah, and everybody shook hands with everybody else, while old Peter and Hannah, lost in the depths of their bewilderment, could only sink down into their chairs and feebly ejaculate, "Well, I never!"

Such was the history of Amber Lyle and the story of the Golden Heart. However mournful its beginning, there were surely none of those concerned who could find fault with its closing chapter. At least the colonel himself saw no room for complaint, and had Amber and Brit been asked, I think they would have been found of the same opinion.

I'M FANCY FREE.

BY BRITOMARTE.

They tell me I was made for love,
That love should rule the heart,
They tell of all the blessed joys
Love only can impart.
The story has no charms for me,
I'm fancy free, I'm fancy free!

It may do very well to know
That one heart loves you true,
And (still some other turns you out!)
It only beats for you;
As sweet a thought as this may be,
'Tis better to be fancy free.

To stand alone in proud disdain
Of any lover's wrath,
To shed no tears for broken vows
And walk no beaten path.
Ah! happy they who still with me
Can proudly say, I'm fancy free!

I'm fancy free, I'm fancy free!
I court no lover's smile;
But proudly wear my freedom still,
Though others serve the while,
Love has no gilded chains for me;
My maiden heart is fancy free!



NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

CHAPTER I.

DISTANCE does not lend enchantment to Elmwood. On the contrary, it is not until you step in the very dooryard, under its trees, that you discover its charms. It is a highly comfortable, quaint, old-fashioned place, with a latticed porch, heavily laden with bitter-sweet, an old grape-vine clambering over one end, foot-paves running from the low gate across the grassy yard to the open door, where a fine dog often lies twitching his ears at the flies.

Within, the dark wainscotted rooms are comfortable and cool on the hottest days. On the window-sills there are pots of red roses. Great portraits hang about. The apartments have plenty of ancient mahogany furniture, with a good share of stuffed rocking-chairs.

The outer south door, under the grape-vine, opens into a square hall where the rack for guns and fishing tackle is usually filled during the sporting season. When the pines purmur in the balmy wind, and the hay is down, at midsummer, Elmwood is much visited by the Cheritons' city friends.

Several years ago Mrs. Cheriton and her only daughter sat at work, one day, in one of the white, low-studded chambers.

The elder lady was a well-preserved, handsome, black-haired woman, and her daughter was like her in many respects. Olive Cheriton had the same regular features, the same polished ivory forehead, the same eyes and hair. Both women had a look of social distinction which had accrued from several years' life in the fashionable world and a twelvemonth of foreign travel. Though born and bred at Elmwood, Mrs. Cheriton, marrying early, had gone to New York, where the natural emulation of her disposition, tact and good conversational powers enabled her to soon take rank among highly cultivated and wealthy people. Though, after the birth of her children and death of her husband, she became reduced in means, and was forced to retire from the fashionable city to her old home, she still maintained the social associations she so highly valued, and made the tour of Europe in company with some of her metro-

politan acquaintances, while Elmwood became a regular summer resort for the city friends of the family.

Under these circumstances, it was, perhaps, remarkable that so fine a woman as Olive Cheriton was engaged to so ordinary a man as Tom Dyle, only son of Commodore Dyle of New York. But Miss Cheriton did not covet a talented husband, while possession of a city residence had become, she declared, "a necessity of her nature." So Tom Dyle, with his brag, brutal temper, and brilliant expectations, had no difficulty in obtaining the promise of handsome Olive Cheriton's hand. The young lady seemed satisfied, and her friends, one and all, were delighted with the match.

Olive was at work on her own wedding garments, for the Cheritons were obliged to observe economy in their domestic duties. A table was strewn with linen, cambric and laces, and Mrs. Cheriton had her lap full of snowy embroidery.

"What do you want on this under-waist, Olive? lace or an embroidered edge?" asked Mrs. Cheriton.

"Trim it with the embroidered edge Vieve Harwich sent out by Alf. It was very good of Vieve to send me such lovely trimmings. Alf is a little soft of Vieve, I think," said Olive, stitching away steadily.

"The Harwichs are a good family," said Mrs. Cheriton, thoughtfully.

"Carriage coming!" cried a harsh voice, and a tame old African parrot walked sedately into the room.

"Go back to your perch, Redcap," commanded Mrs. Cheriton, shaking her finger at the bird, who paused on the door-mat and surveyed her attentively, with his head on one side.

"There *is*, mother. Redcap has told the truth for once," said Olive, listening to the approaching sound of wheels.

The parrot climbed to the window-sill.

"Carriage coming!" he cried, again, as a buggy rolled up to the gate.

Mrs. Cheriton, huddling her lap of embroideries, ran to the window and peeped through the shutters.

"Olive, come here! It is—it certainly is the commodore!"

Olive hurried to her mother's side.

"Yes, it's Tom's father. How do I look, mother?"

"A little too flushed. You had better bathe your face before you go down. Don't change your dress; a cashmere dressing-gown is what a lady should wear in the morning. I hope Bridget will show him into the south parlor. I will go down and meet him. Be ready when I send for you. And now pray do be gracious, Olive—for you know all Tom's expectations depend on pleasing his father."

"Of course," replied the young lady, lavishly dashing cold water upon her crimson cheeks, at the washstand, while her mother hastily arranged her headdress and went down.

A square, florid-faced, white-headed man was just taking his seat in the pleasant south parlor as Mrs. Cheriton tripped down the stairs. In an instant she had saluted the commodore with the most profuse cordiality.

"So these birds of ours think of mating?" said the old gentleman, when the subject of conversation became Tom and Olive. "I have never seen Miss Cheriton, but if she resembles her mother, I shall be proud of so beautiful daughter-in-law."

"My daughter is said to resemble me," said Mrs. Cheriton, genuinely pleased with the old sailor's hearty manner. "I will send for her, and let you judge for yourself."

"Pray do."

The next moment Olive entered the room. Unlike most dark women, she looked well in daylight. The commodore advanced and raised the slender, jewelled hand to his lips.

"I am certainly delighted by my son's choice, Mrs. Cheriton," he said.

Then there was nothing to do but to be sociable and have dinner, to the fresh viands of which the commodore did ample justice.

"I have but half done my errand yet," he said, eating cherries. "Tom commissioned me to bring Miss Olive to Beach Bay, a little place at which I have spent part of the summer, for a season or two. If the young lady consents to go, he will meet her there. The society is good; she will meet the Harwichs, also. I should be very happy to take her down to-morrow in my carriage, if she pleases. The distance is but about twelve miles."

As the commodore evidently wished it, Olive concluded to go. The next morning, seated beside her expectant father-in-law, she rolled away seaward, to the great satisfaction of her mother, who went on with her hemming, tucking and basting of the wedding paraphernalia, unassisted and uncomplaining.

CHAPTER II.

THREE days after Olive Cheriton's arrival at Beach Bay, her brother Alf, hearing that the Misses Harwich were at the Spring House, came down. He was a gay, sunny-haired fellow, as unlike his sister as possible. Vieve Harwich was a generous and noble girl, but her younger sister Lora was the most artful little flirt in Christendom.

This young lady was pacing the porches, one morning, when Tom Dyle's stanhope appeared on the beach. Tom was giving Lady Bess a constitutional.

If there was one direction more than another in which Lora Harwich's inordinate ambition aired itself, it was in taking possession of other girls' lovers. No sooner did she catch sight of Tom Dyle whirling across the beach in his new carriage, than out fluttered her snowy handkerchief.

And because the girl looked ravishingly pretty in her morning dress of rose-colored cambric, Tom turned Lady Bess's head towards the house. He drew rein, looking at her attentively, as she stood smiling at him.

"What do you want, Lora?"

"What do I want? Why, a ride in your new stanhope, of course; what else *could* I want?" asked Lora.

Away she flew for her hat and shawl.

She was seating herself elaborately beside Tom, when Miss Cheriton and her sister Vieve came out upon the porch.

Bowing jauntily, and pulling in her pink skirt from the wheel, Lora cried:

"Good-by! we are going to the spring. Now, Tom!"

Olive Cheriton nodded with an indifference that was entirely assumed, and this was not the first time that the little coquette's high-handed audacity had annoyed her. But of late, since Olive's engagement with Tom Dyle had become public, Lora had plied her skill in other directions. She was *petite*, and a well known flirt; Olive scorned to acknowledge such a rival—yet Lora's efforts always stung, since they were made publicly and

provoked comment. She knew that Lora Harwich was engaged, and did not want Tom Dyle, yet it was not pleasant to have people remarking that Tom wanted Lora. So as the piquant face and pink dress whirled across the lovely beach towards the spring, where people from the island hotel—many of them New Yorkers of her set—were sauntering and gossiping, Miss Cheriton's dark brows contracted.

"Good-morning, ladies!"

She turned.

Bland, suave old Commodore Dyle stood, hat in hand. Though a little gouty, the commodore always took his morning stroll most blithely.

"A day that dawns so auspiciously for me must be a pleasant one," he said, bowing again.

"But I am afraid that it is going to be too hot for much enjoyment to anybody," said Vieve Harwich.

"How cool the island looks off there in the sea," said Olive, making an idle remark to conceal her mood.

"It would be a fine day for visiting Shale's Island," said Vieve.

"Capital!" said the commodore, pounding the porch with his cane. "Good people," turning to a group who sauntered out, "who goes to Shale's Island to-day?"

He pointed across the water as he spoke to a spot like an emerald in the blue water. It was a famous retreat for pleasure-parties; a fine vineyard was upon it; people were entertained by the owner, Jacob Shall. People at Beach Bay usually visited it once or twice during the season, but as yet our sojourners had not made the excursion.

But a party was made up that morning. In an hour after breakfast the boat was brought down to the water's edge, and the company embarked.

But in vain Olive Cheriton watched the beach for a sign of her lover's return. Mr. Dyle and his stanhope seemed to have taken a final departure.

"Where is Tom?" shouted the commodore.

"Where is my sister?" asked Vieve Harwich.

"Hush! don't you remember? They haven't come yet," said Olive, involuntarily.

But everybody was looking around.

"They have eloped," laughed thoughtless Alf Cheriton.

Olive gave him a covert look of threat.

"Has Lora taken Tom off?" asked the

commodore, in a low voice, coming to Olive's side. "Are those two up to their old tricks again?"

"They have gone to the spring," assented Olive, with a heightened color.

"The deuce take that girl!" growled the commodore. "Here, Olive, this seat; I'll take care of you. Miss Colne, Miss Harwich; now, young men!"

CHAPTER III.

WHEN the pleasure party returned from Shall's Island, one pair of eyes, at least, discovered two figures seated cozily among the rocks, in the moonlight.

"There is the boat!" cried Tom, jumping up and running down to meet the party as they came ashore.

Miss Cheriton shut her white teeth hard, and then graciously accepted Tom Dyle's arm—for the smaller figure stood poised among the rocks, evidently waiting his return.

"Had a good time, Olive?" asked Tom, evidently in the best of humors. "Wish I had got back in time to go with you; just my cursed luck to miss Shall's Island. "Ha, there's Lora—I'll have to run back and get her off the rocks; that's an awfully steep place where she is. Wait a minute!" And before Miss Cheriton could reply, he had plunged off.

The lady's manner was that of perfect nonchalance, but her mobile red mouth settled into a hard line. The party strolled by her, going towards the house, and she waited, alone.

At last Tom came back, Lora, laughing and chatting, hanging on his arm, and Miss Cheriton saw one or two of the company look back with mischievous eyes. Her face looked dangerous in the moonlight, but even Lora's bright, sly eyes did not see that, and Miss Cheriton's voice was unruffled.

"She shall not know her triumph," was in Olive's heart.

Lora dropped Tom's arm at last, with a petulant air.

"She is not jealous, after all," she thought, "and this is getting very tiresome."

With that she ran up the steps of the Spring House to sit on the porch by her sister, and look pretty in the moonlight for the benefit of the other gentlemen.

Tom Dyle had dipped his bulky figure and round head in the surf, the next morn-

ing, and was strolling complacently upon the beach when a messenger came to say that Miss Cheriton wished to see him.

"All right, Jacky."

But he took his own time for repairing to the house, and on entering Olive's private parlor, all unaware, upon that young lady's flashing eye and stern brow.

"What the deuce—"

"Sit down, if you please," said Olive, with portentous politeness.

Tom seated himself, heavily, and stared at her.

If Miss Cheriton had been a phrenologist, or even if her observation of one Mr. Tom Dyle's idiosyncracies had been a little more sagacious, she would hardly have taken the course she followed; she had been at too much pains to captivate him to wish to lose him. But she was naturally imperious and very angry, and like most angry people acted with precipitation.

"I wish to speak with you, Mr. Dyle," she said, in a hard, cold voice, "upon the course of conduct you have lately adopted. It has been offensive to me."

"What the devil do you mean?" exclaimed Tom.

"When a lady is engaged to a gentleman, she has a right, I believe, to his attentions to the exclusion of others."

A light flashed over Tom's amazed face. His black eyes, too, began to glow.

"Mr. Dyle," continued Olive, "your attentions to Miss Lora Harwich are improper and uncalled for. It is my right, as your betrothed wife, to request that they be discontinued."

"By Heaven!" broke forth Tom Dyle, "of all things deliver me from a jealous woman! Your right, as my betrothed wife? What the deuce do you mean by taking such a tone with me, Olive?"

Miss Cheriton rose, white with passion. Though she had the right on her side, she should have known that Tom Dyle, angry, was not the man to see it.

"You will please, in speaking to me, to observe the rules of common politeness, Mr. Dyle," she said, curving her handsome lips in a sneer.

The gentleman sprang to his feet, stamping in fury. Mephistopheles, with the advantage of finer features, could hardly have expressed the violence of his nature more profoundly.

"D——n you, Olive Cheriton! this won't do. No woman, least of all, my wife, assumes

authority over me. If you don't like my ways you have only to take some other fellow who suits you better. I won't stand in your way. But I want no more of your cursed impudence."

I have intimated that Tom Dyle was a vulgar man. Miss Olive Cheriton had known it, yet even she shrank from this horrible outbreak.

"Do you wish to break your engagement with me, sir?" she asked, in a quiet voice, yet with a white cheek. She was a well-bred, dignified woman, and she had the charm of beauty and refinement. Dyle felt this through his brute passion.

"You may do as you please," he answered, flinging himself from the room with an air of bravado, yet miserably conscious that he was not ready, in spite of all, to give her up.

But Olive Cheriton did not know her advantage. She stood wavering, after the door was shut, like a person who has received a fatal wound. Deadly pale, she stood, for a moment; then crossed the room and sank into a chair. For moments she sat, fixed and pallid.

It was but a month to her wedding day. Tom Dyle had insulted, defied her.

"Yet it shall be my wedding day," she said, her face rigid with resolve.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE was to be a ball at the Spring House that evening. The ladies, gathered in their extempore dancing hall, were busily engaged in adorning its walls with garlands of glossy oak leaves, among which wax candles were profusely placed. A few sprays of scarlet salvia, entwined with the oak, contrasted with its deep green, and of this a magnificent centre-piece was formed for the fresh white ceiling.

Lora Harwich was already trying the polished oak floor, in airy polka flights, to which she in vain coaxed Tom Dyle, who sulked at a window. Miss Cheriton, among the others, moved around quietly, apparently oblivious of his presence.

Suddenly she found her brother at her side.

"Isn't Vieve coming down to-night, sis?"

"I don't know," said Olive, absently. Absently, but not unkindly or forbiddingly, and the golden-haired young fellow lingered and confided to his sister that it would be no ball for him unless Vieve Harwich was there, an avowal which he had been longing to make

to her for months, preliminary to revealing the state of his heart to his stately mother. Olive listened gravely. In truth, she was so occupied with her own private meditations that she hardly heard what Alf was saying.

"She is so beautiful and so good," the young man ran on. "Not in the least like Lora."

"No," said Olive, with a start.

"She has such soft dark hair, and such a lovely disposition!"

"Yes."

"She has no idea how I admire her."

"No."

Olive must have been present only in the body, or she could not have helped refuting this idea, and routing her brother's delusion; it was potent to every one that Alf Cheriton considered Vieve Harwich the embodiment of all that was charming, and the young lady herself could by no earthly possibility have been unconscious of the fact.

"She sings so sweetly."

"She does."

"She dresses so beautifully."

"Yes."

"She doesn't approve of Lora's flirting."

"Who?" asked Olive, suddenly, to her brother's utter consternation.

At that moment a gentleman sauntered up, begging that Miss Cheriton would promise him the first waltz that evening, and Olive plunged into the subject of waltzes and quadrilles to the complete bewilderment and discomfort of Alf, who finally took himself off muttering.

The gentleman who stood talking with Olive was Colonel Colne of the cavalry. Tom Dyle watched them a while, then suddenly started up.

"Come, Lora," said he, "let us go down to the beach."

Lora fluttered down the long room, and disappeared with him at the door.

Olive saw them go down to the point where a row of pines flung a shadow on the rocks, and where the wherry of yesterday's excursion was pulling at its moorings. They entered, and rowed away in the gray sunshine.

In spite of this attention to herself, Miss Lora Harwich could not but discover that Mr. Tom Dyle was inwardly fuming. When she had solved the enigma, in her shrewd little head, she set herself to work to make the most of the situation.

"O dear, Tom! any one might know you

were in love, you are so glum. Tom, you used to be such a splendid fellow among us girls! and now, since you have been engaged, we don't get half a smile."

Tom pricked up his ears.

"Tom, dear, you know we always liked each other, and I am one of your oldest friends. Tell me, now, are you quite happy in your engagement? Sometimes I think you are not, and then I almost hate that proud Olive Cheriton. I could forgive her for appropriating you if I thought she made you happy, but when I see you gloomy and sad, as you have been all this morning, I get quite in a passion with her. I do, indeed, Tom."

Now this was the way for a woman to talk, Tom thought.

"Thank you, Lora," he said, pulling slowly.

Lora paused, then lifted a reproachful glance to his face:

"How like the old Tom you seemed then! I wish you weren't engaged."

"If I weren't, would you have me?" asked Tom, magnanimously.

"I don't know," murmured Miss Lora, playing with her hat ribbons.

There was another silence.

"Do you like Colonel Colne, Tom?" asked Lora, nonchalantly.

"No!" Tom burst out, "he's a dolt."

"The colonel is rather handsome, and dances finely. Cavalry officers always do, I believe. I think I have heard Olive say so."

"And I dare say she encourages him—this Colne!" sneered Tom, between his teeth. "She who accuses me of—"

"What?" asked Lora.

Tom did not reply.

"Well, I *don't* think Olive Cheriton is capable of devoting herself to any one person," reasoned Lora, with a charming little air of confidence.

"Don't you?" asked Tom.

"No," said Lora.

Tom rested on his oars, and they floated with the tide.

"I have known Olive Cheriton a long time, and I always said so," remarked Lora, pensively.

Tom Dyle was just the man to be easily beguiled by an artful woman. Never was one more easily flattered. His wandering, dissatisfied gaze was arrested by and lingered approvingly upon the pretty little figure in the end of the boat. Lora wore a black

velvet sack and an aligrette of scarlet feathers. She was a nice girl, certainly, always pleasant—never confounding a fellow with high and mighty airs. What a good wife she would make. These pretty, sympathetic little women were the kind to be liked, after all.

"You see, Lora," said he, commencing to pull again, "Olive pitched into me to-day because I was off riding with you instead of being at hand to attend her at the boating excursion, yesterday."

"Why! how were we to know that they were going boating? I am sure the plan was made very suddenly, and after we left!" replied Lora, with a surprised air of great innocence.

"I know it," answered Tom, gloomily. "Olive made me so devilish angry that I didn't try to explain," he continued. "She, nor no other woman, can't try driving me, and have anything to brag of in that line. I guess she understands it by this time."

At this Miss Lora was convinced that there was an open rupture between the pair. As she turned her face away to look at the prospect she smiled. Her wicked black eyes fairly danced.

"Well, don't fret, Tom," with a sweet, little air. "It will all come right, I guess. You know I am your friend, anyway."

Reciprocating this charming advance, Tom leaned forward, and imprinted a hearty kiss upon Lora's red lips.

But no sooner had he done so than a rousing shout made him look around. The commodore was paddling expertly to land in a boat of the smallest dimensions, and Tom, in his inattention to surroundings, had nearly encountered the little craft.

Bending to the oars, he turned the wherry, secretly a little discomfited.

"By Mars!" muttered the commodore, paddling away. "That's not right; that's not at all right! I shouldn't think Olive would stand it."

CHAPTER V.

THE Spring House ball, that evening, was pronounced a success. Everybody seemed in spirits; the ladies looked beautifully. Miss Colne wore blue crepe. Vieve Harwich was angelic in pure white. Lora wore a beautiful little bodice of scarlet silk above skirts of snowy tulle. And Olive Cheriton, with hardly an ornament but the little silver comb which confined her coronet of silky ebony hair,

certainly looked like a duchess. It was one of her oddities to wear black satin; she could certainly afford an oddity which usually rendered her the handsomest woman in an assembly.

The cornet sounded. The dancers gathered on the floor. Three consecutive times Tom Dyle danced with Lora Harwich, Olive gave Colonel Colne his waltz, then took Commodore Dyle's arm.

"You are not well—you wish to go out in the air," he said, seeing her pale face.

She nodded.

They went out of the room upon the long covered porches. The air was misty with rain. Out of sight of the lights from the windows, Olive burst into tears upon his shoulder.

"There, there, poor girl! I see it all. Pray don't give up so, my dear; you will make yourself ill. Tom behaves shamefully. Come, come (the scamp!), don't cry so, Olive, my dear; he isn't worth it."

"What have I done—what have I done that he should treat me so?" sobbed Olive, burying her eyes in her lace handkerchief.

"It's outrageous, indeed! How a son of mine should treat a woman so I cannot conceive," exclaimed the commodore. "But he's young, and don't know the worth of the sex. When a man gets past forty, you don't catch him at any such tricks. No, no."

"You are so good!" murmured Olive, with the glimmering light on her chiselled features and rich sable dress.

"Do you think so, pretty one? Well, if Jack Dyle is gray and gouty, his heart is in the right place where women are concerned, I guess. Now, my dear, wipe up your eyes and take a turn here in the fresh air, while we talk it over. When was the wedding to take place?"

"Next month."

"To think of a fine girl like you being left in the lurch so—it's incredible! Why, when I first saw you I fairly envied Tom. I was as foolish as that—old fellow that I am."

"You? Could you care for me?" murmured Olive, in a tone of melancholy amazement.

"I? why not? Do you think it is boys, only, that admire lovely women?"

"I don't know—but I should never think of crying for Tom, if you—if you—" stammered Olive, in most interesting confusion.

"Zounds, my dear! you have only to say the word, and on that wedding day you have

fixed you are Mrs. Jack Dyle;" and the commodore stopped abruptly, holding Olive's hand, and looking excitedly upon her. The young lady, after a thrilling pause, put her arms around his neck.

"O," she sobbed, "you are so good! I never should have cried about Tom if I had thought you loved me."

Which was quite true. This was no marrying of the heir in prospective, but the fortune itself.

"Now you must keep our secret," with a pleading air. "Tom must not know."

And the commodore readily promised, too bewildered by his good fortune to wonder why Tom must not know; and Olive, on being conducted to the hall, flirted conspicuously all the evening with Colonel Colne. Her success rendered her more than brilliantly beautiful, and as she danced, Tom Dyle forgot his partner, and stood staring at her.

The next morning, at lunch, it was announced that Miss Cheriton had left Bay Beach.

CHAPTER VI.

THOUGH somewhat taken aback by this movement on Olive's part, Mr. Tom Dyle did not, as yet, comprehend the intentions of his lady love.

"I tell you what, Lora," said he, "if she expects me to follow her, she is mistaken. I guess when the wedding day draws near that she'll come to terms. The bridegroom is rather a necessary part of the programme, and Olive's too devilish proud to make a failure of the thing. Rather tough for her, but it serves her right. She won't try bossing me again, I reckon."

But day after day passed, and no word or letter from Miss Cheriton. Tom was secretly uneasy, but managed to appear cool. Lora's little wicked eyes watched him maliciously.

At length the seashore party broke up and returned to their several homes.

On Tom's arrival in New York, his father announced his wedding. Tom broke into a round oath of amazement.

"Why not?" asked the commodore, who was nursing his foot on a cushion, his gout being unusually severe in the fall weather. "I like women as well as you do, Tom, and I'm going to have one of my own."

"Who?" asked Tom.

"Well, Miss Cheriton is a fine woman, and her mother is a fine woman; it's a good

family to marry into, I think," replied the commodore, cunningly.

He had been well drilled by Olive, and understood the situation. Jealousy (for his son, at least, was a younger man) made him an apt pupil. Of late he had reason to suspect that Tom was not indifferent to Miss Cheriton. The young gentleman betrayed a restlessness of manner and a nervousness at the sound of her name that was somewhat significant.

"So you are going to marry Olive's mother? Zounds!" exclaimed Tom, looking exceedingly astonished.

"When is your wedding to take place?" was the commodore's reply, as he eased the swelled limb a little.

"The thirtieth of September," replied Tom, though he winced a little at the question.

"Just the day I've set upon! Very well. And now, Tom, I'm going to take a little hearty sleep, and don't want to be talked to;" and having thus dismissed the subject and his son together, the commodore threw his handkerchief over his face and leaned back in his chair, preparatory to taking his usual lengthy after-dinner nap.

Quite confounded by this new development, Tom strolled out into the square to meditate over his somewhat involved prospects and smoke a cigar. The first person he saw was Alf Cheriton. He started, and extended his hand.

"How are you, Cheriton? How is your sister? Have you seen her lately?"

"Hardly, for a fortnight. Young ladies preparing for matrimony are usually fearfully busy and indifferent to the rest of the world. My Vieve is the only exception," blissfully. "By George! that girl spends more on beggars than she'll ever spend for dresses. It's astonishing how philanthropic she is!"

Tom attended only to the first sentences, but he managed to say:

"I suppose you are going to be married."

"Yes, at Christmas;" and Alf went on detailing his own happy prospects, to which Tom listened with ill-concealed impatience.

If Olive were still employed in the preparations for her marriage, she must confidently expect its fulfilment, and this thought—for he had of late been visited by several less pleasant ones—exhilarated him so that he quite overlooked his resentment towards her. But it was strange that no letter came. In no way could he now quite reconcile her silence. The days were, flying frightfully

past while he anxiously tried to solve this problem.

Tom Dyle was one of those people who are unstable in important matters while they are decided to obstinacy in small ones. Having taken offence at Olive, and boasted that he would take no step towards a reconciliation, he would have sacrificed the best interests of both rather than yield this point. This pertinacity of purpose showed courage, he believed.

He was almost crazy, though, by the time the wedding day arrived. For a while he had been wildly uncertain as to the course he had best pursue, but at length he decided to go to Elmwood. His father was to be married—it was his *duty* to be present at that ceremony—and if he discovered that he, also, was expected, in the character of a bridegroom, he should come off with flying colors, having gained his point without making any concessions.

With his intentions in the most chaotic state he left the city in the early train.

At Elmwood his father's carriage stood before the door, and he was welcomed in the hall by Mrs. Cheriton. The lady was in festive array.

"You are late, Tom," she said.

"Why? Are you married?" he asked.

"If" in momentary amazement. "No. But Olive is. There! they are going. Pray

excuse me!" and quite naturally agitated, Mrs. Cheriton hurried away.

The door of the south parlor opened. A company thronged out—foremost among them were the commodore and the bride, Olive Cheriton. She wore a pale, sheeny dress, and there were orange flowers in her bonnet.

The confused chatter of congratulations, and last words, and invitations smote Tom Dyle like a blow. He stood bewildered as Olive's silk robes rustled out. A servant rushing past him to open the door for the bridal party nearly knocked him down.

Hardly knowing what he did, he sought an egress by another way, knocking down the fishing tackle, and slamming the door as he rushed into the fields.

From a distance he saw the carriage drive away.

"Sold, by Jove!" he exclaimed.

He considered the matter twenty-four hours, then offered himself to Lora Harwich. She refused him.

In a transport of rage at the duplicity of women, poor Tom took passage for France, and was absent a year.

When he returned, the commodore proudly exhibited a younger heir, and if Tom Dyle had retired to a hermit's cell, immolating himself from the world, I should hardly have blamed him.

WHY I HATE A LOAD OF HAY.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

I NEVER see a load of hay without being conscious of a desire to do something unamiable. The feeling is quite involuntary, and sometimes I do not know what it means, without stopping to recollect. There is a reason, however, and a good one; which I am about to give.

I had been sick one spring, a short, sharp fever following a busy, and rather hard winter, and when summer came I found that I must really take an entire rest. I didn't get well as I ought to, and was in danger of falling into another fever.

"Drop everything, and go off into the country," the doctor said. "Wander in the woods, go fishing and hunting, make hay, pick berries, lie on the grass in the sun. But don't go to a watering place, or to any

fashionable resort. Find some good farmhouse, and go there for a couple of months."

Well, I found my farm, a great unpainted house that with its barns, hen-houses, sheep-fold, and various yards, spread over about an acre of land. Outside of this kernel stretched fields, pastures, woods, on every side.

They received me with the greatest cordiality, gave me the spare-chamber, a glorious apartment with a bed radiant with a patchwork quilt which was a marvel of handiwork, plump with feathers for which many a live goose had quackingly been robbed of its down; with a set of painted furniture span new, just from town; with snowy curtains to the windows; with peacock feathers over the looking-glass, with boughs fresh and green in the fireplace. They placed everything in

and about the house at my disposal, they feasted me on the most delicious food I ever ate, they petted and pampered me to their and my heart's content.

The family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Slocum, a hale, hearty couple, Myra Slocum, an apple-blossom of a girl, eighteen years of age, and four younger children, two girls and two boys, from fifteen down to six years old. There had been three more, but they had died in infancy. Besides the family, was one regular hired-man, Zeno Hains, a rough, ignorant fellow, but a good worker, and other help in haying and harvesting seasons.

How shall I paint Myra Slocum? Where get colors bright enough to depict her cheeks, her lips, her blue eyes, her raven hair? How shall I do justice to that lovely, healthy, laughing face, that robust and shapely figure? She was the very picture of health, a laughing Hebe, who had all her life breathed pure air, drunk pure water, kept early hours, eaten wholesome food, and had a good conscience and a tranquil mind. She had no city accomplishments, and all her reading was confined to the "*Blue Light*," a weekly paper to which I had at that time the happiness of contributing those thrilling tales which caused the lovely Myra the bitterest tears she ever shed. Indeed, the very first evening I was at the farmhouse, I saw her bending absorbed over a paper, with her red lips apart, her breath suspended, and large tears hanging to her eyelashes. I took occasion to pass by her, and look over her shoulder in passing; and there was my own name appended to a story wherein were recorded the sentimental woes of a girl whom Miss Slocum might without vanity fancy was something like herself. By a lucky chance, that heroine lived in the country, had red cheeks, a white brow and profuse black hair.

"Have you any relations of your name?" she asked me, later that evening. "Any gentlemen relations, I mean."

I knew at once what she meant, and that all they knew of my name was the last; my letter to them, and the letter recommending me to them calling me Mr. Arnold merely.

"I have no male relatives of my name," I replied.

"The reason why I asked," Myra pursued, with a charming blush, after having hesitated a moment, "is because I thought you might be a relative of Theodore Arnold, who writes such beautiful stories for the '*Blue Light*.'"

"O! I know him," I said, with gravity.

She blushed again with pleasure. Myra was always blushing.

"You know him!" she exclaimed, with enthusiasm. "Do tell me how he looks, and how old he is, and what he says and does. I never knew such a splendid writer!"

Reader, the person who asks "what is fame?" if he had then propounded that idiotic question to me, would have received for answer, *Fame is bliss!*

I laughed, and I dare say I blushed a little on being thus questioned.

"Men do not much notice other men," I said, "and I don't believe I could give you a very good description of your favorite author. He's about my age and size, I should say, and talks and appears pretty much like other young men. I'll tell you how I can satisfy you. I will write to him for a photograph, or two, a face and a full length, that you may judge for yourself. He will be very much gratified to learn that he has a friend here by whom he is so well appreciated."

"Will you, really?" she exclaimed, breathlessly. "But what will he think of me? You won't tell him my name?"

"He will think you both amiable and charming," I replied, ignoring the last question.

Never was a girl so flustered, so delighted. She would have a picture of her favorite author, and he would really hear about her! She could not enough express her thanks to me, her fears lest she should be thought presumptuous, and her impatience to get the promised pictures.

I wrote a letter to town the next morning, and carried it two miles to the post-office. In it I requested my correspondent to get me the required photographs from Grey, who had a negative, and also to address me simply as Mr. Arnold under cover to John Slocum.

"I thought it better to have my letters come so," I said, to my host, "since at the post-office your name is so well known. And I may not always feel like going down there on chance of a mail."

"All right!" the farmer answered, heartily. "If anything comes for me, they are sure to send it along by the first chance, if I don't go down myself."

It was near haying time at the farm, and from the talk in the family I learned that two young men, friends of theirs, were coming to help Mr. Slocum through the season. One of them was Sabine True, a sailor, who was stopping at home over one voyage, and the

other Nate Melton, a farmer's son not far away. In this country-place there was not the slightest feeling about working for a neighbor, and the two young men were to come quite as friends.

"Nate Melton is a gentleman," Mrs. Slocum informed me, confidentially, one morning as she and I sat alone over the breakfast table. "He has an education, and means to be a doctor, he thinks. Doctor Markham over at Byville is getting old, and he has promised to take Nate into partnership as soon as he is prepared. He's been through college, Nate has, and he's only at home now for a vacation before he goes to the city to hear lectures."

I saw that this young man was an object of great interest to my good landlady, and instantly divined the cause. He either was, or she wished him to be, engaged to her daughter. I boldly resolved to find out.

"Then it would seem that his father does not need his help in haying," I remarked.

Mrs. Slocum laughed.

"Well, no," she said, "they haven't got much grass at Mr. Melton's; and he and our young folks are old friends, and like to get together. He's coming more for a frolic than for work. We always like to see Nate; and father and I think as much of him as if he was our own son."

I laughed a little significantly.

"O!" she said, "there's nothing of that sort. But the young folks are good friends."

Why should I feel glad to know that there was "nothing of that sort" going on at present? Surely, I had not taken a fancy to this buxom country girl!

I sat and thought it over a little while, Mrs. Slocum going about her work. I stirred the grounds in my coffee-cup, drew them up onto the sides of the cup, and tried in an absent way to arrange them into a fortune. All I could make was an ugly ring.

"A ring is a lover," I said. "Can it be I? Or is it this fellow of the pills and powders?"

How still and sweet it was as I sat there! The pure air floating in, perfume-laden, through the open windows, the sound of rustling foliage and bird-songs, the distant lowing of cattle, and the babble of a brook that flowed near the house. I got up, and strolled out through the porch. It was about seven o'clock, and the work of the day was well on. Mr. Slocum and his man had had their breakfast at some far-away hour of early dawn, and were now out of sight, to remain so probably till noon. Anne, the

second girl, and her younger sister, Nell, were just going off to the pasture for strawberries for dinner. The little boys with their mother were on their way to the barn for eggs. Where was Myra? I listened, and presently heard a gentle, intermittent patting from the direction of the dairy. I waited a moment, then followed the call of those plump hands along the north side of the house, where the undried leaves of the hop-vine switched their dewdrops off on me. At the last window I stopped, and looked in on the pretty picture: Myra stood there with her beautiful hair wound in a great braid about her head, the sleeves of her neat print dress rolled quite up to the shoulder, displaying a pair of round, dimpled arms, and a white apron with a bib to it tied around her waist. At the moment I first caught sight of her, she was standing with her head a little one side, her lips pouted, with a painstaking expression, while she held a cake of butter in one hand, and with the other lifted the print from the basin of water in which it lay. A deft little turn of the wrist, and the butter went over onto the print. Then she looked up, and, seeing me, blushed rosily, and didn't know what to do.

"Please go on," I said. "I desire above all things to know the way butter is made. How those delicious solid golden balls can come out of milk has always been to me a mystery. Also, how the wheat, and corn, and blossom relief get onto them."

She collected herself, and I stood and watched and chatted while she went on with her work, not quite so handily, I am afraid, as if I were not there, but still with an enchanting bashfulness.

"Your mother has been telling me about Mr. Melton," I said, abruptly; and no sooner was the name out of my mouth than she laughed, colored, and gave her head a little toss. It was as plain as the nose on one's face. The young man, she knew, liked her, and, perhaps, she liked him.

"I am quite impatient to see him," I went on, watching the pretty coquette. "Your mother seems to have a great affection for him, and speaks very highly of his talents. She says he is quite like a son to her."

Myra laughed again, and, laying the last butter-pat onto the wooden platter before her, glanced at me with a look of saucy defiance, then lifted the platter and bore it away.

I found myself somewhat surprised. I

wasn't used to country girls; and such a mixture of bashfulness and impudence was new to me. But, I reflected as I walked away, women are all alike in one respect, whether they be conventional or rustic. When they perceive their power over us slavish men, they are impudent baggages, from the queen to the beggar.

That evening, at about sunset, the two haymakers came. The whole family had gathered in the porch and yard, Mrs. Slocum with her knitting-work, her husband with the History of England, which he was perusing with absorbing interest, the younger children running about, the hired man, Hains, sitting on a wood-pile, and contemplatively picking his teeth, Myra walking in and out of the house, looking very lovely and very uneasy, and myself sitting in a window beside the porch, and looking out on all. It was a pleasant home scene; and the wide fields waving green for the scythe, the evening song of the birds, the circling forest that cut off from view all other habitations, even the glimpses of poultry and cattle—all framed the picture well.

Myra had glanced at me furtively several times, I could see, both when she passed the door of the sitting-room where I was and when she stood outside the window; but I did not take too much notice of her. I had no notion of allowing her to think that I was completely enslaved, and that she could do as she pleased with me. Moreover, though she kept an eye on me, she also glanced frequently down the road in the direction from which the expected visitors were to come. But, careless as I appeared, I could scarcely keep my eyes off her. Never had I seen the girl look so beautiful. By some inspiration of good taste in dress she wore a pale green muslin with a lace at the neck, and in contrast with that her red and white were quite dazzling. Her black hair crowned her head in a massive braid, and as she walked there was something majestic in her appearance. Why might not life be happy enough with such a simple, healthy, beautiful creature for a companion, even though she did not possess the accomplishments of polite life, and had not brilliant natural talents? Need one be ashamed to present her? Might she not win as much consideration, even as she was, as many a simpering, inane votary of fashion?

She caught my glance as I was thinking thus, and paused as if I had spoken to her, looking at me in a way so plainly appealing

that I instantly forgave her for her morning's impertinence. I leaned out the window and spoke to her, tossing away the cigar I had been smoking, and she came to me at once and with a look of pleasure.

"She shall forget to look for the doctor," I resolved, and immediately began talking to her of whatever I thought likely to interest her most, the theatre, sights in the city, famous writers. At the last subject she flushed up.

"Were you in earnest about that photograph?" she asked, hesitatingly.

"Certainly!" I replied. "I wrote to town for it, and have received an answer. I should have told you of it this morning if you had given me the opportunity."

She glanced at me penitently, and after a moment of bashful hesitation, faltered out:

"I am sorry—" then stopped.

It was enough. If Myra said she was sorry, then one might trust her. She did not know how to make glib excuses which mean nothing.

"I have not yet got the photographs," I said, smiling. "But they will come soon. My friend writes me that they will have to be taken, as there were none on hand."

"What! on purpose for me?" exclaimed the girl.

"Yes; on purpose for you," I replied. "Mr. Arnold is much pleased with the report of your partiality for his writings; and it would not surprise me if he should, some day, put you into a story. And, by the way, it is but fair that, since he has his picture taken for you, you should return the compliment by giving him yours."

Myra leaned against the window-frame, almost unable to speak, her whole face crimson, her eyes sparkling. To her, an author was a far-away, enchanted being, with a halo always about him, some one quite removed from other men; and to be known and noticed by one was to her the height of glory.

While I talked to her, I saw two men coming up the road. But she never looked round, and seemed to have quite forgotten that any one was expected. It was only when the visitors had reached the door-yard, and were welcomed by the whole family that she turned to look, and even then she did not for a moment seem to perceive them with her mind, though their forms were before her eyes.

I examined the new-comers with interest. There was no mistaking the free and easy

sailor, and I turned at once from him to the other. I must own I was a little surprised; for certainly Mr. Nate Melton was as fine looking a fellow as one would wish to see, and a good deal finer looking than one would wish to see, if he were a rival. His form was stalwart, broad-shouldered, and had an easy motion full of manly grace. His hair and eyes were dark, but he had a color almost as fresh as a girl's, and his forehead from which he tossed the damp locks back as he removed his straw hat, was well-developed, square, and as white as snow. I could see that his glance was directed to the window where Myra and I stood long before he reached the house, and that when she did not turn as he came up the yard, his face darkened. When, at length, she recalled her thoughts, and went cordially to meet him, he pretended not to see her till she was close to him, and then greeted her with a touch of coldness.

If I had been gratified by her penitence towards me a little while before, I was now obliged to own that I need not have valued it too highly; for the minx gave the new-comer a look just as penitential, and lingered, looking into his eyes till he smiled and restored her contentment. I watched her with a curiosity not unmixed with anger. Evidently the person whom she loved was Miss Myra Slocum, and she merely wished gentlemen to admire and like her, without having any particular preference, apparently, for any one of them. If she was likely ever to give special thought to one, it would be when he was in danger of being lost to her. I did not leave my window when the new arrivals made their appearance, but took another cigar, and sat looking out, and wondering how long I had better stay at the farm. I had been there nearly three weeks, and was a great deal better in health. Perhaps I might as well go back to town in a week more. But that would depend.

By-and-by the family came in, and I was introduced to the young men. The sailor made me a profound, half-laughing bow, but the other was meaning to give a very cold acknowledgment of my salutation. I put a stop to that, however, by offering him my hand, and giving him a grip that made him wince and color. It was shaking hands before combat; and, also, letting the stalwart fellow see the strength of my muscle. I fancied that, on entering the room he had lifted his head in a rather arrogant manner, as if proudly conscious that he was taller and

broad-shouldered than I. I always like to let people see that there is a difference between *large* and *great*, and that gems are smaller than boulders.

He showed generous blood, though, and I liked him for it. Evidently, he had looked on me as an effeminate city chap whom he could fling over his shoulder, and fancied that I valued myself chiefly on my mustache and white hands. When he found his mistake he took a seat by me, and forgetting even Myra, apparently, fell into a wary conversation with me, measuring my strength, evidently. I was perfectly frank with him. He deserved it, and after an hour I had half made up my mind that if his heart was set on Myra I would withdraw and leave the field to him. He was a sensible, good-natured, intelligent fellow, and well-bred enough, though showing marks of country breeding.

But my pacific intentions received a sudden check. Rising from my side when our conversation was over, he said:

"Come, Myra, let's have a little walk. See how the moon shines. I haven't had a walk with you for a long time." Evidently he meant war.

He spoke in a tone so positive that there was no chance for refusal, even if she had wished to refuse. She got up in some embarrassment, and on going out, pretended to have dropped something, that she might have a chance to turn and give me a glance which seemed plainly to say, "you see I can't help going."

I felt angry and bitter, yet I could have laughed at the girl's adroitness.

I will not describe the next week. I cannot. The skill with which that jade played us off against each other, the suppressed rage of Melton, my own affected carelessness, the uneasiness of the family who saw how matters stood, and yet dared not take sides. I was about the house all day while the other was out; but those long evenings were monopolized as much as possible by the doctor; and besides, Myra always carried the ten o'clock luncheon out to the field.

There is nothing like jealousy to make a man think himself in love, or perhaps to make him in love in earnest. And really, before the week was out, I was in quite a spooney condition; not so much that I was, or believed myself to be in love with Myra, but because I did not like to be beaten. There was a little, or a good deal, of liking for her, too. I got so fierce and nervous that

I could scarcely sleep or eat. I was enraged that I should have gone into the woods to be twisted about the finger of a butter-making country girl, and rivalled by a half-educated, hay-making doctor's clerk. But for all that the butter-making girl was a fine creature, and might make a magnificent woman; and I was not sure but I was ready to take her for better or worse. And the rival might one day be a man not to be sneered at.

So I endured the trial a week, and at the end of it both I and Melton were just where we were at the beginning, only rather the worse for wear. Let not the reader suppose that we two spooneys chased about after the girl. We were both too proud to do anything of the sort. She came and went between us, talked first with one, then with the other, and, with an affectation of simple friendliness, did all the courting.

One morning she was particularly sweet to me after the others had gone off haying. She and Melton had been out the evening before, walking by moonlight; and she wanted to make up to me. To be sure, Tom, one of her little brothers, had been with them, and Melton had come in with a dissatisfied expression of countenance, as if he hadn't gained much; but I didn't like it for all that. I didn't choose that the girl whom I was willing to take for a wife should go off taking moonlight walks with any other man, if she meant or expected to be again in my good graces. So, when she hovered about the breakfast table, I read an old newspaper over my coffee, and didn't see that she was there; and when she flitted out into the kitchen to bring in a new supply of dry-toast, I knew, I took advantage of her absence to get up and go out to smoke a cigar in the porch. Then when, after she had cleared the table away, she made an excuse to come in and dust the sitting-room, and arrange the curtains of the window close to which I was sitting outside, I strolled off down the yard and the road to the post-office. Of course she knew where I was going, for it was mail-day; and when, after being gone nearly all the forenoon, I came back with my pockets full of the letters and papers that had been forwarded to me in a great package from town, she looked with eager curiosity for the promised photograph. They were in my pocket, but I said nothing, only ate my dinner in the gayest of spirits, talking more with Mrs. Slocum than with Myra, then seated myself in the sitting-room to read at my leisure letter after letter.

Myra grew more and more uneasy. I could see that this pile of correspondence reminded her that I had other interests and friends than there, and that perhaps she had not the power she imagined over me, and had better be careful. When the men came in to supper, she took but little notice of Melton, and in the evening when I was walking up and down the garden, with my cigar in my mouth, she actually came out and leaned over the gate a little way off.

I waited a few minutes to see if Melton would follow, and, since he did not, I went and stood by her, looking into her pretty moonlighted face.

"Will Mr. Melton be angry?" I asked. "Will he decline to come out for his evening walk while I am here? I will go away if you say so."

"I'm not going to walk with him," she pouted.

"Now don't say that you and the young man have quarrelled," I exclaimed, with the solicitude of a father. "It would be such a pity."

"I don't know what you mean," she said, angrily. "Mr. Melton is nothing to me, and I don't want to be joked about him."

She seemed so much in earnest, and looked so pretty and honest, that I couldn't help trusting her.

"Do you really say that he is nothing to you, Myra?" I asked, looking intently at her.

"Of course he isn't!" she said, immediately. "We are old acquaintances, and that is all. I don't see," pouting again, "why I may not speak to people without having such things said."

We stood there an hour talking over the gate, and it was all I could do to keep from committing myself. I wasn't quite ready to do that yet. If Myra had never managed, or played two parts, I should have used no such caution; but though I almost believed in her now, a lingering uneasiness made me resolve to wait yet a little longer, and see how she would act. But I said enough to let her see pretty clearly what my feelings were, and that I would not consent to share her attentions with any one else.

We went into the house presently, but not before I had kissed Myra's plump hand, and received from it a very decided pressure.

The family were all in the great cool kitchen, which was our favorite resort, and every eye turned on us as we entered.

"Mr. Arnold and I have been listening to the whippoorwills," Myra said, at once, as though it had been the subject of our conversation; when in fact we not only had not mentioned the bird, but I had not heard it. "Why didn't you all come out?"

"We didn't hear them," her mother said, helping to cover the embarrassment. For Melton was looking as black as a thunder-cloud, and all the rest uneasy.

But Myra was as cool and innocent as a child, and never seemed aware that any one could be vexed. She talked and laughed with all, even Melton, never seeming to notice his short answers.

Melton looked at her keenly, seemed to doubt, was at one moment on the point of yielding, and the next moment steeled himself and would not notice her smiles. Presently, before any one else started, he wished us all good-night, and went off to bed. I followed in a moment, and as I went, heard Mrs. Slocum say:

"Nate is going away to-morrow or next day, Myra."

"Well, it was best for him to go," I thought. And then came a misinging. Had I really made up my mind to take this girl, if she would have me. Was it worth while to give up the companionship of a cultivated woman of my own class for that of a country girl, unless she had that unsophisticated honesty and pure nobleness of character which, I could not help thinking, Myra lacked.

I slept uneasily, and woke the next morning at the earliest peep of dawn, two hours before my time for rising. I was just about dropping asleep again when I heard voices outside. Instantly I started up and looked out the window. Just underneath, standing at the open window of the sitting-room, was Melton, his scythe over his shoulder, his dark hair curling under the brim of his straw hat; and on the window-sill were a pair of round arms with a glimpse of a glossy braid above them. I saw it all. While I slept, as she thought, Myra was making her peace with her other lover. I didn't wait to watch or listen, but went to bed again.

That morning Myra poured out my coffee, and was as radiant and charming as possible.

"Is it true that Melton is going off?" I asked, carelessly.

"He thought of it," she replied; "but I believe father persuaded him to stay. He thought they could get along without him."

I said no more; but along in the forenoon

strolled out into the fields. I felt tired, uncertain, harassed, and after walking about a while, oppressed by the heat, gladly betook myself to a place of shade. It was a clump of alders that grew thickly, and left a little bower underneath. The sward was soft, and there I laid down, with violets under my head. Just in front of me was a load of hay, and on the other side of it a mossy rock under a tree. This hay had been gathered up in the morning and was waiting till the farm horses should be at liberty to haul it in, the men, meantime, mowing in another field. I don't know how long I lay there. The heat overpowered me, and my sleepless night told on me. I must have been asleep some time when I was awakened by voices, and opening my eyes, saw Melton and Myra standing at the end of the load of hay, having evidently paused there in their walk.

"Tell me truly, Myra, are you engaged to that city fellow?" the young man was asking, sternly, as I looked up.

"What nonsense!" she exclaimed, looking at him with reproachful surprise. "You take such silly fancies, Nate. Of course I must be civil to him when he is in our house."

"And haven't you any idea of being engaged to him?" pursued the questioner, bent on getting at the truth at last.

"Of course not!" she said, looking up with the utmost innocence. His face brightened.

"Then you don't care anything about him?" he persisted.

"O bah!" she laughed, with a toss of the head. "I won't answer such nonsensical questions."

"Tell me, then, if you do care about me," said Melton, blushing up crimson, and seizing her hand.

Myra broke from him, but with a coquettish glance into his face that made my blood boil, and laughingly ran away round the load of hay. He followed, and they were hidden from my sight, except that I saw underneath the load their feet, and that for an instant they were close together. I believed that he caught and kissed her. I would have given thousands at that moment to have known whether it was true. Every nerve in my frame was like steel, every artery was as though filled with rushing fire. It was all I could do to keep where I was, and not start up and confront that girl.

After a little while I heard another laugh, and Myra appeared running back to the

house, while Melton walked off to the field again. He turned and looked after her and I saw his face. It was not that of a man who despairs.

I laid there till they were both out of sight, and my feelings were not to be envied. I had liked the girl. It seemed to me at that moment that I had loved her. If I knew that Melton had not kissed her, I should not have minded so much; but I thought he had. What good would it do me to charge her with it? She would be sure to deny. In my uncertainty and rage I cursed that great stupid load of hay for being there. I could have torn it in pieces. It was of no use for me to think that the girl's duplicity was plain enough without any further proof. What man would not be wild to know if the girl he loved had given another such a proof of affection.

I went off for a long walk in the woods, and when, at an hour past dinner-time, I went back to the farmhouse, my mind was made up, my heart as free from my love for Miss Myra Slocum as if I had never seen her.

"I'm so sorry I give you the trouble of keeping my dinner for me," I said, pleasantly, to her.

She had looked a little uneasy and embarrassed at first, but brightened when I smiled, and assured me that it was no trouble at all.

Mrs. Slocum came in with her beaming, motherly face, and said they were afraid they had lost me.

"I went for my last stroll in the woods," I said. "I have had letters from town, and find that I must go back. I shall start to-morrow."

Mrs. Slocum cast a quick glance at Myra, who colored violently; then began to say how sorry they would be.

I cordially expressed my own regret at leaving such kind friends, and my gratitude for all they had done for me.

Myra flung out of the room, angry, yet half ready to cry. I didn't care. If she was sorry for losing an admirer, she could feel no great pain at heart. She would console herself with Melton, and he would make her a good husband. Perhaps she would make him a good wife after she was sobered down a little.

She didn't mean that I should think she cared, and perhaps, hoped still to pique me into some show of jealousy; for she never noticed me, but was all smiles and honey to Melton that night. Still, I could see that she was rather pale, and that she kept in sight of me the whole evening.

The next morning I took leave of the men early, for I was to start at eight o'clock.

"I wish you all happiness," I whispered, with a laugh, as I shook hands with Melton.

He frowned slightly. I could see that he was not yet sure, and that he also had seen the drift of Myra's attentions the evening before. She was very haughty with me that morning, and scarcely looked at me, though she gave me the opportunity to speak alone with her, if I chose. I did not choose. I passed by the door of the sitting-room, where she sat alone, and went into the kitchen where Mrs. Slocum and the children were. I had some little gift for each one, and when I had presented them, asked for Myra.

"I promised her some photographs," I said. "And I have them here, if she still wishes for them."

One of the children went and brought her. She looked at me disdainfully.

"Perhaps you won't care about them," I said, smilingly. "If you do not, then please give them back to me."

She took them, and at the first glance her face reddened violently, and tears of mortification and regret rushed into her eyes.

"It isn't you!" she exclaimed. "Your name isn't Theodore!"

"I am Theodore Arnold," I said, laughingly, "and very much flattered that my stories suit you."

I turned then to talk to the others, and tried to draw attention from the girl, whom I pitied. She was completely and bitterly humiliated. Here was the hero whom she had worshipped, and yet unknowingly slighted and deceived. I dare say no heroine of story who has insulted a fairy in disguise ever felt more severely punished than did this simple country girl when she found out that she had lost an author. She made one desperate effort as I went out when the stage came for me.

"Mr. Arnold, are you angry with me?" she said, pleadingly.

"Not at all, my dear!" I said, lightly. "I have no reason to be. You have, merely amused yourself. I wish you all the happiness in the world." So saying, I raised my hat, got into the wagon, and was driven off.

And yet my heart was pained. At that last moment, and at sight of her penitence, if I had but been sure that Melton hadn't kissed her the day before, I would have forgiven her, and asked the right to kiss her myself. But—

And so, ever since, I have hated the sight of a load of hay.

A VERY UNPLEASANT SITUATION.

BY N. P. DARLING.

MR. JUDSON JUDKINS was a widower. He had been in this state of uncertainty for about five years, when the little affair which I am about to tell you of occurred. At that time Mr. Judson Judkins was about fifty-two years of age, and he ought to have known better than to get himself into a situation from which he could not extricate himself. But then people hardly ever do know what they really ought to know, and Mr. Judkins was no exception. And then he didn't think that he was getting himself into a bad fix, though if he had just stopped to consider—but you see, he didn't have any time to consider. He was obliged to go somewhere, and so he went, and the result was that he found himself in a very unpleasant situation indeed. Mr. Judkins was the father of two lovely children. The eldest, Harry, was about the loveliest child, I think, that I every saw. He had the most beautiful brown curls, and the handsomest eyes, and a sweet mouth! And then he had such pretty ways, and he was so "tunnuin'" for a child of his age (he was only twenty-seven years and two months old), that I'm sure no properly constructed female could help loving him.

The second child, named Mary, was also very lovely. At least, all the young men in Bradford thought so; and if a complexion like new milk, hair like threads of gold, eyes like violets, and an indescribable expression over all, that was charming in itself, could make any female child of twenty-four summers lovely, then Mary Judkins was.

Mr. Judkins owned a fine house, situated in the outskirts of the town of Bradford, and Mary had the entire charge of it, and every summer they had it filled with company, generally their relations from the city, who came out of the dust and smoke once a year to breathe the fresh air, drink real milk, revel in strawberries and cream, and enjoy themselves to their heart's content, in the way best suited to themselves.

It was a day in June. "Then, if ever, come perfect days," as the poet says, and this was a perfect day. Warm, cloudless, beautiful!

Miss Mary Judkins was seated at the window of their cosy little sitting-room, Miss

Florence Richmond, Mary's cousin, was reclining on the lounge, reading one of Miss Muloch's novels, Mrs. Mugworth, Mr. Judkins's half-sister, was fast asleep in the great rocking-chair, and Mr. Judkins himself was out on the veranda, smoking a cigar, and reading "Tristram Shandy," when Harry drove into the yard, with a young lady in the carriage beside him.

"There's Jennie!" cried Mary, starting up and running to the door.

Harry was just helping her out of the carriage when Mary appeared, and of course they fell into each other's arms, and kissed.

How Harry's mouth watered! and I think my mouth would have watered too, had I been there, for Miss Jane Louisa Gushington was one of the most bewitching little beauties that ever wore button-boots. A laughing-eyed brunette, with rosy cheeks, and ripe luscious lips, through which the pearls shone; a round plump little form, a neat foot, and an ankle—O! Hiram Powers!

Well, we won't say anything about that ankle, or those ankles, (for she had two of 'em), because, well, because my wife says that it would be decidedly improper.

Mary and her friend came toward the house, leaving Harry to drive round to the stable, and as they stepped onto the veranda, Mr. Judkins, who had thrown down "Tristram," came forward to meet the new guest.

"O father," said Mary, "this is my dear friend, Jennie Gushington, whom I have so often spoken of to you. We were school-mates you know, at Madame De Vinchy's."

"Ah, indeed! And so this is Jennie? Well, my dear, how do you do?" and Mr. Judkins held out both of his great hands and took both of Jane Louisa's little hands, and he squeezed them, and he looked, for all the world, as if he was tickled half to death.

Well, Jane Louisa said she was "pretty well, I thank you, sir," and then Mr. Judkins released her hands, and Mary conducted her into the house, where she had to be introduced to Florence and Mrs. Mugworth, and then they went up stairs, and Jane Louisa was seen no more until tea-time.

Meantime Mr. Judson Judkins walked up

and down the veranda, holding "Tristram Shandy" before his eyes, with a cigar in his mouth, and a smile on his face, dreaming with his eyes wide open.

Yes, Mr. Judson Judkins was dreaming of love. To state the case plainly, he was in love, and that was what tickled him so.

You see he had married quite young, and he had married, to please his father, a woman that he cared no more for than you do for your Aunt Matilda. That is to say, he didn't love her as every man ought to love his wife (or some other man's wife. That's the fashion just at present), although they lived very happily together. Consequently, the heart of Mr. Judson Judkins became a sort of savings bank of his affections, until at the age of fifty-two he had an immense capital of love, which he was very anxious to lavish on some good-looking female.

Now Mr. Judkins wasn't like some widowers that you've seen. He wasn't the man to fall in love with the first pretty face that crossed his path. I should rather think not. He had married once to please somebody else, and now he was going to marry to please himself—that is, if he married at all, which he really had no notion of doing, until he saw Miss Jane Louisa Gushington.

The moment he saw her, he felt that he loved her. He fancied that she was the woman for whom he had been waiting all his life—his "spirit-mate," you understand; and he didn't stop to think, or bother himself about disparity of ages, though of course he knew that she wasn't more than twenty-five, while he was over fifty-two.

But pshaw! what are years to a man in love? Mr. Judkins looked young. There wasn't a gray hair in his head, and hardly a wrinkle on his face, and he felt as youthful as a boy of fifteen.

Miss Gushington was bewitching enough in her travelling dress, but when she appeared at the tea-table, in a filmy muslin, I am sure she was lovely enough to have melted the heart of a stone, to say nothing about such a very soft heart as that which beat in the capacious bosom of Mr. Judson Judkins.

Mr. Judson Judkins was fairly beside himself, or to speak literally, he was beside the woman whom he wished to make a part of himself. He was naturally a very agreeable man, but on this particular evening he surpassed all his former efforts in the art of pleasing; and he was so attentive to Miss Gushington—he was her most devoted slave

all the evening, and he said to himself that he would be ever after, providing she would only love him.

He led her to the piano, and turned the music for her, and he sang an old love song, and he *looked* a whole volume of love songs, and he *felt* himself the very personification of love. And she sang, and Mr. Judkins believed himself in some enchanted land. He was entranced, bewitched, intoxicated with melodious sounds, and sweet imaginings.

To quote the words of his son, "The old gentleman was fairly bedeviled."

You would have thought so could you have seen him shortly afterwards. Mary was at the piano, and Jane Louisa and Mr. Judkins were out on the veranda, waltzing by moonlight. He hadn't waltzed before in twenty years, and he never had been a natural waltzer. He whirled about as gracefully as a clothes-horse might be expected to, should the kitchen furniture be suddenly seized with a mania for waltzing; and he grew dizzy and Jane Louisa supported him—but that was rather agreeable, of course.

And the whole company went out to walk in the dewy moonlight, Miss Gushington leaning on the arm of Mr. Judkins, her beautiful eyes so much brighter than the stars, that the latter retired in confusion the moment she lifted them to the heavens.

"—Her eyes in heaven

Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing and think it were not night,"

as the Bard of Avon says, in describing the luminous optics of old Mr. Capulet's only daughter, and the same will apply to the eyes of Miss Jane Louisa Gushington.

Mr. Judkins had never felt happier in all his life. All the poetry in him came to the surface, and he said a thousand pretty things—perfect gems, you know; and when I think of them, I weep to think that they are lost forever.

He spoke under the inspiration of the rosy god, and she listened, as one might have gazed in the gorgeous palace of Aladdin, so bewildered by the beauty of everything he said, that she could remember nothing but the grandeur of the whole.

The courtship of Mr. Judkins, thus happily begun, went on smoothly. Gradually he gave Miss Gushington to understand the state of his heart. She was just a little bit surprised

at first, but that was all. She confessed to herself that she could have loved Harry better than Judson, but Harry wouldn't give her a chance to love him, and so she concluded that she might as well set her affections on his father particularly as she could see that the latter was terribly in love.

There was no sentimentalism about Miss Gushington. She was one of that kind of women that would make almost any man a good and affectionate wife, but there was no danger of her ever dying of a broken heart. She was determined to marry, and if she couldn't get just the man that she wanted, she would take the next best. And so, failing, as she thought, to reach the heart of Harry, she accepted the heart of Mr. Judkins, and promised to become his bride.

There was only one person in the world that Mr. Judkins was afraid of, and that person was his daughter Mary. He didn't dare to tell her that he was about to marry Miss Gushington. He knew that she would laugh at him, and he couldn't bear to be ridiculed, and he knew that he was about to do what would generally be considered a very ridiculous thing; and so he cautioned Miss Gushington against telling any one of their engagement.

"We can't be married here," said he. "And no one must know that we have any thought of marrying. But I'll tell you how we can manage it, my dear. Name the day yourself, and the sooner it comes the better it will please me;" and Mr. Judkins stopped to squeeze Jane Louisa's hand, and I believe he kissed her, but I'm not so certain of that.

"There's a train passes through Bradford for the city, at fifteen minutes past five in the morning. Not one of the family will be up at that time, and we can leave the house and the town without disturbing anybody. Upon arriving in the city we can be married, and then we can start on our wedding tour, to be gone as long as we please, long enough certainly, to give the Bradford people time to get through talking about us. And by that time, probably, Mary will have become resigned to the new state of affairs."

Mr. Judkins wasn't quite sure that she would be resigned, but he tried to flatter himself that she would.

"But," said Jane Louisa, "wont the family be anxious when they find we are both gone?"

"O, I'll make that all right," replied Mr. Judkins. "I'll tell Mary the night before, that I am going away in the early morning

train, and when we get ready to start, I'll place a note on the table for Mary, explaining all."

And so that was the way it was settled, and meantime everything went on as usual, and no one suspected that Mr. Judkins was in love with Miss Gushington, and that they had their elopement already planned.

I said that no one suspected that Mr. Judkins was in love. Perhaps I had better take that back, for Harry did suspect that something was the matter with the paternal Judkins. As he said to Mary, he "didn't know whether the old gentleman was really in love, or only a little 'loony,' but he thought that he was rather too fond of Miss Gushington's society, considering his age."

"Why, you don't think father *would* marry, do you, Harry?"

"I hope he wont marry Miss Gushington," said he.

"But do you think he would marry any woman?" asked Mary.

But Harry didn't know how to answer that question, and so he didn't try.

"He's apparently very fond of Jennie," said he.

"And you are jealous," returned his sister, laughing; "but you need not be, for Jennie wouldn't marry father, if he wanted her ever so bad. Why, only think, father is fifty-two, and Jennie is only twenty-five."

But Harry wasn't convinced. He was still suspicious, very suspicious, and he hadn't the courage to settle all his doubts by making a marriage proposal to the young lady, for, singular as it may seem, he *was* in love with Jennie, although she knew it not.

And that is strange, you say, and I admit it. Most women will read a man's heart better than he can read it himself, and why Miss Jane Louisa Gushington did not see that Harry adored her is a question that I cannot answer.

But to continue: The fifth day of August was the day appointed for the elopement. Mr. Judson had made all necessary preparations, and he had told Mary that he was going into the city on the early morning train, to be gone all day, and he had written an explanatory letter to be left on the table on the morning of the fifth, and he had retired to his room, there to pack his valise, which, being soon done, he undressed and got into bed.

Now the night of the fourth of August was excessively warm. To be plain about

the matter, it was decidedly hot. I should think that it was about as hot as Tophet, but I won't be positive about that. The temperature of the latter place may be higher than I have any idea of. But it was altogether too warm for comfort in Bradford on the night of the fourth of August.

Mr. Judson Judkins was "a warm-complexioned man." He ought to have lived in Greenland—he ought to have been born there, but as he wasn't, he ought to have gone there directly after being born; but like a great many other people whom you and I both know, he didn't know what was best for himself; and so he remained in Bradford, going around in the summer months, looking for all the world like a roasted turkey. You could fairly hear him *fry* on a hot day.

Mr. Judkins couldn't sleep a wink. He rolled all over the bed, and then he rolled under the bed, and then he rolled all over the floor, and the perspiration rolled from every pore, but there was no sleep for Mr. Judkins.

The hours rolled on, but they rolled very slowly, or so thought Mr. Judkins. He heard the clock strike every hour. At last when it struck four he bounced out of bed, and throwing on a dressing-gown, he left the room.

"I'll take a shower-bath," said Mr. Judkins, as he went down stairs.

Now the shower-bath was situated in the rear of the kitchen, and to reach it he had to pass through the sitting-room and a long entry. But at that hour in the morning there was little danger of his meeting any one.

Mr. Judkins reached it in safety, took his bath, which was really the most comfortable thing he had taken for the last twenty-four hours, "and now," said he, "where is the towel?"

He should have thought of that before, for there wasn't any towel there.

"But I know where Mary keeps 'em," said he. "They're in the sitting-room closet; and as it's so early in the morning, I'll run in just as I am, for I don't want to wet my dressing-gown."

And so Mr. Judkins ran in just as he was, and he got the towel, and was running back, when he heard Bridget coming down the back stairs, for she, having heard Mr. Judkins, thought it was time to get up, and was now coming down the stairs into the long entry, just in time to intercept her master.

"Well, I'll go back to my room then," said Mr. Judkins, jumping out of the long entry just as Bridget stepped in.

"But, hush! egad, there's somebody coming down the front stairs," cried he, "and I believe it's Jane Louisa. O, what shall I do?"

What could he do? He must hide somewhere, of course. He wasn't dressed to receive callers, you know. He hadn't got his watch-guard on, and consequently he felt rather embarrassed.

Well, right across one corner of the sitting-room was a sofa, and in behind it there was room enough for a man to hide quite comfortably, and there Mr. Judson Judkins hid, and he wasn't a moment too soon, for Miss Gushington came in immediately, and seated herself upon the sofa to wait for her lover.

Mr. Judkins waited for her to go, and she waited for him to come, and, of course, they both waited in vain.

At length the clock struck five, but still Mr. Judkins didn't put in an appearance. Jane Louisa asked herself what could be the matter, but she could give no satisfactory answer. Had her lover overslept himself? It looked very much like it, and so she determined to wait until he did come down, and then ask him if that was the way he kept his appointments.

"Well, this is a go," thought Mr. Judkins, as the time passed on, and his lady-love showed no signs of leaving the room. Then he came to the conclusion that it didn't seem so much like "a go," as it did like a stay.

The early train had gone, but still Miss Gushington waited. She was getting angry, not only with Mr. Judkins, but with herself. An elopement was well enough. It was romantic, but she could see no romance in getting ready to elope with a lover who was so lethargic as to sleep when the god of love was calling upon him to awaken; and she was angry with herself for ever having allowed such a sleepy lover to beguile her.

At six o'clock Mary came down, and was much surprised to find that Jennie had become such an early riser.

"Were you up when father went away?"

"I haven't seen your father this morning," replied Jennie.

"And I hope you won't, just at present," thought Mr. Judkins.

Mary went out to the kitchen to see about the breakfast, but Jennie kept her post, and Mr. Judkins kept his.

By-and-by the rest of the family came down, and they all went out to breakfast.

"Now is my time," whispered Mr. Judkins, as he rose from his cramped position.

But just as he arose, Bridget entered the room, passed through, and went up stairs.

"What shall I do now?" Mr. Judkins asked himself. "Bridget has gone up to make the beds, and if I run up stairs, I shall be sure to meet her. O dear, what a fix I am in!"

But as there didn't seem to be anything that he could do, he was obliged to remain a fixture, and soon the family returned to the sitting-room. Shortly after, the ladies, with the exception of Jennie, went out for a ride. Harry was in his room.

"And now," thought Mr. Judkins, "if Miss Gushington would only go out for a walk, why I should be all right."

But unfortunately for that gentleman, she showed no disposition to "take the air." Seating herself on the sofa, with her work in her hands, and a book on her lap, she began to read, and between sentences, she would stop to think, entirely unconscious that the subject of her thoughts was sitting in a very cramped and uncomfortable attitude, just behind her.

People don't generally like to be made fools of, and Miss Gushington was no exception; but that she had been made a fool of she did not for one moment doubt, for what else could she think? Mr. Judkins had certainly gone to the city. Harry had heard his father go down stairs at about four o'clock, he said. He had gone and left her without one word of explanation. What could she think of such conduct? She knew not what to think. But she was very angry, not only with Mr. Judkins but with herself.

"I'll leave Bradford this very day," she said to herself; but just then Harry came down stairs.

"What, all alone?" said he, stopping on the threshold.

"I was before you came," she answered, with a bewitching smile that melted a hole right through Harry's heart.

This young gentleman took a turn up and down the room, revolving a very serious question in his mind. "I never shall have a better opportunity," he thought, "and it must come out some time;" and clenching his teeth to keep his courage up, said he, "let it come now."

Miss Gushington was watching him from under her long eyelashes. Suddenly he turned and stood before her, but she did not raise her eyes.

"Miss Gushington," said Harry, "you know me pretty well. Do you know me well enough, think you, to trust your happiness in my keeping?"

"Why—why, Mr. Judkins, what do you mean?" cried Jennie, throwing down her work.

Mr. Judson Judkins groaned.

"O!" screamed Jane Louisa, "what was that?"

"The dog," answered Harry. "Come here, Tiger;" but Tiger didn't come.

"I was sure some one groaned," said Jane Louisa.

"'Twas but the dog."

"Well, you were saying," said she, once more reassured, "that, well, I didn't understand exactly what you meant."

Harry took her hand. She didn't try to withdraw it.

"Will you, dear, give me this hand, and with it your heart? Will you give them to keep always?"

"On conditions," she answered, and she spoke very calmly indeed.

"Then you do not love me," said Harry.

"The conditions are not very hard."

"What are they?"

"There is only one—that you marry me to-day."

"Why such haste?"

"It is a foolish whim of mine perhaps. You can call it so. I am going to leave Bradford to-day, and it only remains for you to say whether it shall be as Mrs. Judkins or Miss Jennie Gushington."

Again Mr. Judson Judkins groaned.

"Confound the dog!—you shall leave here as Mrs. Harry Judkins."

"O! the house is haunted!" screamed Miss Gushington, falling into her lover's arms.

"Pshaw! 'twas Tiger," and then Harry kissed her.

That kiss restored her, and she gave Harry one in return.

"Will you go to the minister's now, darling?" she asked.

"What, before Mary returns? Shall we go alone?"

"Yes, alone, and at once."

"Why, one would think that you hadn't but a moment to live. Are you afraid that you will lose me?"

"No, but I want to be sure of you."

"Well, then go and get ready, and I'll bring the carriage round to the door."

Once more Mr. Judson Judkins groaned,

but there was no one to hear him. The lovers had left the room.

"O, the perfidiousness of woman!" said he, "arising in all his native majesty," and stretching his limbs. "I'll never trust one again." And with one bound he came out from behind the sofa, and stole softly up stairs to his room.

That day at dinner, Mr. Harry Judkins, much to the surprise of every one, introduced to his sister and her guests, the quondam Jennie Gushington, as his bride.

"Why, how sly you have been," cried Florence Richmond.

"Sly! why, I didn't even suspect that they were lovers," said Mrs. Mugworth.

But just at this moment Mr. Judson Jud-

kins entered the room, looking exceedingly savage.

"Returned so soon?" cried Mary. "Why, where have you been?"

"I have been," said Mr. Judson Judkins, looking fiercely at Jane Louisa, who looked scornfully back at him, "I have been in a very unpleasant situation."

He said no more, and no questions were asked, for every one saw that the usually genial Mr. Judkins was decidedly out of humor.

That afternoon the bridal pair started on their wedding tour.

They were living very happily the last time I heard from them. But Mr. Judson Judkins is still a widower.

MISS VIVIEN.

BY SARAH L. JOY.

"TELL us about it, Granger."

Tom Merriam's request was echoed by the half dozen men present, and Granger, with a laugh, took the cigar from his lips, laid himself back in the easy-chair, in the easiest of attitudes, and lazily answered:

"People generally are not so fond of telling their adventures when they have been a trifle worsted, but as Charlie Ruthven comes in for a share of this questionable glory, too, why I don't mind giving you my experience, just as a warning to you not to be bewitched by every pretty woman you meet; that's my failing, you know. I never could resist the sharp little weapons that Cupid shoots from sparkling eyes, no matter what their color is, and a pair of pouting lips plays the mischief with my heart. But as for Charlie, the clear-headed, cool-hearted Charlie, whom all the women adore because he *wont* adore them, for him to get so completely sold, it's worth getting fooled a dozen times one's self. By Jove, it's better than any play."

"How's that, Ruthven?" said Dick Stuyvesant, lazily turning his head to get a view of the handsome fellow who lay stretched on a sofa the other side of the room with his hands clasped above his head, and a look of the most perfect indifference in his face.

If ever a man gave you an idea of being bored to death by mere existence, Charlie Ruthven was the one. He half opened his eyes as Stuyvesant spoke.

"Just as Granger says," he coolly replied, sending such a cloud of smoke up from his mouth as nearly enveloped his curly brown head. "That woman came nearer raising the deuce with me than any of her sex ever did before. She was a regular stunner though. Granger'll give you a description of her charms, he rather excels in that line." And he shot a mischievous glance at the easy-chair and its occupant as he spoke.

"Description be hanged!" was the rather irreverent answer. "I got muddled over her eyes, couldn't even tell the color. One day I thought they were that real purplish blue that always reminds one of pansies, and I was spooney to that degree that I wrote some very flowery verses and called them 'Pansy Eyes,' in which I mooned away to a fearful extent about the state of my affections, and depths of despair in which 'I should forevermore be plunged,' unless she gave me some hope that I held a winning hand, etc. A combination of poetry and play that seems remarkably funny as I think about it now, but I regarded it in an entirely different light that time. The next time I saw her, I vow her eyes were black, and I was completely mixed up. Whatever their color was, they were the most glorious eyes I ever saw, and you couldn't resist their fascination. She, like her eyes, was indescribable. Ruthven says the whole when he calls her a 'regular stunner,' and there wasn't a woman who

could equal her in Newport all the season.

"The first time I saw her, I was coming from a drive with Mollie Wingate, and she was on the piazza of the hotel watching the people as they came driving up. I couldn't help it, I motioned Mollie to look at her.

"Isn't she lovely, Miss Wingate?"

"Mollie looked up with a quizzical smile on her lips.

"The last is always the fairest with you, Mr. Granger."

"Wasn't that a cut, though? I was just a trifle annoyed, for I didn't care to have Mollie Wingate see my weaknesses so easily, but I only laughed and said:

"But isn't she?"

"Isn't she what?" very carelessly.

"A perfectly lovely woman."

"No," she said, bluntly.

"I looked at her in surprise.

"She is an extremely handsome woman, but lovely doesn't apply to her; there's a something in her face I don't like. I never could trust her.' And she went slowly into the house, humming a blithe German air as she went.

"I'd been uncommonly sweet on Mollie Wingate all the time we had been in Newport, and we'd been pretty good friends in town before, and really I did like her first-rate. I imagined then, she was jealous of my admiration of the stranger, but now I know that there was something in her straight-forward genuineness that instinctively felt the deception and worthlessness of the other.

"I determined to find out the fair unknown, and you know when you once set out for a thing of that kind it is usually easy of attainment. She sat near us at table, and I found Charlie quite as sensible of her charms as I was; in fact, I never knew him to evince so much interest in one of the sex before, and that, I think, made me a little keener in pursuit of the game.

"There was a very handsome man with her, whom she called Ambrose, and I was afraid it might prove her husband, and that he would raise an objection to my making love to his property; but as we found out it was only her brother. They were registered as Mr. Ambrose Vivien, Miss Vivien, Baltimore, Md.

"Getting acquainted with the brother was an easy matter; he was very gentlemanly in his bearing, and altogether jolly, so we got on charmingly. By-and-by he offered to in-

troduce us to his sister, and you may be sure we didn't refuse.

"We found Miss Vivien charming, and set to work to make ourselves agreeable. I don't know how she did it, but she managed to keep on the best terms with both of us, and make each one think he was the favored one. I was completely over head and ears in love. I quite forgot my former devotion to Mollie Wingate, but she didn't seem to take my defection much to heart.

"We were sitting on the piazza one evening, Miss Vivien and I, when she had been about three weeks at Newport and she said:

"Mr. Granger, I've got a peculiar request to make of you but I know you will not refuse me. There's not another person in the world whom I would ask, but you have been so kind, and seem such a dear friend, that I know I can trust you. You know Ambrose went to New York last night. Well, I expected him back to-day, but he has telegraphed me that he will be obliged to remain three or four days longer. I am especially provoked, for thinking he was coming home so soon, I did not think to ask him to replenish my pocket-book, and I spent the last of my money to-day. I want some to use to-morrow very much, and I thought perhaps you would be kind enough to lend it to me until Ambrose returns, or sends me a check as I telegraphed him to do."

"Of course I was delighted to help her out of her fix and let her have the money; and I'd like to know who wouldn't give his whole amount of bank-stock to have those eyes looking at one in such a pleading way! I'm sure I would, and I signified my willingness on the spot, but the generous creature would only accept two hundred dollars, and that with a fearful amount of apology and regret, and reproach for her own and Ambrose's carelessness.

"I couldn't stand that, and on the spot I offered to be her banker for life if she would only make me so happy by taking the name of Granger.

"She fidgeted and blushed and did all the proper things, and promised to give me her answer the next evening, let me kiss her hand several times, and her lips once, received the roll of greenbacks which I procured for her, and tripped away.

"She didn't make her appearance next morning at breakfast, but I didn't wonder much at that; no Miss Vivien at dinner—so I supposed she was purposely keeping out of

the way until evening. I was at the 'hop' in good season and stationed myself where I could see all the girls as they came in. Still no Miss Vivien, and I began to grow a little nervous and out of sorts, so I went out onto the balcony where I could look into the room and at the same time be out of the way. Going out I met Ruthven.

"Halloo, Granger, where the deuce is she?"

"She! who?"

"Miss Vivien."

"I don't know; she promised me the first waltz, and I've been waiting an awful while for her."

"That's the very dance she promised me."

"When?"

"Last night on the piazza, about ten o'clock."

"An hour after she promised it to me. Charlie, old boy, she's playing it on us, I fancy."

"I wonder why she hasn't been down all day; let's find out if she's sick." And going to the office, he asked the clerk to send up to Miss Vivien's room to see if she was ill.

"Miss Vivien's gone, sir," was the reply; 'left on the boat for Boston, this morning.'

"When does she return?" asked Charlie.

"Not at all, I fancy. She took all her luggage and said her brother was to meet her in Boston, and they were going to the White Mountains."

"We sauntered back to the piazza in silence. After the first amazement was over I called out:

"Sold, old fellow! I went cheap. Two hundred dollars and a box of gloves No. sixes bought me."

"What do you mean?" said Ruthven.

"Why, my lady, borrowed two hundred dollars of me last night, until Ambrose came back, a time that I guess is very far in the future."

"Of you! Why, she borrowed three hundred of me until the same time. The truth is, we're both victims of misplaced confidence, and a pretty face, and the stiller we keep about this little affair the better."

"I acquiesced, but somehow things will leak out, and our adventure with Miss Vivien became pretty well known in Newport, and we had to endure a good deal of chaffing from the fellows, and as for the women, they were a deuced sight worse. Mollie Wingate's blue eyes danced with enjoyment, though she was merciful enough not to say anything, but I'd rather bear all the other women's tongues than that look in her eyes. I wish, though, I knew what became of our 'gay deceiver.'"

"I can tell you," said Dick Stuyvesant; "she came to Mt. Desert straight from Newport, she and Ambrose, and she was running just such a rig with Bob Kingsley and 'your most obedient,' when the fun was cut short, by the appearance of a detective who claimed the Vivien's as some old confidence friends of his that he had been looking for, for sometime, and he was so glad to see them that he wouldn't leave Mt. Desert without them. They were not brother and sister, and their names were not Vivien."

"Who were they then?" asked Ruthven.

"Mr. and Mrs. John Munger of New York, with several aliases, the last the name under which we know them. For my part I fight shy of strange women, with handsome brothers, in the future."

"I fight shy of all women, strange or otherwise, with or without brothers," said Ruthven.

"I'm going to marry Mollie Wingate as a protection against women," laughed Granger. "I find I can't take care of myself, and I know I should fall a victim to the next pretty face, even if its owner called herself Miss Vivien."





SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.

HARRY'S FIRST BUSINESS TRANSACTION.

LEMUEL FAIRCHILD conducted Brandon and Harry to Lovejoy's Hotel on Broadway, and led the way to the restaurant connected with the hotel.

"I've done a good stroke of business this morning," he said. "I can afford to stand treat. Sit down, Mr. Brandon. Sit down, Raymond. Now what will you have?"

"Roast beef," answered Brandon. "I prefer the sirloin."

"Very good. What for you, Raymond?"

"The same," said Harry.

"Three plates of sirloin," ordered Mr. Fairchild. "By the way, Captain Brandon, I have been giving our young friend here a little inking into the way we do business in the city."

"Well, my lad," said Brandon, "how do you like it?"

"I think I shall like it when I get used to it, sir," said Harry.

"I made a sale amounting to nearly eighteen thousand dollars this morning," remarked the commission merchant.

"You're not used to doing business on so large a scale in country, I take it?" said Brandon.

"No sir."

"The city's the place for a smart lad like you. You'll make your way here."

"I hope so."

"No doubt of it, if you attend to business, and do whatever you are told."

"I mean to do my duty."

"That's the talk," said Fairchild, who for a wealthy city merchant used a variety of phrases hardly to be expected. "By the time you're thirty you'll be a rich man. I didn't start with one quarter of your advantages. When I was your age I worked for three dollars a week, and had to pay my board out of it. See where I am now."

Mr. Fairchild, as I have stated, was dressed rather shabbily, and, so far as appearance went, did not seem to have got far beyond the point where he started.

If Harry hadn't witnessed the extensive scale on which he transacted business he might not have been very much impressed by his remarks, but, not suspecting any decep-

tion, he supposed that everything was as stated, and felt very much encouraged by his remarks.

"You'll be taking our young friend as partner some of these days, Mr. Fairchild," said Brandon.

"I make no promises," answered Fairchild, "but by the time he gets grown up I shall feel the need of sharing my responsibilities with some one. If he suits me, it may be as you say."

"Why not? I suppose you are growing rich fast, Fairchild."

"That isn't for me to say. I don't tell all about my affairs, as some do, but I could afford to give away a hundred thousand dollars, and have enough left to live handsomely."

"I congratulate you on your success, and hope our young friend here will succeed as well. By the way, I wish you would order me some coffee."

"Certainly. Call for anything you like. Raymond, will you have some coffee?"

"Thank you, sir, I should like some."

"We poor sailors," said Brandon, stirring his coffee, "don't get rich so fast as you merchants. We brave the elements, and you reap the profits. That's about the way of it, I take it."

"By the way, when do you sail, Captain Brandon?"

"It is not quite decided. In a day or two. Were you ever on board a ship, my lad?"

"No sir."

"You'd like to see one, I suppose?"

"Yes," said our young hero, eagerly, "I should enjoy it very much."

"Don't you think you could spare him a little while to-morrow morning, Fairchild? Business isn't very driving, is it?"

"Yes, I could spare him, I think, if he would like to go."

"All right, then. I shall be passing your office in the morning, and will take him along and show him the *Sea Eagle*."

"You are very kind, sir," said Harry, gratefully.

He was rather surprised at the amount of attention he received from his employer and the captain. Indeed, he had reason to be, for I may remark for the benefit of my country readers whose expectations might otherwise be unduly raised, that city merchants rarely offer a prospective partnership to a boy on the first day of his entering their employment. Had Harry possessed more experience he might have been led to suspect

that there was something queer about it, but he reflected that in the city things were different from what he had been accustomed to in the country. Even Mr. Porter, who only kept a common village store, had not said anything about taking him into partnership at any period, however remote, but here was a wealthy city merchant who held out the tempting inducement. No wonder our hero indulged in some gorgeous castle-building, and began to dream of what he would do when he was junior partner in the city firm of Fairchild and Raymond.

At length the dinner was over, and the three walked back in company to the office in Nassau street.

"What shall I do, Mr. Fairchild?" asked Harry.

"You may keep on with your copying," said his employer, carelessly. "I have some business with Captain Brandon, and shall be away with him most of the afternoon. You can attend to the office."

"Yes sir."

"If any parties should call on business with me, you may tell them to call to-morrow morning."

"Yes sir."

"If a gentleman should call, and inquire my price for a consignment of spices, you may say that the lowest figure is ten thousand dollars."

"Yes sir."

"If he should be willing to pay that, you have my authority to close the bargain."

"Yes sir."

Here Mr. Fairchild went out, and Harry was left to himself. When he reflected that he was authorized to close a bargain of so extensive a character, involving property to the amount of ten thousand dollars, he felt considerably raised in his own estimation.

"I might have plodded on in Vernon for fifty years before having such a responsibility thrown upon me," he said to himself.

He continued his copying for an hour, when the door opened, and a man entered briskly.

"Is Mr. Fairchild in?" he asked.

"No sir."

"When will he be in?"

"He may return late in the afternoon. He left word if any one called to ask them to come back to-morrow morning."

"That won't do for me. I must leave the city this evening. I am sorry not to find him in," said the stranger in a tone of vexation.

"Perhaps you will leave word about your business, and he can write to you."

"It was about some spices that I wished to purchase if we could come to terms."

"O," said Harry, with animation, "he left word with me about that. I can tell you whatever you wish to know."

"Do you know his price—his lowest price?"

"Yes sir; it is ten thousand dollars. He won't take a cent less."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes sir, he told me so expressly."

"If he were here I would close the bargain."

"You can do so now. I have authority to sell," said our hero, in a tone of pardonable importance.

"Indeed! You are quite a man of business of your age. However, if you have authority for selling, you may make out a bill, and I will send round my check."

"Very well, sir."

Harry did as requested, and the stranger, expressing himself satisfied, departed.

Previous to Mr. Fairchild's departure, he gave Harry permission to write home if he desired it. Our hero decided to avail himself of this permission, being anxious to apprise his mother of his position and the circumstances in which he found himself. Writing immediately after the important business transaction just mentioned, he may be pardoned if his letter is somewhat sanguine, and confident in its tone.

This is what he wrote:

"DEAR MOTHER,—It is so short a time since I left home that you may suppose I will have nothing to write, but I find things very different in the city from what they are in Vernon. You will be surprised when I tell you that I have just sold a lot of spices for ten thousand dollars. Mr. Fairchild was out, and told me what price to ask. We don't keep the goods we sell here. I don't know where they are kept yet, but I shall learn more about the business when I have been here longer. The commission which Mr. Fairchild gets on the sale I made amounts to two hundred dollars, so I think I have earned my wages so far, don't you?"

"I think I shall like Mr. Fairchild. He seems disposed to be kind to me, and has said something about taking me into partnership some time if I suit him. I shall try hard to do so, as that would bring me a very large income, and I could do a great deal for you, dear mother, and little Katy. If you should see our place of business, you would

be surprised that so large a business could be done here. It is only a small room, and not very pleasant. I felt disappointed at first, but I begin to understand better now how they manage in the city. I was disappointed in Mr. Fairchild, also. He does not seem to care much about dress, considering how rich he is, and what a splendid business he does. He has introduced me to a sea-captain of his acquaintance who has invited me to go on board his vessel to-morrow. I shall like it, as I never was on a ship. Most of my time is spent in copying from a ledger. I don't know yet where I am to board; Mr. Fairchild has not told me yet, but I will try to write you again to-morrow, and let you know all about it. I wish you were living in the city so that that I could board with you. That will come sometime, I hope. I close with much love to you and Katy. Your affectionate son,

"HARRY RAYMOND."

This letter gave great comfort to Mrs. Raymond. She felt that, though Harry was separated from her at present, he had embarked upon a prosperous business career, and that better times were in store for both. Poor woman! It was the last letter she received from Harry for many a long, tedious day.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FIRST NIGHT IN THE CITY.

PROBABLY the reader has noticed with some surprise that Mr. Fairchild addressed his sailor confederate as *Captain* Brandon, and may have thought the name wrongly applied. But by a lucky accident, as he termed it, he had been unexpectedly elevated to the chief command of the vessel on which he was about to sail. Captain Hatch, who had been expected to fill this place, was a good sailor, but addicted to intemperate habits. In a fit of intoxication only two days previous, he had got into a fracas, and been so severely injured that it was found necessary to send him to the hospital where he was likely to be detained some time. Meantime the *Sea Eagle* was all ready to sail, and the owners, without knowing much of Hartley Brandon, who had been engaged as first mate, offered him the captain's place, which it was needless to say he accepted with alacrity. It was a position which for years he had striven to obtain, but until now unsuccessfully. So far as seamanship was concerned, he was as well fitted for the place as many who had filled it for

years, but he was reckless and unreliable, and disposed at times to be despotic, so that he had never been popular with the crews which he had commanded as officer. However, there was little to choose, and to this fact he was indebted for his present post.

Lemuel Fairchild was a seedy adventurer whom he had engaged for a small consideration to play the part of a commission merchant, in order to draw Harry to the city where there would be an opportunity to carry out his, or rather Squire Turner's intentions, with regard to him. Of course, all the large business transactions were bogus, the parties pretending to purchase cargoes being intimates of Fairchild. The office in Nassau street had been hired for a week only, as that would be sufficient for Brandon's purpose. The ledger, out of which our hero was employed to copy, had formerly belonged to a business house now bankrupt, and had been bought cheap of a paper firm in Ann street, whither it had found its way among the waste which is diligently gathered by the squalid army of rag-pickers, that nightly prowls about the streets and explore the lanes and alleys of the great metropolis.

The reader is now in possession of all the network of deception by which Brandon's ingenuity had contrived to dupe our young hero. It is no wonder that, smart as he was, he failed to discover this. Whatever seemed strange to him he naturally attributed to his want of knowledge of city ways.

When night came, and the office closed, Mr. Fairchild took Harry to Lovejoy's once more to take supper.

"I must get a boarding-place for you to-morrow," he said. "To-night, I will secure a room for you here."

"Where do you live, Mr. Fairchild?" asked Harry, with natural curiosity.

"Why, the fact is, I am boarding at the hotel myself just at present. I have a fine house up town, but it is being painted and refurnished, and until that is finished, I board at a hotel."

"Are you married?" continued Harry, who was something of a Yankee, as he showed by his questions.

"My wife and children are travelling in Europe," said Mr. Fairchild, telling, of course, an unblushing falsehood. "I would join them if I could get away from my business. I must wait till I have a partner to leave in charge." And he looked at Harry in a significant way, which caused our young hero's heart to beat with proud anticipations.

They made a very good supper, and then sat down for a while in the public room, Fairchild smoking a couple of cigars with evident enjoyment. He offered one to Harry, which the latter declined, having fortunately never acquired a habit that to boys, at least, can never be productive of good.

About eight o'clock, Harry asked permission to go to bed. His long ride in the morning, with the new experiences of his first day in the city, had produced a feeling of fatigue.

"Yes, you can go to bed if you like," said Fairchild. "I'll speak to the clerk to give us a room with two beds."

"How early do you want me to get up in the morning, Mr. Fairchild?"

"How early do you get up in the country?"

"About half past five."

"We don't rise so early in the city. We'll breakfast at eight, and get to the office at nine. Any time before eight will do."

Harry thought that nine was rather late to commence business, but this, as he supposed, was only another difference between the city and the country.

Harry soon fell asleep in spite of the rattling of wheels and the never-ceasing noise in the busy street beneath. He was too tired even to dream, but slept soundly until the next morning.

When he awoke it was broad daylight. He looked across the room, and saw Fairchild still sleeping. He jumped out of bed, and dressed hastily. Remembering that it was his first morning in the city, he was eager to go down stairs, and look about him.

Fairchild opened his eyes sleepily, as he completed dressing.

"Up already, Raymond?" he asked, in a drowsy tone.

"Yes sir."

"What time is it?"

"I just heard it strike seven."

"Well, go down if you like. I will be down by eight o'clock."

Harry availed himself of the permission, and descended four flights of stairs, for they were on the fifth story, to the office.

As he emerged into the street, a ragged urchin came up and accosted him with the familiar question, "Shine yer boots?"

"Go ahead," said Harry, perceiving that his boots were stained with mud.

The task was performed in creditable style, and our hero was called upon to disburse ten cents. He resolved as soon as he got settled in a boarding-house to buy a brush and some

blackening for himself, feeling that he was not yet in circumstances to pay ten cents daily for having his boots blacked.

He stood at the door of the hotel, and watched the throng of wayfarers, which commencing two hours before would flow without interruption through the busy street until the small hours. It was to our hero, born and bred in the quiet country, an animated and interesting spectacle, and he felt glad, in spite of a certain feeling of loneliness, that he was employed in the city.

At eight o'clock his employer came down, and they went together into the refectory, where they took a substantial breakfast, the expense being defrayed by Captain Brandon, acting for Squire Turner.

Shortly afterwards they went round to the office in Nassau street.

Lemuel Fairchild seated himself in his position of the day before with his heels on the mantel-piece, and diligently perused the columns of the *New York Herald*, a copy of which he had bought in the street below.

"What shall I do, Mr. Fairchild?" asked Harry.

"Go on with your copying," said Fairchild, not lifting his eyes from the paper.

So our hero opened the ledger, and went to work. His task was not a very interesting one. Still he was earning two dollars a day, and this money would enable him to provide for his mother, so he buckled to it in earnest, determined to show his employer that he was not afraid of work. He had commenced working for the partnership of which a prospect had been given him.

About ten o'clock the door opened, and Brandon entered.

"Good-morning, Captain Brandon," said Fairchild, rising.

"Good-morning, Fairchild. Good-morning, my lad."

"Good-morning, sir," answered Harry.

"Well, my lad, are you ready to make a little visit to my ship?"

"Yes sir, if Mr. Fairchild is willing."

"O, he'll be willing, I'll guarantee that. Your writing can wait till another time. Eh, Fairchild?"

"Yes, he can go," assented the merchant.

Harry picked up his hat, and accompanied Brandon to the street.

"It's all right," said Brandon, in a whisper, placing a small roll of bills in the hand of Fairchild. "It'll be a long time before you set eyes on your office-boy again."

CHAPTER XVIII.

GOING ON BOARD.

HARRY crossed Broadway with his companion, and went down a side street to the North River pier at which lay the *Sea Eagle*, of which Brandon had obtained the command. It was a vessel of good size, and was now all ready for sea. This fact, however, Captain Brandon didn't care to communicate to his young companion.

"How soon do you sail, Captain Brandon?" asked Harry.

"In a day or two," said Brandon.

"Is your voyage a long one?"

"We are bound for China."

"That is a long trip."

"Yes, a very long one."

"Don't you get tired of the sea?"

"O, we sailors get used to it."

"I don't think I should like it."

"So you wouldn't like being a sailor?" said Brandon, looking at the lad with a meaning which the latter did not understand.

"No, I don't think I should."

"So I thought at your age, but I became a sailor, after all."

However it might have been in the case of Captain Brandon, Harry thought it very improbable that such change would take place in his own views.

At length he reached the pier. Bales of merchandize lay scattered about, and there was a general appearance of confusion and disorder.

"There is my vessel," said Captain Brandon, pointing it out. "Don't you want to go to China with me?"

"Thank you," said Harry, with a smile, "but I will wait till I am older."

"And then go as a merchant, I suppose?"

"Perhaps so."

"Well, let us go on board, at all events. I will show you about."

Harry ascended to the deck, and Captain Brandon followed. The latter began to point out and name various parts of the vessel, walking about with our hero. The sailors looked with some curiosity at Harry, but of course asked no questions. The mate, however, Mr. Hawkes, after speaking with Brandon about some matter connected with the vessel, asked, "Is that the cabin-boy?"

"Certainly," said Brandon.

"He asks if you are the cabin boy?" he said, after the mate had passed on. "It's a good joke, isn't it?"

"Yes," said Harry, smiling.

"Now suppose we go into the cabin," said Brandon.

"Thank you," assented Harry.

Accordingly they descended into the ship's cabin, which though small was very comfortable.

"Sit down, Raymond," said the captain, setting the example.

On the cabin table was spread out a slight repast consisting of sandwiches and ale.

"We'll take a little lunch," said Brandon.

"It's hungry work walking about the streets. You can eat a little something, I guess."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, accepting a sandwich.

"Let me pour you out some ale."

"I don't think I care for any, thank you."

"Pooh, nonsense, ale won't do you any harm;" and Brandon filled his glass.

Harry had never even tasted of ale, but he did not know how to refuse the captain's hospitality, and raised the glass to his lips. The taste was not altogether agreeable, so he merely sipped a little, and set it down again.

"Don't you like it?"

"Not very much."

"Never mind, it'll do you good. Nothing more wholesome."

"How long will your voyage be, Captain Brandon?"

"Eighteen months, perhaps longer. By the time I get back, I suppose you will have become quite a man of business."

"I hope so," said Harry.

"How do you like my friend Fairchild?"

"He has been quite kind to me. I think I shall like him."

"Keep on, and sometime you may be as rich as he," said the captain, closing the remark with a laugh, for which our hero could see no good reason.

"I should like to be rich, for my mother's sake," said Harry, seriously.

"For your mother's sake, of course. Let me see—what's the name of the town you come from?"

"Vernon."

"Ah yes, I think I've heard of it. A small place, isn't it?"

"Yes sir, it's only a village."

"Any rich people there?"

"There's one—Squire Turner."

"Squire Turner?" repeated Brandon.

"What sort of a man is he?"

He asked the question carelessly, but fixed his eyes on Harry as he spoke. It will be

remembered that Squire Turner, unwilling to trust his scapegrace cousin too far, had carefully kept hidden from him the cause of his hostility to our hero. This naturally stimulated the curiosity of Brandon, to whom it occurred that he might by questioning the boy draw out the truth.

"He's quite a prominent man in Vernon," answered Harry, cautiously.

"I suppose he is popular, also."

"Not very popular."

"Why not?"

"He is not very liberal."

"Then you don't like him?"

"I haven't had much to do with him."

"Confound him! why don't he speak out?" said Brandon to himself. It occurred to him, however, that further questions respecting a man whom he was not supposed to know might excite the suspicions of the boy, and he refrained.

Meanwhile Harry, who had a healthy boy's appetite, had commenced eating his second sandwich, but he hadn't again tasted of the ale.

"Come," said Captain Brandon, "suppose we drink success to the Sea Eagle, and a quick and prosperous voyage."

So saying, he placed the glass to his lips.

"With pleasure," responded Harry, following his example. He merely tasted the ale, however, and then set down the glass.

"That will never do, my lad," said the captain. "It is always usual on such occasions to drain the glass."

"I don't like ale very well."

"But you won't refuse to drink it, under such circumstances?"

Fearing that his refusal might be misconstrued, Harry gulped down the liquid, though with some difficulty.

"Come, that's well," said the captain, with satisfaction. "I won't ask you to drink any more. Now suppose I tell you a little of the countries I have visited. We sailors see strange things."

"I should be glad to have you," said our hero, thinking that the captain took great pains to please him.

Brandon launched out into a long and circumstantial account of Brazil, and afterwards of Australia, both of which he had visited. Harry listened at first with interest, but gradually a strange sensation of drowsiness came over him. His eyes drooped heavily, and it was with a continual effort that he kept them open. The captain lowered his voice

and kept talking in a low, monotonous tone that helped the effect of the sleeping potion, which, unobserved, he had mingled with the ale in Harry's glass.

"I feel sleepy," said our hero, at length, after making a desperate effort to keep awake. "It is strange so early in the day."

"I observed you found it hard to keep awake. I suppose it is the noise and bustle of the city to which you are not accustomed. I'll tell you what, my lad, I've got a little business to attend to on deck. As I shan't go back to Nassau street for an hour or two I'll give you that time for a nap."

"Thank you, sir," said Harry, drowsily. "Wont Mr. Fairchild think it strange, my being away so long?"

"I'll make it all right with him. He's very good-natured. So just lie down, and have your nap out."

Harry lay down, and in two minutes his senses were locked in profound repose. Captain Brandon looked at him with satisfaction as he lay stretched out before him.

"It was a lucky thought of mine, the sleeping potion," he said to himself. "He's polite enough, but there's plenty of will and determination about him. I can see that by the cut of his lip. He might have made me considerable trouble. Now, he's safe to sleep eighteen hours at least, unless the druggist deceived me."

He went on deck, taking care, however, to lock the cabin door behind him. On the deck he met Mr. Hawkes the mate.

"Well, Mr. Hawkes," he said, "what is the prospect?"

"I think we shall get off in an hour, Captain Brandon."

"Good."

"I didn't quite understand about the lad you had with you. Does he sail with us?"

"Yes."

"As cabin-boy?"

"Yes, but he doesn't know it."

"Ah, I see," said Hawkes, nodding intelligently.

"His friends have thought it best to send him to sea, but he is obstinate and headstrong, and might make trouble, so I agreed to manage it."

He briefly related the strategy of which he had made use. The mate laughed approvingly.

"We'll make a sailor of him before we get through," he said.

"No doubt of it."

Meanwhile our hero, wrapped in a sleep unnaturally profound, slumbered on, happily unconscious of the unjustifiable plot which had been contrived against him. On deck all was bustle and hurry. The pilot was already on board, the sailors were hurrying about in obedience to the quick commands of the officers, the creaking of cordage was heard, and in a short time the *Sea Eagle* had commenced her voyage. But Harry heard nothing. His slumber was too profound. His career as an office-boy was at an end, and after one brief day in the great city he was drifting away unconsciously from home and friends, in the power of a reckless man from whose despotism there was no appeal.

I am quite sure that my young readers will all sympathize with Harry. His misfortune was in no sense occasioned by his misconduct. He had left home with a firm determination to do his duty, and work his way upward to a position where he could be of service to his mother and sister, but all his plans seemed disastrously interrupted.

But I do not despair of Harry yet. Hitherto his course has been smooth, and he has had no opportunity of showing what he is. Difficulties develop strength of character, and it is pretty clear that Harry has got into difficulties and those of a serious kind.

Will he sink or swim?

A WORD WITH OUR READERS.

Mr. JAMES R. ELLIOTT, for many years the senior member of our firm has retired, and hereafter all of our publications will be conducted by Messrs. WILLIAM H. THOMES and NEWTON TALBOT, at our well-known Publishing House, 63 Congress Street, Boston, where the new firm will be pleased to see their friends and patrons at all times. Mr. Elliott has our best wishes for his future prosperity and happiness. All communications hereafter must be addressed to Messrs. THOMES & TALBOT, who hope to conduct their business in the future as satisfactorily as it has been conducted during the past ten years.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

POTATO SOUP.—Put into a stewpan three pints of white stock, take six large mealy potatoes, boil them nearly done, cut them in slices until they are sufficiently tender to pulp through a sieve, with an onion boiled soft enough for the same purpose. Thicken with flour and butter, and season with white pepper, cayenne and salt. To enhance the flavor cream should be added, half a tea-cup full, previous to serving, but must not be permitted to boil after adding.

PEA SOUP.—Boil to a pulp two quarts of peas, strain them, place in a stewpan four ounces of butter, add two anchovies, a table-spoonful of pounded pepper, twice that quantity of salt, a small handful of parsley and mint, a little beet-root and spinach, and stew until tender. Add pulped peas until the soup is of the proper consistency, then throw in a spoonful of loaf sugar, boil up and serve.

PLUM PUDDING SAUCE.—Mix six yolks of eggs with four spoonfuls of sifted sugar and butter mixed together; have a pint of boiling cream, which you will mix with your yolks, afterwards put it on the fire, and stir it until it is of the consistency of sauce, then add to it a good wine-glass of brandy.

WHITE SAUCE.—Beat up a quarter of a pound of butter and a tea-spoonful of flour, season with salt and pepper; when well worked up, add a dessert-spoonful of vinegar, and a little water; set these on the fire, and stir it till thick, but be careful not to let it boil.

TO BAKE MACKEREL.—Open and clean thoroughly, wipe very dry, pepper and salt the inside, and put in a stuffing composed of powdered bread crumbs, the roe chopped small, parsley and sweet herbs, but very few of the latter; work these together with the yolk of an egg, pepper and salt to taste, and sew it in the fish; then place the latter in a deep baking dish, and dredge it with flour slightly, adding a little cold butter in small pieces; put the fish into an oven, and twenty-eight or thirty minutes will suffice to cook them. Send them in a hot dish to table, with parsley and butter.

BUTTER CAKES FOR TEA.—Beat two eggs, put them in a half pint of milk, and a tea-cup of

cream, with half a tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in the cream, a little salt, cinnamon and rose-water if you like; stir in sifted flour till the batter is smooth and thick. Bake them on a griddle or in a pan. Butter the pan well, drop the batter in small round cakes and quite thin. They must be turned and nicely browned. Lay them on a plate with a little butter between each layer.

ROLLS.—Rub into a pound of flour half a tea-cup full of butter; add half a tea-cup of sweet yeast, a little salt, and sufficient warm milk to make a stiff dough; cover and put it where it will be kept warm, and it will rise in two hours. Then make it into rolls or round cakes. They will bake in a quick oven in fifteen minutes.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.—Take one quart of buckwheat meal, half a cup of new yeast, a tea-spoonful of saleratus, a little salt and sufficient new milk or cold water to make a thick batter. Put it in a warm place to rise. When it has risen sufficiently, bake it on a griddle or in a spider. The griddle must be well buttered, and the cakes are better to be small and thin.

PLAIN INDIAN CAKE.—Take a quart of sifted Indian meal, sprinkle a little salt over it, mix it with scalding water, stirring; bake on a tin stove oven. Indian cake is made with buttermilk, with a little cream or butter rubbed into the meal, and a tea-spoonful of saleratus.

CREAM CAKES.—One quart of flour, one pint of cream, a little sour cream, one tea-spoonful of saleratus dissolved in the sour cream. If the flour is not made sufficiently wet with the above quantity of cream, add more sweet cream.

HOW TO CLEAN OILCLOTHS.—To ruin them, clean them with hot water or soap-suds and leave them half wiped, and they will look very bright while wet, but very dingy and dirty when dry, and will soon crack and peel off. But if you wish to preserve them and have them look new and nice, wash them with soft flannel and lukewarm water, and wipe perfectly dry. If you want them to look extra nice, after they are dry drop a few spoonfuls of milk over them, and rub them with a dry cloth.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

HOW TO COOK HEDGEHOGS.—A gipsy covers his hedgehog with a complete coat of hard clay earth, and then puts it into a wood fire. When the clay is sufficiently baked it is broken off, and the rough skin of the hedgehog comes off with it, leaving the white flesh cooked and ready for eating. I have been assured by gipseys that it is the most delicate food, similar to chicken or rabbit; but, in gipsy judgment, superior to either. I once possessed a terrier, given me by the noted huntsman, Tom Sebright, and of a peculiar cross, bred by himself. This dog had a wonderful nose for hedgehogs; and, when he found them, he not only made a note of them, but never left them until he had killed them. I have known him to kill as many as four in the course of an hour's walk; and he often came back home with me, his muzzle streaming with blood from his encounters. One day a gipsy met me and asked me if I would sell the dog. I inquired what he would give; and, after some talk, the gipsy rose his offer to three pounds. I then told him about the dog's peculiar capabilities for catching hedgehogs, when the gipsy at once advanced his offer to five pounds, and took the gold out of his pocket. But I would not part with my friend and companion. I asked the gipsy what he would have done with the dog, and he said, "I could have got ten pounds for him from the gentlemen at Cambridge College." That same gipsy told me that, "for a nice dinner, there was nothing to compare with hedgehog." He also assured me that the popular idea that hedgehogs suck cows is altogether erroneous.

A PRETTY ARRANGEMENT.—A very pretty and simple arrangement, by which gold fishes and canary birds are made to appear to be joint occupants of a huge vase of water, is getting to be a popular part of household ornamentation. It is very simple; the bottom of the vase is concavo-convex, the apex rising about fifteen inches above the base of the circumference. This dome forms the superstructure of the bird cage, and the bottom, supplied with drawers, and properly ventilated serves as a pedestal for the vase.

A NEW ORNAMENTAL TREE.—A plantation of the Australian gum tree—*Eucalyptus*—is growing finely in Castro valley, Alameda county, California. It covers fifty acres of

ground and comprises 89,000 trees. These trees are said to be very elegant, somewhat resembling the laurel, but more majestic and massive in figure and foliage. The wood is hard and the timber useful for many purposes. Their peculiar flavor and fragrance being disagreeable to animals, keeps them from being eaten or gnawed. Hence the gum trees can safely be set where other sorts of trees would be destroyed. They are very popular as shade and ornamental trees in California, and are said to bear the cold well. In that country they attain a height of fifty feet in five years.

PULSE OF ANIMALS.—According to experiments made in Paris, the pulse of a lion beats forty times a minute; that of a tiger, ninety-six times; of a tapir, forty-four times; of a horse, forty; of a wolf, forty-five times; of a fox, forty-three times; of a bear, thirty-eight times; of a monkey, forty-eight times; of an eagle, one hundred and sixty times. It was impossible to determine the beatings of the elephant's pulse. A butterfly, however, it was discovered, experienced forty heart pulsations in a minute.

AN INGENIOUS WATER POWER.—A manufacturer in the city of St. Paul, Minn., has secured a most ingenious water power for running light machinery by building an underground reservoir and tapping a sewer. In the basement of his manufactory he has put a turbine wheel, and with forty-five feet of head, he has secured eleven horse power which never fails. It is doubtful if the country affords another instance of the kind.

THE HUMAN HAIR.—The human hair is a singularly beautiful thing to look at under the microscope. It is made of successive layers or overlapping cells gradually tapering to a point like the thinnest and most infinitely twisted paper cone. The edges are serrated with shallow, sawlike teeth; it is perfectly translucent and marked with a great many traverse lines, exceedingly irregular and sinuous. Hogs' bristles are more like human hair than any other animals; but the sinuous lines are finer and closer and no saw teeth are visible at the edges. The finer hairs of the horse and ass have the overlapping places about as close as in human hair, but are different in the arrangement of the medulla.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

CLERICAL JOKE.—Old Doctor Strong, of Hartford, Conn., was not often outwitted by his people. On one occasion, he had invited a young minister to preach for him, who proved rather a dull speaker, and whose sermon was unusually long. The people became wearied, and as Doctor Strong lived near the bridge, near the commencement of the afternoon service, he saw his people flocking across the river to the other church. He readily understood that they feared they should have to hear the same young man in the afternoon.

Gathering up his wits, which generally came at his bidding, he said to the young minister:

"My brother across the river is rather feeble, and I know he will take it kindly to have you preach to his people, and if you will do so, I will give you a note to him, and will be as much obliged to you as I would to have you preach for me; and I want you to preach the same sermon that you preached to my people this morning."

The young minister, supposing this to be a commendation of his sermon started off in good spirits, delivered his note, and was invited to preach most cordially. He saw before him one half of Doctor Strong's people, and they had to listen one hour and a half to the same dull, humdrum sermon that they heard in the morning. They understood the joke, however, and they said they would never undertake to run away from Strong again.

SAVING THE DOCUMENTS.—Bill Nash, the Buckeye banjoist, was once the proprietor of the refreshment saloons of the steamboat Montgomery, and was present when she burnt up.

There were also Jim Drumm, second clerk, and Charley Davis, pilot, belonging to the boat, both first-rate fellows, and great patrons of Nash; in fact, his best customers.

They also advocated the great credit system, and neither was ever so lavish as ever to pay a bar-bill; still Nash said they were good if they never paid.

About twelve o'clock, one foggy night, startling cries of "Fire! fire!" "Save yourselves!" were heard, and before many were awake, the forward part of the boat was in flames.

Nash had a favorite old darkey, chief cook and bottle washer, and though a little slow,

was "powerful honest;" his province was to sleep in the barroom, like an apothecary, and wait upon the sick at all hours of the night.

Nash also kept his portfolio under the counter, and on this occasion it contained 250 dollars in bank notes; but it was safe, for old Jim was never absent while Bill was away. The sounds of alarm at last reached Nash, whose first act was to rush towards the "grocery;" but imagine his dismay on beholding the flames surrounding the door.

"O horrors! where was old Jim? and horrider still, where was the two-fifty?"

But, hark! a sound as of a battering ram against the door! again—one more, and out rushes Jim; under one arm he holds a white silk hat, the nap singed off, the other bears in triumph what must be the folio.

The eye of Nash moistens with gratitude to trusty old Jim.

"Heaven bless you, old fellow! I see you have it!"

"O yes," says Jim, his pride choking him, "I was bound to fetch it."

"The d——! what's this?" hawks out Nash, extending his hand.

"In course it's de slate, wid de tallies."

"D——n the tallies!" cried Bill, "you know there's only Jim Drumm and Davis on it!"

"Well," replied Jim, demurely, "I thought 'twas best to hold the documents agin 'um."

COULDN'T REMEMBER.—A gentleman who was very zealous on the subject of horses, but not according to knowledge, bought a mare at auction and rode her home.

"Well, Cæsar," said he, to his sable coachman, "what do you think of her? She cost me five hundred dollars."

"Dunno, master."

"Yes, but what do you think?"

"Well, massa, it makes me tink of what the preacher said yesterday—something about 'his money is soon parted.' I disremember the first part!"

A CONJUGAL ROW.—Max Fogler, of Lancaster, Pa., desired to name his baby after himself.

Mrs. Fogler made up her mind that it should be named after her Uncle Hans.

The discussion became so animated that the wife of Mr. Fogler's bosom endeavored to enforce her views by knocking Mr. Fogler down with the preserving-kettle.

He replied in a feeling manner with a flat-iron, swelling Mrs. Fogler's nose to the size and color of a fifteen-cent egg-plant.

Just as disinterested observers had about made up their minds that one more nameless orphan was drifting around Lancaster, the police interfered.

The parties are now reconciled, and Mr. Fogler intimates his intention to kiss his wife just as soon as her nose shrinks sufficiently to the purpose.

TOBACCO, BY A SMALL BOY.—Tobacco grows something like cabbage, but I never saw none boiled, although I have eaten boiled cabbage and vinegar on it, and have heard men say that cigars that was given them on election day for nothing, was cabbage leaves. Tobacco stores are mostly kept by wooden Injuns, who stand at the door and try to fool little boys by offering them a bunch of cigars, which is glued into the Injun's hands and is made of wood also. Hogs do not like tobacco; neither do I. I tried to smoke a cigar once, and it made me feel like Epsom salts. Tobacco was invented by a man named Walter Raleigh. When the people first saw him smoking, they thought he was a steamboat, and as they had never seen a steamboat they were frightened. My sister Nance is a girl. I do not know whether she likes tobacco or not. There is a young man named Leroy. He was standing on the steps one night, and he had a cigar in his month, and he did not know as she would like it, and she said, "Leroy, the perfume is agreeable." But the next morning, when my big brother Tom lighted his pipe, Nance said, "get out of the house you horrid creature, the smell of tobacco smoke makes me sick." Snuff is Injun meal made out of tobacco, I took a little snuff once and then I sneezed.

CHEAPER THAN BOARDING.—A young married couple in a Wisconsin town lately began housekeeping, and the first purchases of the head of the family at the village grocery were: Five cents' worth of soda, five cents' worth of salt, two cents' worth of pepper, one cent's worth of chewing-gum and twelve cents' worth of soap. The bill amounted to twenty-five cents, which was paid by the young Benedict in specie, and as he left the store he remarked to the clerk that "keeping house is cheaper than boarding."

A COLLEGE JOKE.—Foote, the celebrated humorist, whilst graduating at Worcester College, Oxford, found in the head of it, Doctor Gower, a highly suitable subject for one of his droll devices. Observing that the rope of the chapel bell was allowed to hang near the

ground, in an open space where cows were often kept at night, he suspended a wisp of hay to it, and the consequence was that some one of the animals never failed to seize the hay before morning, and so produced a most unseasonable and mysterious ringing of the bell. A solemn consultation took place for the elucidation of the portentous circumstance; and Doctor Gower, having undertaken with the sexton to sit up all night for the purpose of catching the delinquent, disclosed the nature of the jest by pouncing out upon the poor cow, and had the hearty laugh of all Oxford to reward him for his pains.

LEARNED SECOND WIFE.—An honest farmer in the State of Pennsylvania, married a miss from a fashionable boarding-school, for his second wife. He was struck dumb with her eloquence, and gaped with wonder at his wife's learning. "You may," said he, "bore a hole through the solid alrith, and suck in a mile-stone, and she'll tell you to a shavin' how long the stone will be going clean through! She has learnt kemistry and cockneyology, and talks a heap about oxhides and comical affinities. I used for to think it was the air I sucked in every time that I expired; how-somedever, she told me that I had been sucking in two kinds of gin; ox gin and high gin. Dear me! I'm a tumble down teetotal man, and yet have been drinking ox gin and high gin all my life!"

A SATISFACTORY FIGHT.—A book agent writes home to his employers the following satisfactory letter from Minnesota:

"I went into a lawyer's office, yesterday, and asked if he wanted to subscribe for our new book. He answered me so savagely that we got into hard words, and he finally struck me. I then went to work and blackened both his eyes, and kicked him around his office and down his own stairs into the street, and I have just paid ten dollars for the fun. But it has been a good speculation, as the lawyer is hated by nearly everybody, and they are so glad he was kicked that I am getting lots of subscribers."

SENDING A KISS.—*Fond Wife* (to telegraph operator)—O sir! I want to send a kiss to my husband in Liverpool. How can I do it?

Obliging Operator—Easiest thing in the world, ma'am. You've got to give it to me with ten dollars, and I'll transmit it right away.

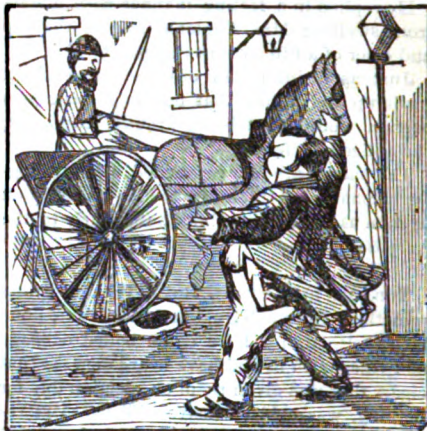
Fond Wife—If that's the case, the directors ought to put much younger and handsomer men in your position.

Tableau—operator indignant.

MR. LIGHTBOY AND HIS HATS.



Mr. L. is fitted to a new hat and weed.



The effect of a gust of wind.



Borrows a hat and returns home. His reception.



Buys something light and graceful this time. Is congratulated.



The fate of the new hat. A crusher.



Mr. Lightboy contemplates with quiet resignation the runs around him.

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MY EARLY LOVE.

BY J. J. COLBATH.



Sweet effigy of one remote,
Neath brighter, fairer skies than ours,
Mid atmospheres that round thee float
Through old Seville's enchanted bowers,

Thy face restores those golden times
When, by thy side, in tranquil weather,
We sung our songs and read our rhymes
In sweetest harmony together.

Thine eyes, upturned with love to mine,
Thrilled me with feeling true and tender;
They seemed like lights upon a shrine,
Illuming with a gentle splendor;—

And from the bright translucent beam
That flashed in their resplendent glory,
I caught the flame that lit my dream—
A chapter of the same old story!

Thy lips, twin rosebuds, breathing sweet,
 Bewitched me with their ripe caressing;
 I placed my heart beneath thy feet,
 And time was joy, and life was blessing.

That brow, the throne of sovereign mind,
 Lies calm as summer lake at even,
 Reflecting in its field refined
 The beauties of the over-heaven.

I lived in bliss—a halcyon craze;
 Ah, sad the hour of truth's unsealing!
 Hope vanished like a morning haze,
 And left me but the pain of feeling.

A dream, a vision of the night,
 A fond illusion, tinged with roses—
 All with the morning taking flight,
 That memory alone discloses.

Hers not the fault, nor mine the fault,
 But inauspicious fortune, rather;
 Fate's mandate bade proceedings halt,
 And that same fate my darling's father!

He loved me not, and when aware
 Of what comprised the "situation,"
 He drove us to supreme despair
 By his tempestuous objuration.

He swore he'd make my love a nun,
 And me—the thought e'en now amazes!—
 Should I across his hawser run,
 He swore he'd wallop me like blazes!

Thus pressed, were we compelled to part
 By that old pirate's interdiction;
 And this true story of the heart
 May waken tears at my affliction.]

COURT OF JUSTICE IN INDIA.

There are two modes of trying cases in India—by a single judge, assisted by two native assistants, or assessors, and by jury, in some places, a fruit of the adoption of the East India Company's charter by the crown of England, since the rebellion, though very generally pronounced a failure. The presiding judge, in both cases, is an Englishman, and the custom affords an excellent and convenient opening for the appointment of younger sons and importunate applicants for place, who are easily satisfied. Many profound men, however, are thus appointed, which is necessary, as there are native lawyers whose acumen might eclipse that of their white brethren from over the water. There is more care exercised in these appointments than formerly, and the court is at least respectable. We have in our illustrations a court scene representing a one-man court, and its concomitants. The judge is most likely an appointee of convenience, and his appearance, in print, indicates an abandon that is far from judicial. There is no bag-wig pretension about him. He meditates under the influence of the chibouk, and his decision, though undoubtedly wise, will not be likely to smack much of the Mansfield mode of coming at it. Dilke says, regarding India courts: "The attempt to introduce trial by jury into certain parts of India was laudable, but it has ended in one of those failures which discredit the government in the eyes of its own subordinates. If there is a European foreman of a jury, the natives salaam to him, and ask, 'What does

the sahib say?' If not, they look across the court to the native barristers, who hold up fingers, each of which means 100 rs., and thus bid against each other for the verdict; for while natives as a rule are honest in their personal or individual dealings, yet in places of trust—railway, clerkships, secretaryships of departments, and so on—they are almost invariably willing to take bribes." In the other, or one-man courts, aided by two assessors, it is no better. The story runs that the only use of assessors is, that in an appeal—where the judge and assessors have agreed—this advocate can say that the judge "has abdicated his functions, and yielded to the absurd opinion of a couple of ignorant and dishonest natives;" or, if the judge have gone against his client in spite of the assessors being inclined the other way, that the judge "was decided in the teeth of all experienced and impartial native opinion, as declared by the voices of two honest and intelligent assessors." The judge represented, though hardly up to the conventional standard, and presenting few of the characteristics of judges that we know, with a carelessness of bodily arrangement hardly competing with court etiquette, is not disagreeable, and though, were we a barrister, we should be tempted to say "Look here, old fellow!" instead of "Please your honor," we think a face like that betokens a good heart, and the poor culprit who pleads in another picture, need fear no vindictive visiting from him, however severe may be the Omlah's indictment.

The Omlah corresponds with our prosecuting attorney, and, in our illustration, seems impressed with a full sense of the importance of the position he fills. He stands, as, one may say, in native dignity, seeing that he is a native, and his appearance indicates the best of keeping. But the natives who fill positions of this kind are men of much ability, many of them educated in England, or who have enjoyed the privilege of culture in the best colonial schools. The age and presence of the one under notice give dignity to the office. There is a wonderful air of self-possession in the manner in which he reads the accusatory paper, and power in every line of his rotund form, extending even to the prominent white whiskers and mustache. We see the gleam of severe eyes through the official spectacles, and can fancy the arraigned culprit trembling as he catches the words of accusation that roll from the official lips. The charge seems to be a formidable one, and the poverty of the subject condemns him at the outset.

The Vakeet, or native barrister, is another figure in our chapter of illustrations. His is an earnest and energetic manner, and he pleads with all his might for the cause entrusted to him, whether it be the wretch, shivering under the imputation of evil, or a cause involving respectability and property. The native lawyers show great tact in managing a case. They are well educated to their profession, and with a knowledge of English and Hindoo law, and a penetrating insight into the character of both people, they are efficient workers, rivalling those of England who find themselves in practice there. They plead in either tongue, clothing their arguments with the rich fancy of the East, glowing as warm as its sun, and present a case most attractively. Even in the corruption that exists among them, and the utter heartlessness of their pretensions, they are listened to admiringly, and everything to their prejudice is forgotten.

The native policeman, as we have him here depicted, is a great creature. He is taken

from the commonest and meanest walks of life, and the donning of his official uniform, and the assuming his sword of office, immediately transform him into a being of the most aristocratic prominence. The face and bearing are more judgeliike than that of "his honor," and it seems a mistake that he should not be upon the bench instead of that functionary.

And last, the Witness, a stupid looking fellow, claims attention. He is evidently not a swift witness, as any one can see. He holds in his hands a vase, that has been sanctified



THE JUDGE.

by a Hindoo priest, upon which he swears to tell the truth, and the downcast look is truthful. This custom of holding the vase is a potent test of veracity, and no oath would be valid without it.

The prevailing law in Indian courts is Western, and this is one cause of the dissatisfaction among the distinguished natives. "The old-school Hindoos," says Dilke, "fear that we [the English] aim at subverting all their dearest and most venerable institutions, and the free-thinkers of Calcutta and the educated natives hate us because, while we

preach culture and progress, we give them no chance of any but a subordinate career." Arguing that judges and governors should be chosen from the natives, as well as the inferior officers.

But India can hardly expect from England any concession that would even seem like relaxing its power there, or which would detract from the revenue drawn from the Indian possessions, in support of government officials. There is small letting up on the iron grip that has been on the throat of India for centuries, and though the present gov-

it, the world, however, assenting, without a murmur, to the rebels being blown from the muzzles of British guns.

India has been, and is, a "soft" thing for England, and its government is now better and more substantial than it was under the company. No such powers are given as made Warren Hastings famous, or infamous, and though a proper regard to salaries is still held, the inordinate leeching of the nabobs is no longer tolerated, and, as we have shown, an attempt to do justice been inaugurated. But the high salaries prove the old grasping spirit still to be there. From the governor general through all the official grades the salaries are enormous. The governor general's salary is 250,000 rupees, a rupee being about forty cents; that of the chief justice, 83,347; puisne, or side judges, 62,810; ordinary judges (like the one who is represented in our illustration), 30,000. This is but a few of the number and they are very numerous.

In Rev. Dr. David O. Allen's valuable work on India we have a description of the courts, which also explains the degrees of judges. The country is divided into districts, and "each district has a series of courts of three or four orders. In the lower courts the magistrates are natives, and in the higher courts they are Europeans. The lawyers or barristers in these courts are generally natives, who are admitted to practice in due form. Many of the native magistrates and lawyers are well-educated and respectable men, and their official and social position gives them much influence. Trials by jury have not been introduced in

these courts. The manner of proceeding resembles the English courts more than the former Mohammedan and Hindoo courts. All the proceedings are in the native languages. The intention is that the proceedings should be in the language of the parties whose matters are under consideration. The general rule in these courts has been to administer Mohammedan law among the Mohammedans, as it is contained in their standard works and declared by their priests; and the principles of Hindoo law among the Hindoos, as it is contained in their own works. It must be obvious, from the different forms and



THE OULPIT.

ernment is milder it is none the less tenacious. In affairs like these named in the preceding sketch natives are employed, but they are educated at the government colleges, and are thoroughly anglicized before being allowed any position. There is, indeed, little nativism left that amounts to anything. The present people, born into a state of submission, have no past and no future. The glories of former strifes, in conflict with the East India Company — for though not triumphs they were glories — blazed up again in the Sepoy rebellion, that by its cruelty shocked the world and shut from sympathy those engaged in

kinds of government existing in India previous to the country's becoming subject to the English, as well as from the mixed and heterogeneous character of its inhabitants, that the satisfactory administration of justice among them must be a work of great difficulty, and very much must depend upon the discretion and conscience of the magistrates. The people are very litigious, and in none of the departments of the government does their moral character appear more unfavorable than in these courts. Deception, bribery and perjury are of frequent occurrence. The want of civil and criminal laws, adapted to all parts of India and to all classes of its population, has long been felt and acknowledged. To supply this want many efforts have been made, and great expenses have been incurred; but such a uniform code of laws is yet a desideratum."

When the principal judges—one of whom is, perhaps, our handsome friend in the illustration who is smoking over his opinion—have become incapacitated by age, they are retired on large pensions for life, the title to which being that they have filled the office for a specified time in India. Dr. Allen further informs us that "in criminal cases the trial is by jury, but not in civil cases. The natives are eligible to be grand and petty jurors, and Europeans, Parsees, Mohammedans and Hindoos may often be seen intermingled in the same jury seats and boxes. In these courts, fees as well as salaries are very high; and the expenses of law proceedings are heavy, and often ruinous to the parties. Still the natives generally have much confidence in the integrity and uprightness of the judge."

A curious country is India, and curious are the customs, the people, the laws, the numerous castes, the towns and cities, the sacred temples, the priests, the religion, etc., etc. A traveller in speaking of the sacred cities, alludes to Benares, the consecrated capital of the Hindoos. He says:

"In the comparative cool of early morning I sallied out on a stroll through the outskirts of Benares. Thousands of women were stepping gracefully along the crowded roads,

bearing on their heads the water-jars, while at every few paces there was a well, at which hundreds were waiting along with the bheesties their turn for lowering their bright gleaming copper cups to fill their skins or vases. All were keeping up a continual chatter, women with women, men with men; all the tongues were running ceaselessly. It is astonishing to see the indignation that a trifling mishap creates—such gesticulation, such shouting and loud talk, you would think that murder at least was in question. The world cannot show the Hindoo's equal as a



THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

babbler; the women talk while they grind corn, the men while they smoke their water-pipes; your true Hindoo is never quiet; when not talking he is playing on his tomtom.

"The Doorgha Khond, the famed Temple of the Sacred Monkeys, I found thronged with worshippers and garlanded with roses; it overhangs one of the best holy tanks in India, but has not much beauty or grandeur, and is chiefly remarkable for the swarms of huge, fat-paunched, yellow-bearded, holy monkeys, whose outposts hold one quarter of the city, and whose main body forms a living roof to

the temple. A singular contrast to the Doorgha Khond was the Queen's College for native students, built in a mixture of Tudor and Hindoo architecture. The view from the roof is noticeable, depending as it does for its beauty on the mingling of the rich green of the timber with the gay colors of the painted native huts. Over the trees are seen the minarets at the river-side, and an unwonted life was given to the view by the smoke and flames that were rising from two burning huts in widely-separated districts of the native town. It is said that the natives,

Ganges; but the real sight of Benares, after all, lies in a walk through the tortuous passages that do duty for streets. No carriages can pass them, they are so narrow. You walk preceded by your guide, who warns the people, that they may stand aside and not be defiled by your touch, for that is the real secret of the apparent respect paid to you in Benares; but the sacred cows are so numerous and so obstinate that you cannot avoid sometimes jostling them. The scene in the passages is the most Indian in India. The gaudy dresses of the Hindoo princes spend-



THE LAWYER.

whenever they quarrel with their neighbors, always take the first opportunity of firing their huts; but in truth the huts in the hot weather almost fire themselves, so inflammable are their roofs and sides.

"When the sun had declined sufficiently to admit of another excursion I started from my bungalow, and, passing through the elephant-corral, went down with a guide to the ghauts, the observatory of Jai Singh, and the Golden Temple. From the minarets of the Mosque of Aurungzebe I had a lovely sunset view of the ghauts, the city, and the

ing a week in purification at the holy place, the frescoed fronts of the shops and houses, the deafening beating of the tomtoms, and, above all, the smoke and sickening smell from the "burning ghauts" that meets you, mingled with a sweeter smell of burning spires, as you work your way through the vast crowds of pilgrims who are pouring up from the river's bank—all alike are strange to the English traveller—and fill his mind with that indescribable awe which everywhere accompanies the sight of scenes and ceremonies that we do not understand. When once you are on the Ganges bank itself the scene is wilder still; a river-front of some three miles, faced with lofty ghauts or flights of river stairs, over which rise, pile above pile, in sublime confusion, lofty palaces with oriel windows hanging over the sacred stream; observatories with giant sun-dials, gilt domes (*golden*, the story runs,) and silver minarets. On the ghauts, rows of fires, each with a smouldering body; on the river

boatloads of pilgrims and fakerees, praying while they float; under the houses, lines of prostrate bodies—those of the sick—brought to the sacred Ganges to die—or, say government spies, to be murdered by suffocation with sacred mud, while prowling about are the wolf-like fanatics who feed on putrid flesh. The whole is lit by a sickly sun fitfully glaring through the smoke, while the Ganges stream is half obscured by the river fog and reek of the hot earth.

"The lofty pavilions that crown the river-front are ornamented with paintings of every

beast that walks and bird that flies, with monsters, too—pink green and spotted—with griffins, and elephant-headed gods embracing dancing-girls. Here and there are representations of red-coated soldiers—English, it would seem, for they have white faces, but so, the Maories say, have the New Zealand fairies, who are certainly not British. The Benares taste for painting leads to the decoration with pink and yellow spots of the very cows. The tiger is the commonest of all the figures on the walls; indeed, the explanation that the representations are allegorical, or that gods are pictured in tiger shape, has not removed from my mind the belief that the tiger must have been worshipped in India at some early date. All Easterns are inclined to worship the beasts that eat them; the Javanese light floating sacrifices to their river crocodiles; the Scindees at Kurra-chee venerate the sacred mugger, or man-eating alligator; the hill-tribes pray to snakes; indeed, to a new-comer, all Indian religion has the air of devil-worship, or worship of the destructive principle in some shape; the gods are drawn as grinning fiends, they are propitiated by infernal music, they are often worshipped with obscene and hideous rites. There is even something cruel in the monotonous roar of the great tomtoms; the sound seems to connect itself with widow-burning, with child-murder, with Juggernaut processions. Since the earliest known times the tomtom has been used to drown the cries of tortured fanatics; its booming is bound up with the thousand barbarisms of false religion. If the scene on the Benares ghauts is full of horrors, we must not forget that Hindooism is a creed of fear and horror, not of love.

"The government of India has lately instituted an inquiry into the alleged abuses of the custom of taking sick Hindoos to the Ganges-side to die, with a view to regulating or suppressing the practice which prevails in the river-side portion of Lower Bengal. At Benares Bengal people are still taken to the river-side, but not so other natives, as Hindoos dying anywhere in the sacred city have all the blessings which the most holy death

can possibly secure; the Benares Shashtra, moreover, forbids the practice, and I saw but two cases of it in the city, although I had seen many near Calcutta. Not only are aged people brought from their sick-rooms, laid in the burning sun, and half suffocated with the Ganges water poured down their throats, but, owing to the ridicule which follows if they recover, or the selfishness of their relatives, the water is often muddier than it need be; hence the phrase "ghaut murder," by which this custom is generally known. Similar customs are not unheard-of in other parts



THE POLICE OFFICER.

of India, and even in Polynesia and North America. The Veddahs or black aborigines of Ceylon were up to very lately, in the habit of carrying their dying parents or children into the jungle, and, having placed a chatty of water and some rice by their side, leaving them to be devoured by wild beasts. Under pressure from our officials they are believed to have ceased to act thus, but they continue, we are told, to throw their dead to the leopards and crocodiles. The Maories, too, have a way of taking out to die alone those whom their seers have pronounced doomed men,

but it is probable that among the rude races the custom which seems to be a relic of human sacrifice has not been so grossly abused as it has been by the Bengal Hindoos. The practice of Ganjatra is but one out of many similar barbarities that disgrace the religion of the Hindoos, but it is fast sharing the fate of suttee and infanticide.

"As I returned through the bazar I met many most unholy-looking visitors to the sacred town. Fierce Rajpoots, with enormous turbans ornamented with zigzag stripes; Bengal bankers, in large purple turbans, curl-

boots of the wealthier Hindoos alone bore witness to the existence of English trade—a singular piece of testimony, this, to the essential conservatism of the Oriental mind. With any quantity of old army clothing to be got for the asking, you never see a rag of it on a native back—not even on that of the poorest coolie. If you give a blanket to an out-door servant he will cut it into strips, and wear them as a puggree round his head; but this is about the only thing he will accept, unless to sell it in the bazar.

The evening after that on which I visited the native town I saw, in Secrole cantonments, near Benares, the India so dreaded by our troops—by day a blazing deadly heat and sun, at night a still more deadly fog—a hot white fog, into which the sun disappears half an hour before his time for setting, and out of which he shoots soon after seven in the morning, to blaze and kill again—a pestiferous, fever-breeding ground-fog, out of which stand the tops of the palms, though their stems are invisible in the steam. Compared with the English summer climate, it seems the atmosphere of another planet.

"Among the men in the cantonments I found much of that demoralization that heat everywhere produces among Englishmen. The newly arrived soldiers appear to pass their days in alternate trials of hard drinking and of total abstinence, and are continually in a state of nervous fright, which in time must wear them out and make them an easy prey to fever. The officers who are fresh from England often behave in much the same manner as the men, though

with them "belatee pawnee" takes the place of plain water with the brandy. "Belatee pawnee" means, being translated, "English water," but when interpreted it means "soda water"—the natives once believing that this was English river-water, bottled and brought to India by Englishmen. The superstition is now at an end, owing to the fact that natives are themselves largely employed in the making of soda-water, which is cheaper in India than it is at home; but the name remains."

Here we must close, but still the subject of India is not exhausted.



THE WITNESS.

ing their long white mustaches, and bearing their critical noses high aloft as they daintily picked their way over the garbage of the streets; and savage retainers of the rajahs staying for a season at their city palaces, were to the traveller's eye no very devout pilgrims. In truth, the immoralities of the "holy city" are as great as its religious virtues, and it is the chosen ground of the loose characters as well as of the pilgrims of the Hindoo world.

"In the whole of the great throng in the bazar hardly the slightest trace of European dressing was to be perceived; the varnished

CUSTOMS OF THIBET.

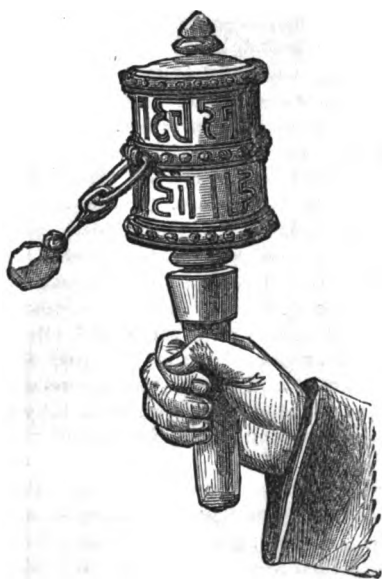


A RACE FOR A BRIDE.

But little is known of the manners and customs of the inhabitants of Thibet. It is an extensive region of central Asia, bounded on the north by Chinese Teorkistan, east by

China, south by Burmah and Hindostan, and west by Khoondooz and Cashmere. The population is about 6,000,000. A large portion of the country is subject to China. The in-

habitants belong to the Mongol race, are brave, active and hardy, generous and honest. They cultivate the soil where it is practicable, but are not skillful farmers. They are celebrated for their workmanship in gold and silver, and they manufacture beautiful shawls and exquisitely tempered swords. The customs of the country are peculiar, and none more so than their courtship and the manner in which they manage to do their praying by aid of machinery, a custom which we should think some of our clergymen had borrowed from the Thibetans, to judge from their cold, stolid manner when addressing the Throne of Grace from their pulpits or by the side of a sick or dead parishioner. It is



A THIBET PRAYING MACHINE.

only necessary to wind the thing up and let it run, and all the prayers that are considered necessary, by the inhabitants of Thibet, are unwound for twenty-four hours. The religion of the people doesn't amount to much, to be sure, and neither does that which some of our own countrymen entertain, for, while the Thibetans worship the Grand Lama, a fat, lazy individual, who has nothing to do but eat and wear good clothes, it should be remembered that there are thousands of Americans who care but little for Christianity but a good deal for a dollar, and they don't ever take the trouble to keep a praying machine going in the hope that some of their sins will be pardoned through its aid.

On this page we give our readers an illustration of a Thibetan praying machine. These strange instruments are usually made of brass, but in some cases among the higher order of Lamas or priests, they are of gold, and enriched with precious stones. The handle passes up through the cylinder, and forms the spindle round which it revolves; only a very slight action of the hand is necessary to make it turn. The whole of the interior of the cylinder is filled with papers or cloth closely printed with the prayer; and the letters on the outside have the same meaning as those inside. Such machines are constantly used by the Lamas in the service of the temples. Indeed, at all times there is a merit in whirling them, so that they may be seen in the hands of the owner in his walk through the villages when engaged in the ordinary affairs of daily life. The wheel is always turned in one way. They believe, it is said, that if turned in the other direction it undoes all the good that was gained by turning it in the first direction. They are therefore very unwilling to sell their wheels to strangers, lest they might turn them the wrong way. In some of the villages there are cylinders about two feet in height stationed in a conspicuous place, so that the people, when they pass, may give them a turn by a push with the hand. The temples or monasteries contain very large praying machines, which are kept revolving by the priests or monks. They are also placed in small buildings, erected over streams, and turned by the water, so as to save the people the trouble of keeping them going. Two or three that run by water can say prayers enough for a whole village, a most cheap and certain way of taking care of their spiritual welfare, so that no one need be neglected, as is often the case in more pretentious and civilized communities.

But we will leave the praying machine and turn to the courtship and marriage customs of the Thibetans. On page 13 our readers will find a spirited picture representing the pursuit of a bride.

The maiden has a certain start given which she avails herself of to gain a sufficient distance from the crowd to enable her to manage her steed with freedom, so as to assist in the pursuit of the suitor whom she prefers. On a signal from the father, all the horses gallop after the fair one, and whichever first succeeds in encircling her waist with his arm, no matter whether disagreeable or not to her choice, is entitled to claim her as his wife.

After the usual delay incident upon such occasions, the maiden quits the circle of her relations, and putting her steed into a hand gallop darts into an open plain. When satisfied with her position, she turns round to the impatient youths, and stretches out her arms towards them as if to woo their approaches. This is the moment for giving the signal to commence the chase, and each of the impatient youths, dashing his pointed heels into his courser's side, darts like the unhooded hawk in pursuit of his fugitive dove. The savanna is extensive, full twelve miles long and three in width, and as the horsemen speed across the plain the favored lover becomes soon apparent by the efforts of the maiden to avoid all others who approach her. At length, after near two hours racing, the number of pursuers is reduced to four or five who are all together, and gradually gain on the pursued. With them is the favorite; but sometimes, alas! his horse suddenly falls in his speed; and as she anxiously turns her head, she perceives with dismay the hapless position of her lover. Each of the more fortunate leaders, eager with anticipated triumph, bending his head on his horse's mane, shouts at the top of his voice, "I come, my Peri! I'm your lover." But she, making a sudden turn, and lashing her horse almost to fury, darts across their path, and makes for that of the plain where her lover is vainly endeavoring to goad on his weary steed. The others instantly check their career; but in the hurry to turn back, two of the horses are dashed furiously against each other, so that both steeds and riders roll over the plain. The maiden laughs (for she knows that she can elude the single horseman), and flies to the point where her lover is. But her only pursuer is rarely mounted, and not so easily shaken off. Making a last and desperate effort, he dashes alongside the maiden, and stretching out his arm he almost wins his unwilling prize; but she, bending her head to the horse's neck, eludes his grasp, and wheels off. Ere the discomfited horseman can again approach her, her lover's arm is around her waist, and, amidst the shouts of the spectators, they turn towards home.

A spirited way of winning a bride and a good test of horsemanship. Sometimes the maiden takes a lamb or kid on her lap, and is claimed when the pursuer is able to snatch the burden from her charge. It will be observed that the lady is mounted on her horse in the same manner as the men. The style

will delight the hearts of some of our female reformers, and give them another argument for the abolishment of all kinds of caste. If ladies can ride as graceful as the girl in the picture is represented to do, we should not complain if they chose the same method of showing their horsemanship. But she will be a bold woman who sets the example.

Some of the animals of Thibet are peculiar. One called the yak has, for some time past, been subjected to a series of experiments in France, with a view to ascertaining whether the propagation can be made profitable. Several years ago a herd of these animals was presented to the Society of Acclimation. The yak is about seven feet long and four high. It resembles the ox, but has a bushy tail like the horse; its hair curls like some kinds of wool, and it indulges in a peculiar grunt, which might easily be mistaken for that of a pig. The wandering tribes of Tartars hold the yak of high value, because it is a sure-footed beast of burden, and the female yields a rich milk, the butter from which has become quite an article of merchandise. Its meat has a flavor somewhat resembling that of venison. The wild yak of Thibet is found near the snow-line of the mountains, and it is not improbable that this animal would be found of great use if introduced into the mountain regions of the western part of the United States. The experiment is worth trying unless it cost the government too much money, which can hardly be afforded at the present time.

Wild boars are numerous in Thibet and hunted for their flesh and the sport which they create. Englishmen are quite fond of risking their lives and limbs for the sake of sticking a tough old boar, which shows fight and is always dangerous. Spears are used by the hunters in their encounters with the animals, and sometimes it happens that the latter is victorious in spite of terrible wounds. An angry boar, on the charge, is not to be despised, for he fears nothing, has terrible tusks, and with them can rip open a horse or man in short order. The only way to avoid them is to keep one side, and spear the brute as he passes. English officers, however, always hunt in company, and when one person is in danger all rush to the rescue. Then spears are thrown and thrust at the poor brute as fast as servants can supply them, but in such close quarters a savage boar will often badly wound a horse, that hardly dares to face those long white tusks.

AN IMPORTANT PORT.

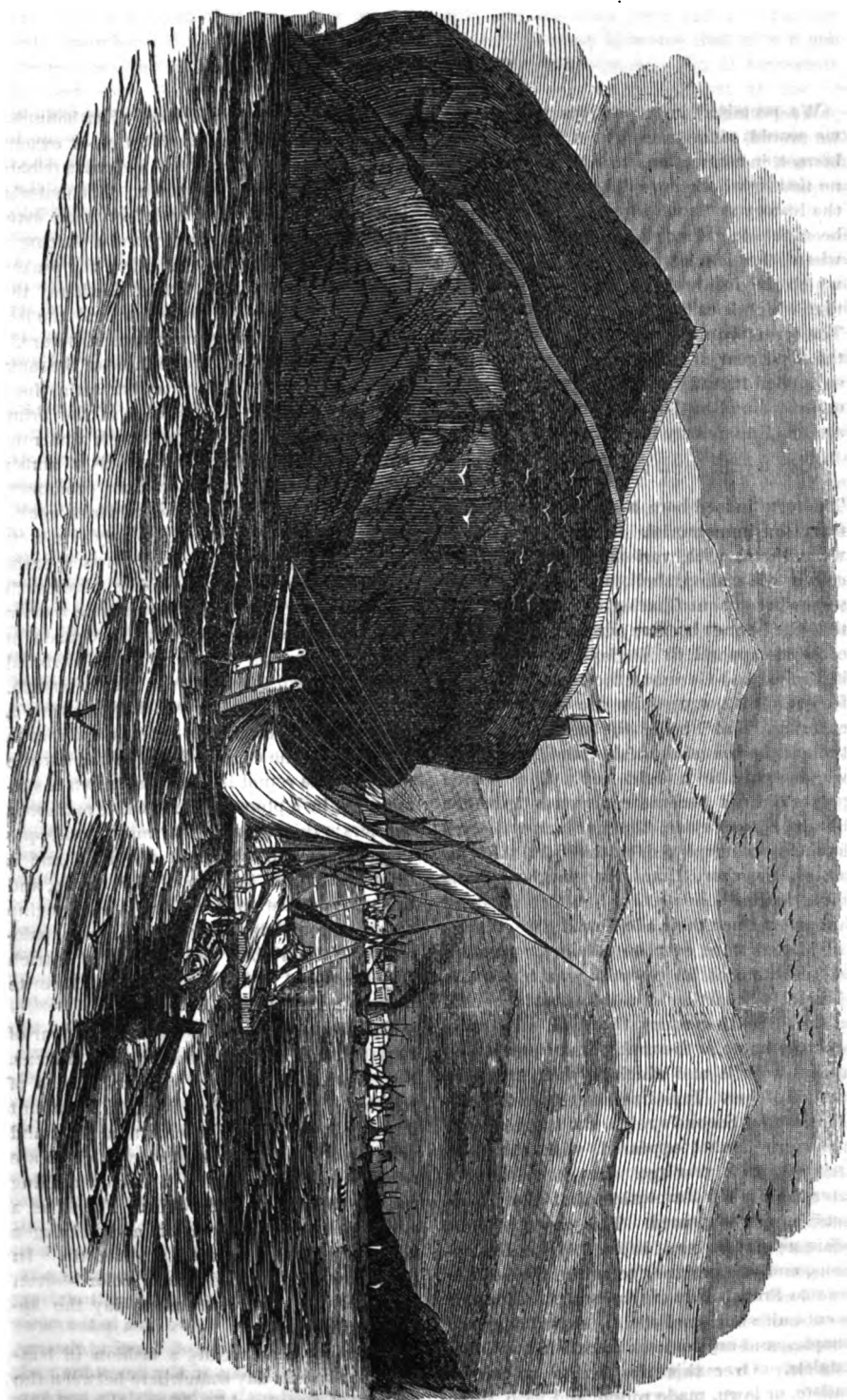
On next page we give our readers an accurate picture of the fortifications of the port of Aden, one of the most important points of the Red Sea. It is called a second Gibraltar, for it is as strong as nature and art can make it. Now that the Suez Canal is a success, Aden is more important than ever. It is in the possession of Great Britain, and will be held by her for years to come unless war should compel her to loose her grasp. The French intended to take it from the Arabs, and a fleet on the way to the island stopped at an English port in India to coal and obtain fresh provisions. The British governor suspected something, but he could not tell what his suspicions really were, for the French admiral alone had possession of the secret destination of the fleet. At this stage of the proceedings the English authorities thought that a good dinner and unlimited quantities of champagne would loosen the admiral's tongue. The Frenchman, hunted his purpose at the dinner table, and while he was talking, the governor wrote orders for the despatch of steamers and a company of soldiers to take possession of Aden. The next day the French fleet sailed, but it was a day late. The English flag greeted the eyes of the astonished Frenchmen, and the Emperor Napoleon lost an important point through the influence of a babbling admiral who had drank too many glasses of champagne.

Aden is the coaling port for all the steamers that traverse the Red Sea, coming from China to many European ports now through the Suez canal. Aden lies sixty miles to the eastward of Mocha, in longitude 44 48 east, and in latitude 12 40 north of the equator. It was once quite a wealthy town, but now it is, and will remain, the Red Sea coaling station. The town is built in the crater of an exhausted volcano, and is situated at the extremity of a small peninsula formed of volcanic matter, and attached to the continent solely by a low neck of land from 500 to 600 yards wide, and which might be easily isolated by a canal. The harbor is a magnificent basin, capable of containing an immense fleet, and is entered by a narrow passage between two other craters. It would be easy to establish defensive works on the rocks surrounding these craters, which would place the port in safety against any attack. From

a fort to the gate of the town has been recently traced a road of about a league in length, by which the defile is reached, which forms the entrance to Aden. This defile, which has been fortified with a gate evidently constructed to resist attacks, is about one hundred yards long and four or five wide. It is cut out of a rock which stands one hundred and fifty yards above the level of the sea. A formidable battery, commanding the entrance of the town, has been erected above the rock on the left of the defile.

A covered way with an arch thrown from one rock to another unites the system of defence which the batteries commenced on the summit of the rocks on the left will complete. The other side is absolutely unassailable. Aden has the advantage over Gibraltar of possessing a harbor which is perfectly secure, and capable of containing the most formidable squadron, and, consequently, of holding the key of the Red Sea against any power that exists. At present the rocks of Aden are crowned with cannon. The only entrance to the town is fortified, and the garrison is already composed of two regiments of infantry and two companies of Indian and European military.

It is a terrible place for a garrison, for it is hot, dry and unhealthy. Soldiers detest it, and well they may, for there is no amusement, no society, no drives, nothing but heat, sickness, insects and death. The houses, or rather huts, are in rows, traversing a small valley, very slight in their construction, and limited in their accommodation; many of them are entirely of wicker work, having wagon roofs, with interwoven leaves of the date palm for a covering. In some instances, the roofs are flat. The buildings are generally of undressed stone, compacted with layers and pillars of wood instead of mortar. No glass windows are to be seen; and the apertures for admitting the light are exceedingly small. The houses in the Jews' quarter are the most respectable; but even of these, little that is favorable can be said. Numerous wells, and the remains of basins for the reception of water, of great magnitude, are found in various directions; and, in the valley of Tanks, is a succession of hanging cisterns, formed by excavations in the limestone rock. These are lined with flights of steps, and supported by lofty buttresses of masonry.



THE BONNET.

We promised in a previous number that we would some time give a history of the bonnet, in connection with headdresses; but no matter whether we did or not, we present the history and such illustrations as we have been able to gather of past fashions, in times when the bonnet was recognized—among which the future historian will not include that which is called such at the present day. The term “bonnet” was applied originally to the head gear of men—soldiers. Shakspeare so applied it, and after him Scott. It is frequently found in the ancient ballads, and we are told, in one very beautiful one, that

“Low lay the bonnet of bonny Dundee.”

The term indeed bore a masculine meaning from time immemorial. Kings, nobles, priests wore them, with various devices, from a crown to a scallop shell, and it was not till somewhere about Charles the Second's time that the bonnet became adopted as an article of female apparel, in England. Even to-day, in France and Germany the term equivalent for bonnet is not used for the out-door head-covering, “hat” being the name employed, though the *bonnet de mist* is familiar, in what we denominate a light cap. The bonnet proper did not become common till about a hundred years since, the hood and the veil having been employed by the fair; these far better, however, than the many-changing things, called bonnets, that have deformed fair humanity since their adoption.

The first thing ever seen in art, representing costume at all resembling a bonnet, is the Maria Stuart hood, which first appeared in the fifteenth century, though it afterwards took the name of the unfortunate queen, who always wore it and which is seen on every picture of her. It is singularly graceful. In Charles the Second's reign, the suggestion of a modern bonnet appeared, with the deep strings worn a year ago. But it was not till after the French Revolution that the “bonnet” proper appeared. This was a hideous affair, as may be seen in fig. 1 of our illustrations, and was designed to adorn the head of a noble French lady of that period. Her hair is cut half short and slightly curled over the temples, and on the neck hangs in two large ringlets. Over this she wears a cap of batiste, or lawn, made round, and with three

or four frills edged with lace. Her bonnet—then known by some other term—is exactly like an enormous cocked hat, and was a tribute of regard to the first Napoleon. The material is black velvet; a rosette of crimson satin ribbon loops the broad brim, and a plaiting of crimson piece satin shows above the peaked flap over the face. Three feathers, the largest white, the second yellow, and the last crimson, complete the monstrous structure.

Fig. 2 illustrates a grande dame of the same period. Her bonnet is of amber satin, lined with sky-blue velvet, the edge of the brim, both in and outside, trimmed with a narrow, vandyked white blond; huge puffs of amber satin form both a crown and an ornament, and on one side an aligrette of black cocks' feathers is noticeable. This lady's hair is dressed with powder, in large French curls.

At the commencement of the nineteenth century the bonnet began to assume a more decided shape. Fig. 3 shows one made of leghorn, with a pale pink ribbon tied round it, and a crown edged with a myrtle wreath.

Fig. 4 wears a white chip bonnet, with a pale, faded-looking blue satin ribbon as a trimming. The edge of the brim has a white taffeta ruche round it, and the crown is surmounted by a plume of three white marabout feathers; this is really a most grotesque shape; add four wheels at the base and a little smoke from the top of the crown, and the resemblance to a railway steam-engine would be complete. Leghorn and chip, pale-colored satin ribbon and plumes of ostrich and marabout feathers were the favorite materials at that period.

Figs. 5 and 6 are of later date. All four of these latter illustrations are those of citizens. Fig. 5 wears a leghorn bonnet; plumes of white feathers, tipped with pink, surmount it; round the top of the crown a pink and yellow ribbon form alternate loops, which are repeated at its base, and a narrow quilling runs round the bonnet's brim. Fig. 6 has a chip bonnet lined with violet, and bearing a large ostrich feather with a violet tip. In those days it was called “plum color”—even colors change their names; to-day the appellation is “paney.”

The writer here recalls a fashion in bonnets that had its day somewhere between the periods of figs. 6 and 7. It was the *caleche*,

or chaisetop bonnet, that our older readers will remember. It was made of silk, and was shaped upon rattan hoops, with a cord drawn between each that gave the whole the resemblance to the top of a chaise, or *caleche*, from whence its name. It was a queer fashion, but to the writer's young eyes the face that one protected gave it a grace that nothing could surpass, and he remembers how assiduously it was followed week by week to church, hope and admiration going hand in hand, until disappointment came to him in the form of "another," and all his anticipations were plunged in drear eclipse. He is positive that he saw the old bonnet, in after years, adorning one of her daughters in an Old Folks Concert.

There was, also, about the period, and of the form of fig. 7, a bonnet called the "Navarino," named in honor of the battle of Navarino, in 1827, that was immensely popular. It was made of straw-colored paper, pressed to the resemblance of leghorn, and was a neat imitation of the costlier article. These bonnets were profusely trimmed, and girls of moderate means were brave in their finery. There is another memory that recurs to the writer of a party of ladies in a loaded packet-boat, but poorly protected, in a head-beat sea, and the dash of spray with every plunge, that reduced the Navarinos to pulp, leaving nothing but the ribbons and strings of the recent tasteful structure! It was a scene to try the patience of an anchorite, and the writer is free to say that the patience of the sufferers was not equal to the emergency.

Fig. 7, taken from an illustration of the year 1829, displays the bonnet in the very height of its glory, with its shape larger and more strongly defined than ever; this is of white chip, with a double edge; the ribbon around it is a pale pink of a rich satin, with three plain bars woven in it on either side; the flowers are orange-colored china asters, with leaves of the natural green. The price of these bonnets in those days of hard money was twenty dollars, without ribbons or laces, and these latter formed as great an item of expense as the bonnet. How the husbands of those days must have raved!

Fig. 8 is an approach to what was called the coal-scuttle period. Decorated with its pretty ribbons and its feathers this fashion was a step nearer the light, and was esteemed graceful. Figs. 6 and 10 were of the period of 1837-8 and the material pearl and stone-colored silk, drawn and lined with primrose

silk, but we miss from our illustrations a cluster of locust blossoms that gave it grace and additional expense. Fig. 11 represents a Circassian lady's bonnet, that at the first glance reminds us of one of Yale's awnings, but which really presents in its fair *ensemble* some agreeable suggestions that our fair readers might improve on were they so disposed.

Other bonnets might be named, but our list of illustrations is exhausted. We must, however, give a description of the bridal bonnet and dress of a belle of 1830. In form it resembled our fig 7. Its trimming was a broad white satin ribbon measuring about eight inches across, and rich in quality; eight ends of these fell on one side, below one another, every end finished with a lattice-work and fringe of ostrich feather also white, and about ten inches deep; these ends hung one over another so as to give the appearance of a single feather to the fringed ends; a rich Brussels veil hung from the bonnet below the waist, measuring about three feet wide and four long; inside the bonnet was a blond cap fringed with orange blossom. The dress worn with this was of Brussels lace, with a deep flounce on the hem; it reached to the ankles, and measured about three yards round the skirt; the bodice was low, with a berthe pointed and deep on the shoulders, over short puffed sleeves. On the neck and arms were pearl ornaments; round the former a scarf of Brussels lace three parts of a yard wide, and two and a half yards long, tied round the throat like an old-fashioned long bow or single ribbon. Kid gloves with six or eight buttons covered hands and arms. The feet and ankles were visible in dainty stockings of silk and white satin sandalled shoes. Through the lace skirt glittered a rich white silk pipe. Apropos of bonnets, she "travelled" in one of black velvet, trimmed with white satin ribbon, also in scarves edged with fringes of ostrich feather.

The "Shaker" bonnet, worn so extensively in the country, known also as the "Log Cabin" bonnet, or "poke," was introduced in the reign of George the Third. It was originally made of bonnet board, covered with calico or silk, but growing more common it cheapened in material, and finally was worn only by the poorest people. As a "sun-bonnet," made of palm-leaf, it protects our school-children and those women exposed to the sun, but it rarely appears as an article of dress.

On picnics it is invaluable, yet how few of our stylish, handsome young girls will wear it, because it does not improve the contour of their faces, and makes them resemble "frights," as they tersely express it, and to look like a "fright" is to lose caste in

other? She can't do justice to the subject under discussion, or even play croquet with all the skill and enjoyment which that intricate game requires, if she has to look to her face and her opponents' movements at the same time. On this account we favor a



society, and sink in one's own estimation. Consequently the sun's hot glare will continue to darken our belles' cheeks unless a parasol is held up as a shield, and how can a lady eat salads, ices, and all the luxuries of a first class rural lunch, with a sunshade in one hand, and a plate and knife and fork in the

fashionable revelation in behalf of the plain chip sunbonnet, with its wide brim, low crown, and single ribbon that trails after a young girl like an admiral's pennant from the mast-head of a seventy-four gun ship, commanding respect and confidence in all who look upon it.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

CHAPTER I.

ARCADIA—the one I mean—is a charming little town in that most beautiful and picturesque of all places under the sun, the Mohawk Valley. Possibly those prosaic people, the map-makers, may have christened it by some other name; but I shall call it Arcadia, nevertheless, and by that very appropriate name, beg leave to introduce it to your notice.

It is the oldest and most unique little town imaginable, with streets running up its green wooded hills, past the prettiest and quaintest of cottages, with and there a handsome villa, with terraces sloping to the river, with the glow of blossoms and gleam of marble flashing through the luxurious greenery; and then, turning abruptly, goes tumbling down at a breakneck pace past rows of sober evergreens, with a house or two half hidden behind them, very plain wooden houses, of no beauty in themselves, but contrasting prettily as they lie back against the green, abrupt hills.

In one of, in fact, the busiest street of this little town stood a long, narrow, three-story stone building, where, if the day was fine, you would see pretty glistening buggies, and chaises with light tops that let back, displaying soft crimson velvet cushions, and gold tassels and fringes, with beautiful bright-colored mats for the feet, and pretty silver lamps at the sides; and light open buggies in various patterns; and barouches, and charming little phaetons that made one enthusiastic just to look at—all these, I say, if the weather was fine, you would see drawn out about the great doors, or half hidden behind each other in the high-walled yard. And then, looking up, as of course you would, particularly if you were a Yankee and liked to get at all the particulars, you saw over the door, in large gilt letters, a little tarnished and weather-beaten:

RICHARD HUNTINGTON, Carriage Manufacturer.

As Mr. Huntington is preeminently a business man, perhaps it would be best to introduce him to you, at his manufactory—which was also general depot and salesroom—rather than at his house, where he never appeared to so good advantage.

Mr. Richard Huntington belonged to that very practical and sensible class of men who have “no nonsense about them.” Sentiment was a sign of weakness in a man, and Mr. Huntington prided himself on his strength, therefore he eschewed sentiment; he did more, he set his face against it like a flint, and he had once turned off one of his best workmen for no other reason than because the man got in the foolish habit of letting his two little girls come down to the shop at night to go home with him. If they had walked soberly home by his side, perhaps he could have endured it; but the silly fellow persisted in carrying them, one perched on each shoulder, they laughing and shouting enough to deafen one. Ah well! the soft voices are still enough now, and I much doubt if the grave-looking man, who kneels so often on the green hillside by two little mounds, so alike in length and breadth that you would take one for the shadow of the other, ever regrets his “foolishness,” though it lost him his place in the shop, and through that the pretty little cottage which he had nearly paid for, but which he had now to give up.

But I am diverging. Authors and preachers, of all people in the world, should keep to the text, and yet of all people in the world, they do not. The temptation to wander is altogether irresistible, and being generally human, they yield.

The office connected with the establishment was in the back part of the building, up one flight of narrow wooden stairs, which broke off abruptly against the door, giving them always a sort of surprised, dissatisfied look which appealed to one's sympathies perpetually. Inside the office were two desks, very high, with corresponding stools, the tops covered with green leather; and at one of these desks, and on one of these stools, is the man we are in search of—Richard Huntington, Esq. He is very busy just now running over an order, and we will take the opportunity of observing him. It will be much easier, I assure you, than when his sharp, restless, piercing gray eyes are fastened upon you.

First, then, you notice that Mr. Huntington

is a large muscular man, with broad square shoulders and chest. Next you observe the square, firm, beardless chin, the close-shut lips, the prominent Roman nose, and broad, but not high forehead, surmounted by a luxurious abundance of heavy iron-gray hair, but rather short, and pushed up from the forehead, evidently with the fingers. You have barely time to observe these physical points, when he glances up at you, and you instantly forget everything about him but his eyes—those keen, clear, eager eyes, of a color altogether indescribable, and the expression which rather attracts, though you cannot tell why. If you are on business and make it known, the cool face will light up, the close-shut lips soften, the curious gray eyes darken and scintillate, and you will be conscious of a charm and attraction which is as novel as it is pleasant. This peculiar personal power has sold more carriages for Richard Huntington than all other agencies combined.

But if, on the contrary, you are merely looking about, you will involuntarily get the impression that he is a cold, disagreeable man; and if by any chance you are a solicitor of alms for any of the benevolent, religious, or moral enterprises of the day, the probability is that you will come away with a very firm resolve not to trouble him again.

Chestnut Villa was beautiful at all times with its broad plateaus, sweeping leisurely to the river, and the pleasant grass-bordered road, and its wide outlook over the pretty picturesque country, the abrupt hills breaking into the sunniest of valleys, the narrow roads, gleaming like folds of amber satin across the dark green of the velvety turf, the beautiful, shadowy, winding waters of the lovely Mohawk, the long line of rails shooting away straight as an arrow, over which, with clouds of steam and clouds of smoke, huge trains went thundering to and fro, while still beyond the long canal stretched lazily away into the dim distance, dotted here and there with curious, homely little boats, that have, after all, a quiet cosy look about them, as they go creeping leisurely on their way.

But it is June now at this time when I first introduced it to you, and all places are lovely in June. Nature has not one spot, however lonely, or desolate, or unattractive, but blossoms into some little touch of sweetness and beauty beneath the magical wand of June.

Chestnut Villa was an old place, and had received its name from the long rows of

chestnuts that skirted the grounds on the north. Not half a dozen of them remained now; but the place still retained the name, and when in autumn the giant patriarchs towered like pillars of gold against the sky, they gloriously maintained their right to name the place.

Climbing the long stone steps at the river-side, where, by the way, was a boat-house and a charming little sail-boat, you came to a broad plateau of the softest, finest green-sward, with clumps of evergreens, and beautiful evergreen arches leading to more steps at various points, which led to another plateau swarded like the first, but cut up into patches of elegant shrubbery with silvery fountains dripping their pleasant rain, and marble vases gorgeous with rare foliaged plants, with blossoming vines trailing to the velvety turf. Up three rude stone steps and you are on the foreground of the house. There are beds of flowers, not many, but choice and fine, and two beautiful arches of clematis and rose, with great easy-chairs of bamboo, and just here, at just this time, the brightest and most beautiful creation of all—regal Grace Huntington. She is sitting in one of the bamboo chairs, her white kid slipper half buried in the yielding sward, where a pretty, delicate looking boy of some six or seven years lies upon his back gazing steadily up into her face.

A broad-rimmed garden hat, the crown wreathed with English ivy and sprays of blood-red fuchsia, has slipped from her head, and hangs over her shoulder by one long scarlet ribbon. But she does not heed it, nor yet the song of the oriole in the shrubbery below, or the mocking-bird in his cage amid the jasmine's yellow glory, as he catches up and repeats the notes one by one. But by-and-by the boy's steady gaze forced her to look at him. She smiled faintly, and yet looked annoyed at the disturbance, or else at her thoughts, possibly both.

"You must not lie there, Theo; go into the house," she said, a little impatiently.

"Will you come, Gracie?" he asked, rising to his knees, and folding his hands across her lap.

"Yes, by-and-by."

"But now," he persisted, laying his cheek against her hand. "You are sorry about something, I know," he added, with a sudden grave, wise look on his childish face, "is—is it about Arthur, again?"

"Theo, go into the house, immediately,"

she said, in a firm, authoritative voice, pushing him away from her.

"You are not angry with me, Gracie?" he asked, looking back at her wistfully, "because I—I didn't mean to—to—" He broke down with a little sob, and a painful flush flooded the fair blue-veined forehead.

"Angry with you, Pet? nonsense!" she cried, gayly, running after him and catching him in her arms. "Only this, Theo; you must never trouble your young head about things you cannot understand. You must not imagine anything about Arthur, either; you will remember that?" she added, half commanding half entreating in her tone and look.

"I will try not to," he answered soberly. "I don't do so because I like to, ever; but I cannot help it if I hear *him*, you know."

The pretty childish face had such a grave, troubled look on it as it was lifted to hers, that Grace Huntington involuntarily drew it to her bosom and kissed it with a sudden passionate fervor, and then put him gently away from her and went back to her seat in a dreamy, abstracted way. Theo, walking backward toward the house, his small hands crossed behind his back, watched her curiously,

"I know it's about Arthur," he whispered, under his breath, "but I won't think about it, 'cause she says I mustn't, and there's nobody in the world I love half as well as I do Gracie—I know there's nobody half so pretty!" he exclaimed aloud, in a sudden burst of admiration.

Grace Huntington at this moment really deserved the compliment paid her by her little brother Theo, to whose partial eyes she was, indeed, always the most beautiful thing in all the beautiful world. She had sunk into the light bamboo chair, the soft folds of her pale pink barege falling like a rosy cloud over the snow-white lattice-work, to the rich velvety green of the close-cut sward. Just now the beautiful dark eyes were cast down, and a faint shadow of pain, or shame, or anger, one hardly knew which, marred the brightness of the perfect face. Yet, even if you saw her for the first time, you felt instinctively that the rather firmly compressed lips could soften into rare tenderness, and the clouded face brighten into glowing brilliance. Possibly, if you looked a little closer, you would discover a hint of pride and stubbornness in the face as well; but any one in Arcadia could tell you that Grace Huntington was proud, without your taking the trouble

to study the rather uncertain science of physiognomy.

Perhaps, before I go further, I had better give a brief description of Mr. Huntington's family. First, then, of course I must mention Mrs. Huntington, a handsome, queenly-looking woman of five and forty, ambitious, fond of ease and luxury, and extremely sensitive to the opinions of society, and, though few suspected it, passionately and romantically attached to her husband, and capable of any sacrifice for his sake.

Next in order of age came Arthur Huntington, the son of Mr. Huntington by a former marriage, and the "thorn in the flesh" to the Huntington pride, and not without good cause, as you will see by-and-by.

Arthur's mother had died before he was a year old, and two years after his father had married Amy Clive, the present Mrs. Huntington. The acquaintance between them had been brief, he meeting her at first on a railway train which met with a disaster in which he was quite seriously injured. It happened at an out-of-the-way place, and he, not being considered able to be moved so far as the town, was left at a farmhouse near by the scene of the disaster. His child was with him, and had taken one of those sudden childish fancies, which children sometimes take, to Miss Clive, and held onto her dress, and screamed so violently if she attempted to leave them, that the physicians said it injured and disturbed their patient greatly, and proposed to have Miss Clive stay a few days if it was in any way possible. Miss Clive did stay, and as a very natural consequence, and in perfect accordance with all the romances I ever read, or all the realities of which I was ever cognizant, the two fell in love, and as soon as Mr. Huntington was able to travel, were married. Miss Clive was an orphan and had no friends to consult—a very pleasant thing, sometimes—and Mr. Huntington was quite used to doing as he liked without consulting any one; a practice, by the way, which he had never discarded up to the opening of this story.

Four children had been given to Amy Huntington, two of whom had been lent for a brief season, the others, Grace and Theo, the eldest and last born, you have already seen.

Perhaps, in his way, Mr. Huntington was as attached to his family as the majority of men; I think he was. But business cares had crept in and choked out the tenderer plants

of affection and love, whose vigor and growth so much depend on constant and generous culture, and as the years ran on the sentiments and emotions, which are the graceful ones that wreath with sweetness and beauty the hard and rugged architecture of practical life, came to be despised as weaknesses, and altogether unworthy of indulgence by a man of business, like himself.

This particular June morning of which I write, quite a notable era occurred in the business life of Mr. Huntington; no less, in fact, than the taking of a partner into the great carriage manufacturing business. It had for some time been apparent to him that the business needed another partner, as it was often necessary for him to be absent, and Burdett, his agent, didn't quite suit him. Somebody who had an interest in the business would be so much better, he reasoned, and beside, he was rather in need of a little clear cash capital; business was dull, and he sold largely on credit, which, though he considered sure, was certainly disagreeably slow. Beside, there was still another reason. His health showed signs of falling under this constant pressure of care and labor. This was perhaps the reason, after all. The thought of sickness or death filled him with shrinking dread and alarm. Other men were ill, other men died—died in the midst of life and active usefulness. But though it shocked and startled, it did not surprise him; *they* were mortal, he—well, he didn't like to think about the matter, there was time enough for that years hence. Nevertheless he would have a partner, and favor himself a little; it certainly wouldn't hurt him.

But how should he obtain one—that is, one to his liking? None of the small traders, merchants or farmers in or about Arcadia would do—that was very evident. He might take in the son of one of his rich neighbors; there would be the necessary capital, but the ability, somehow he hadn't a very exalted opinion of that, and ability he must have. There was no better way than to advertise, that he knew. He took great pains with that advertisement in making it at the same time concise and comprehensive, and it was indeed a model in its way, the great wonder being that a man should be found so soon to answer all its requirements; for scarcely a week had elapsed since the advertisement had been inserted in the Times, ere he received a letter from Mr. Edmund Gates of New York, modestly stating that he believed

he could answer all the requirements of the advertisement, and appointing June the twenty-second for a personal interview for negotiating further business, and forming, if both were pleased, a partnership.

The result of all these preliminaries was highly satisfactory to both parties, and this morning of which I write witnessed the formal business arrangements which made Mr. Gates junior partner in the great carriage manufacturing business of Arcadia. It had not occurred to Mr. Huntington that it was any way necessary for him to mention this business matter to his family, but for reasons that will appear, he did so after the matter was concluded. It was while they were waiting for the dinner to be brought in that he asked, turning to his wife:

"There is a chamber over the dining-room which you do not use, is there not?"

"I use it but little; I sit in it sometimes, the view up the river is particularly fine from there."

"So much the better. Please have it put in order this afternoon. Mr. Gates, my partner, will come home with me, to-night."

"Your partner?" she asked, wondering.

"Certainly, Mrs. Huntington; is there anything very remarkable in a man's entering into a business partnership?"

"But I did not know—I never heard you intended—"

"I suppose not," he interrupted, "why should you? It is a purely business arrangement, and if it hadn't been advisable that Mr. Gates should board here, you might not have heard of it at all."

"I wish you would make me your confidant sometimes, Richard," she said, her voice faltering a little; "anything which concerns you, interests you."

"Don't talk sentiment on an empty stomach, Amy," he said, with a slight sneer. "For various reasons I came to the conclusion to take a partner in business. Mr. Edmund Gates of New York is that partner. He puts two thousand dollars into the business, and a clear head and active hands. He is a single man, and he prefers—at least he requested—to board at my house, and I for some reasons, prefer that he should. I believe that is all. He will be here, as I said, this evening. Of course you will see that everything is as it should be. Now let us have dinner;" drawing out his watch and looking at it, an agreeable habit which some men have when waiting for anything.

CHAPTER II.

THE Montgomerys were, *par excellence*, the first family in Arcadia. I am not sure that they had so much money, but they had blood, and blood tells. Money, in these latter days, is getting decidedly vulgar and common. Anybody fortunate enough to strike an oil vein or a shoddy mine, can have it in abundance. People who have not so much of it (but who would like to have) can amuse themselves by ridiculing said vulgar abundance, at the same time congratulating themselves that their great-great-grandfather was a "gentleman," and never disgraced himself by any sort of vulgar occupation, as these people's progenitors did.

The Montgomerys belonged to this greatly-to-be-envied class. None of them were particularly noted for their brilliancy of intellect or superior culture, but they had an undoubted lineage, which, half a dozen generations back, took its rise (or fall) from a German prince. Perhaps this was glory enough for one family—I think it was; at least it was all they were likely ever to achieve. The present representatives of the family, the father being dead, was, naming them in the order of their birth, Miss Alicia, Mr. Frederick, and Miss Clara Montgomery. The mother was a weak, vain, frivolous woman, devoted to keeping up appearances, of no great interest to this story, or, indeed, anywhere else.

I wish I could give you a good idea of Mr. Frederick Montgomery, so that you could see him as he looked and lived. I wish I could impress upon your mind the lofty air of superiority with which he involuntarily impressed one—who didn't know him! You expected something wonderful of him, but never got it. You were quite sure he must have a magnificent genius, and yet you looked in vain for any manifestations of it. You had exalted ideas of his brilliant attainments and cultivated mind, but alas! the glowing baubles always vanished and left you empty-handed. Yet he made a splendid appearance, and appearance goes a great way, as possibly you have observed. He was gifted with a fine face and elegant figure, and that also goes a good ways with some people—indeed, with most people. Mrs. Montgomery's private opinion, imparted in a moment of tender confidence to her son, was, that "a face and figure like his could win any girl's heart,"—and money; though she didn't say the latter, and would not for the world have admitted, even to herself, that that was what she meant

when she talked about "hearts." People unconsciously talk about "winning hearts," when they mean an entirely different rate of exchange. It is an old-fashioned expression, used from mere force of habit, doubtless, and might be harmless only that it deceives the simple and unsophisticated, of which, strangely enough, there are a few specimens still extant, notwithstanding the enlightenment of the age.

But of course the above has nothing to do with the circumstance that I am about to disclose, viz.: that Mr. Frederic Montgomery was "paying attention"—I believe that is the correct phrase—to Grace Huntington. They were not, in the proper sense of the term, lovers, though liable to take up that role at any moment. The truth was, it was not an easy thing to make love to Grace Huntington, or, indeed, to make the attempt. She had a provoking way of turning tender speeches into ridicule, which was keenly annoying, and Fred Montgomery had so far contented himself with some slight skirmishing by way of reconnaissance. It is but justice to him to say, however, that he did not entertain the slightest doubt of his ability to carry the citadel when once he set himself to the work. He had heard down in the village that Mr. Huntington's partner was to board at his house—a very vulgar arrangement, he thought; it looked like opening a lodging house, or keeping a hotel.

"Grace—Miss Huntington," he said, carelessly, as he sat in the long pleasant drawing-room at Chestnut Villa, while the soft summer gloaming made faintly indistinct the river and shore, and even the gay garden, heavy with fragrance and soft dew, "have you seen this—this person who is going into business with your father? Of course, though, you are under no obligation to make his acquaintance."

"Excuse me for differing with you, I think that I am. This person, by whom I suppose you mean Mr. Gates, is to board with us, and I do not well see how I can avoid making his acquaintance, even if I were disposed to do so, which I am not," she replied, with a little defiant smile.

"Is it pleasant to you, having the privacy of your home turned into a boarding-house?" he asked, a little nettled by her look.

"Well, rather; I find it insufferably dull sometimes," with a little well-bred yawn behind her pretty jewelled hand.

"You might manage to get the fellow in

love with you, for your amusement, perhaps," he suggested politely, trying to cover his irritation.

"Heaven forbid!" she responded. "A man in love is too disagreeable a subject to contemplate. Pray suggest something less tiresome. Ah! there is Mr. Gates and father, now," she cried, starting up and leaning out the window as the two gentlemen alighted from a buggy and passed round to the side entrance.

"Our boarder," she said, with a faint accent on the last word, "did not come up to tea as we expected, consequently we have none of us seen him. You shall share the pleasure with us, now; 'a pleasure shared is thrice enjoyed,' you know."

"Perhaps I had better withdraw," he began, coolly.

"O no! not for the world, Fred," putting out her hand and just touching his arm with her pretty white fingers, which he made an effort to imprison. "I don't think he will mind *you*, not in the least," she added innocently, ringing for lights.

Fred Montgomery felt, for the first time in his life, a little twinge of jealousy, and of a man, too, whom he had never seen, and whom *she* had never seen. Do "coming events cast their shadows before," I wonder? and do certain persons, who are to have some strong influence on our destinies, shock us with some strange sense of magnetic force when we meet for the first time? Of course all this is a mere matter of speculation, but I have sometimes believed, that to some natures, such a shock, or feeling, or presentiment, whatever you may choose to call it, is inevitable—as inevitable as fate itself.

There was certainly nothing about the personal appearance of Edmund Gates to disturb a lady; on the contrary, he was attractive to an unusual degree to most women who made his acquaintance, but when his cool firm fingers clasped hers, Grace Huntington felt a little shiver run along her nerves which made her for an instant faint and dizzy. It was something quite unaccountable, for she was not ordinarily nervous or given to fanciful presentiments and intuitions, but chancing to glance in the long mirror she saw her mother's face reflected therein for a single instant. Her mother's face!—and yet so wan and haggard, that it seemed as if a score of years—years of woe, and suffering, and desolation, had fallen upon it in a moment. She felt her own face growing cold and rigid, and

had to bite her lips to keep from uttering a cry of horror and alarm. She had a dim perception that Mr. Montgomery was being introduced to Mr. Gates, also that Theo was clasping her hand, which felt numb and cold between his warm soft palms. A sudden breath of wind came with a cool puff through the half-closed blinds and blew directly in her face. She caught her breath with a sudden feeling of relief, and instantly the blood rushed back to her face, and rioted and tingled through every vein and artery in her being. She sat down trembling with the weight of this sudden tumultuous glow, longing, yet dreading to look at her mother, who was still standing a little behind her father, as she could see without looking directly up. Presently there was a little stir, and Mrs. Huntington came across the room and sat down near her daughter. Grace looked up at the first movement. Had she had a vision, or was she still dreaming? Certainly the proud, serene, smiling face, bore little resemblance to the one she had seen—or fancied she had seen—in the long mirror opposite. She thought, with a little glow of pride—she was very proud of her mother—that she had never seen her looking quite so grand and handsome as she was looking now, with the bright color in her usually colorless cheeks, and a steady glow in the bright dark eyes.

"I believe I came near fainting, and my disordered brain conjured up that frightful vision," she said to herself, with a feeling of intense relief, her pulses gradually returning to their natural healthy beat. "I hope no one has noticed me; I wonder if I looked anything as I felt?" shivering a little.

Mr. Edmund Gates was looking directly at her when she looked up, a circumstance which might have embarrassed some young ladies, but which had quite the contrary effect on Grace. She met his gaze firmly and haughtily. What right had he to be looking at her at all? she said half angrily to herself. Then she smiled at her own fastidiousness; he had as good a right to look at her as she at him; it wouldn't hurt her to be looked at, and as they were to be in a certain sense members of one family, the sooner they became accustomed to each other's *personelle*, the better. But Mr. Gates was talking with her father, now, and his face, a little in profile, was turned from her.

"A very gentlemanly looking man," she said, mentally, "but older than I thought, which is so much the better; I don't think I

like very young men," she added, thoughtfully. "I wonder if I shall like Mr. Gates?"

Just then the gentleman looked up and smiled faintly; he had a very attractive smile and possibly knew it, though as a general thing gentlemen are superbly indifferent to their personal attractions, it being the *spectral duty* of women only to be beautiful and attractive; that is, if they expect to succeed in the world, and gain the "great object of their creation," the favor and fancy of mankind. (I am quite sure the above view of the subject is correct, as it is in strict accordance with a wise and brilliant essay I read the other day.

"Miss Huntington," he said, leaning toward her a little, the smile deepening and softening upon his lips, "I am so ungallant as to be wishing the time away, and that it was morning. The glimpse I got of the view through the twilight has made me impatient for the morning sunlight on the river and plain. I was never in the Mohawk Valley before, and had no idea it was so lovely."

"I am glad you like it, and will tell you for your comfort, that it will not be necessary for you to go out through the dew, dampening your feet and possibly your enthusiasm, for a view of the sunrise or the river, as both are especially good from the windows of your room," she replied, lightly.

"Thank you for the information," he responded, laughing, "it is something of a relief. Whom am I to thank for so pleasant an assignment?" with a glance from Grace to her mother.

"O, father; and so please don't assign any sentiment to the assignment, Mr. Gates," she replied quickly, something in her mother's face, a slight nervousness or excitement, suddenly impressing itself upon her and distracting her attention.

Mr. Gates very early excused himself on the plea of weariness, and went to his room. After the servant had gone down and he had carefully locked the door, he unstrapped and opened his trunk, and taking out a small inlaid mother-of-pearl and ebony writing-desk, drew a key from an inner breast pocket and unlocked it. Carefully and leisurely lifting the papers, he came presently to a worn and rather shabby morocco case, fastened with two small brass hooks. These he slipped back, and rising from his knees came and held the open case before the light, and gazed on it—or what it contained—long and critically, smiling to himself with a satisfied but not, just now, attractive smile.

"More like the girl, but not so pretty as she," he said, shutting the case. "I ought to make enough to retire on, out of this. It seems like a dream, this piece of luck; I wonder if a certain person *does* help his friends?"

He laughed a little light laugh, put back the case in the writing-desk, and locking it, deposited it again in the trunk, which he also locked. Then he came and sat down by the window, and leaning out into the soft summer starlight smoked a cigar and laid some plans for the future at the same time.

When Mrs. Amy Huntington stood before the pretty oval mirror in her dressing-room and removed the milky pearls from her throat and arms, they were scarcely less colorless than the face which looked back at her from the heavy gilt frame. There was a startled look, too, in the great dark eyes, which somehow seemed to vex her. She shut them tightly, and held her hands over them for a full minute. Then with a hasty, half-impatient movement of the white hands she loosened the heavy coils of hair and let them fall about her shoulders and to her waist. Mrs. Huntington had magnificent hair, long and heavy and dark, and as yet time had not touched it ever so lightly.

"It is nonsense!" she said impatiently, in a short, fierce whisper, walking down the length of the room and coming back and looking at herself again. "They never knew—none of them ever knew, how could they with the precautions I took? And after all these years—twenty-three—no, he will never dream of such a thing. Well, well," she said, wearily, slowly unrobing, "I must accustom myself to seeing him, and I must learn to be wary; something might waken his memories or suspicions, long as it has been. I must never wear a face like this—I must never for one single moment forget that my reputation is at stake. My God! there is little enough danger of my forgetting it," she cried, bitterly.

A step on the stairs, her husband's step, and the dark shadow crept away from her face, only looking out stealthily from the deep troubled depths of her half-averted eyes. A tender smile softened the lips just now so cold and rigid, and a soft girlish flush fluttered shyly to her cheek. Whatever of pain or bitterness the world held for her, whatever the wrongs or ill of the past; the strong, passionate, overwhelming love she bore this cool, undemonstrative man, had power to swallow

up, and almost obliterate. It was something of a mystery, even to Grace, the passionate love which spoke in every glance and tone when he was addressed. She wondered sometimes if her father noticed it, if he was conscious of the passionate devotion of which he was the object. If he was, he certainly gave no sign. Probably he had become accustomed to the thought; that is, if he ever suffered himself to think of it at all, which it's not likely he did, sentiment not being in his line.

The morning sunshine crept softly over the hills and trembled on the river. Thrushes, and orioles, and robins made the earth sweet with melody, and the fresh scent of dewy ferns came up from the river-side and mingled pleasantly with the odor of rose, and jasmine, and heliotrope. Chestnut Villa was never lovelier than it was this morning, but its mistress was still in her chamber, and its master had gone to his business.

Mrs. Huntington had not slept well; indeed, she had not slept at all till near day-break, and it was fully nine o'clock when she came down to the breakfast-room, a trifle pale and languid, but calm and self-possessed. Theo came in and laid his soft cheek against her hand, and smiled brightly up into her face. She stooped down and kissed the fair, delicate face, with fond tenderness. Theo had always been delicate and fragile from his birth, and twice he had been to the very edge of the chill river, lingering for days and days on its brink, and coming back at last slowly and reluctantly, as one turns from radiant dreams to the gray realities of common life. And so, partly for this reason, and partly because he was so gentle and lovable, he was petted and tended and watched over with careful love and the tenderest devotion, even his father unbending sufficiently to caress him occasionally.

"Theo, where is Grace, do you know?" Mrs. Huntington asked, as she rose from the table, after making the merest pretence of a meal.

"Yes, mamma," he said, dropping his eyes and speaking reluctantly.

"Well?"

"Must I tell you, mamma? I don't think Gracie wants any one to know."

"Why, Theo, what do you mean?" she asked, in surprise.

"I—I don't think Arthur is quite well," the child stammered, a sudden blush dyeing his face.

"But Grace does not care for mamma to know, Theo," she said, gently, a shadow of shame and annoyance crossing her face. "Is she in the east wing?"

"Yes, mamma, but you mustn't tell her I told you. She looks so pale and sorry that I went away up stairs and cried, just now," the sweet lips quivering again.

"No, darling," kissing the grave little face. "And now suppose you go out and play with Bruce, and forget all about it. I want to see some roses in these pretty cheeks. Ah! there is Bruce now, waiting for you."

The child, with a child's easy abandon of care, ran out with a laugh and shout to greet the great shaggy Newfoundland, who awaited his coming on the piazza with a grave sort of dignity and delight, while Mrs. Huntington hastily made her way to the east wing, as a pretty little room fitted up as a sort of sewing and reading-room, was called. It was Grace's special domain, and she easily enough guessed why she was there this morning.

There was a little ante-room with two long sunny windows filled with plants, and garlanded with luxurious sprays of glossy dark green ivy. Here she stopped a moment, and then said softly, with her lips to the door:

"Grace—Grace, my dear, may I come in?"

Almost instantly the door opened and Grace slipped out, closing the door after her, hastily. There was a vivid crimson spot on the soft oval of her cheeks, but it was not a happy, healthy flush.

"I would rather you wouldn't go in, mother," she said, without looking up.

"I heard him when he came in; it was daylight, nearly."

"Yes," a little wearily.

"You did not keep awake all that time—all night, Grace?"

"Mother," she cried, with sudden fire, "if I did it was because I wanted to—because I chose to of my own free-will, and I would rather do it a thousand times than have him know! You don't think he heard him, mother?" a startled look flashing into her face.

"No, I know he did not. But Grace—"

"Mother," she interrupted, "you know that I *will* stand between them—you know how hard he is with Arthur, you know how much worse it makes him, and always has, for father to attempt to coerce him in the hard, cruel, unsympathizing way he does? He is so quick, you know, mother. But he is so generous and noble, too, if it were not

for *this*," a little chord of pain in the sweet girlish voice. "But I love him as I do my own life, mother," the voice suddenly growing exultant, "and I *will* save him yet; he is worth it, mother, he has such splendid talents—what a lawyer or minister he would make! or a statesman, or, or—" she paused suddenly and burst into tears, the proud young head drooping like a wind-broken lily.

"My dear Grace," the mother said, gently, "this is wearing you out. You, who were always so strong, are getting positively nervous. You owe a duty to yourself as well as to him. For his father's sake I would give my right hand to save him from the destruction upon which he seems determined."

"And I would give mine for his own sake!" she responded, quickly, raising her head. "Mother, you know that father has never treated Arthur with tenderness and consideration. Perhaps it is no excuse for him, but you and I both know that it has made him reckless, and you know that first time, mother."

"Yes, I know," she said, gravely. "But see how he returns your forbearance, by coming to you in *this* way."

"He didn't come to me—I went to—" she broke off abruptly, her face flushing scarlet.

"Grace!"

"Mother, if Arthur sins against me seventy and seven times I shall forgive him! If in any way, or by any means, I can help him to become what he is capable of becoming, *I shall do it*," turning abruptly and going into the inner room and bolting it after her.

CHAPTER III.

In a little two-roomed cottage, looking like an overgrown martin-box perched against the sombre background of firs and spruces that skirted a little abrupt hill, something like a mile from Chestnut Villa, lived the widow Miriam Lester and her daughter Winnie. Perhaps, after the elegance and splendor of Chestnut Villa, this little place may seem tame and unattractive to you. And yet I want you to like it, there is something so cosy and joyous about it. There are no marble vases of rare plants, or softly dripping fountains, but the little porch is a mass of pink and white roses, and down the rocky mountain side a tiny stream leaps and gurgles and flashes in a perfect abandon of delight all day long, throwing its white spray

against the cottage windows, where, the sunlight falling through, makes mimic rain-bows in the feathery mist. A golden-throated canary swings in the window where the sunshine is softest and clearest, and the softly-rounded hills, and the shimmering, shadowy river, and the lovely valleys are as free to the inmates of the humble little hill cottage as to those of Chestnut Villa.

But I do not mean to say by this that the elegance and luxury of the latter were not desirable. I think if Mrs. Lester could have had her choice she would have taken Chestnut Villa; but as she could not she very wisely made the most of what she had, and was perhaps happier, after all, than any of the residents at that more favored place.

One possession of Widow Lester's vied in beauty and grace with anything in Arcadia—or, out of it. Of course I mean Winnie; if you had once seen her you would know at once that I could mean nothing else.

Not regal, or stately, or brilliant, like Grace Huntington, but simply lovely and sweet was dear little Winnie Lester. You felt like taking her in your arms and shielding her from sorrow or hardness, so alight, and fragile and childish she looked with her milk-and-roses cheeks, and tangle of chestnut-gold curls falling over her pretty graceful shoulders. And yet this slender, childish-looking little girl was stronger than nine-tenths of her own sex, and each and every one of the other. Not physically, of course, though she was capable of a large amount of steady, persistent endurance; but in those real elements of strength, faith, patience, virtue, love, sacrifice and unswerving devotion. She had, besides, the sweetest disposition in the world, and that rare and happy faculty of seeing the fairest and brightest side of everything. Her mother said, laughingly, that "Winnie walked in perpetual sunshine, hoping all things, believing all things."

And yet in one point she offended. In one thing she was a perpetual grief and anxiety to her mother. She loved Arthur Huntington, and Arthur Huntington was not just the sort of man a fond mother would choose to intrust the happiness of her only child to. If Mrs. Lester had told Winnie this once, she had a hundred times, and Winnie had put her soft arms about her neck and kissed her lips, and forehead, and eyes, smiling hopefully all the while, and gone on loving him just the same! She never entered into any argument with her mother, she never made any

declaration of undying love and devotion, she never lost her patience or sweetness under rebuke or blame, but she quietly went on loving and trusting him.

Mrs. Lester got vexed sometimes. She was a proud woman, and she knew the Huntingtons were angry with Arthur for coming there, and considered it a disgrace, his "entanglement," as they called it, "with a person in her station." Her Winnie! Her bright, beautiful darling! She would like for them to know how infinitely below her child she considered their son, and how utterly distasteful the "entanglement" was to her. If only Winnie had a little of her pride!

She could never forget the beginning of that "entanglement," and the humiliating sequel, more than Grace Huntington, though for a different reason. It was as follows, and happened near three years before, when Winnie was scarcely seventeen, and young Huntington but little over twenty.

They had just come to Arcadia, and some way, at some of the rural gatherings, Winnie had made Arthur Huntington's acquaintance, an acquaintance that speedily grew into intimacy. There was something specially winning about young Huntington to every one, and to Winnie—well, it would be utterly useless for me to attempt to tell what he was to her. Only by reading this story can you tell that, and then but imperfectly, for the most devoted acts but faintly mirror the holy depths of a true woman's heart.

It was not, I think, so much the bright, dark, handsome face, full of fire and tenderness, that attracted Winifred Lester, as the generous, daring spirit, the frank geniality, the happy ease and gracefulness of all he said and did, and the brilliant intellect that flashed through the commonness of his surroundings, and gave glowing hints of future possibilities. But, whatever the attraction at first, it soon developed into a pure, deep, unquestioning love—the sort of love that rises above circumstances, suffering no change, outliving shame, disaster and death. This I mean on her part. Such love is, I think, nearly always on a woman's part, though I have known instances where it was the man who suffered, and trusted, and loved through a bitterness worse than death.

But it is not the sort of love the world appreciates. It is oftener ridiculed than sympathized with, and the passion founded on respect declared to be the only reasonable and sensible sentiment. Very likely it is—I

am quite sure it is; but unfortunately hearts are not always sensible or reasonable, and alas for them when they are not!

It was some time before Arthur's devotion to Winnie Lester came to the ears of his family. When it did there was a terrible scene at Chestnut Villa. Mr. Huntington haughtily demanded that Arthur should promise, under oath, never to seek, or in any way associate with Winifred Lester from that day henceforth, save as the most careless acquaintance. Arthur's hot blood was in arms, and he as haughtily refused. There was a terrible scene—a scene that sent Grace frightened and weeping to her chamber, for Mr. Huntington forgot his son's manhood—ay, his own as well—and horsewhipped him as he would a dog! That night Arthur Huntington reeled home at midnight, waking the echoes of the beautiful landscape and drowsy fountains of fair Chestnut Villa, with a rude bacchanalian song. I do not offer one excuse for him, he should have been stronger—but alas he was not!

For a week thereafter he was not seen by any one in Arcadia, but—and how no one ever knew—the story got out that Mr. Huntington had horsewhipped Arthur for being in love with Winnie Lester; and like all that sort of gossip, it had a speedy and extended circulation, coming in course of time to Winnie herself, who said nothing, only grew a shade paler, but the friend (?) who told her reported that "the girl's blue eyes were as black as ink for a moment, and her pretty soft lips were pressed together in just the oddest way."

Well, all this happened, as I said, three years before. Arthur Huntington did not give up his intimacy with Winifred, to the perpetual anger and annoyance of his family, but O, a thousand times sadder, neither did he give up the excesses born in that terrible night of his half-insane fury and shame. He was not, in the general sense of the term, dissipated, but sometimes he yielded to the solicitations of a certain set of young fellows, such as nearly every town has, and while they went home quietly at least, he with half their indulgence was maddened half to frenzy.

And here came in the disadvantage of wealth. If he had been poor, obliged to labor—educated to it, he would, I think, have broken away from the terrible network that held all his nobler powers. But from childhood he had been accustomed to luxury and self-indulgence. He had no practical know-

ledge of work; he had expected to go into business with his father when he was of age; that had always been the calculation; but since he had gone counter to his father's wishes in regard to Winnie Lester he had been given to understand that there was an end to that possibility. If he could do anything, if he was fitted for any place in life, he would take Winnie and leave Arcadia forever, he said to himself. But he should only be a hindrance and a stumbling-block to her, he said, bitterly, and then in his disheartened moods the tempter found him an easy prey. And so the days and months went on, and he sinned and repented, and sinned again, and the bright face grew to look just a little haggard, and the clear eyes lost something of their sunshine and purity.

No wonder Miriam Lester begged and entreated her child to give him up—no wonder, because her own life had been shadowed by the same fearful cloud. She had not—she never could forget her mother's white face and sad eyes, nor forget what caused them. And though the grave had long since laid its softening hand upon all the pain or wrong of the past, still she could not forget, and the thought of her child—her gentle, joyous Winnie doomed to a like fate, drove her almost to destruction sometimes.

Perhaps I may as well say here as anywhere that Mrs. Lester, like a great many parents, had a special destiny in view for her child. Twelve years before, just after the death of her husband, and in a time of sudden financial disaster and disappointment, she had taken a young lad named Russell, Mark Russell, from a charitable institution in an eastern city. The boy had been left there by his parents, or friends, who were too poor, or incompetent in some way to provide for him, when he was little more than three years old. He had remained there ever since, and was somewhere near fourteen. She was in need of some one, and she was too poor to hire, and this boy was glad to come for his board, he was so anxious to get away from the place, the thought of "charity" being extremely distasteful to his independent spirit. As there is always some brightness in the darkest dispensation, so it proved that young Russell's introduction into the crushed and broken family was a bright era in its history. No son could have been tenderer than he had been through all these years, and the little cottage where they lived he had bought for them by working at manual labor after his hours of

study; for, from long before he had left the charitable institution, he had resolved to some day be a minister. And now, at twenty-six, his hopes had reached their fulfillment; through what sacrifice, and toil, and persistent, unflagging effort, only those know who have been through a similar experience, disputing every inch of the way with poverty, and discouragement, and trial. Mark Russell was not only a pure, strong, noble man, but he had rare talents for his calling, and already the promise of popularity bordered on fruition.

And this was the dream of Miriam Lester's life—to see Winnie his wife. She would never know a fear for her, sheltered in so strong and pure a heart. Of course they loved each other very dearly, they always had, and why need there be any other love? Why need this young Huntington come in to break up all her plans? Surely if they did not like the idea, more surely she did not.

But I must return to Chestnut Villa and give the finale to the morning's events mentioned in the last chapter.

When Mrs. Huntington went out after Grace left her so abruptly she met her husband in the hall. Something in his face made her heart stand suddenly still. A swift, terrible fear shot like an arrow through her brain. O, if he knew!

"Amy," he said, sternly, scarcely looking at her, "where is he—where is Arthur? Tell me quick, woman; you and Grace have shielded him long enough—the miserable profligate!"

Notwithstanding her husband's passion, and her sorrow for Arthur, Amy Huntington drew a quick, involuntary breath of relief.

"I—I believe he is asleep," she replied, hesitatingly.

"I have just come from his chamber—where is Grace? Where are they hiding?" he demanded.

There was the quick opening and shutting of doors, and Arthur Huntington stood before them. His dress was disordered, but there was a defiant flash in his eyes that relieved them of any suspicion of heaviness.

"Do you wish to see me, sir?" he asked, coldly, but with an undertone of fire in his voice.

"God knows I wish I may never see you again!" was the passionate answer. "Not content with disgracing yourself, you must drag your sister down with you. A pretty story was that I heard a group of idlers dis-

cussing at the street corner this morning. Grace Huntington going out to low drinking-houses at night to look for her brother?"

"Father," cried Grace, who had come silently upon the scene, "I went of my own choice, he did not 'drag me down,' there. Besides, it was not a low drinking-house, it was the village hotel. A respectable place, where you are not ashamed to go—where other gentlemen go."

"Grace!" Mrs. Huntington interrupted, sternly, more sternly than she often spoke to her beautiful, petted daughter.

Mr. Huntington cast a cold, contemptuous look upon his daughter and turned again to Arthur. Evidently the phials of his wrath were to be poured out on him.

"Arthur Huntington," he began, in a low, steely voice, "I have borne this sort of thing just as long as I *shall* bear it. I give you your choice, either to go out to California in a

ship that leaves New York day after to-morrow morning, or take care of yourself, how and where you can, so that it be so far from here that I never see or hear of you again so long as we both live! I will not have the Huntington name disgraced here longer. If you choose to go out in this vessel I will make the arrangements by mail, immediately. I have a friend, West Ingraham, a lawyer, who has an interest in the ship, and you can go if you choose. I will provide you with necessary funds from time to time, and will manage to keep myself informed of your behaviour. You can have half an hour to decide in; not quite long enough to consult your *friend*. But mind you," he added, "if you ever expect any favor or help from me you must renounce *her*. Now, sir, in half an hour, and," looking back from the door, "you are not to return for two years."

A LANDSCAPE PICTURE.

BY GEORGE E. PLACE.

Out on the bright blue waters! Proudly speeds

The stately vessel on her plumes of steam—
The broad white path of foam behind her leaps

With whirling brightness 'gainst the lambent sun,

Which glances from a sky as soft and clear
As ever smiled upon an answering earth.
Breathed from the summer bosom of the sky,
The zephyr tempers from the cooling waves
A keen, delicious character, which thrills
The spirit with a sense of purer powers.

Two cities face upon us from each shore—
New York and Brooklyn—with their crowded stretch

Of pompous buildings, and the airy pride
Of glorious domes and sunlit-glancing spires;
But soon the speeding vessel leaves behind
Those close-packed palaces of wealth and taste,

And opens up a landscape with not less
A pleasing character to bless the sight,
Though of a spirit more subdued, than is
The busy city with its tumbling cares.

How fair, how grand the scene! Along each shore

Th' unequal landscape flows upon the sight
With varying features: now a pleasant farm
With its delightful inequality
Of hills, and vales, and sloping swells between,
Swelling with full June greenness in the sun,
Charged with the embryo treasures of the toll
Of careful farmers; orchards, corn and grain,
And the smooth swell of fast maturing grass,
And pleasant houses nestled mid the wealth
Of cultivated beauty and of taste.

Past this, anon, th' extending vision shares
A lonelier picture: darkening forests rise
O'er the unequal landscape, with all forms
Of species and of growth; this, soon to pass
Behind, and bring the smiling farms again,
They, in their turn, to fade behind and bring
The woods again; thus the pleased vision shares

An ever-varying picture to delight.

At times, the narrowing waters draw the shore

So near that the defining eye can trace
The various forms of vegetative growth
That seek luxuriantly the hills and plains;
Th' expansive swell of bright, maturing grass,
And rich, methodic cornfields, fair and green,
And stately orchards ranged in shapely ranks.

And now the broad'ning channel pushes back
The slow-receding shore, until the eye
Loses at length the power to define
The various landscape; and the hazing blue
Of distance gathers o'er the far-off hills.

O, what a swelling of sublimity
Lifts the full soul, high thrilling every sense,
As the pleased eye takes in the noble scene—
A "world of waters" swelling all around!
Vessels, of various model and of size,
Fleck all the bright expanse: some quietly
At anchor, others bounding o'er the waves
With various speed, some rivaling our own,

Others are slowly reached and passed, and
some
Dash swiftly by upon the opposing course.

Thus, all along, the contemplative eye
A full sustaining zest of pleasure shares;
And the full heart spontaneously inscribes
A silent meed of thankfulness, that God
Has clothed with such transcendent character
Of glorious beauty, all the earth and skies,
And formed the soul with sensibilities
To reap such wealth of pleasure from their
scenes.

OUR ADVENTURE WITH A SLAVER.

BY GEORGE H. COCKER.

I WAS a foremast hand on board the barque *Sea Breeze*, on a whaling voyage in the Indian Ocean. No part of the world has for the mariner more romantic associations. Here the old-time buccaneers reigned lords of the sea, and here the earlier merchant ships of the Dutch and Portuguese felt their way up the east coast of Africa to the rich shores "of Ormus and of Ind."

If not very fortunate in our business, we had at least a pleasant cruise. Our commander was not one who for a whim of his own would tow a man astern in a hencoop or head him up in an oil cask, and, for a whaling captain, this is saying a great deal.

We had a fine clipper barque, built after shipowners had opened their eyes to the fact that some ten or twelve months lost or saved in the passages of a whaleman makes a large difference in the profits of the voyage. Nothing could catch the *Sea Breeze*; of this we had many demonstrations; and had we been on the lookout for slavers, of which there were numbers on the coasts of Mozambique and Zanzibar, we could have overhauled more of them than were caught by the entire fleet of British cruisers.

One morning, in Mozambique Channel, we espied a barque very much like our own, save that she was not a whaler. As the light began to show him our vessel, the fellow stood away from us with all the sail he could crowd; for not being able to make out our character through the gray dawn, he suspected the *Sea Breeze* of being one of John Bull's thousand bulwarks. We guessed what

he must be, and stood towards him for the mere excitement of seeing him run; and even after he could make out our boats on the cranes, he probably felt ill at ease, for the slavers were always suspicious of trickery.

We plagued the fellow no little by following him, especially as he found in the *Sea Breeze* a rival to his fast sailing slaver; but at last we attended again to our own business, and he passed off below the horizon, as a wolf might disappear on a prairie. Then our shipkeeper, old Robinson, repeated his oft told tales of slavers; how he had seen many of them; how he had sailed in one himself; how he had been held a prisoner by the British on the coast of Africa, because of his transactions in "wool and ivory;" and how once in the Spanish brig *Felipe Segunda*, with five hundred slavers on board, himself and his companions were called to the rescue of another band of slavers, whose living freight had risen and taken their vessel, the *Senora Buena*.

With desperate resolution, the shipkeeper said, the men of the *Felipe Segunda* went alongside their consort whose decks were covered with raging waves of black men. A terrible conflict ensued. Three times the Spaniards bounded and twice they were boarded in return; but in the midst of the conflict, the *Senora Buena* blew up, involving the loss of both vessels and more than a thousand lives—for the *Felipe* was so greatly damaged by the shock that she sank with the remains of her consort; and only her captain, Don Manuel Gogenche and fourteen whites

were saved, with not a single African from either vessel. Such was one of the tragedies of the slavetrade.

The shipkeeper told too how this same Manuel de Goyenche, had once thrown overboard a miserable black woman because she was taken with the small pox which he feared would infect the other slaves; and how on a passage from Congo to Brazil, they once ran short of water. It was during one of those long calms so common near the equator, and the story was too horrible to repeat. At last the crew, hoping to reach land, took all the water that remained and going on board their boats left the poor chained negroes to die.

Now the old shipkeeper did not think much of these things; he regarded his participation in slave-catching only as a slight error of his earlier days, and considered Fortune a very unkind mistress to reward him so meanly for such abundant peril. Whatever he might tell us, however, of his indiscretions, we had no power to hang him, and could not even dislike him, for he was full of song and story, and there was nothing but his own word against him which among his acquaintances would have passed for no evidence at all.

I think he had just finished the last recital I have mentioned, when the lookout at the main reported a sail. This was at sunset, and next morning the stranger having been unable to come up with us, was about two miles off our quarter, crowding everything he could carry. We then made him out to be a frigate.

"I shouldn't wonder if he takes us for a slaver," said Captain Rose, who had a fun-loving vein in him. "Give her the royals and weather studdingsails and set the mainsail, Mr. Romer; we'll see whether he can speak us without more grease on his keel!"

Well, the fellow chased us for four days, during which time we described some remarkable curves and zigzag lines in Mozambique Channel. The wind was light and variable and the two vessels scarcely ever had an equal breeze, the frigate being sometimes a dozen miles astern, then close aboard of us, comparatively. At last on the fourth day, as we lay in a streak of water that looked like oil, and with not a breath of air aloft, she came down on us bringing along a breeze.

Such a lecture as we received for joking when John Bull was in earnest! He would hardly believe that the Sea Breeze was not a slaver; but some seven hundred barrels of

genuine sperm oil gave weight to our protestations of innocence. He was in search of a Spanish barque, the Ysla de Cuba, and ours, to all outward appearance, answered her description exactly.

"Saw her five days ago," remarked Captain Rose. "I'm afraid you are too late. I almost imagined the Sea Breeze had met her 'double.' Must have been the chap you are after, but I suppose she is off before this time, with a load of negroes. The Arabs buy all the slaves that are caught this side of the Cape of Good Hope, I believe."

"Yes," replied the English officer, "she will go up to Muscat or some other Arabian port if she can; but the frigate will 'ead 'er off yet. We get the smartest of them hultimately."

He then swore at Captain Rose again for leading him such a chase, and abused the Yankees generally, as being all slavers and thieves.

"I'm afraid you couldn't have caught her," replied our captain, "if you had seen her. Heaven knows I wish you might sink every slaver on the coast. If I had known you wanted her I'd have caught her for you!"

Another torrent of abuse drew only further good-natured remarks in reply, and finally the Englishman went on board his ship.

"We have both a good breeze now," said Captain Rose, to the departing officer, "and I would race with you for a thousand pounds. If I fall in with the Ysla de Cuba I will sail around her a few times and tell you what she is like!"

A moment more and both vessels were under headway, the Sea Breeze dropping the frigate astern as if the latter had been only a huge floating buoy. Then old Robinson the shipkeeper told yarns of his life in men-of-war as he had before edified us with his experience of slave-catching. It is pleasant to have such an old fellow on shipboard; the grim tar knew the ocean as one might know a pond; and his untruths were so mixed with his truths as to be indistinguishable.

Two days after parting with the man-of-war, and while about four miles distant from the coast of Mozambique, we raised a large sperm whale which made towards the land. Our barque was becalmed, but far out at sea there was apparently a fresh breeze, and a ship was just perceptible in that direction. In shore and behind a small wooded island, rose the masts of a square-rigged vessel. It was no unusual thing for a whale to seek

such a neighborhood, as both here on the coasts of Zanguebar, Arabia and India, we had sometimes found them within a half mile of the shore. Two months earlier, we had pursued and lost a huge fellow away up by the Strait of Babelmandel.

Our boats were instantly in chase, and several times we came almost upon the whaler, but he was somewhat wild, and as often avoided us. At length he headed for the island at the further extremity of which we had seen the unknown vessel, and as he entered the channel between that and the main land, he received the two harpoons of our boat. The island was a half mile in length, and he darted swiftly along its inner margin towards the opposite end, making the water boil in cataracts around our bows, while the other boats, two in number, followed in our wake.

Nearing the end of the island, we caught sight of the vessel the masts of which we had seen. She was lying at anchor between two islands, and waiting, no doubt, for a breeze. A moment's observation showed us that she was no other than our sailing companion of a week previous, the *Ysla de Cuba*. She lay a little outward from our course, and it was doubtful whether the whale would pass out at the place of her anchorage or continue on beyond the second island. What a fine place of retreat was this for a slaver, among islands, and woods, and channels.

At the end of the first island, however, the whale suddenly sheered and shot out past the barque. We were so near as to distinctly hear the surprised exclamations in Spanish as the tawny faces of the *Cuba's* crew looked down upon us from the bulwarks. We had scarcely passed her, when the whale abated his speed and almost instantly stopped. We pulled alongside of him and the mate had poised his lance for a decisive stroke, when crash went the entire broadside of the boat, and, lifted in midair, she fell bottom up. The whale now turned upon us, crushing with his jaws the already shattered boat, the men, meanwhile, swimming and diving for life.

The *Ysla de Cuba* was a hundred yards from the scene, but the leviathan in his rage now described several broad circles, passing at length so close to the Spanish barque that she arrested his attention, and at once his fury was turned upon this new object.

A resounding blow smote our ears as we lay upon fragments of the wrecked boat, and so forcible was the concussion that we looked

to see the barque sink immediately. But, like her assailant, the *Cuba* was hard-headed, and she only shook and staggered, and dropped a splinter from her cutwater. The next blow was given abeam, and a third, delivered obliquely against the stern, unshipped and broke the rudder. A fourth started the stern-post; and at the fifth, it became evident that the work of vengeance was consummated, for the entire stern appeared to have given way. The vessel sank perhaps four feet, with the water above her lower deck, when she fortunately grounded on a sandbar. She remained nearly upright, the water being sufficiently deep to support her in this position. Through the wide rents in her stern, we could almost see the woolly heads that we knew crowded her between-decks.

The whale, hardly less damaged than the vessel, appeared now to have spent his fury and made slowly off, stopping occasionally as if undecided as to whether he ought not after all to resume the attack. The execrations of the Spaniards against us as we lay helpless in the water, were loud and terrible, and they even fired several musket shots at our two remaining boats, which now coming up rescued us from our unhappy position. Presently, however, they began to implore our assistance. This was an after thought, and their real intention was too apparent for their purpose. They called us "*buenos Americanos*" in the most persuasive tones, but Captain Rose shook his head.

"They are in no danger," he remarked. "We can do nothing but go back to the ship. It wont do to take those fellows off; they are well armed with pistols and muskets, and once in possession of our boats, they would take the *Sea Breeze* and have her full of slaves in two hours. I don't think the negroes are drowned; they will be able to keep their heads out. The barque has a 'list' to starboard—not much though—and those on that side may get pretty well soaked; but at any rate they are all between decks, and she can't settle any more."

"That's true, sir," said the mate, "and they wont be left to die, either; there's too much money in them for that. The slave-dealers up the river here will come down and arrange matters with the Spaniards, and when the next slaver comes in the poor darkies will be shipped again. I wish the whale had done them some good in the meanwhile, but I can't see that he has helped them an atom."

"No," said the captain, "they are as badly off as ever; and John Bull too must be out of the way just in the nick of time. What a change for him now. Catches them all 'hul-timately,' eh? I guess he does!"

It was growing foggy at sea, and we could barely make out the outlines of our ship, which having taken a breeze had now approached us. The whale lay temptingly motionless at a little distance, and Captain Rose, a man of much tenacity of purpose, resolved once more to attack him. At all events, he said, we would fasten to him, and it would be time enough to give him up when he should prove again troublesome. He might be pretty thoroughly exhausted by this time, and besides, as the barque had a breeze she would now be able to pick us up in case of extremity. Once or twice the monster put himself in motion, our pursuit taking us out of our course to the ship. At last, however, both boats fastened to him at once.

From his combat with the walls of oak, his condition had become deplorable and his capture easy. After running not more than fifty yards he resigned himself to the lance with the meekness of a much more amiable whale than he could ever have pretended to be. At this moment of victory, Captain Rose, looking towards the Spanish barque, started with surprise and alarm.

"Down with your oars!" he cried. "Pull for the ship! Those cutthroats have got out their boats and are going to take her! If we get to her first we can beat them off! Over with the tub and line! Throw yours over too, Mr. Romer! Give way! give way!"

The boats almost flew from wave to wave, but the pirates had the advantage of being a little nearer to the ship than we were, as our previous operations had drawn us somewhat down the coast. Their oars were pulled by no puny arms, and at another time I might have admired the muscle which sent their three boats dashing towards our barque. But the skill of the whalemén triumphed. As we sprang up the side of the Sea Breeze, the dash of the Spaniards' oars sounded fearfully near; but in a moment, armed with lances and harpoons we stood at bay—twenty-three against thirty-six.

The pirates, those of them not at the oars, fired upon us as they came up, but their headmost boat, as its crew were in the act of starting to their feet, struck the barque with such force that they were all thrown upon

one of the gunnels, the confused and struggling mass thus causing the boat to capsize and going headlong overboard. The remaining boats came one to the fore, the other to the main chains; but as they reached us, old Robinson the shipkeeper, a very Goliath in strength, laid hold of an old six pounder, the only gun we had and so choked in the breech that it could not be fired, lifted it right out of its carriage and all alone would have raised it over the bulwarks. Two square-built tars, catching his idea, sprang to his aid, and the next moment, the heavy gun, breech foremost, fell thundering down upon one of the boats. It crashed through her timbers, and she was instantly swamped.

Of the third boat's crew, one man, and one only, reached the deck, and he but to be struck down in death. His companions, terrified by the catastrophe to their shipmates in the other boats, immediately pushed off. They were not, however, to escape. The crews of the two disabled boats endeavored to get on board the other, but their number, no less than their hurry and scramble, proved fatal. The boat upset, and the entire ship's company of the Ysla de Cuba, not killed or drowned, now struggled at the mercy of the waves.

So fierce had been the encounter that no one observed the approach of a vessel which, emerging from the thin fog a mile distant, was now close aboard of us. It was our former acquaintance, the British frigate, and doubtless the ship we had seen in the offing. A word from our captain explained all, and the frigate's boats soon picked up all the pirates who remained alive, nineteen in number.

The Sea Breeze and the Bellona frigate were soon brought to anchor, when it was found that the Ysla de Cuba had on board five hundred and twenty-two slaves, of whom no less than ninety-eight were dead. The living were all taken off, the barque dismantled, and her naked hull and spars left solitary by the shore.

A seaman of the Bellona knew the dead man whom we had on our deck. It was Manuel Goyénche, the famous slaver captain. Why had not old Robinson recognized him? Simply because he had never seen him. The jolly tar had only repeated what he had heard from others, and in representing himself as a participant in the various scenes that he recounted, he had merely "supposed a thing!" At least, he said so.

THE SPRINGTIME WINDS.

BY MISS MARY F. WILSON.

O wild March winds,
O cold March winds!
O winds that blow so drear!
How can it be, since last ye blew,
That I have lived a year!

O April winds,
O balmy winds!
That faintly touch my brow;
O winds that wander from the south,
Where is your sweetness now?
I shiver neath your soft caress,
Like ghostly hands ye seem—
Ye waft across the flooded fields

The phantom of a dream!
Ye bring the memory of a time
Too beautiful to last;
O idle winds, alluring winds,
Ye mind me of the past!
O scented breeze
So warm and sweet!
O fragrant breath of May!
You taunt me with my vanished hopes,
My dreams that would not stay;
Ye blind my eyes with bitter tears,
O cruel winds of May.

THE SILVER SAND.

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

ON a bright morning in July, a group of merry maids were gathered upon Glenham beach, watching the movements of an old fisherman who was busy patching a broken boat. The boat itself lay drawn up upon the sand, high above the reach of tide water, and its round sides and inverted keel glistened in the sunlight like the back of some monster whom the sea had roguishly tossed from its proper element and stranded upon the beach. In a huge hole in its mossy sheathing, the old fisherman was fitting a piece of new plank, while the group of bright-eyed witnesses looked on with eager interest.

"I declare, Uncle Bill," said Edith Brown, "you're a splendid carpenter. Were you ever a ship-builder?"

"No," said Uncle Bill, stopping his work for a moment and straightening up to stretch his back before resuming; "no, I never learned the trade, but in my business, ye know, we hev to turn our hand to most everything."

"I suppose your business is good this summer, aint it?" asked Hester Hurlburt, punching her parasol idly into the sand and looking off over the sea as she spoke.

"So, so. Not particularly lively. I goes off fishin' some with the folks at the hotel, and the hotel, ye know, isn't more'n half full this year."

"No, it's awfully stupid there. Nobody to

flirt with, Uncle Bill, only think. We girls are all going back to the city next month, if a mustache don't come along pretty soon."

It was Delilah Stone who said this, a plump, chatoyant little sprite, with mischief beaming in every feature of her pretty face.

"Is that what you gals come down to Glenham for every summer?" asked Uncle Bill, looking up at Delilah, good-humoredly.

"Yes, of course. Do you suppose we would come so regularly just to look at this dreary old beach? I wouldn't give a peanut for Glenham if it wasn't for the hops and drives, and the moonlight strolls and the flirtations, you know. And this summer there hasn't been any fun at all."

And Delilah pouted her red lips and looked injured and pretty.

"O Delilah Stone!" exclaimed Edith. "I think you are perfectly dreadful. I wouldn't say that for the world, even if I thought about it."

"Well, it's only Uncle Bill," said Delilah, "and he wont tell of us. Will you, uncle?"

"Not I," said the old man. "Now, if you want to flirt and hase round so almighty bad, why don't you get hold of Allan Sterne, up at the big house yonder?"

"Allan Sterne, up at Shadyside?"

"Exactly."

"Why, he's in Brazil."

"He's got home," said Uncle Bill, dropping

his hammer and proceeding to fill his mouth with a handful of copper nails.

"Home? When? Are you sure?"

Uncle Bill's organs of speech being somewhat impeded by the boat-nails, he could only answer with a grunt.

"Now, Uncle Bill," said Delilah, imperatively, "take those nails out of your mouth this minute. I want to talk to you."

The imperturbable old fisherman signified with a sign that he would be ready to resume the conversation as soon as the nails were all hammered into the boat. The girls waited impatiently.

"Allan Sterne is a regular flirt," said Delilah. "At least, he used to be. And O girls, he's got the most splendid brown mustache you ever saw, and such eyes! He can make love off hand better than any fellow I ever knew."

"I've seen him," said Hester. "Two summers ago. Don't you remember? Before he went to South America."

"Is he handsome?" asked Annie Bruce, a very little lady in brown ringlets, who had been watching the old fisherman in silence.

"Yes," said Edith, throwing her arm about the questioner and drawing her close to her. "Yes, but he won't look at you, little witch, while Delilah Stone is around, although you are the prettiest girl in Glenham. Besides, Rafe Harding would keep him at bay, wouldn't he, dear?"

"A fig for Rafe Harding," said Annie, contemptuously.

Uncle Bill, having unexpectedly disposed of his nails, blurted out suddenly at the point where his remarks had been interrupted.

"Allan Sterne has been home these three days. I know it 'cause he an' I went fishin' together yesterday. He's browned up, gals, just like a red Injun. You never none on ye seen the like."

"Yes, and he's grown long-legged as a camel," said a masculine voice, behind them. "Not much of the lady-killer about the chap now, I should say."

"O Rafe Harding," said the girls, turning around to the new-comer, who took a seat by the side of Annie Bruce. "You're jealous of Allan. That's what ails you."

"Yes, the green-eyed monster nearly ate you up before Allan went to Brazil, you old misanthrope," said Delilah.

"Go on, girls," said Rafe, laughing. "Go on with your abuse."

"You shan't all poke fun at Rafe together,"

said Annie. "That isn't fair. I'll be your champion, Rafe. You and I have always been good friends, haven't we?"

"I guess so," replied the young man, taking one of the little hands in his own and keeping it there. "You nearly lost your protegee though ten minutes since. I came very near falling into the Silver Sand. The cliff yonder is getting very dangerous."

The girls screamed in horror, with the exception of Hester, who asked:

"What is the Silver Sand?"

"Do you see that long point of rocks yonder, running out into the sea?"

"Yes."

"And half a mile beyond it, a second point, very much like the first?"

"Yes."

"Between those two points, no human creature dares to tread. A quicksand lies there, which has swallowed up many a poor dumb brute that has unsuspectingly attempted to cross its treacherous surface. To set foot beyond those rocks is certain death."

Hester shuddered.

"But why do they give it such a name?" she asked.

"Because its grains are snowy white, and in the morning or evening glow the sand shines like molten silver."

"Is there no protection for ignorant people?"

"Yes, a wire fence extends down the two points of rock, and there used to be a similar guard on the cliff above, but the cliff has crumbled away a little every year and most of the fence has gone with it. There is no protection from above for those who should fall over the edge, as I came very near doing just now."

Poor Annie trembled, and Rafe tightened his grasp upon her hand.

"I heard of the horrible place when I first came to Glenham, four years ago," said Delilah. "It frightens me half to death to think of it, even now."

"And to think that you have had so narrow an escape, Rafe!" said Annie.

"Pooh!" said Delilah, "he wouldn't be much loss. If it had been Allan Sterne now, with that splendid mustache—"

"You never would lose him there," returned Rafe. "His feet would touch bottom long before his head went under. I don't know what the Brazilians did to him, but he has been pulled out to an unconscionable length since he went away."

Uncle Bill brought his hammer down just then with such vehemence that he pounded his fingers.

"You needn't to sneer at him, Rafe Harding," he said. "Allan Sterne could chew you up at a mouthful."

"Yes, and here he comes to do it," said Delilah, excitedly. "Now, girls, eyes straight and elbows in. Is my hair coming down?"

A tall and not ungraceful figure appeared in the distance, strolling slowly along the beach towards the group around the boat. As it advanced at a leisurely pace, its outlines resolved themselves into what, as Delilah had at first perceived, could be no other than the person of Allan Sterne. In his hand he carried a light rattan, with which at intervals he drew fanciful patterns in the sand as he walked along, seemingly wholly unconscious of the bewildering array of beauty marshalled before him. Deliberately and with the air of a man who had seen whole armies of lovely women before then, and was consequently not at all afraid of a light battalion of them, he wandered innocently into the charmed circle.

"Well, Uncle Bill," he said, as he came within speaking distance, "your work seems well superintended this morning. What! Miss Delilah Stone!"

"It is nobody else," said Delilah. "I'm one of the faithfuls; been waiting two whole years for you to come back, Allan Sterne. Haven't had a beau in all that time."

"What a sacrifice!" he replied. "You shall be rewarded. Why, here we all are together again. This is glorious, isn't it?"

He knew all except three or four, and among them was Annie Bruce. She was such a quiet little thing and had so shrunk away by herself into the background, that she was the last to be introduced. As Allan bowed to her, his eyes met hers and became fixed upon them for a moment with an expression of unusual interest.

In truth it was a very pretty face to look at—a peachy pink and white complexion with a mouth like a ripe cherry; large brown eyes, somewhat too dark to be called hazel, and deep and frank in their expression; a round little chin, almost babyish, but with a hint of character which would become more marked as the years passed on; the whole framed with a mass of clustering ringlets, which at the moment the sea breeze was tossing about in most bewitching abandon. Allan thought it a very charming face indeed,

and his bow was somewhat more gracious than usual, in consequence.

"For goodness sake, Allan," cried the irrepressible Delilah, "what have you got around your waist?"

Allan looked down at his costume and laughed.

"That," he said, "is a Brazilian lasso. I thought I had left it at home."

"A Brazilian what?"

"A lasso," he repeated, unwinding a long coil of hide from about his body. "It is a favorite weapon in South America. No ranchero would be without one. This was given me by a dark-skinned friend of mine who tends great droves of cattle on the plains. He said it had been charmed by the medicine man of his tribe, and I verily believe it has, for I never knew it to miss its mark."

"I have read of them," said Edith, "but I never saw one before. Has this ever been used?"

"Yes," said Allan, "I practise with it, occasionally. I quite strangled an old turkey cock at the house this morning in the very act of gobbling. Poor fellow! We shall have him for dinner, although a little out of season."

"Fine business," said Delilah. "Is that all you've learned in Brazil—how to strangle turkeys in midsummer?"

"I should like to see it used," said Rafe. "I'm a little incredulous about the charm."

"O yes," cried the group, in chorus, "do lasso something for us."

"I am an indifferent hand at it," said Allan. "If I should fail, you would laugh at me."

"Yes," said Delilah.

"There's a bottle on the beach yonder," said Rafe. "Try your hand on that."

"If I can," replied Allan.

He coiled the light line loosely together and stepping on one side, gave his arm a swift rotary motion in the air. In a moment the coil shot forward and upward, unrolling as it went, until the noose fell squarely upon the bottle. Then with a quick jerk he tightened the line and brought the glass spinning home to him over the sand.

"Bravo!" cried Delilah. "Wonderful!"

"It is nothing," said Allan, coiling the rope around his waist again. "A native Brazilian would have struck the mark at twice the distance."

"You should have been a sailor, my boy," said Uncle Bill, who had been gazing at

Allan's bronzed hands and face in admiration. "I never seed a landsman as could heave a line like that."

The repairs were by this time finished, and Uncle Bill, gathering up his remaining nails, stuffed them into one of his great pockets and tilted the boat back again upon her keel. This was a signal for the dispersion of his audience.

"You'll come and see us, wont you?" asked Delilah, rising and smoothing out her dress.

"Every day," replied Allan, placing his hand upon his heart dramatically.

He bowed a general adieu in his graceful way and the party separated, Allan retracing his steps homeward, while the ladies, accompanied by Rafe, returned to the hotel. When a sufficient distance had been placed between them, the young man stopped and turned to look back.

"She has a pretty figure," he said to himself. "Graceful as Hebe."

He stood for a moment gazing after them, and Delilah, glancing behind her, waved her handkerchief.

But it was not Delilah of whom he was thinking. His Brazilian experience had not cured him of his old fondness for female society, and it appeared to him next morning that the most agreeable way of spending the long forenoon would be to stroll over to the hotel after breakfast, by way of getting up an appetite for dinner. That little face with the pink cheeks lingered in his memory, and could he get a glimpse of it again he should not consider his trouble taken for nothing. Besides, he had some curiosity in regard to Rafe Harding. It might be worth while to keep an eye on him.

He found Rafe smoking on the hotel piazza, with his chair tilted comfortably backwards and his heels on the railing.

"Morning," said Rafe.

"Morning," returned Allan, stopping at the piazza steps. "Too early for the ladies yet, I suppose."

"Miss Bruce is about here somewhere," replied Rafe, not very graciously.

"Yes," exclaimed Annie, throwing open the door-blind and appearing, radiant as the morning itself, upon the threshold. "I'm right here. Good-morning, Mr. Sterne. What, Rafe! Haven't you thrown away that cigar yet? I wont come near you until you do."

Rafe looked ruefully at his freshly lit Par-

taga, and then, after a moment's hesitation, tossed it over the railing into the grass.

"Are you bound for a walk?" he asked, reaching carelessly behind him to catch both her hands and drawing her palms down upon his shoulders.

Allan laughed inwardly.

"You clever rascal," he thought. "That looks very familiar, but it's all for my benefit. I don't believe a bit of it."

"Yes," she said, "but nowhere in particular."

"They are going to haul a seine on the beach this morning," said Allan, quietly. "Would you like to go down and see the operation, Miss Bruce?"

"Yes indeed," replied Annie, withdrawing her hands from Rafe's grasp, and skipping down the steps.

She did not ask Rafe's permission to go. She did not even ask him to accompany them. Allan was satisfied.

Delilah Stone, looking through the blind of an upper window, with her hair in papers, bit her red lip in vexation until it nearly bled.

"The early bird catches the worm," she said, to Hester and Edith, who were peeping over her shoulder. "There goes that little Bruce witch with Allan Sterne. We must really get up earlier mornings."

When Allan returned with his companion to the hotel about dinner time, he could not but confess that the morning had been passed in an unusually pleasant manner. Seine-fishing had suddenly become in his eyes an occupation of the most absorbing interest. In fact, under similar circumstances he would not object to sit on the sand and watch the fishers every day in the week. And Annie Bruce, flushed with her walk and with her cheeks turned red as roses, looked as though her opinion was much the same, although she kept it to herself. How it had been brought about she hardly knew, but it seemed as though she had known Allan for years instead of barely twenty-four hours. And it added a deeper tinge to the roses, when she remembered, afterwards, that he had begged her to drive with him the next day and that she had not had the courage—or the will—to refuse.

This first walk and drive were only the beginning of a long series of similar operations, cunningly planned by the seductive Allan, and generally carried to a successful consummation. There were *tete-a-tetes* by moonlight

on the piazza, rambles through the woods on warm afternoons and strolls upon the beach on breezy mornings. Rafe was outgeneralled a dozen times a day, although Allan's conquest was not a very difficult one to make. It would be singular if his stalwart muscular figure and easy nonchalant air did not produce at least a slight impression upon Annie's very impressionable little heart, when the sensibilities of experienced coquettes had succumbed to the charm of this young fellow's manner. Perhaps she had not fallen in love with him just yet. The problem of her feeling towards him was very evenly balanced. Should he propose a week too soon, even supposing that he thought of doing so at all, he would doubtless meet with a direct rejection. But Allan Sterne understood something of women and was in no sort of hurry. As long as this game of bluff with Rafe Harding could be successfully kept up, he could afford to wait.

Even in the heat of the chase he did not noticeably neglect the others. His native politeness taught him well how to properly distribute his attentions, and although Annie came in for the lion's share, her friends had no reason to complain. It was only Dellilah who was shrewd enough to read him.

"If this business slackens at the end of a week," she said, to Edith, "we will know that he's only flirting. If he keeps it up for a fortnight, I shall certainly believe he's in love."

But the business did not slacken at the end of a week, nor at the end of four. Allan's assiduity never tired for a moment, and it was evident that this time, at least, he meant to accomplish something.

And so, day by day, the summer passed, and the pastures began to grow a little rusty and the trees along the roadsides to lose their fresh greenness under a brown coating of accumulated dust. The guests at the hotel looked regretfully forward to approaching September, and the highly respectable bankers and merchants who formed the majority of the visitors turned their thoughts to the idle cash-books and ledgers awaiting their return to the city, and to the opening of trade which would bring a winter's work close upon the heels of their summer's holiday. But not yet had the exodus commenced. The delights of Glenham beach in September were too potent to be foregone except in case of dire necessity. Dellilah and her friends had wormed a consent from their respective

guardians to remain until October, and Rafe Harding certainly did not intend to go and leave Annie Bruce behind.

One day Dellilah caught Allan alone in one corner of the piazza—his usual lounging-place while waiting for "something to turn up,"—a favorite figure of his, supposed to relate to the appearance of a little pink sprite done up in white muslin.

"Now," said Dellilah, "I want to have some serious conversation with you, Allan Sterne."

"Really," said Allan, looking at her quizzically.

"You and I," she continued, "can talk to each other on equal ground. You are an old flirt and not very susceptible. At least you don't intend to marry *me*."

Allan leaned one elbow on the piazza railing lazily and tapped his boot idly with his rattan.

"Never had such an idea in my life," he said, dryly.

"I admire candor, above all things," returned Dellilah. "By virtue of that confession I'm going to talk to you like a maiden aunt. You are in love with Annie Bruce, and you know it."

"Do I?"

"Yes. Now do your best to win her. Don't let Rafe Harding frighten you away. He's a humbug. He has no more claim upon her than I have."

"I suppose not."

"And I'm going to tell you a secret, Allan Sterne," Dellilah continued, dropping her voice.

A look of horror came into Allan's face.

"Don't, for Heaven's sake," he said.

"I shall, for it concerns you. Annie Bruce loves you with all her soul."

"No. When did you find that out?"

"I've been finding it out for the past week. She is yours whenever you have a mind to claim her."

A mischievous look came into Allan's eyes, but not a muscle of his face moved.

"Your secret is like most women's secrets," he said, quietly. "I knew all this a fortnight ago."

"Dear me!" exclaimed Dellilah, in consternation. "I wouldn't have taken all this trouble if I had known that. I thought you men had no penetration. How have you discovered the poor child's secret?"

"Well," replied Allan, slowly, "I asked her about it and she told me herself."

"O, you provoking man!" cried Dellilah,

seizing him by both ears and shaking him. "I wonder the earth don't open and swallow you. But you had better look after your sweetheart right away. She has gone across the fields for a walk, and Rafe Harding is after her, as sure as you are born."

"That's the best thing you've said," said Allan, straightening himself up. "I'll take your advice. Thank you. Good-morning."

"I never did see such a man as that," said Delilah to herself, as she watched him disappear among the trees—"never."

Allan, on leaving the hotel, walked leisurely across the pasture towards the top of the cliff, absently snapping off the heads of yarrow along the path with his stick and keeping a sharp lookout on either hand for Rafe Harding and Annie. He reached the top of the rocks above the beach and stopped to scan the landscape, but saw no trace of either of them. A little disappointed, he sauntered to the edge of the woods and leaned upon the fence a moment to listen. No sound disturbed the stillness save the dropping of an idle leaf or the chirp of a chipmunk far in the leafy depths.

"Bother!" he muttered. "What a fool I am. I ought at least to trust her with him for an hour. The rascal can't hurt me cause much now."

He turned his steps homeward, and going to the back porch, took down his lasso from its accustomed nail.

"I'll strangle another turkey," he said, going out into the yard.

If he had waited on the cliff a few moments longer he would have found the object of his search without much trouble, for scarcely had he passed from sight when Rafe and Annie appeared at the barway leading into the cliff pasture. It was evident from the light glittering in Rafe's eyes that the conversation immediately preceding their arrival had not been particularly pleasant.

"It is Allan Sterne who stands in my way," he said, bitterly, as he let down the bar for Annie to step over. "If it were not for him, you would marry me quick enough."

"No," said Annie, "I should not."

"You would."

"I wouldn't. I dislike you. There!"

She sauntered on slowly ahead of him, pouting her pretty lip, while Rafe replaced the bars.

"You did not dislike me before Allan came home," he said, as he regained her side.

"I did. I always disliked you."

"Why?"

"Because you are unfeeling and selfish."

Rafe turned his head away with an expression of pain. In an instant Annie's tender little heart overflowed with pity and self-reproach.

"Indeed, indeed, Rafe, I did not mean to wound you. I ought not to have said that. You are very kind to feel as you do towards me, but I can't love you, and what you ask can never be."

He turned upon her and seized her wrist almost fiercely.

"I will force you to it," he said, "whether you love me or not. I could bear your refusal of myself, but you shall never be that man's wife. I hate him."

He tossed her hand from him and turned away, while Annie stood for a moment where she had halted, her whole frame trembling and her cheek turned white as ashes. Then she walked on, in the direction of the hotel.

The grass was high and the path not very distinct. Perhaps this was one reason why she strayed from it and advanced too near the edge of the cliff. In the preoccupation of her thoughts, she grew heedless of her footsteps. When the ground began to sink beneath her, she sprang suddenly back, but it was too late. With a frightened shriek she grasped at a slight bush which hung by its feeble roots upon the edge of the bank. Thus, by her hands alone, she clung midway between the two guarded points of rock, while beneath her glistened the terrible Silver Sand, with only that slight branch to save her from a horrible death. In an agony of terror, she cried for help. A man came running along the edge of the bank, and in a moment Rafe Harding had dropped at full length upon the grass and reached down to seize her hand. But he held her below the fingers, and not so that she could cling to him.

"Annie Bruce," he cried, "my prophecy has come true. I hold your life or death in my right hand. Will you marry me now?"

She looked up at him in the anguish of hopeless despair, but answered not a word.

"Once more," he said. "Beware the third time."

The lips closed firmly together and the exquisite features were drawn together with an expression of intense pain, but no sound escaped her. Rafe Harding saw then by the bright light in the deep brown eyes that she

would meet death unflinchingly rather than answer him.

"For the last time," he cried. "It is for life or death, Annie Bruce. If you are lost to me, you shall be lost to him, too. Will you be my wife?"

There was still no answer, and the bright eyes closed in submission to a horrible fate. Rafe Harding looked down into the beautiful face, upturned towards him blanched and colorless, and then turned his head on one side, that he might shut out the sight. But the devil had not deserted him, and with a sudden effort he unclasped his hand. Then, with a wild cry, he rushed away across the field, like one who had suddenly gone mad.

But as he ran, a sharp ring fell upon his ear, cutting the air like a knife. A slender coil of rope hovered for a moment over the very centre of the Silver Sand, unwinding its convolutions rapidly like a serpent. Scarcely had Annie's helpless form touched the yielding surface, when a noose fell lightly upon her shoulders.

"Slip the thong under your arms," cried a familiar voice. "There is no danger. The line is stout enough to hold twice your weight."

Mechanically she obeyed, and Allan Sterne, bending over the wire fence on the south point, tightened the line and pulled. Annie's dress had kept her from sinking rapidly, and so quickly had help arrived, that a slight struggle sufficed to free her feet. Admirably did she retain her presence of mind up to this moment, but as Allan stooped to raise her over the fence he saw that she had fainted.

Unloosing the lasso from about her waist, he imprinted a kiss upon the baby lips, and lifting her tightly in his arms, dashed away towards the hotel.

Delilah met him on the steps.

"For goodness sake," she said, "what has happened?"

"I've lassoed her out of the Silver Sand," he replied. "That's better than choking turkeys. I don't think she's hurt, if you girls can get her out of this faint."

He carried her into the parlor and laid her tenderly upon the sofa, while the generous-hearted Delilah did her best to restore her to consciousness. In the midst of their excited efforts, Rafe Harding made his appearance at the door.

"Has there been an accident?" he cried, eagerly. "I saw you running across the fields with a woman in your arms. What is the matter?"

Allan took him by the arm, and leading him out into the hall, closed the door behind them.

"Have you got a carpet bag?" he asked.

"Yea."

"Go up stairs and pack it. There's a train for the city at half past four. I'll give you fifteen minutes to leave Glenham, and I'll send your trunk by express."

One look at Allan's face was sufficient to convince Rafe that the former had witnessed the whole of the affair on the cliff. Nevertheless he attempted a swagger.

"Do you mean to insult me?" he asked.

"I'm the best friend you ever had," said Allan, taking out his watch. "I'm going to save you a winter's residence here at the expense of the State. Fifteen minutes, mind. I'll wait here until you come down."

Rafe turned without a word and went up stairs. In less than half the allotted time he appeared, satchel in hand.

"I thank you," he said, to Allan, hoarsely. "I don't deserve this; least of all at your hands."

"Why, Rafe," cried Delilah, catching sight of him as he crossed the piazza, "you aren't going to leave us, are you?"

"I—I've a sudden engagement in the city," said Rafe. "I don't think I shall come back again."

"Rafe Harding has had something to do with this business at the Silver Sand," said Delilah, to Allan, as the former individual went down the steps. "I suppose there's no use in asking you what it is."

"Not the slightest," said Allan.

By the united efforts of half the female inmates of the house poor Annie regained her senses at last, and Delilah nearly smothered her with kisses.

"You darling little witch!" she said. "You stole both our beaux from us, but I could forgive you everything if I knew there would be a wedding here, for a sequel to this adventure."

Allan leaned upon the back of a chair and looked at her.

"To tell the truth," he said, quietly, "I think there will be."

And there was.

FLIRTING WITH COUSIN JOHN.

BY CARRIE D. BEEBE.

My father loved the sea—it was his home. And when he married, he purchased and furnished to my mother's taste, the old house by the rocks that his vessel often passed, and there I was born.

The building was of brick, its walls cold and bare, for the winds that swept from the sea in winter, destroyed both shrubs and flowers. A few dwarfed cedars dotted the lawn, their branches bending back from the sea.

My mother died while on a voyage taken with the hope of restoring her waning health, and she sleeps beneath the waters of the southern sea. And when my childish heart refused to be comforted, because I sorely missed the gentle song that always before had lulled me to slumber in the pale evening light, my father whispered that my mother would still sing to me through the waves. I listened to their low, murmuring melody, my grief was soothed, and I slept.

My father took me home, and there I remained in charge of my mother's maid Janet, until I reached my thirteenth year, when I was sent to an excellent school.

At eighteen I graduated, and returned home, spending my time by the sea, or in the pleasant rooms that, through my father's indulgence, I was allowed to call my own. They had been my mother's, and though beautiful when she occupied them, yet each time my father returned he brought something new to beautify them. Books, paintings, statuary, dainty shells, rare flowers, birds, with shining plumes, and others with sweeter songs, a brilliant-toned piano, and a low-voiced harp, while the carpet, skillfully woven to represent the waves of the sea, sank beneath the lightest footfall, until I almost dreamed that I was treading on real waves, in some mermaid's ocean-bower.

An aunt of my father found me thus, and insisted upon my spending the winter with her in her city home, and as father gave his consent, I bade adieu to my home, and accompanied her on her return.

She was a childless widow, reported to be wealthy, and possessed a handsome house in a fashionable street. Her income, however, was not large, and it was by careful economy,

and judicious expenditure, that she maintained her place among the leaders of fashion.

She gave a party soon after my arrival. My dress was a white feathery lace, that looked like gauze with snow-flakes scattered over it. The sleeves were caught up with coral sprays, and I wore coral in my hair. I thoroughly enjoyed the evening. Everything was new to me, yet, strange to say, I felt perfectly at home, and being the latest novelty, I was petted and flattered to my heart's content.

Aunt Helen was more than pleased, and pronounced my advent a success.

"I am proud of you, Christie," she said; "you seemed to attract universal admiration, and I never saw Frank Wilton so perfectly devoted to any one before, and that is saying a great deal, for he is a notorious flirt. So guard your heart, my dear, until you are sure of his."

"Never fear for me, auntie. I do not intend to fall in-love with Mr. Wilton."

"Don't misunderstand me, my dear. He is of a good family, wealthy, and very witty; in fact, an excellent match for any one."

I did not agree with Aunt Helen, but concluded to pursue the subject no further. He did possess a ready wit, which at first pleased me, but before the evening was over, I perceived that he had neither depth of mind nor force of character. He proved to be a most agreeable escort, however, whether at a ball, theatre, or in spending a social evening at home; being the life of the party, and untiring in devotion to me.

One evening, toward the close of the season, I was unusually tired, and begged Aunt Helen to excuse me from going out with her. After auntie had gone, I went into the library, and curled myself up in an armchair before the grate. Naturally, my thoughts turned to the party, and I wondered who was there, and if Frank would miss me.

The mantel clock struck eleven, I began to feel sleepy, and was about to retire, when some one entered the room, and Frank Wilton stood beside me.

"I was disappointed because you were not at the ball," said he, "and I came to ask permission to spend the evening with you here."

He took a seat, and sat abstractedly gazing into the fire. Then after a few attempts at conversation, he abruptly asked me to become his wife.

My conscience smote me. I did not love him, and could only refuse his offer in as delicate a manner as possible. "Do not blame me," I said, at the close.

"Why, Christie! are you sitting up for me?"

It was my Aunt Helen's voice. Quite bewildered, I started up. "Where is Frank?" I asked.

"He was at the ball, when I left; you have been asleep and dreaming, child?"

So I had! but I was wide awake now. Aunt Helen sat down. "Christie," she said, gravely, "I never asked your confidence before; but I would really like to know if you love Frank Wilton?"

"No, I do not. Why do you ask me?"

"There was a dashing belle from the West, at the ball, a Miss Kane, and Frank was all devotion, I assure you. It caused universal remark, and many wondered how he would act if you were there."

"The wretch!"

"Why, my dear, you just said you did not care for him."

"Neither do I, but one doesn't like to be snuffed out so coolly, after all, auntie."

"Very true. But what can we do?"

"I'm sure I don't know."

"Something must be done, that is certain. If you only had some 'gay gallant' to play off against Miss Kane, it would be just the thing. Cousin John might do, but he is rather old for you, and besides, he is so grave and dignified, I doubt if he ever flirted in his life."

"Who is Cousin John?"

"Didn't I tell you? I received a letter from him this afternoon, saying that he was coming down to the city on business, and would be here to-morrow."

"Aunt Helen, do tell me who he is? Is he a cousin of mine, too?"

"O no, he was my husband's favorite cousin. When his father was living, we used often to visit at his house. He was a farmer, in comfortable circumstances, and had a most amiable wife, and several children."

"Cousin John?"

"My dear, I was speaking of his father. John is a partner in a dry-goods firm in Nelson, a country town near the old homestead. His brothers and sisters are all married."

"Is he rich, auntie?"

"I think not."

"What is his last name—Smith?"

"It is St. George. I think, under the circumstances, we had better persuade him to remain, and escort us to the ball at Mrs. Graham's on Friday evening. He is an acquaintance of Mr. Graham's, I know. If he consents, all will be well, for he'll be polite to you, at least. But it is late, and we must retire, my dear."

How ridiculous! thought I. He is an old bachelor, poor, his name is John, he is grave and dignified—and I am to flirt with him! And I marched off to bed.

The next day was stormy, and I busied myself with practising on the piano and arranging music for binding. I had been down in the dining-room searching the closets for goodies, and I ran through the hall singing:

"I'm jilted, forsaken, outwitted;

Yet think not I'll whimper or brawl—

The lass is alone to be pitied

Who ne'er has been courted at all."

Just then Aunt Helen opened the parlor door, and I called out:

"Aunt Helen! it's nearly time for Uncle John's arrival, isn't it? I'm going up stairs to dress, for, as I am going to flirt with him, I shall want to appear my best. And I sincerely hope that he won't be troubled with the rheumatism, it would be so dreadfully inconvenient, if I should happen to want to dance with him."

I cast a sidelong glance at Aunt Helen, as I was rattling on and ascending the stairs at the same time. Her horrified look stopped me. I comprehended the situation—Cousin John was in the parlor!

I went to my room, hardly knowing whether to laugh or cry. "Poor old gentleman!" thought I, "how vexed he will be with me for my rudeness! I must apologize. "Do please hurry, Janet, and brush my hair," said I, determined to get through the unpleasant affair as soon as possible.

I donned my plain black silk with a trailing skirt, and fastening a lace collar with a diamond brooch, I descended to the parlor.

I opened the door and looked around for Aunt Helen; she was not there, but a gentleman from the opposite apartment advanced to meet me. He was very tall, and would have been slender, but for an extraordinary breadth of shoulder, which, with a broad forehead, gave him a commanding air.

"This is Cousin Helen's niece, Miss Nain; I suppose," said he, extending his hand.

Of course I was completely taken by surprise, but I managed to give him my hand and murmur, "Mr. St. George." Then, my curiosity getting the better of my embarrassment, I looked into his face and saw that though his mouth was firm, his eyes were fairly dancing with laughter.

It might not have been ladylike, but I burst into a loud laugh, in which he joined.

"Pardon me," I said, "but I thought you were an old gentleman; I cannot tell how I imbibed the idea, unless it was because you are auntie's cousin."

"Why, Christie!" said Aunt Helen, who entered the room at that moment, "I am not surprised that you should think Cousin John rather ancient, when you never saw him before; but that you should consider me old completely astonishes me."

"O auntie, I did not mean that, but—"

Here I broke down, like a bashful school-boy, who, overawed by the gaze of his teacher, cannot recall a word of the lesson he has conned so carefully. Mr. St. George's eyes were looking me through and through, and I grew more confused every moment.

"Never mind, Christie dear," said Aunt Helen, "let us go down and discuss the question over our dinner."

During the evening, Mr. St. George asked me to play for him. I had spent much time in practice, and was considered a good performer, but to-night I stumbled over the most beautiful passages in a manner that was fearful to hear.

"Sing something, Christie," said Aunt Helen, "perhaps Mr. St. George will assist you. I know you used to sing, Cousin John."

"Yes," he replied, "years ago, when we were all home together, but I doubt if Miss Nain has ever heard the songs we used to sing."

He mentioned the names of several; with some of them I was familiar, and we sang them together, to Aunt Helen's delight. After this Mr. St. George read aloud at her request, as we were all seated around the centre-table. How cosy and homelike it seemed, and for the first time I wondered how I could have remained so long contented alone, almost, in the old house by the sea.

At the close of the evening, Mr. St. George engaged to accompany us to the opera on the following night. Business would occupy his time throughout the day, he said, but he

would return as early as possible. On the next evening, if it pleased us, he would escort us to the party, at Mrs. Graham's; he had come down to the city almost on purpose to attend it, as Mr. Graham and himself were warm friends.

I went up to my room, and took a survey of myself in the mirror. "You are looking well, to-night, Miss Nain," said I, "if you did play so dreadfully, and lose the use of your tongue every time you were expected to say something brilliant."

"Christie!" said Aunt Helen, putting her head inside the door.

"Come in, auntie!"

"I was thinking," said she, as she closed the door, "that we couldn't have planned anything better, if we had tried for a lifetime. If Cousin John is half as attentive at Mrs. Graham's as he was to-night, I shall have no reason to complain. He is very much pleased with you, I know."

"I don't see why he should be pleased with me, for I'm sure I was never so stupid before in all my life."

"I don't think so, dear, but good-night."

Next morning when I awoke, the sun was shining brightly. I looked at my watch, it was half past eight. Breakfast time, and Aunt Helen so punctual. I rang for Janet to help me, and asked why I had not been called; she said that auntie came into the room, but I was sleeping so soundly she did not waken me, as she thought I appeared feverish.

I dressed hastily, and went down. Aunt Helen was just showing Mr. St. George out the front door. He waited, hat in hand, as I slowly descended.

"Good-morning, Miss Nain!" he said.

"I was afraid you were sick, Christie," said Aunt Helen, "your cheeks were almost scarlet."

"Probably because I slept so soundly, auntie."

"No, I noticed they were unusually flushed all last evening."

I glanced toward Mr. St. George; his eyes were dancing again. What did Aunt Helen mean? If I had been her aunt instead of her niece, I should certainly have boxed her ears.

With a graceful bow, Mr. St. George left us. I went into the parlor and peeped through the curtains as he walked down the street. How tall he was, and yet so graceful!

It was late in the afternoon when he re-

turned. I waited a few moments before I went down. I opened the door softly; Aunt Helen and he were sitting in the back parlor, and as I entered, a remark of hers caused me to pause. She was giving Cousin John a detailed account of my flirtation with Frank Wilton and its result. Fortunately, neither of them noticed my entrance, and, closing the door noiselessly, I went to my room in a state of mind difficult to describe. Carefully locking the door, I threw myself upon the bed, preparatory to having an "awful cry." I was just about finishing, when the bell rang for dinner. There I was, with disordered hair, swollen eyelids and a red nose.

First, I thought I would send word that I had a headache. But Aunt Helen knew my head never did ache, and would insist that I was sick and must send for the doctor; so choosing the lesser evil, I hastily bathed my face, arranged my hair and went down.

Aunt Helen was so much occupied that she did not observe my flushed face, but Mr. St. George did. He quietly led the conversation on interesting topics, and his voice and manner, when he addressed me, were very gentle. This would have been grateful to me, if I had not thought he supposed I was grieving for Frank. "He pities me," I said, and feeling exceedingly mortified, I was more reserved than usual. Before I was aware of it, however, my vexation had vanished, and I went up stairs to dress for the opera.

Janet was there before me, and had already brought out a bright-hued silk, and my white astrachan sack. I was pleased with her selection, and thanked her, as she helped me dress. Dear, faithful girl, she had been a mother to me almost, always petting me when I was in trouble, which, to be sure, didn't often happen. Auntie soon made her appearance, and stepping into the carriage, we were whirled away, and in due time pleasantly seated listening to Miss Kellogg's delightful rendering of Violetta, in "*La Traviata*."

I was too much engaged with the music to look about me, until Aunt Helen spoke.

"Christie! everybody is out. Frank Wilton is here, with Miss Kane, in the box opposite."

True enough, there they were. Miss Kane was very large, very showy, and gayly attired. Frank looked like a Lilliputian beside her. And as I looked up to where Mr. St. George's eyes were smiling on me, I noted the difference between the two.

The next day was pleasant, and before dinner I rode out with Mr. St. George. "O Aunt Helen!" I cried, as the carriage stopped at the door, "what a handsome turnout. How can Cousin John afford so much style, when he is poor."

"He is not really poor, my dear, and I've no doubt he might have been rich, if he was at all miserly."

We had a delightful drive through the park. Mr. St. George displayed his skillful horsemanship, and I was not a little proud of him as we dashed along, meeting scores of acquaintances.

After dinner I turned my attention to my dress for the evening, which Janet had been arranging through the day. It was a rich, lustrous silk, from a Lyons loom, of that peculiar shade of purple which inclines to crimson in the evening, and with it I was to wear a white lace fichu, of delicate design and frostlike fineness. My jewels were rare amethysts in a setting of Etruscan gold, a necklace, bracelets and bandeau. Janet arranged my hair, calling upon Aunt Helen to witness the effect. It was "just the thing," they decided, at last, and auntie said it was "fortunate that crimps were fashionable, they were so becoming to me, especially with the bandeau."

If "gratified pride and vanity are the acme of woman's happiness," then that night must have been the most delightful one of my life. Mr. St. George, who was very attentive, created quite a sensation, though courted more by the gentlemen than the ladies. Miss Kane, the personification of good-nature, was there, and Frank, who watched me closely. Evidently I was a puzzle to him. He usually danced attendance to the latest belle, and when he dropped one for another, he expected the first to become entirely extinguished. In this, I had proved an exception, and he was at a loss to account for it.

"Such a complete triumph, I never saw before," said Aunt Helen, as we rode home. "Why, John, you were the lion of the evening, and the way in which you queened it over that horrid Miss Kane, Christie, was beautiful to see."

I was well pleased, but somehow, when Mr. St. George bade me good-night, I cared more for his look, and the pressure of his hand, than all the rest.

I felt a little sad the next morning, but well knew the reason why. Mr. St. George

was to leave next day, and I was not in the least like the lady who woke one morning to the fact that she had been in love with her next door neighbor for years and never dreamed of it before.

The afternoon was cloudy, and the twilight came early. We were all sitting quietly in the parlor, when Aunt Helen asked:

"John, didn't you play the piano once?"

"I learned the accompaniment to a song or two when I was a boy, and my sisters were taking lessons, but I never fancied seeing a gentleman play the piano unless he has a remarkable talent for it, and I have not touched the keys in years."

"Cannot you remember anything?" I asked.

"There is a simple song, a song of the sea, that perhaps I can remember;" and he took his seat at the piano.

He touched a few chords—they sounded strangely familiar—sounded like a voice saying to me, in the only words of my mother that I remember, "Close your eyes, darling, and I'll sing for you." I closed my eyes—the angel of memory gently opened the gates of the past—I forgot the present, and entered. The days of my childhood came back to me—my mother was sitting in her favorite chair under the cedar-trees, I was in her arms, and she was singing the same dear old song. I remembered portions of the air only, and had never heard it except from her lips until now, for it was the same.

"What a beautiful little thing that is, John, sad and low, like the waves. But I believe it has put Christie to sleep."

I was glad it was in the twilight, for my eyes were filled with tears. "It has soothed me to sleep many times, Aunt Helen," I said, at last; "mother used to sing it in the old house by the sea, and I have never heard it since she died, until now."

There might have been the least possible quiver in my voice, for Mr. St. George rose quickly, and came and stood beside my chair. Laying his hand lightly upon my hair, he stooped and kissed my forehead, then turned slowly, and left the room.

I could feel no indignation because of the caress; he was no stranger, no impulsive boy, but a man of thirty-five, upright and honorable, as Aunt Helen well knew.

I think my eyes were a trifle humid, next morning, when he said good-by; and I believe he observed it, for he took my hand the second time, leaving a kiss on the finger-tips.

"I will return as early as possible," he said, as he left us.

On that very afternoon, father came to take me home. "I shall remain longer than usual," he said, "and of course I could not think of staying there without you, little puss."

I was overjoyed at seeing him, although I did not like the idea of going home so soon; but, concealing my reluctance, I packed up, hoping it would be for the best, and two days after, found myself in the old house by the sea. I was glad to be home again, to see my pets, to hear the sea, but its song failed to soothe me as before.

One day while in my room, father called me. "Come down, Christie! I have something for you." He handed me two letters, addressed to himself. "One is from your Aunt Helen, and the other from Mr. St. George, enclosing another for yourself."

I received them with a trembling hand, and took them to my room to read. Aunt Helen's extolled Mr. St. George to the skies, and finished by saying, that if papa and I were willing, they would be at our house on Thursday next, in the five P. M. train. I cannot tell what the other letters said, but they were manly, earnest and affectionate.

That evening father and I had a long conference, and on the following morning he despatched two letters, assuring the recipient of each a hearty welcome.

Thursday evening came, and father went to the depot in the carriage. I had been in a state of unrest throughout the day, and as twilight approached, the skies were so beautiful I threw a light shawl around me and went down to the sea-side.

The western clouds were golden, but the sky overhead was of a deep rose, that softly faded into gray in the east. The delicate rosy hue was reflected in the ocean, reflected everywhere, until it seemed as though air and sea and sky were inspired with the delicate tint, and possessed a subtle, soothing power. The south wind was sweet scented and mild, and I drank in the glorious beauty of the scene as a sweet refreshing draught.

I was aroused by a footfall upon the path, a footstep that I knew, soon as it reached my ear. I turned, and met the eyes of him I had so lately learned to love the best on earth, gazing earnestly and lovingly upon me—for a moment only—then I was clasped to a warm heart, while his voice, full of tenderness, said:

"Christie! I cannot live without you."

BE TRUE TO ME!

BY MATTIE WINFIELD TORREY.

Now, God be judge betwixt thy soul and mine!
See to it thou! I will not lift a hand
To stay thy going. Neither work nor sign
The way shall hedge, thy going to withdraw.
Free lies the path; attempt the track who will,
And who prefers it, let him linger still.

If all's to end, look to it—'tis through thee
The stroke falls! Thine the hand to pluck the cheer,
Joy, comfort, solace out of life. Ah me!
The thought is painful and the end is near.
My little finger's weight I must not lay
Within the balance where thy motives weigh.

Now mark me well! Such love as woman gives
Once in a life, and, giving, flings it all,
And on the vastness of her largess lives,
Such love I gave. O, canst thou not recall
The sweet remembrance of that blessed time,
When life was new and love was in its prime?

What wouldst thou? Life is full of paths that cross,
And tracks that sever wide, and farewell cries,
And bleeding hearts that mourn love's bitter loss;
Meek Isaac falls a willing sacrifice,
And no good angel stays the dreadful blow
Which lays the happiness of manhood low.

What! is not life a rugged way at best?
And wouldst thou, needless, plant a thorn?
Now, God be judge! Do as thou thinkest best,
Only, remember, when thy faith is torn
And bruised, and broken lies this bleeding heart,
Thine was the hand that aimed the cruel dart.

By all the sweetness of love's blossoming!
By all the pain and passion that have rent
This tortured soul, my single plea I bring;
For love's sweet sake, with dear and kind intent,
Be true to me! So shall life smile again,
And joy supplant the sorrow and the pain.

FRANK OSBORN'S BROTHER.

BY W. H. MACY.

THE inner harbor at Honolulu presented a lively scene at the close of the month of October, 185-. A hundred and fifty ships were crowded into that little basin, all moored head and stern, with flying jibbooms in, and yards pointed fore and aft to economize space. For nearly all the belated whalers from the various Northern cruising-grounds had made their port, and were refitting; either for home, or for a "between-season" cruise, some in quest of spermaceti in the low latitudes, others among the "ripsacks" in the Californian lagoons.

There was not, throughout the whole fleet, a more promising young man, professionally considered, than Frank Osborn, of Martha's Vineyard, our mate in the Senator. A man of decision and energy, with the courage of a lion; a Hercules in physical build, an Admirable Crichton in his knowledge of all matters pertaining to his calling.

But, added to all these qualities, Mr. Osborn possessed a heart as tender as a girl's; and at the time of which I write, it was tortured with anxiety at the non-arrival of the Casco, in which ship his younger brother filled the station of boatsteerer. She had been whaling near us in the Arctic Sea, and we had last seen her off St. Lawrence Island at the close of the season. She was bound to Oahu, and, as she outsailed us, we had expected to find her snugly moored in advance of us.

But a fortnight had now elapsed since we anchored; the last stragglers of the fleet were dropping in, one by one, and still no signs of the Casco. Day after day, the anxious brother, as he carried on the duty of the ship, cast wistful glances in the direction of Diamond Hill, hoping to see the well-known vessel heave in sight; at early dawn, and again with the last fading twilight, he swept the sea-horizon with his glass, becoming daily more moody and despondent.

"She has made her port somewhere else, perhaps," said Captain Childs.

"Not at these islands. I have overhauled the Hilo and Lahaina lists; and here's the little schooner, Keoni Ana, arrived this morning, direct from all the windward islands. Her name isn't in the list."

"Hauled up for San Francisco, maybe,"

suggested the captain. As one who feels it necessary to suggest *something*; though he has no belief in it himself.

"No chance of that, sir," replied Mr. Osborn, with a gloomy shake of the head. "Captain Taber told me himself he should make Honolulu as fast as canvas would drive him. He had two slight cases of the scurvy aboard when we saw him last. She should have been here, on a common chance, when we arrived."

"That's true. She must have gone in somewhere before this time—if no accident has happened to her."

"No sane man, who wished to keep his crew together, would put his ship's head inside of San Francisco, now. And I know that Taber wouldn't be hired to go in there," said the mate.

"Have you heard from Atooi, to leeward, here? She may have touched there, you know."

"No, she hasn't been heard from, there—or hadn't two days ago. There is a bare chance that she may have fallen to leeward of the whole group. Though it's very unlikely that they should have had the trades so very different from what we did."

So, clinging to that last hope, that she had fallen to leeward, and been obliged to keep on, to make a harbor somewhere further south, he dropped the subject for the time. There was no longer any chance of seeing his brother by waiting at Honolulu; and, the Senator being ready for sea, we sailed for a short cruise on the Line.

We pushed our inquiries anxiously, on board every vessel spoken during the cruise. We again visited the Sandwich Islands for our spring outfit and letters from home, meeting there numerous vessels from the various Pacific cruising-grounds, but failed to obtain any tidings of the Casco. She had not been seen or heard from on the California coast; and was universally spoken of as a missing ship. She had gone to the Arctic last season—and had never returned.

The Sea of Okhotsk was our destination in the Senator; and we arrived off the "fifty passage" very early, to find it so blocked with ice that we must necessarily spend a few

days outside. The captain's health had been falling for several months, and he had been advised to give up the command of his vessel and remain at Honolulu for medical treatment. But he had made up his mind, he said, if he must die, to die in harness. He hoped that the change to a colder climate might be beneficial; but it proved the reverse. He sank rapidly, after entering the high latitudes, and on the second day after we tacked off shore, Frank Osborn succeeded to the command, by Captain Childs's death.

He had said little about his lost brother since we had left our spring port. He seemed to have fully made up his mind that he should never again hear from John, and to have resigned himself to the inevitable. Something of his old gaiety was gone; he was not as boisterous in his merry moods among his brother officers; but he was still Frank Osborn, a little sobered down.

The remains of our late commander were launched into their ocean-grave with all due honor and respect. Services were read by Mr. Osborn himself, the ship lying hove to with the ensign at half-mast, as usual on such occasions, and the cool Arctic air fanning our heads, as we stood, uncovered, round the corpse on the main-deck. When all was over, the crew were mustered at the mainmast, by order of the new captain.

"Boys," said he, in tones which indicated no hesitation or diffidence in view of his new position, "you understand, of course, that I command the ship. The voyage will be followed up, the same as if Captain Childs had lived, and I trust to you all to do your duty and help me to make it a successful one. But I shall change our course, so far as this season's work is concerned. I shall make the cruise somewhere outside, instead of going into the Okhotsk. Brace full, Mr. Hudson, and down tacks!" And, leaving the sterile bluffs of Marikan Island, with the ice-bound strait, on our quarter, we bounded on our north-easterly course up the Sea of Kamtskatka.

Little cared we, in the fore-castle, about this change of programme. The chance of success was as good, for aught we knew, on one ground as the other, and we had no fear that our young chief would neglect the interests of the voyage. But we did not fail, as we canvassed the subject that night in full conclave, to attribute his course to a lingering hope of learning something about the fate of the *Casco* and his young brother.

"I tell you, lads," said old Sam Decker, "the old man has never been able to give the boy up yet."

The commanding officer would have been spoken of as "the old man," even though he had been but a child in years. As, in this case he was, comparatively speaking; for Decker was quite old enough to have been his father.

"Not that I think he'll go on any wild-goose chase after him," he continued. "He'll attend to his business, trying to fill the ship. But I think he has a kind of wild idee that the *Casco* may be making a kind of Flying Dutchman of herself somewhere between the Arctic and the Fox Islands."

"That's far enough to veer and haul upon," growled Jobson the shipkeeper. "No good'll ever come of chasing phant'm-ships. It's bad enough to have 'em come in sight of ye, when ye can't help it."

"O, dry up with your phantoms! that's all my eye and moonshine!" put in Dave Greely, a matter-of-fact Yankee from down east. "There's no more Flying Dutchmen racing round this sea, or any other sea, than there is bog-trotting Irishmen. A ship's always a ship."

"Ay, lad, but a phant'm isn't," was the dogmatical retort.

Greely muttered something about "yarns for marines," only the last word being overheard by the shipkeeper.

"Marines, eh?" he burst out, indignantly. "You'd ought to know better than to use the word to an old shipmate. Hows'ever, you can't expect much manners from a chap with only one voyage experience. You're giving your 'pinion about 'this sea, or any other sea—' you've never doubled Good Hope, I take it, have you?"

"No," answered Dave. "I can't say that I have, yet."

"I thought not," answered the other, dryly, seeming to indicate that that clinched the whole argument. "Hows'ever," he resumed, after an oracular pause, "Mr. Osborn—I beg his pardon, the old man—is a whole-souled fellow, and a rare seaman for his years. And that goes a great ways. We ought to be quite willing to follow where he leads."

Thus Jobson took credit to himself for magnanimity, while simply making a virtue of necessity. For the young captain was not likely to be much influenced by his opinion or that of any other subordinate. He had taken entire command of the ship.

We made the snowy crags of Behring's Island, and stood in so near that we thought we were going to land. But suddenly the captain appeared to have changed his mind, as if he thought it only a waste of time. Again he swung her off and ran to the eastward across Behring's Sea, till we fell in with right-whales in vast numbers and went to work with a will.

We had pretty good luck in taking oil, though we had much fog and not a little rugged weather to contend with. But I noticed that the ship was always kept on the southern tack whenever it was possible to do so; so that we gradually worked towards the land. For we were on the ground that lies directly north of the Aleutian Chain, or as we usually called them, Fox Islands. Still we found the whales plenty and made the most of clear weather. Captain Osborn was much preoccupied in mind, and appeared anxious to run in still nearer the land. But he never neglected his duty to his owners, and no lance in our light flotilla of boats did more execution than his own.

We had lain, wrapped in fog, for three days, without seeing so much as a patch of blue sky, though we did not mind it much, as we were busily employed in securing the spoils we had captured during the last open weather. We had got into thirty fathoms of water, with whirling eddies or tide-rips about us, when the fog partially cleared and we found ourselves within two miles of the land, a rugged pile of volcanic upheavings, looking dreary and barren enough.

"Younaska!" exclaimed Captain Osborn, at the first glance. "See! here's the passage we went through, bound in from the Arctic, last fall." Then he added, in a lower tone, while a shade went across his fine face, "It's just about where the Casco would have come through, too, as she must have had about the same winds."

As there was but little wind stirring, and the currents were uncertain and treacherous, the anchors were made ready for letting go. We knew not how soon the fog might shut down again; in which case we could be guided only by the depth of water, and by our sense of hearing if in the vicinity of breakers.

This chain of islands forms a dangerous barricade across the North Pacific, extending more than half the distance between the two continents. The passages through the chain are numerous, and comparatively safe in clear weather. But ships are often under the

necessity of running blind, uncertain as to what particular channel they may be navigating.

But we were not driven to the necessity of anchoring, for a breeze sprang up, which dispersed the mist, and gave us a view of the other island forming the west side of the passage. We stretched across towards it, and approaching within a mile of the shore, coasted it along with a leading wind.

"If we had three or four more whales, now," said Mr. Hudson, "our voyage would be made; and what a time this would be to run through! We shall never have a better one— What's that, sir? A flagstaff?"

He was pointing, as he spoke, to the top of a crag, apparently inaccessible to any living thing but a goat or a sea-bird.

"Tis a pole of some sort, and something flying from it," said the second officer. "Human hands must have raised it there. Most likely some Russians that come here sealing."

Captain Osborn had as yet said nothing, but was surveying it intently through an opera spy-glass, a short, double affair, very convenient for use at the mast-head or in rugged weather. He spoke at last, with a new light in his countenance, such as had not been seen there for months.

"No Russian planted that! There's a piece of an American flag flying. Let her come to, Mr. Hudson, head off shore, and lower away my boat!"

So impatient was he that we were clear of the ship and pulling with all our might, ere she had fairly stopped her headway. We made directly for the spot that looked most favorable for landing; and having succeeded in doing so, had still a tiresome jaunt before us, climbing over rocks which looked as if an army of Titans had been employed to throw them into heaps. There were no traces to indicate the recent presence of man on the shelf where we had landed. A few bleached bones of seals and other still larger *amphibia* were found, which might have belonged to animals slaughtered the year before. By advancing inland a little, we found it possible to ascend the cliff which had shown us nothing but a precipitous wall on its sea-face. And after a toilsome struggle, we stood, fatigued and blown, upon the summit of the pinnacle, with the strips of bunting flying over our heads—tattered remnants of our own country's ensign.

The staff, which had, beyond question, done duty as a whale-boat's mast, was planted

in a crevice between two great boulders of rock, and further secured upright by lashings. It was the most conspicuous spot on the island for raising a signal, to attract the notice of passing vessels.

Wedge firmly in a crevice, edgewise, was a piece of cedar board, such as every whaler has, for repairing boats. The captain jerked it eagerly up to the light, and revealed an inscription in black paint:

"Ship Casco, of New Bedford, wrecked Sept. 27th, 185-. 14 men saved. Seek the crew at the foot of the cliffs on the south side of the island."

He turned his face to the southward, and looked over the waste of volcanic rocks, pile beyond pile, stretching away inland. To cross the island by that route would be a formidable undertaking, if indeed it could be done at all. Besides, we could be of little service when we arrived there, unless the ship were placed in communication with us.

"Back! Back to the boat!" he cried, leaping from crag to crag in his mad haste, as he led the way, down the dizzy descent.

Inspired by his example, we were not long in regaining our ship. The impatient brother could not think of waiting for another day to commence operations. The weather, for once, was clear; the nights were short in that latitude; and darkness settled down upon the Senator, heading boldly into the passage. No one left the deck that night until our anchor was let go, at two hours after midnight, when the broad Pacific lay open before us to the southward. No more could be done until daylight.

As soon as the outlines of the land became once more distinct, we were again under sail, running down the southern coast. The scene of the winter-residence of the castaways opened to view within an hour afterwards.

A rude shanty, framed with wreck-lumber, and covered with skins of seals and sea-lions, stood near the beach, sheltered from the icy north winds by a precipitous cliff which rose behind it. The site was just sufficiently removed from this sheltering wall to avoid the dangers and inconveniences that might arise from heavy snowdrifts.

Another staff, with no vestige of a flag remaining, stood close by the house, and several casks were standing or lying, here and there, by the water side. But no human being appeared to welcome us; and, on landing, we found the place deserted. Over the door of

the shanty was another piece of board fastened up, on which we read:

"Five survivors of the crew of ship Casco, wrecked in September last, left this spot, which has been our winter-quarters, June 9th, in a leaky whale-boat. The graves of nine of our shipmates, who have died during the winter will be found behind the house at the foot of the cliff. We shall try to reach Onalashka, hoping to find human beings there, or meet with some vessel—Aaron West, 1st officer—Daniel Mills—John Osborn—Richard Burps—Manuel De Souza."

June 9th, only two weeks ago! And the captain's brother was there alive! Of course he did not give us much time to linger here, after learning this. Our observations were but hurried ones. No record of their proceedings was found; if any existed, they had taken it with them. The story of their terrible winter's experience was, most likely, unwritten. But each reflective mind could supply, in its own way, the dreadful details.

We hurried on board, leaving all as we had found it, and lost no time in resuming the prosecution of our search, which had now, at least, a definite object. The captain was still further stimulated to exertion by the certainty that his brother was so recently alive. He reasoned that the castaways would keep on the south side of the islands, as most likely to fall in with human habitations by so doing; and the ship's course was shaped accordingly.

Three days had elapsed, and, again fog-bound, we lay under short canvas, finding ourselves within a few miles of Onalashka. The captain walked his narrow limits, chafing at the fatality which seemed to attend his efforts, for he was powerless, as to making any further search, until a change of weather.

Suddenly, the ship, forging slowly through the water, met something on the bluff of her bow with a slight shock. There could be no floating ice here at that season; and, astonished, we all ran to the side, to behold a boat sunk level with the water; only the stern and stern-post rising above the surface. She was vibrating and dancing about from the effect of the blow, which had merely pushed her aside, out of our path.

She was soon secured and hauled alongside, when it was found that she had sunk in consequence of a lap having started off, in one of her lower streaks, from the nails rusting out. There were no oars, no loose matters—everything had floated away; but under the stern

was a magazine of provisions, in the shape of pieces of seal's flesh, closely packed; and the name "Casco" was branded in the logger-head, putting her identity beyond question.

Here, then, was an end to the hopes which had, until now, buoyed the captain up. Their boat, shattered and "nail-crazy," had sunk from under them, and they had miserably perished. There could be no other conclusion from what we saw before us.

We took the wreck on board, and with sad hearts, returned to our cruising ground. Our old success was continued to us, and we turned our faces southward in September, with a full ship. But the captain never mentioned his lost brother, or in any way referred to the subject. It seemed even to have passed out of his thoughts, and to have become a part of the dead past.

We had traversed more than a hundred degrees of latitude on our homeward route, and were nearing Cape Horn with a cracking breeze and all sail set, when a ship, outward bound, was reported in sight, almost directly in our track. As we neared her, we recognized her as the Congaree. She was struggling gallantly under double-reefed topsails, but with little prospect of rounding the cape without a change of wind.

Up went her ensign when we had approached within a mile; as if they had just made us out, and wished to communicate.

"I can't stop to speak him now," said the captain. "If he has letters for us I should like to get them; but I can't shorten sail to lose the breeze. If it holds, we shall be in the Atlantic to-night."

The ensign of the outward bounder was run down—then up, and down again—as if there were some special reason for wishing to speak with us.

"What in the world can he want?" the captain muttered, in a fretful, impatient tone. "His business must be very urgent, to want to make me heave to, now."

Down went the flag, as if they had given up their point entirely. But as we were nearly astern of her, it was hoisted again—union down! Such an appeal was not to be resisted by any seaman with a heart in his bosom—certainly not by Frank Osborn. In came our studding-sails; but we had run too far on our course to speak her, and were obliged to round to in the lee position.

"He's coming to us, sir," said Mr. Hudson, as our maintopsail swung in aback, the light sails slatting in the stiff breeze, for we had

had no time, as yet, to furl them. "There's his boat, lowering away."

"Captain Munroe! What does your flag of distress mean? What can I do for you?" inquired our commander, who had recognized the other while he was climbing the man-ropes.

"O, I only set that to make you heave to," was the answer. "You'll forgive me for it, I know. Let me introduce my second officer—Mr. Osborn."

"Frank!" cried the young man, who had followed his captain up the side, and now leaped into his brother's outstretched arms.

"John?"

I know of no sight more affecting than a strong man in tears. Our captain was not a man to be ashamed of his emotion; and, as he strained the younger seaman to his heart, many bronzed cheeks among the lookers-on were wet, from sympathy. It soon found vent in the orthodox way, as understood among seamen and soldiers.

"Three cheers for the old man and his brother!" said old Sam Decker, huskily, with a big tear standing in each eye.

The mystery of John Osborn's apparent resurrection was soon explained. The five survivors of the *Casco*, after several days of suffering, exhausted with the constant labor necessary to keep their frail craft afloat, were rescued by a party of Aleutians, who were out from Onalashka in a *baydar* or skin canoe. Their shattered boat was on the point of sinking when they were taken from her. Though the land was in sight, they were many miles from it, and it was hardly possible they could have lived to reach it.

But they had fallen into good hands, and, after recruiting their strength for a few days, took passage in a small Russian vessel for Sitka, whence they soon reached San Francisco. John fell in with old acquaintances there, who supplied him with the means for a quick passage home by the Isthmus route.

Nothing daunted by his perils, he was again embarked on a similar voyage. A happy hour was spent by the brothers, and they parted, perhaps not to meet again for many years. But that was looked upon as a mere matter of course by the seamen of the Vineyard and Nantucket. Where several sons of one family pursue the same adventurous calling, a separation of ten, fifteen or even twenty years is nothing uncommon—broken, perhaps, once or twice, by a casual encounter on the great ocean highway.

A BAD MAN'S STORY.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

It is a familiar proverb that truth is stranger than fiction; so familiar that it has lost half its weight in the minds of men by its constant repetition. Yet almost every successive day of my life I am reminded by the strange and startling events that fall under my notice, both in professional and in domestic life, how vividly, vehemently truthful are these household words—truth is stranger than fiction. Without further preface, the following illustration is drawn from my recollection; and excepting the suppression of the real names of the parties whom it concerns, for obvious reasons, I pledge its entire, unornamented truth. It has often seemed to me that while such life-histories are being enacted all about us, crowded with extraordinary incidents and events, there is no call for the efforts of the romancer's pen, or the imaginations of his brain. While that great riddle of creation—"the human heart, that restless thing,"—is still throbbing on, and the mixed drama of human life, now tragedy, now comedy, is being enacted, it has often seemed to me that the fiction-writer could be better employed in simply recording the truth. And what I have now to tell is the plain uncolored story of the life hitherto of one thoroughly bad man. I make no apology for presenting it; repugnant as his story is to all moral sensibilities, it is yet strange, passing strange, that one life should show such a startling experience.

In the spring of the year 1862, when our country stood upon the threshold of its mighty civil war, I was stationed with the cavalry regiment to which I was then attached at Havre De Grace, Maryland, engaged as Judge Advocate of a general court-martial. The employment naturally turned my thoughts upon criminal prosecutions generally; and in one leisure moment, while glancing over the columns of a weekly journal sent me from my home in one of the western counties of New York, my eye was arrested by the heavy captions of the report of a murder trial. Curiosity was followed by the deepest interest when I saw the name of the accused—Clarence Wallen. It was the name of one who had been my schoolmate very early in life.

At the time of his trial for this fearful crime I judge that he was but little more than thirty years of age. He was a half orphan, his father being dead; and had been brought up to manhood under the kind and indulgent care of a wealthy uncle, his mother's brother. The associations and example of his uncle's home, which was situated in the vicinity of Niagara Falls, in one of the most romantic spots on the banks of the noble river, were of the very best. His uncle and aunt were Christian people and of unusual refinement and culture, and took the same interest in his welfare and happiness as in those of their own children, several in number. Of this family, the girls, three in number, were the belles of the neighborhood, and generally acknowledged to be the most beautiful and engaging in the town.

I well remember Clarence Wallen at school, while he was yet quite a lad. He was always a handsome fellow—of less than the medium height, but well put together, and very quick in his motions, with a swarthy complexion, black hair, a defiant dark eye, and a bold resolute face. It was not a good face; even at that early day it had the stamp of bad passions and a selfish will. Yet I do not remember that he distinguished himself at school by any special wickedness. He was not apt as a scholar; books were repugnant to him! and a skillful analyzer of human character and actions might then have seen that he was but waiting for the time when he should go forth into the great world and let the world hear from him. And the world did hear from him in a terrible way, as I shall presently relate.

Emancipated from school, he took a clerkship in the employ of a railroad company in which his uncle was interested, and with which he had sufficient influence to obtain this desirable situation for his nephew. About the same time he married his cousin, the most lovely and accomplished of the family. It is but a few years since this woman died, after an experience in life at which we can only glance. Divorced from Clarence Wallen on account of his criminal infidelity, she married an officer of our navy, and lived with him till her death, in restless

fear of the bad man from whom the law had separated her, who still hung uneasily about the neighborhood. The griefs that she bore in bearing his name are not for me to record; they are part of that great unwritten tragedy of the hearthstone in which pale, patient, suffering women are the chief actors, and of which many and many a fireside is the scene.

Some time after Clarence Wallen had entered upon the duties of his clerkship, the considerable sum of nine hundred dollars was lost by him in a manner that seemed very mysterious. The money belonged to the railroad, and Wallen had taken it home for safe keeping on Saturday night. His wife was then absent from town for a few days, and Wallen had invited a young man of his acquaintance to pass the night with him. The money was shown to this companion at night, before the two retired together, in Wallen's trousers pocket, the trousers being thrown over a chair. In the morning Wallen woke his companion in great excitement and distress, to inform him that the money was gone. And surely it was gone; but neither of the two, so they said, had heard any noise in the night, and, save this, there were no signs of the presence of thieves. The loss was spread about the village, and people speculated about it, and wondered how it could have been taken. None were more puzzled by the affair, and none expressed more surprise about it, than Wallen's uncle—until the ticket-receiver of the road, a shrewd, silent man, took him aside and astonished him still more with a hint.

"I think you had better say no more concerning the loss of that money, Mr. Wood," he said. "You don't seem to know what is known by half this community, that Clarence Wallen is an unprincipled young man; a hard drinker, a debauchee and a gambler. He can tell you, if he will, what has become of that money; and if he tells you that it has gone anywhere else than under the gaming-table, he will be a liar, as well as a thief. Young Archer is either his dupe or his confederate."

The unhappy uncle and father-in-law was never in ignorance of the real character of his daughter's husband, after that. Compelled to leave his place with the company, Wallen went rapidly from bad to worse, lived a life of dissipation and evil association, and speedily connected his name with a series of frauds, peculations and even forgeries. More than once—more than half a dozen times—

his acts had brought him almost within the shadow of the penitentiary, and each time his too indulgent relative stepped forward and saved him at the expense of heavy drafts on his purse. Much better would it have been for the community, and perhaps the criminal, had this kindness been withheld, and the law suffered to take its course.

Clarence Wallen was a man who seemed to live in an atmosphere of wickedness; and such a man can hardly live to be thirty years of age without committing some enormous crime. The crime with which this man stained his soul was one of the most dreadful, in its base ingratitude, and in its attendant circumstances, that I ever knew. It occurred in February, I believe, of the year 1862, in the county town of the county in which Wallen had been living.

For months preceding its commission, this man had been seen at different places, within short intervals, flitting to and fro like an uneasy spirit; now at the place where he had lived, now at the county-seat, and then disappearing for a brief absence elsewhere. He was seen in Randolph, as I will style the second place, by many people, but only for a few moments at a time; he came and went secretly, and no one knew what was his business, or what were his designs. And it was not until the truth was divulged, in connection with the murder, that it became known that this man, resting under the law of a divorce as he was, which forbade his marrying again, was making clandestine visits at night to the young and beautiful daughter of one of the foremost men in the place—foremost both in wealth and in respectability, as well as in family connections. I am no metaphysician, and never pretended to understand much of the workings of the female heart; and some one wiser than I must search for the cause that would impel such a girl, in such a position, to throw herself into the arms of an unprincipled reprobate such as she must have known Wallen to be. As for Wallen's motives, they were clear enough; he meant to take fast hold of this girl, to enslave her affections, to decoy her away, and thenceforward to hold a terror over her relatives which nothing but gold should satisfy.

And so, to accomplish his object, he came and went, flitting to and fro, and meeting her secretly, in the shadows of the night. But to do this in secrecy, he could not resort to a hotel or boarding-house, where his

presence could be known; he must have some stealthy place where he could lurk unobserved through the day, and from which he could sally out when the day had gone. Such a place he had found—a room on the first floor of a building which was located convenient to his purpose. It was tenanted by an eccentric Englishman, Brock by name, who was reputed to have some wealth, and who dwelt here alone. Unseen, or unrecognized if seen, Wallen passed within the door of this place, seeking the concealment of this man's roof which had often harbored him before; and when he next emerged from it, it was with the curse of Cain upon him!

The evidence given upon the trial of this man for the murder of Brock, on behalf of the prosecution, supplies most of the sequel. About one o'clock in the morning, a man and his wife occupying the room above heard a struggle in the apartment below, a heavy fall, and the closing of the door. About the same time—and it was at the dead of night, when the streets were still and quiet—the night-watchman upon the railroad bridge under which the street passed, saw a man walking rapidly along the sidewalk towards a livery-stable. Here the thread lost itself, for a while. At daylight, the Englishman, Brock, staggered into the office of a physician near his house, and made a statement that he had been hurt, repeating something else which the rules of criminal evidence would not permit to be used on the trial of Wallen. The doctor, supposing the man slightly hurt, administered a restorative, and assisted him to the sofa. Brock lay down upon it, and in a few moments expired. A closer examination showed to the horrified doctor that the base of his skull had been crushed in; as it afterwards appeared, by a heavy iron instrument.

The news spread quickly; it reached the district attorney among the first, and he repaired promptly to the spot. He was told that the last words of the Englishman referred to Clarence Wallen. Was Wallen in Randolph? Nobody had seen him—nobody knew—until a livery-stable keeper heard of the inquiry, and startled the law-officer with the intelligence that Wallen had hired a carriage and a span of fast horses, about two o'clock of that morning, and started for Canada. The promptness of the officer alone gave any hope that the fugitive could be arrested. First telegraphing to the city on the frontier which he would probably pass

through, the officer started himself with the fleetest conveyance at hand, some five hours behind in the pursuit.

The fugitive had crossed to Canada before the pursuit reached the city; but the telegraph had done its work, and other officers of the law had followed hard after. He had taken the early train for Port Dalhousie; the officers took the next, and the district attorney remained upon the Canada side opposite the city, to arrange with the Canadian officials for the transfer of the criminal to the American side, without the delay and risk which would attend the slow process of extradition.

Had the day been any other than Sunday, Wallen would probably have escaped, since he might then have extended his flight far westward without pausing. But on the Sabbath the trains ran no further than to Dalhousie; and the officers left the frontier, sure of overtaking him there. They did find him there; and with him, sharing by his side his guilty slumber, the wretched girl who had deliberately sacrificed everything dear in life for him. But a few hours before she had left her father's house with the man who was now aroused from sleep by the officers, and arrested upon charge of murder! The wallings of the miserable girl, mingled with her protestations, woman-like, of her belief in his innocence, resounded through the night, and completed the dramatic interest of a scene which my feeble pen shall not attempt to justly portray.

The two were hurried back to the river; where, in presence of the district-attorney and several Canadian officials, Wallen was searched. The damning evidence of his guilt was found on his person; a bank-note, torn and pasted together in a peculiar manner, which was positively identified by a citizen of Randolph as one that he paid to Brock only the day before. Robbery, therefore, appeared to be the cause of the murder.

Wallen and his paramour were conveyed to Randolph, where the former was lodged in jail, and the latter returned to her dishonored home. In due time Clarence Wallen was indicted for the murder of Brock, and his trial came on during the spring. The remarkable circumstances surrounding the crime, and the parties whom it brought conspicuously before the public, attracted such a crowd to the court-room as had never filled it before, while hundreds went away, unable to gain admittance. The trial proceeded,

day after day, with its impressive solemnities, and amid eager excitement. The venerable Daniel S. Dickinson, then attorney-general, appeared among the counsel for the prosecution, and the able and gifted Lyman Tremain headed the defence—for the kind interest of his much-abused relatives still clung to the prisoner, and every nerve was strained in his defence. The trial ended with a verdict of *guilty*; and the aged judge, in conformity with the law as it then was, sentenced the prisoner to be confined one year in the state's prison at Auburn, and then to be hung, on such a day as the governor should appoint. The face of the judge, while he spoke, was covered with tears; that of the prisoner was stony and indifferent.

Allusion has been made to the statement which Brock made to the doctor a moment before his death. That statement was substantially as follows: "I am hurt very bad; *Clarence Wallen struck me on the head with an iron bar.*" It was not received in evidence on the trial, because it could not be. A rule of evidence well understood among lawyers requires that dying confessions or statements, to be competent as evidence, must be made while the person making them realizes that he is at the point of death; and nothing appeared, either from the words themselves, or the circumstances under which they were uttered, to show that Brock comprehended his condition. There was enough, however, to convict the criminal without this dying statement of the murdered man; and I think that the people of Randolph breathed more freely when Wallen was placed within the walls of Auburn penitentiary.

And now remains to be told one of the

strangest parts of this dark chapter. About four years following the conviction and incarceration of Wallen, the people of the county were astounded and shocked by the intelligence that a free pardon had been granted to him, and that he was at liberty. The report proved to be true. His sentence had been at first commuted to fifteen, and then to four years, without any of the usual forms being complied with which are required by law to be observed upon an application for pardon or commutation. The executive, as he afterwards confessed, had been overpersuaded by false statements made to him by persons in whom he had implicit confidence, to the freeing of Clarence Wallen; and he remarked, when he discovered the means that had been used to effect the culprit's release, that he regretted the act that gave him liberty more than any other of his whole official career.

And thus Clarence Wallen was passed out into the world again, like a dark shadow in its sunlight. Whither he has gone, I know not; what household he is desolating, I know not; what further vicissitudes of crime are to be his before he reaches the violent and miserable death that probably awaits him, I cannot tell. We only know that lives of sin and crime, as well as lives of righteousness, are contemplated by the eye of Him who permits not even a sparrow to fall unnoticed, and that all evil things on earth may work together for final good.

I only desire, in conclusion, to repeat the assurance with which I began—that this narrative is one of exact truth, in all its details.

WAITING.

BY P. M. HATHAWAY.

I'm waiting for the morning,
The night is dark and drear;
Is there no hint or warning
That light and love are near?
My eyes are dim with watching,
Tears fall like summer rain;
My dull ear only catching
The sombre night's refrain.

I'm waiting for the morning,
Foretold by prophet-voice;
It yet, in splendor dawning,
Shall patient hearts rejoice;
When wrong, though deeply rooted,
Must wither, droop and die,
And right, no more disputed,
Shall sit her altar by.

AN INVITATION.

BY FREDERIC B. MARVIN.

O, come up again to my cottage, Bel;
 O, come up this spring;
 Come sit in the porch where you used to sit—
 A poem I'll read you while you knit,
 And the robins sing.
 O come, and we'll walk where the willows
 grow;
 We'll walk and we'll talk of the years ago;
 We'll talk of the earlier days of life,
 Youth's vision of sorrow, its joy and strife,
 And friends we shall see no more.
 O come, for I'm weary of study and books;
 I long to go down by the murmuring brooks,
 And think of the years now o'er.

Only yester evening I read some rhymes,
 Which were written, I know, in olden times,
 And I want to read them aloud to you,
 So come up, and I'll read the volume through.
 There are joyous stories, and stories sad,
 Of the rich and poor, of the good and sad;
 Tales of the land, tales of the sea,
 Tales of the bond, tales of the free.
 Come, and I'll read them all to you;
 O, come up this spring,
 While the robins sing;
 Then will I make my promise true—
 Come, and I'll read them all to you.
 Say, will you come?

AN EVENTFUL DAY.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

June 10th, 18—Mother calls this her eventful day, and well she may, since so many of the great events of her life came to her upon the tenth day of June.

In the first place, it is her birthday. Forty years ago to-day, she opened her baby eyes upon this world, in her far-off southern land, and entered the long, weary life-road. Twenty years later, she stood at the altar, and, crowned with June roses, the soft June sunlight falling lovingly upon her, she became a wife.

Two years later, upon another bright June day, she brought to her fair home and tender husband a dark-eyed girl baby—myself—and thus, in our little world, immortalized, the tenth day of June.

I was up early this morning, and brushed the dew from the grass, to gather my offering, a bouquet of white roses, for mother, and with a heart overflowing with joy and gratitude, met her and presented it.

"My queen Edith," she laughed, as I laid the bouquet in her hand. "How old you and I are getting. Forty years old to-day."

"I am not forty, mamma?"

"O no! How broad a mistake I was to make. It is I who have reached that dreadful age. Forty years old! And you, pet, you are only eighteen. My baby."

Darling mamma! How dearly I love her.

I smoothed back the dark waving hair from her white forehead, and kissed her, with love and tenderness welling up in my heart. Ah mamma, my blessed friend and sister, between us to-day, there scarcely seems the distance of a year!

She said something over the bouquet, about drifting apart, and being so far away in a few years more, and a strange story of the birth of new affections, which would sometime put her away into a corner of my heart, instead of allowing her to dwell there, as it now did, sole monarch.

O mother! How little you know my heart.

Ours is a happy birthday, for from breakfast until this present moment, our house has been crowded with dear friends, each one bringing kind wishes and little tokens.

I stole away, bringing my hands full of my gifts, because of the promise I gave mother when she gave me this velvet-bound book, that I would never forget to write each free, happy thought, beginning, to-day, with this new year of my life.

From the parlors below, there floats up the sound of merry voices. I listen. Somebody is come. I know very well who, and I won't go down again. Maud, my dainty cousin, is there, and she must entertain these comers.

Mother, if you chance one day to read this, don't laugh that I will not come down to

meet your "boys." I will wait. To-night, when I wear the dress Clarence sent from over the sea, and the jewels Godfrey also sent me, then I will meet them, and be a good sisterly being.

O, I am so happy! The world is grand, glorious, and I feel airy, buoyant, joyous! Not a single shadow has crept across me this sunny day. Even Maud, with whom I disagree from morning until night, has been a sun-beam. How many more such happy records will these tinted pages bear?

June 11th.—After a long night of perfect dissipation, I find myself as fresh and as full of life as the morning, sitting here at my window, drinking in rich draughts of the clear air, as it floats up to me, laden with the ambrosial perfume of a thousand flowers, and again living in imagination the happiness of last night.

At an early hour Maud fluttered in, radiantly beautiful in her snowy silk, her fair face and wealth of golden hair crowning all.

"Eda, you are cross and rude to your stepfather's nephews. They were gloomy and disagreeable at supper, because Pauline brought your decision to keep your room until evening. I suppose you anticipate a theatrical scene. No wonder, for you are glorious in that dress. Amber is delightfully suited to your complexion. Clarence sent it, did he not? O Eda, you will worship him. He is so fair and beautiful."

"Beautiful, Maud?" I laughed.

"Yes, beautiful! He is too fair, too delicate, to call handsome. That term better suits Godfrey. But hurry. Politeness demands your immediate presence in the parlors."

I caught up gloves, fan, handkerchief and bouquet, in a mass together, shocking Maud's nice orderly ideas, and started for the door.

"You shall not go, in this careless manner. Your mother would be dismayed. Here, draw on your gloves. Give me the handkerchief. Take your fan and bouquet. There, now you look like a young lady! Eda, I hate a hoyden!"

I did not wait to hear more, but ran on down the broad staircase, to the parlors. They were half filled already, and I was surrounded by a crowd of friends before I had taken a dozen steps into the room; but I did not forget mamma's boys, and am afraid the greetings I gave to those around me were lamentably cool and indifferent.

I clasped hands with delighted friends, and received their congratulations, while my eyes

were wandering away over their shoulders, in search of Clarence and Godfrey. It seemed an hour before I caught a glimpse of them, but when a parting in the circle revealed mother standing in another part of the room, with a gentleman on either side, I broke away without even an apology, for I knew they must be our guests, my stepfather's nephews.

I paused before I reached them, bewildered and surprised, for I had not anticipated anything beyond mere everyday style and beauty; but in my eyes, these two are kings among men.

Clarence, the smaller of the two, was holding mamma's hand, and bending so low, that his fair shining curls nearly swept her dark braids, and his blue eyes were dancing with merriment.

Beautiful! ay, that is the word. Maud was right. He is perfection, from his broad white forehead to his red curved lips, shaded by the fair silken mustache. Just behind them stood Godfrey, his arms folded across his broad breast, his liquid eyes as dark as midnight, wandering over the crowd.

It made my heart stand still to see him there, so grand and handsome. I shall like Clarence best, I thought, but I shall honor Godfrey.

Mamma first saw me, and my character-studying was at an end, and I found my hands clasped by Clarence's soft fingers, and his voice speaking his happiness at our meeting.

"My one desire, *ma belle* Eda, is gratified! I have been crazy since our good aunt sent your picture. My studio at Antwerp, where we had been for months, was lined with Eda's face. I had you for my Juliet, my Beatrice, my Evangeline, and—"

"He would have painted his St. Agnes with your features, but for my timely interference," laughed Godfrey.

"And he, Eda, painted you, and gave you no title beyond, 'Our Edith.'"

"I was right. I knew she was no realization of a poet's fanciful dream, but a living, breathing woman."

The handsome eyes looked into my own, with an earnestness that brought the blood up in a torrent to my face, and I felt the master hand for the first time.

Ah Godfrey, I am afraid of you!

I did not dare to look toward him again, and when the music began, willingly allowed Clarence to whirl me away in a giddy waltz.

"You were cross at supper, Maud said, and I am very sorry if I occasioned it," I said, when we paused to take breath.

"You, my little Eda! No, it was not you. I was silent, only that your fair cousin might not drag us from one end of Europe to the other, as she seemed bent upon doing. I was too weary to answer her tiresome questions, and Godfrey never talks of his travels. He does not like women either."

"O, I am so sorry."

"Why? Do you mean to fall in love with him? You shall not. Months ago I reserved that blessing for myself. See," we were opposite a mirror. "Are we not alike? Is it not a happy blending of sunlight and shadow, of gold and ebony, of sapphire and diamond? I love harmony, I hate sameness! Your cousin yonder would grate upon my taste, like discordant notes upon a well-tuned ear. We are disagreeably alike, in complexion and temperament."

"And Godfrey and I are alike, you will say."

"Not in the least. You are both dark, but he is all strength and protection: you all weakness and devotion. You would harmonize well, and if he liked women, I should be jealous of him. As it is, Eda, I am all hope, and—well, never mind, the rest will by-and-by come."

We passed Maud many times, and she shot fierce glances from her blue eyes at me, and smiled wistfully at the handsome fellow beside me.

It was a happy, happy birthday. In my eighteen years I never knew a happier. Only one little dark spot came before me, and that was Godfrey's coldness. I tried very hard to be friendly, but he treated me like a child, and clung close to mamma.

Papa Graham was all smiles and hospitality, and sent everybody home happy and satisfied. Even cross Maud was gay, when he led her down to supper, but she pinched me as she passed my chair, and said something about taking care that my wine did not spoil my dress, which brought the crimson blood up in torrents, and I have no doubt, made me look like a fright.

Well, it is all over, and to-day we begin a new life, for Clarence and Godfrey are to make Roseford their home hereafter.

I should be more than happy but for Maud. Clarence gayly said last night, "there is a skeleton in every house," and Maud is my skeleton.

June 18th.—This is the happiest day of my life! I have sat here in the sunlight, until the warmth seems to have crept in and possessed every fibre of my being, and electrified me; until my blood feels bubbling, dancing, sparkling like wine, and my heart beats the merriest measure it ever knew.

Last night Clarence and I came out here in this vine-wreathed miniature palace, and from reading poetry he began to pet me.

At length, I know not how, his arms were around me, and my head pillowed upon his breast, and he was telling me how dearly, how fondly he loved me.

"My darling, my adored one," he murmured, "I love, I worship you; you cannot kill me by sending me from you. You are mine, mine forever, Eda."

Forever his! To live, and never lose sight of his dear face, to know that even unto the dark valley of death his hand will guide me, and the music of his voice cheer me! Clarence, my love, my darling!

We went in to Papa Graham and my mother, and received papa's hearty assent and mother's tearful blessing. I forgot Godfrey until he suddenly entered and beheld the scene. Then Clarence drew me toward him.

"Godfrey, kiss your little sister, my wife that is to be."

He started back, and looked steadily into my face for an instant, and I laughing said, "It is true." Then he caught me close to his heart, and kissed me, but he trembled like one seized with an ague and his lips were like ice.

I am afraid of him. He is so grand, so handsome, that I half believe he despises his weaker brother's choice.

Don't hate me, Godfrey, for I love you, and will be a tender, true sister!

Maud laughed like a wild creature when we told her, and inquired if we intended to live in a cave upon stewed rosebuds and dew from garden lilies, or upon butterflies' wings and honey.

"Well, Maud, we have money enough to live any way we choose," said Clarence, and she colored up to the eyes. I was hurt for her, for she is poor and dependent, and extremely sensitive.

Clarence and Godfrey are coming down the walk. I see the two heads, one gleaming like gold, and the other with its rich dark cluster, like purple grapes, and wonder how they can be the children of the same parents, and yet they are twin brothers.

Godfrey has his strong arm around Clarence, and he is gravely talking, his eyes searchingly bent upon his brother's fair face, talking, talking of me, for I hear my name. I will not listen.

July 18th.—Another month, and Clarence and I are yet happy lovers. Maud, my fair enemy, laughs and tells dismal tales of false lovers and broken hearts, but I never heed them. She is now walking with him in the garden below, and their golden heads are very near together, as they lean over the rose-bushes. I look further on, and see there Godfrey, my proud, handsome brother, and my wicked heart leaps up and throbs painfully. His handsome forehead is knitted into an ugly frown, and his eyes burn like fire.

Does he love Maud? Is he jealous, because she stands there beside Clarence, and laughs so gayly? Keep still! The thought makes me frantic. And yet why should I care?

O, why should I? I know not. If Godfrey had never come, if he would not put his arm around me, and smooth back my hair so tenderly, if he would not teach me to paint, so patiently, and read even the silly love stories I like, I should be very happy. But he does all these things, and never tires as even Clarence does.

If he loves Maud, it will break my heart, for I'd sooner see him die, than married to one so ill suited to him. She would ruin him. If he marries—I cannot write it. He must not marry. I cannot lose my dearly loved brother.

August 20th.—Tears! tears! tears! They are falling like rain before me, and blistering the white paper upon which I write. They steal down over my feverish face, and lie here, the marks of my first great grief. It has been slowly coming for weeks, but I have been idly, foolishly dreaming.

I have seen Maud and Clarence wait, he with arms clasping her close to him. I have seen him kiss her hand, and snatch buds from her bouquet. But when he called me his own forever, I believed him.

Not an hour ago I was in the garden, and they passed me. Her head was upon his shoulder, his arms around her, and as they paused close beside me, he bent his head and kissed her. Faint and sick, I clung to the trellis work of the greenhouse, and they passed on. I would have followed them, but there was a crash of feet behind me, and in another moment a pair of strong arms was bearing me up to the house.

At the door I recovered my strength, and turning I pushed Godfrey back, crying:

"O Godfrey, why did you take me away? Let me go to Clarence! He is crazy!"

"Yes, he must be, Eda, and Maud has crazed him."

"It will break my heart," I sobbed.

"Hearts do not easily break, else mine were broken long ago. Eda, my darling, be patient."

His gentle hands were drying the tears which had sprung to my eyes, and lifting the heavy hot hair from my aching head. How comforting was the touch of his cool fingers!

For a moment I sat there and gave myself up to the gentle influence and became calm; but with a tenfold force the tide swept back and brought those cruel ones before me, and with a cry I burst from him and fled up here to you, my little friend.

In my utter despair I forgot every one but Godfrey, even dear fond mother, whose loving heart would ache if she knew that her daughter suffered. I will keep this bitter secret, and no one shall share it. Even Maud and Clarence shall never know that I have discovered their guilty love.

September 12th.—A golden day this seems, and here in the summer-house I am writing, glancing up now and then to Godfrey, who is busily painting grotesque figures upon my workbox. Maud and Clarence rode away in the early morning, and have not yet returned, and I am indifferent as to whether they ever return or not.

I do not understand him, when in his belief that I love him he calls me his Eda, and kisses my cheek. He begs me to walk out in the moonlight every night, but I turn to Godfrey, and complain of cold, and he takes Maud instead.

Am I wrong? Has love taken its departure; or was it never there? The question makes my poor brain whirl. I shall never forget to fear this handsome fellow before me, but I am happy with him.

I dread him, and yet he could kill me with unkindness, so highly do I prize his opinion, his good-will. But he never speaks unkindly. He is gentle as my mother, and as patient as an angel. Why do I tremble like a child before him, and hold my breath, when he speaks? If I were superstitious, without doubt I should believe him exercising some magical power over my will.

"Eda," he says, "lay aside your writing. I have completed my work, and want you to talk to me."

I should obey him if he'd commanded me to kneel before him.

November 30th.—Two months of darkness, and many times despair, have passed, and again, with trembling awkward fingers I open my mother's birthday gift.

It was two months this night, that I sat at the window alone, and wept until my weary eyelids drooped and I slept.

I had seen Clarence and Maud in their snug retreat at the library window, and knew that she was dragging him further from me each moment, and in my utter desolation, I went to my room, and with relentless hands heaped ashes upon the love I so long had cherished.

When sleep came, heart, brain and body were exhausted, and I slept a heavy dreamless sleep, from which nothing could awaken me. Hours after, they found me lying there in the moonlight, the damp night wind falling upon my face, where the hectic flush of fever was already painted. They drew me away into the cool rest of my bed, but the terrible scourge had fastened itself upon me, and I lay a helpless, hopeless victim.

It was not the lack of care or skillful medical attendance, but a strange turning in this long, dreary illness, that has taken away the light from my eyes—from the beautiful eyes Clarence loved so well. O, it maddens me!

They tell me with hope in their voices, that after a time I shall again see, but I only know that I am—O, can I write it?—blind. Blind!

O God, how dreadful! Godfrey, dear, kind Godfrey, is always with me now, but Clarence is always somewhere else. I seldom hear his voice, and never feel his hand upon my own.

How patient Godfrey is! He rode miles to-day, in the cold wind, to bring me a book printed in great raised letters. To-morrow he will teach me to read it.

December 2d.—Last night I grew weary and dull, and to hide my loneliness, groped my way into the old nook, the library window, where Clarence and I used to sit side by side, in those happy days, and hoping, longing, for rest, lay back upon the sofa, and drew the curtains snugly around me.

Then memory came, even while I was hushing my poor heart into sweet forgetfulness, and the love which I had so tried to bury came up, and tortured me. I clasped my hands across the sightless eyes, and moaned until it passed.

All at once there were footsteps at the door, and two persons entered. Soon I heard

their voices, and knew they were Clarence and Maud. They began to speak. He said:

"Don't read, Maud! I'm confounded dull."

"You are in mourning for Eda's eyes."

"Eda's eyes! As though *her* eyes were my light!"

"Then you do not love her?"

"Ah Caprice, thy name is woman! How many times must I tell you how dearly, dearly, dearly I love you? Can a man love two women at the same time?"

"But you are bound to her."

"And for that piece of nonsense, I am to be a dog, and lead her through life. Hum!"

I half arose to go out, but from some part of the room there came heavy strides, and in a moment there was a fall, and a volley of smothered oaths.

"My brother, would you bring a second story of Cain and Abel, to curse this fair home?" cried Godfrey. "Do you dare speak lightly of your betrothed?"

I glided forward.

"Don't, Godfrey! He don't love me, and I don't love him. Maud, he belongs to you! Godfrey, don't strike him!"

There was a tread of feet, a soft rustle of silk, and I was alone with some one, whose hand resting upon my chair trembled like a wind-swayed leaf.

"Godfrey, is it you?" I asked, putting out my hand.

"Yes, Eda."

"Sit down and talk to me. Don't tremble so, Clarence was right. He would not dare marry a blind woman."

"And you are free from him."

"Are you sorry?"

"O darling, if you could see my happy, selfish face you would understand, Eda, my poor little sufferer! Let me lead you."

"Where, where?" I stammered.

"Into my heart, my beloved."

June 10th.—Another year, and I am nineteen years old. A month ago, the shadow began to creep slowly away, and to-day I walked up the church aisle, upon Godfrey's arm, and saw all the dear faces, as plainly as a year ago.

Mother, darling, my heart is a divided one, as you prophesied, but you will forgive it. I am not sure that your heart is all mine, for since handsome Clarence and Maud went across the sea, you have clung closely to your boy Godfrey, and without a tear, given him your Edith to keep forever.

UNDER THE LILIES.

BY ADA BUISSON.

WHEN I was sixteen years of age, I was sent for a couple of years' superior pollishing to an establishment for young ladies kept by a very distinguished lady whom I will call Mrs. Furnival.

Mrs. Furnival prided herself on receiving pupils of the first class only, and of educating them in such first-rate style as to render them polished ornaments of the most fashionable drawing-rooms on passing from her school-rooms. The horror of her life was not ignorance but *gaucherie*; the object of all her teaching not so much wisdom as elegance. To be awkward or vulgar was in Mrs. Furnival's eyes almost criminal.

We naturally took kindly to life at Maldon Lodge, and I think there were none who looked forward with any eagerness to the time of leaving school.

A rebel, however, found her way into the orderly ranks of Mrs. Furnival's young ladies—a daring little rebel of seventeen, fresh from the wilds of Australia, the daughter of some distinguished person out there, and the heiress, we were told, of an almost fabulous fortune.

I remember her well, in spite of this lapse of years; I remember vividly every feature of her beautiful young face; I seem to see her before me again, with the ever-changing light in her glorious wild eyes, the rose-color coming and going on her delicate cheeks, the sunlight losing itself in the rich red gold of her wavy hair. To look at her springing about in her daring disregard of all rule, grace in every movement; to listen to her sweet fresh voice singing in the very luxuriance of gay-heartedness, who would have guessed the miserable future, or the doom hanging over her?

And yet, with all her airy loveliness, all her wild sweet grace, Myra Richardson won few hearts. She was my roommate, and I was certainly the most affectionately-disposed toward her; nevertheless I never reached the point of loving her—I never felt my heart thoroughly warm toward her. There was something uncanny in her wild eyes, something that repulsed me in the tones of her voice, even in her quietest and most affectionate mood. Amongst the rest of the girls she was regarded with a mixed feeling of jealousy

and wonder; jealousy of her wild beauty, wonder at her wild ways.

It was a bright soft evening in early June—a Saturday, I recollect, for both Myra Richardson and myself had been spending the afternoon with my cousin, and we were sitting in Mrs. Furnival's library, where we had gone, as was customary, to report ourselves to the principal on our return, when the door was opened quickly, and the head-teacher entered.

"Where is Mrs. Furnival?" she demanded, sharply, and closing the door carefully behind her.

"We are waiting for her now," I answered, surprised at her abruptness, for Miss Morton was one of the slowest and most apathetic of creatures. "Is anything the matter?"

"Matter?" she repeated, in an unusually sharp tone. "Only that the house has been robbed, and most mysteriously so, within the last hour."

"Robbed! What, in broad daylight? Impossible!" I exclaimed.

"If the principal had only been at home!" continued the teacher, in the same anxious tone; "but now, of course, I am responsible. I was sitting in the room, too, not an hour ago, correcting the first-class themes, and everything was quiet enough. I can't imagine how it happened."

Before I could begin questioning the poor lady so as to understand *what* had happened, and *how*, the door opened, and in came Mrs. Furnival, accompanied by the inspector of police, whom, to her astonishment, she had met on entering the house.

The calm manner and precise questions of the well-practised official soon drew a comprehensible statement of from not too clear-headed Miss Morton.

This was the story; Mrs. Furnival had the habit of drawing, on the Saturday morning, sufficient cash to pay the rather heavy weekly bills. This cash, amounting to over thirty pounds, she invariably deposited in the drawer of an old-fashioned *escritoire*, standing in her own private room; and the key of this drawer she wore attached to her watchguard, as the money remained from Saturday till the Monday morning, when she paid it out regularly.

Miss Morton declared that she had seen her put the money in the drawer as usual, lock it, and take the key; she had noticed it particularly, because the whole sum happened to be in very bright gold sovereigns, and it almost filled the small drawer. Miss Morton had then gone to the study, occupying herself with her usual duties, until about six o'clock, when the principal still being absent, she had availed herself of her privilege to use her room; and remained till she quitted it to head the tea-table. On her return she had found the room exactly as she left it, and it was only by a mere chance that on passing the *escritoire* she saw the important drawer open and the money gone. The lock had not been tampered with; there was no sign of any one having entered the room; but every one of the golden sovereigns was gone.

Mrs. Furnival, on her part, said she had certainly locked up thirty-four pounds, and taken the key, which had remained safely in her possession all day, and that she had not entered the room since.

The lock was very peculiar; it would have been easier to break it than unlock it with any key but its own. It was, however, quite right, and the key turned in it easily as ever.

Inspector S. examined lock, drawer and room with great minuteness and official silence; then he examined the window and ground beneath, then the servants, and finally the young ladies, with the exception of Myra Richardson and myself, who had been out all day; but, in spite of his acuteness, he could find no clue to the robber.

He came back to Mrs. Furnival's boudoir before he left; and I heard him say in a low tone as he took his leave:

"It is some one in the house, I am certain, or who at any rate has an accomplice in the house. However, I dare say we shall ferret them out."

Mrs. Furnival dismissed him graciously; but his last words did not tend to smooth the anxious ruffle that had been gathering on her face ever since the investigation of the officer tended only to increase its mystery.

I had been so engrossed with the thing itself, that I had paid little attention to any one but the chief actors in it; so when I happened to go back to the library, to fetch the bonnet I had hastily thrown there, I was surprised to find Myra Richardson sitting in exactly the same attitude in which I had left her nearly an hour ago. She did not move even when I entered.

"Are you asleep, Myra?" I exclaimed, flashing the candle across her face; and then I saw that it was ghostly white, though her beautiful eyes were shining like stars.

"Were you frightened?" I said, again holding the candle in front of her.

"I am very thankful we were out of the house," she answered, slowly, and apparently with an effort; for her lips trembled.

"You absurd child! Why, who would have suspected us? We are *ladies*."

"True," she said softly; "but—" And then she rose and gathered her shawl around her as if she were very cold, and hurried out of the room.

A week and then a fortnight passed, and still no clue to the robber had been found, neither had the police been able to throw suspicion on any servants in or about the house.

On the second Sunday after the robbery, I happened to walk home with Mrs. Furnival from evening service. I was a favorite of hers; and as we entered the grounds, she put her arm through mine, and, slackening her pace, said:

"It is a lovely evening, Ethel, let us have a turn round the rose ground."

As we entered the beautiful little enclosure, where the rich odor of roses of all kinds came almost oppressively on the evening air, she said, suddenly:

"I want to tell you a secret; you are the only girl I would trust. I have been robbed again."

I started with almost a scream.

"Hush!" said the principal; "hush! I must have this kept secret."

"Robbed again?" I repeated. "When?"

"Last night. Listen quietly. I did not put the money in the *escritoire* till ten o'clock in the evening, thinking it safer in my pocket; but being in a hurry, and tired, and never sleeping with money in my bedroom, I put it in the usual place. This morning, on going to take it out before going to church, I found the drawer empty, unlocked as before."

"Incomprehensible!"

"Some one has a key which opens the drawer, that is evident."

I was silent for a moment, perfectly dumfounded by the intelligence. At length I said, impetuously:

"You must have us all searched, Mrs. Furnival; it is only just to the innocent."

"I can't, Ethel," she replied, quickly; "at

least, not yet. I have told you this in confidence, remember. You must not betray my secret."

"But—"

At that instant, however, came the sound of a quick light step running along on the other side of the rose hedge, and startled us both into silence. A very light step it was—light enough for only one pair of feet that we knew; and the next instant Myra Richardson ran by, looking neither to the right nor left, and with her head bent down in a peculiar fashion.

"Myra," whispered Mrs. Furnival. "What is she doing here? Why is she not with the others?"

"Shall I call to her?" I said.

"No, no, not for worlds!" answered the principal in quite a pained tone; and then she took my arm again, and began walking slowly back to the house.

A few of the girls were assembled in the supper-room as we entered, and among them was Myra, standing before the looking-glass decking her hair with lilies of the valley; and I must say I had never seen a lovelier face than that the glass reflected.

"Myra," said Mrs. Furnival, suddenly, "were you in the garden just now?"

"Yes; I went for these." And she came quickly, bringing a handful of lilies. "Are they not sweet?"

Mrs. Furnival looked earnestly in her face. "I wish you would remember rules, Myra, and be less childish."

We went next into that boudoir which was already in bad odor, and then, after Mrs. Furnival had carefully closed the door, she sat down—just within reach of the last rays of summer twilight.

"I am suffering from a horrible suspicion," she said. "Ethel, can you guess it?"

"No," I answered, stoutly; and in truth I could not.

She looked in my face a moment, and then, growing stern, said, "Was Myra Richardson with you all that Saturday?"

"Yes," I returned stiffly; for I was so confused that I scarcely knew whether she meant to imply suspicion of me or Myra by the question.

"Most mysterious," muttered Mrs. Furnival, leaning back in her chair, wearily; "I—"

But at that moment Miss Morton knocked at the door, and I was obliged to go away; but it was in a very disturbed frame of mind.

All this was very perplexing and uncom-

fortable, and I became very miserable. Naturally I watched suspiciously my schoolfellows, more especially Myra; but nothing could I discover which could at all help me to understand Mrs. Furnival's strange conversation. The girls were all looking forward to the breaking up dance, and were much more occupied with toilet matters than robberies; indeed, I doubted if any one of them but myself recollected the mysterious robbery at all.

There are some scenes that stamp themselves indelibly on the memory, why or wherefore we know not. I have been to many a gayer dance than that school party, many a one I enjoyed more, and yet I think I remember that one more distinctly than any other.

I was just in the midst of a very animated conversation with one of my partners, a tall young man whom I regarded with almost veneration as he rejoiced in the title of captain, when Mrs. Furnival touched me on the shoulder, and said:

"Ethel, have you seen Myra?"

I turned sharply round.

"She was my *vis-à-vis* in the last set of lancers," I answered. "She can't be far off. Do you want her, Mrs. Furnival?"

"No—that is, I do not see her in the room, and I do not want her to be wandering about in the grounds now the dew is falling so heavily."

I knew the principal well enough to observe that she did not speak quite naturally; besides, as she spoke she glanced again round the ballroom in a manner strangely anxious.

"I will go and see, if you like," I said. I am not afraid of the dew; and if Myra is anywhere, she is sure to be in the rose-garden."

I ran off as I spoke, wrapping my opera-cloak round me. The night was clear but damp, and the starlight fell softly over the garden, making no unpleasant lounge for over-heated and imprudent dancers. There were but few, however, and those chiefly on the lawn just in front of the house, so I found the rose-garden quite silent and solitary.

I gave but one quick glance around, and was about to return to the ballroom and my interrupted conversation, when again that peculiarly light step, which had disturbed Mrs. Furnival and myself that Sunday evening, fell on my ear.

Before I saw her, I knew that it was Myra. She came along in the starlight, her satin dress glimmering in an almost ghostly fashion,

and with her flower-wreathed head again bent towards the ground. I do not know what prevented me calling to her, but I did not. I allowed her to pass on, whilst I stood watching her in silent wonder. And then a sudden impulse seized me, whether impelled by some fate, or only actuated by the suspicions which had been so constantly sounded in my ears, I do not know; but instead of returning to the house, I passed out of the rose-garden, and ran quickly down to that part of the grounds where each of us girls was allowed to cultivate a piece of garden as she chose.

It was a long strip of ground, at the top of a high bank, at the bottom of which ran a small but tolerably deep river; not the safest perhaps that could have been selected for our gardening operations; but Mrs. Furnival was fanciful about her grounds, and superintended their cultivation herself with almost artistic taste.

Down this walk, lighted by the clear summer stars, I hastened, till I came to Myra's garden.

It was easily distinguishable from the rest by the profusion of lilies of all sorts which grew there. They were her favorite flower; indeed, she had almost a passion for them, and would tend them with a devotion that made all of us laugh.

I looked eagerly round; what could have taken Myra to her garden at that hour? And then I stooped down and examined it carefully. But nothing remarkable appeared, nothing; and I was just about to give it up and go away, when it struck me some of the lily-roots looked more faded than others. I examined them, and only dimly in that light could I see that here and there one or two of them had been freshly planted.

This looked strange, for it was not the time of year for transplanting, and then, as I touched one, I found I could remove it easily, for it was only laid on the earth to look as if still growing.

Removing my white glove, I began digging up the soft mould with my hand, and then, not more than a few inches beneath the surface, I came against what I had expected. Yes, there in a little heap lay the golden sovereigns robbed from Mrs. Furnival's private drawer.

I shall never forget the shock of that moment. I got up in horror, as if I had come upon some poisonous serpent, and I exclaimed, "O Heaven! O Myra, Myra!" in almost

agony; and then, without giving myself time for reflection, I hastily covered the sovereigns again, replaced the roots, and walked slowly back.

What should I do?

I was sorely perplexed; and as I walked back that short distance to the house, my imagination conjured up all sorts of horrors in the way of imprisonment and punishment which this knowledge of mine would bring on my beautiful friend.

I went slowly back to the ballroom, but everything seemed changed; and when I saw Myra's form flying through the dance, I could scarcely believe but that I was laboring under some horrible dream.

Mrs. Furnival came up to me as I entered.

"What a time you have been, my dear! Miss Myra has reappeared long ago."

"I know; I met her in the garden," I answered, feebly.

"In the garden! She did not tell me that. Who was with her?"

"No one."

"She certainly is most extraordinary;" and Mrs. Furnival again looked curiously round after Myra's beautiful face, and I turned away.

"No," I thought, "I can't tell yet—I can't in this scene; and there may be something—"

But I was very glad when that long evening was over. Never was I more thankful to see the guests depart one after the other, and at length to stand saying good-night to my schoolfellows.

They would remain talking over the party; but I pleaded headache, and got up to my room. To tell the truth, I was anxious to be there before Myra, for I wanted to think quietly as to what I should do. It was a horrible secret for a young girl to be burdened with, and I could not decide what to do with it. I sat on my bed there thinking and still perplexed, gradually unfastening my ornaments and ball-dress, when Myra's step approached quietly, and in another instant she entered.

"Then you are not in bed, after all, Ethel?" she said, throwing herself carelessly on the sofa, and beginning to tear off her bracelets in her usual impatient fashion. "What have you been doing?"

"Thinking," I said, gravely.

"Thinking! and of what? What Captain Tyler was saying with such *empressement* as he took leave?"

"No, Myra, of something more—more—"

And then my courage failed me, and I could say no more; but hurriedly beginning to undress, I threw myself into bed, and draw the curtains, to hide the view of that beautiful figure in white satin which still sat by the toilet-table.

Whether I went to sleep I know not; if I did, my dreams must have been vivid as reality, for I was haunted by the strange secret I had discovered; and at length, sitting up in bed, I drew back the curtains. The moonlight was streaming into the room, and I could distinctly see the form of Myra lying with open eyes, her face turned towards the window.

Some impulse seized me, whether good or bad I know not; but I sprang up, and crossing the room with my bare feet, knelt down by my schoolfellow's bed.

"Hush, Myra," I said, laying my hand upon her arm; "don't speak, don't move. I want to tell you a secret."

"A secret!" she said, in a frightened voice.

"Yes; listen. Down under the lilies in your garden, Myra, lie all Mrs. Furnival's sovereigns."

It seemed as if I were speaking in my sleep; but before me Myra's figure rose slowly, and with a horror that was awfully lifelike. I shall never forget her face; for a moment it worked till it was all distorted; then it calmed down.

"How did you find it out?" she said, in a whisper.

"By chance," I answered.

"When?"

"This evening."

"And whom have you told? Does Mrs. Furnival know?"

"Not yet."

"And you will tell her?"

"Myra, I must."

She sank back on her pillow and moaned; and I buried my face in the coverlid and began to cry quickly, for that moan was so horrible to hear.

"Why did you do it?" at length I said, clasping hold of the soft white fingers and holding them to my cheek. "O Myra, Myra, why did you do it?"

"I do not know," she answered, quickly; and then she turned away her face, and would not speak for all my questions and sobs.

She lay perfectly still, with the moonlight playing on her face; now and then she gasped quickly, and her hands were clenched,

but otherwise she seemed to bear the accusation more quietly far than I could make it. At length, however, she roused herself, and pushing back her auburn hair, pressed her hands tightly to her temples.

"You will tell them all to-morrow, I suppose, Ethel, and I shall be sent to prison."

"I don't think Mrs. Furnival will send you to prison."

Again we were silent; then she said:

"Ethel, it is very hard to be burdened with the sins of one's parents; this is a hard world, is it not?"

I had not found it so as yet; and I answered faintly:

"I do not know."

Then she laid her hand on my head in a quaint old-fashioned manner, and said:

"I am quite sane to-night, Ethel, mind that. When I took that—that gold, I was not perhaps; but to-night I am. I keep my secret too—no one knows, no one knows!" And then she lay back, covered herself up with the sheet, and turned away; and though I knelt by her for nearly an hour, she would say nothing more.

I sobbed a good deal quietly, and then I grew weary, for I was very young, and crept back to my own bed and there fell asleep. It was a long sleep too; for when I woke the sun was shining in my eyes and it was four o'clock.

I raised myself from the pillow with a dim uneasy consciousness of something wretched having happened, and looked towards Myra's bed. Was I still dreaming, or was the bed really empty? In an instant I was up and feeling with my hands to satisfy my eyes. Myra was gone!

I turned to the window; it was open!

I do not know how it was, but in a moment I seemed to understand what had happened, and to take in all the horrors of the reality. To put on my boots and dressing-gown was the work of a moment, and then climbing out of the window, I let myself fall onto the soft mould beneath. I knew I should see the print of small feet there. Then bareheaded and shivering in the cold morning air, I ran down the garden.

No idea of going to Mrs. Furnival, or alarming any one, entered my head. I went immediately to Myra's garden, and when I was there I turned from the flower-border to the bank, at the foot of which runs the river.

I shall never forget the scene of golden light, white mist, and shiny water, that I

there looked on. I seemed to note every detail, though I was looking but for *one object*. But no; I could not see it. Thank Heaven, it was—I was turning away thinking that, when my eye happened to fall on the flags below me. There was something white at the verge—something like a human hand caught in the green weed that grew so thickly just there.

I did not exclaim, I did not utter a sound; but I slid down the bank, and heedless of danger, entered the water. Up to my knees, then up to the waist, clinging desperately to the rushes; and then, under the water, held down by those entangling weeds, I found what I sought.

Though with all my strength I battled to bring her to land, I knew that she was dead—drowned. I knew that she had succeeded; and then my misery burst silence, and, winding my arms round the poor dead form, I uttered wild cries.

There was an inquest, a funeral, and then Myra Richardson disappeared from amongst us. The girl's strange death was talked of as a nine days' wonder; "temporary insanity" had been the verdict returned, and, for a time, all the odd ways of the poor child were talked of and commented on, and she was forgotten. That she was concerned in the mysterious robbery was never known; and no one but Mrs. Fumival ever heard the story of the stolen sovereigns from my lips.

It was not till months afterwards that I heard some details of Myra's history. It appears that she was the daughter of a wealthy Australian merchant, who had married a female convict, whose history was scarcely clearer than her daughter's. Though well born and educated, Mrs. Richardson had been convicted of some theft, and, in spite of the evidence that insanity was in the family, and had before exhibited itself under this form, was transported for seven years. At the end of the time, still retaining magnificent beauty, she had won the affections of a trader, and married him. The secret of her mother's disgrace had been kept from Myra for some time; but, by some chance, she came to know it, and whether insanity was really already in her blood, or her vivacious nature was too strongly impressed with the story, was not known; but from that time the wild elfishness of character took possession of her, and her father, terribly troubled, hoping to mend matters by change of scene and climate, resolved on sending her to England.

The wild Australian had probably made up her mind that her mother's evil fate should never be hers. Still, after all, we can but surmise; for as her last words which sounded in mortal ears declared—no one knew her secret. It was hers and hers alone; and till she rises from her quiet forgotten grave, and tells out the sad story to One who will not judge her harshly, it will remain forever a mystery.

THE CABIN BY THE RIVER.

BY WILLIAM H. BUSHNELL.

It had been a dull, cheerless and, for the most part, a rainy day—one of the kind that not only saturate the outer covering, but chill the traveller to the very bone—that tire out horseflesh and make the rider glad to gain any kind of shelter.

This was especially the case with one who had been plodding along through the early spring mud of the Mississippi valley in the (at almost any time) far from pleasant employment of hunting up lands for new residents. But John Sharp was accustomed to roughing it—to sleeping out in wood or prairie, for want of better accommodation—making his bed according to circumstances, and, dressed fittingly for his business, he

cared little (as a general thing) for wind or weather, or what inconveniences he might labor under.

But now he rode grumblingly along. The previous night had been passed in the forks of a great cottonwood tree; he had ridden all day through the cold rain, finding a road, as best he might, through the tangled vines and parasite creepers, and was anxiously looking for some place where he might obtain rest and food. His knowledge of the country and his compass assured him that he could not be very far distant from the river, and though the fare of the wood-choppers, whose cabins were built upon its banks, was not inviting, still it was better

than none. So he urged on his jaded horse, muttering anything but complimentary remarks upon the fools who invested in wild lands without knowing anything of their value, and vowing that upon his return home he would forever quit that kind of life, marry a little prairie flower he knew of, settle down and patiently wait for his corner lots and pre-emption claims to make him rich.

It was a pleasant picture he drew of his future home and pretty blue-eyed wife—a cottage nestling in the midst of trees, and—well, many other things, and it served to make his present still more wretched, especially as the rain increased and darkness was swiftly coming on. The latter would have been a thing but little cared for on a prairie road, but it was entirely the reverse here, and rendered travelling impossible. Then, too, it would force him to pass another night perched up in a tree, and he was growling forth his discontent, when he stumbled into a wood road, then into a little clearing, and saw the river and a cabin standing upon its banks.

In a few moments he was knocking at the door and demanding admission. It was opened by a poorly-dressed, sad-eyed woman, whose face revealed a fearful history of want, abuse, and it might be shame. She was tall, black-haired and eyed, not above twenty years of age, and if the sunken cheeks had been filled out, the sallow complexion fresh, the emaciated form plump—if she had been neatly clad and the shadows banished from her face, would have been more than ordinarily good looking. Now she appeared like a woman wrecked before she had passed girlhood.

"Can I pass the night here?" Sharp asked, in the most kind tones he could command.

"I don't know," was the muttered answer, and she glanced half terrified around as one who lived in constant fear.

"Who, then, am I to ask?"

"The men."

"Where are they?"

"Gone across the river to get whiskey. I wish the boat would sink to the bottom with them—wish every drop of strong drink was burned up!"

"I presume you will permit me to come in and warm and rest until they come back."

"You can do as you please," and she turned away and resumed the work at which she had been engaged.

"You must lead a very lonely life," he said, determined to force the conversation, and, if possible, learn something of her history.

"Lonely enough. I haven't seen the face of a woman in three months—nothing but great brutes of men."

"They are wood-choppers, I reckon?"

"Wood-choppers, gamblers and drunkards, and—" she stopped suddenly as if there was more behind that had better remain unuttered—"but I don't want to talk about them. If you are not a stranger on the river you know what kind of men live in such God-forsaken places."

"It is not the first time, by many, that I have passed the night in their cabins. But I have generally found them to be hospitable and kind-hearted men, even though rough. How long did you say you had been living here?"

"Three months, and I wish I was dead."

The tone was that of utter despair—one in which all of hope had died out—as if the past was a blank and the future a horror, and the dim eyes and trembling lips told even more than the tongue. But Sharp thought best not to notice it and continued:

"Your people intend to make a permanent wood-yard at this point?"

"I don't know—don't care. I was born on the river, in a sort of flat-boat, have been going ever since, and never expect to have any rest. Have you got the time, stranger?" and the dim eyes suddenly grew bright—flashed with an avaricious light.

"If you mean a watch, no," he replied, instantly put upon his guard, and thanking fortune there was no sign of the valuable one he carried, "but if you would like to know the hour it must be very near sundown."

"Then they'll be back soon, as hungry as wolves and cross as bears. I must build up the fire and get supper," and she threw an old shawl over her head and was about to go out into the pouring rain, when he intercepted her.

"It is not a woman's place to do such things," he said, kindly; "unless compelled by dire necessity, and you are neither strong nor well. Your men should have seen that you were amply provided with wood."

"They see to it! Not a single foot would either one stir even if I was dying."

"Well, you remain in doors. I am already wet, and even if I were not I would not permit you to go out."

She looked at him in astonishment—as if

she could not believe her senses that there was even so much of kindness in the world—and tears gathered in her eyes; then for the first time for many a day a “thank you, sir,” dropped from her lips.

With plenty of wood and an axe lying near, John Sharp was not long in cutting and bringing in a sufficient quantity, and then taking up a pail asked:

“Where is the spring?”

She pointed in the direction of the woods, but did not answer a word; she appeared to be too much amazed to do so, and silently watched him as he went forth, returned, kindled the fire, and filled and put on the kettle. Then she questioned, in those tremulous tones that revealed how much the heart was stirred:

“Are you married, sir?”

“Not yet,” he answered, blushing, “but I hope to be at some not very distant day.”

“Your wife will be a happy woman,” she sighed.

“Why?” He knew that she was mentally drawing a contrast with her own situation.

“Because you will be so very kind to her!” and the long restrained tears burst forth.

“I would be kind to any woman. But your question appears to imply that you are married?”

“God help me—I am! At least they say I am, but I sometimes fear it is a lie. Hark! what sound was that?”

“Only the moaning of the wind.”

The woman stepped to the little window that overlooked the river, slid it back and watched long and anxiously; but at length, apparently satisfied, she returned to her place by the fire and continued, though in more guarded tones:

“One night—it is more than two years ago now—they forced me to drink of their cursed cups, and when I was mad—knew not, cared not what I was doing—there was some kind of a ceremony, and when I became myself again they told me I was married, and to a man I hated above all others.”

“Why do you not leave him?”

“Leave him? Great Heaven! how I have longed to do so, but dared not. He would kill me if he knew I thought of such a thing.”

“Have you no father to protect you?”

“I don’t know. He calls himself so, but I don’t know,” and she shook her head sadly.

“And your mother?”

“I don’t remember her. Hark! they are coming now. Not a word of kindness to me;

don’t even look at me, or I shall suffer when you are gone. God only knows what I have gone through;” and she retreated to the further side of the cabin and began making a great rattling among the few broken dishes that comprised the store.

Sharp drew forth his pipe, lighted it, turned his back upon her and began smoking, though he was determined to see more of her and plan some way for her to escape. But even if opportunity offered he could not take her with him, though there would be no doubt of her gladly going. His little prairie blossom stood in the way, and he was far too honorable to hold out any false inducements, or do anything that might cast even suspicion upon his name. Still he was decided to aid her—to give her a little money so that she might not be hopelessly in the power of the men she both hated and feared, and was reflecting upon the best plan, when the door was swung open and a man demanded, with an oath, if supper was ready. Then, seeing Sharp, he continued:

“Halloo, stranger! Where did you come from?”

“From the timber. I am hunting up land and come to ask shelter for the night.”

“Been here long?” and he glanced suspiciously from him to the woman.

“No, just come. Didn’t you see me dismounting as you were landing?”

Sharp conceived the story (under such circumstances) to be a pardonable offence against truth—one of the kind that, like the oath of Uncle Toby, would be obliterated by the tears of the recording angel.

“Humph! Come from up the river, I reckon?”

“Yes. Here is my business card;” and he gave it, knowing the man would care nothing for it, but hoping it might reach the eyes of the poor woman so as to tell her who her friend was in case of escape.

“Going to take up the land so as to rob us of the chance of getting wood?”

“No. I have no claims this side of the bluff,” he answered, though he could scarcely suppress a smile at the coolness of a man, who lived by theft, talking of being robbed out of his rights by the lawful owner!

The answer appeared to satisfy the man, and, as two others came stamping in at the moment, he became silent and had an opportunity to examine them more closely. The one with whom he had the brief conversation was still young, of intense muscular power,

low-browed and with the marks of unrestrained passions and crime stamped upon his face, and was evidently the husband of the wretched woman. The others were much older, and he who claimed to be the father forbidding in every particular, a man whom every honest person would shun.

"Who is that man, Jane?" he asked, in a half whisper, of his daughter.

"I don't know—haven't spoken to him. Mike has—ask him. Go along and don't bother me."

She evidently had no scruples about "stretching the truth" when it suited her purpose.

"Why haven't you got supper ready?"

"Why didn't you leave me some wood?"

"Didn't think of it."

"You never do."

"You've got plenty now," and he glanced at it sharply, perhaps thoughts the ends were cut remarkably clean for a woman, but said nothing about it, and drawing a stool near the hearth, addressed Sharp with, "Had a bad day to ride, stranger?"

"Yes, and I was glad to find shelter. By the way, is there not some place where I can put my horse?"

"I'll attend to that. Come, boys, and help me bring up the things from the boat. The girl will have supper ready by that time. No, you needn't go, stranger. There's no use in your being out in the rain again. Make yourself easy. I know how to take care of a good horse;" and he winked knowingly to his hopeful son-in-law.

But though the trio left the cabin, Sharp was aware that he was not unwatched, and refrained from taking any notice of or speaking to the woman, who shoved a table into the middle of the floor and began placing the dishes upon it. She, too, was evidently aware of the surveillance, and yet, as she stooped over the fire cooking meat or attending to the coffee, she managed to whisper from time to time:

"Make believe drink when you are asked, play cards with them and lose a little, but, for the sake of your life, don't show much money."

There was no need of an answer. He by this time understood the character of the men, and felt that safety lay in unceasing watchfulness. Yet he communicated his comprehension and thanks by signs, even motioned her to the card her husband had tossed contemptuously away, and was pleased

to see her stoop and read it without picking it up and was certain his name and address would not be forgotten.

The rude supper was soon despatched, the table cleared, and a jug and cups, and a well worn pack of cards placed upon it.

"Come, stranger," said the old man, "it's early yet. Suppose we have something to drink and a game."

"Nothing would suit me better," answered Sharp, with alacrity; "I'm fond of both. What shall the game be?"

"Choose for yourself."

"Twenty deck suits me. What do you say?"

"All right. Shuffle and deal."

It was the game of poker then most in vogue in that locality, the one most used for gambling, and suited the cutthroats exactly. Of course with all parties agreeing—three to win and one to lose—the result was certain, and after an hour Sharp was the poorer by several dollars, and, having (apparently) drank as deeply as the rest, was far gone in intoxication, complained of being tired, and requested to be shown to a place where he could sleep.

The woman, who had been sitting upon a low stool by the fire with her head resting upon her hands and intently watching the game, sprang up and procuring a candle said:

"This way, sir."

"No you don't," answered her husband, and snatching the light sent her whirling across the floor. "No you don't. I doubt not but you had time enough before we came to make love to the stranger."

The face of the woman became livid with rage and her eyes flashed fire. For the moment she evidently thought of a bitter retaliation of the insult, for her hand clutched the nearest weapon—a heavy hammer—and she looked as if she could have brained him. It was very difficult, too, for Sharp to control himself and keep up his acting, but both knew the value of caution, and the other staggered up a rickety ladder after his conductor.

"There, stranger," he said, "you'll sleep as sound as a top. There'll be nothing to disturb you. Good-night."

Without undressing Sharp threw himself upon an apology for a bed, blew out the light, and looked well to his pistols. That he was to be robbed, if not murdered, he had not the slightest doubt, and he must either escape or defend himself. If the former, he would leave

the woman totally to their mercy, but a few moments satisfied him that she was able to take care of herself. He listened and at first heard hard and angry conversation; then knew that the woman had retired, that the men were getting drunker, and that he was the subject of conversation. But he could not learn anything definitely of their intentions though he could now and then catch a few words about "money, horse, must be rich, will sleep very soundly, no one to fear, easily done."

To lie there and watch—to be every moment expecting to be murdered—was terrible, and yet it was all he could do. There was no way of getting out of the room except by the same way he had entered, and that was not to be thought of. Had there been a window he would not have hesitated for a single moment, or thought it cowardice. Now he must face danger, come in what shape it would, and he longed for the time to come when he should measure strength with his enemies, and either be victor or put out of torture.

But it appeared as if that hour would never come. His strained ear caught in everything—the pattering of the rain upon the roof, the moaning of the wind through the forest, the dull swash of the river, the rattling of the cups, and the hum of voices grown thick by repeated draughts. He hoped that they might at last affect them so much as to banish caution—to loosen their tongues and permit him to catch their words—but it was not so. They were far too well used to liquor in inordinate quantities, and too well trained in crime, to be betrayed into overstepping the bounds of discretion. Yet at last he did get an inkling of what was to be his fate, and perhaps to meet it.

Silently slipping off his boots and removing his neck-handkerchief, so that it could not be used to choke him, he arose from the bed, huddled up the clothes so as to represent a human figure, and crawled towards the opening in the floor. But scarcely had he arrived there before the two old men crept stealthily up and drew near the bed, each armed with a long knife. That he was to be butchered without the slightest chance of resistance was evident, and he blessed God that he was even so far preserved. Yet he was still very far from being out of danger. The husband of the wretched woman—the most formidable antagonist of all—was waiting below, axe in hand, to cut him down in case he should overpower the old men, and he felt

that his last moment had come. Still he was not going to submit without a struggle. His first thought—and lightning is not more swift than the action of mind at such times—was to shoot down the men in the chamber, and then render himself safe against any subsequent attack from them. But great as was the provocation, guiltless as he would have been in the light of self-preservation, it was too cool shedding of blood, and, with one prayer for his sweet little prairie blossom, he drew his pistol, sprang down the ladder and dragged it from the fastenings to the floor.

Avoiding a full blow of the waiting ruffian, he endeavored to reach the door and make good his escape, loath even then to take human life; but such a thing was not to be. The stroke was repeated, his pistol fired, neither taking effect, and in an instant they were grappling upon the floor, weaponless. Then commenced a terrible trial of strength. The river thief and cutthroat had for once met almost if not quite his match; accident would give either the victory, and that fatality was against John Sharp. He was turned under, his arms pinioned by the knees of his antagonist, and his throat grasped by iron fingers until his senses swam. Then there came a sudden sense of relief, the load was removed from his chest, he gasped for breath, and looking wildly around, saw the woman standing by his side with his revolver levelled at the men above.

"Here, take my place," she said, "and keep guard while I get your horse."

"But where is he?" glancing around for the man with whom he had been struggling, and saw him lying senseless, covered with blood and a ghastly wound in his head.

"Don't stop to think of him," she exclaimed, savagely. "He may recover at any moment. I struck the blow, and if it had been ten times as heavy and deep it would not half repay my wrongs. If any one of them stirs shoot him just as quick as you would a snake."

She was gone for a moment and then returned with his horse, but to his astonishment she was already mounted. He had not thought of her doing so, but now saw that there was no other alternative. She had risked her life nobly for him, and he would not leave her to be brutally murdered.

"Shoot all down like dogs!" she hissed, with cheeks red enough now and eyes flashing with a tigress's glare. "Shoot every one."

Not even to have saved himself would he have done such a deed, and, watching his opportunity, he dashed out of the cabin, closed the door, flung himself upon his horse behind the girl, and driving his heels into the flanks urged him forward.

"Thank God! we are safe," she murmured, as they were just gaining the shelter of the woods.

"Yes, thank—"

"O Heaven!"

He did not wait to be told what had happened. The report of a rifle, the exclamation, the clasping of the hands to her side, told the sad story, and twining one arm around so as to sustain her sinking form, he dashed down the road by the river until she begged him to stop.

"I can go no further—am dying," she whispered. "Lift me down—leave me and save yourself."

He placed her gently upon the grass, and by the light of the coming day could see the shadows of death swiftly gathering on her face. She struggled to raise her arms, clasp

him around the neck, and drawing his head down faintly uttered:

"I am dying—dying. Pray for me. Kiss me. No pure lips, not even those of my mother, have ever touched mine."

He could not refuse the request, and the kiss that quivered upon his lips from those of the dying one—whatever she might have been—was almost holy.

"Thank you—thank you," she murmured. "O God! that pang! Don't leave me, I'm dying—dy—"

The head drooped, the weary eyes were closed never to open again. He lifted her in his arms, carried her into the timber, covered the stiffening form with branches, and rode to the nearest town, told his story and procured help. But save to give the corpse a decent burial all was in vain. The cabin was empty, the men and boat gone. There was nothing to tell of who they were, and the stone John Sharp and his wife saw placed over her who had sacrificed her life for his, bore simply the name of "Jane" and the words "Judge not."

THE GHOST OF THE GOLDEN LION.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"THE stage will have hard work to get through to-night," said the landlord of the Golden Lion, as he came stamping into the barroom, shaking the snow from his hat and coat, and brushing it out of his whiskers.

"It is a pretty tough storm," said little Mr. Potts, taking his pipe from his mouth and looking up at the landlord.

"Tough! why, I never saw anything like it, Potts. The air is just chock full of snow, and it's blowing like great guns. I wouldn't attempt to get through to Danforth to-night for a thousand dollars."

"But Shoggs will attempt to come through from Danforth, and I calculate that he'll get through too," cried Mr. Plush, looking up from the last evening's paper, from which he had been reading the political news aloud for the benefit of Mr. Potts. "I know Shoggs," he continued. "He's been on this line now over twenty year, and he's never missed a day. Fair weather or foul, he always goes through."

"But don't you see," said the landlord, pointing to the tall old-fashioned clock in

the corner, "it's ten o'clock, and he ought to ha' been here at seven? I don't believe he started out at all."

"And I tell you, Braxford, he's on the road. I know the man. I've known Shoggs for over twenty year, and I tell you he's got so used to going over to Danforth every morning and back every night, I don't believe an earthquake would stop him. Of course he's—"

"Hush! what's that?" whispered Potts.

The wind howled around the house, rattling the windows, shrieking down the chimneys, and whistling through the key-holes, so that it was almost impossible to hear anything else, but they all listened.

"What was it?" inquired Plush, after a momentary silence.

"I thought I heard a halloo," said Potts. "It might ha' been—there 'tis again!"

"That's Shoggs," cried Plush. "Go to the door, Braxford, the stage has come, just as I told you it would."

"It can't be possible!" exclaimed Braxford, running to the door. Plush and Potts followed him.

Braxford pulled the outside door open, a blast of wind blew the snow in his face and put out the light which he held in his hand.

"Halloo!" cried the landlord, peering out into the storm. "Who's there?"

"Why, it's me—Shoggs, of course," answered a hoarse voice. "Why don't you show a light? Got a passenger here. Danged if I can see two feet before my nose. Been shoutin' here for fifteen minutes. Didn't know for certain whether I was near the Golden Lion or not. Look out, sir, it's about up to your neck here. How it blows!" And with this exclamation the owner of the hoarse voice appeared in the doorway, closely followed by the before-mentioned passenger.

"Well, well, I declare, Shoggs, I didn't expect to see you to-night," said Braxford, leading the way into the barroom, while the hostler ran out to take care of the horses.

"I thought, at one time, that it was very doubtful about your ever seeing me again," answered Shoggs, as he seated himself in a large armchair in front of the blazing fire. "Draw up, sir, draw up, and let's see if we can't get the frost out of our bones," addressing the passenger, who proceeded to "draw up."

And now let me introduce you to the passenger. He was so bundled up when he came in, that little Mr. Potts who kept his eye upon him scrutinizingly, couldn't make out what sort of a man he was at first. His head and face were buried in furs, and he wore two heavy overcoats, which gave him the appearance of a very corpulent individual. But when he took off his hat you discovered that his hair was very black, very glossy, and very luxuriant; and you could see, too, that his eyes were dark and rather handsome; and when he removed his furs, you could see that he had a fine straight nose, not quite large enough to be in the way, nor so small as to make the face look insignificant; but it was just the right kind of a nose—a nose that I would give fifteen dollars and a half to possess in place of the one nature gave me. He had fine teeth, too, which he was rather fond of displaying, and so he smiled, not because he was naturally a smiling man, but to show his teeth. But his greatest attraction was his whiskers. They were of the "mutton-chop" order of architecture, extraordinarily long, and so black that the blackest feather in the blackest wing of the blackest crow that ever cawed, would look brownish beside them. (I will not take any-

thing off, on that statement, so don't ask me.) But while I have been discoursing about his whiskers, he has been removing his overcoats, and Mr. Potts discovers that he is not a corpulent man at all. On the contrary, he is rather slender. As he stands there with his back to the fire, after having disencumbered himself of his wrappings, you observe that he is a very good-looking man both in feature and in form. You think you would like to know him. Reader, Mr. Horace McSpilter—Mr. McSpilter, the reader.

"I suppose you've concluded to stop here to-night?" said Mr. Shoggs, looking up at Mr. McSpilter.

"Why, I can't do otherwise. Here it is past ten o'clock, and my aunt lives two miles from here. I can't get there to-night, and I dare say I can find accommodations here, eh, landlord?"

"Certainly, certainly, sir. You can have the best the house affords," answered Braxford, brushing up his hair with one hand, and brushing down his whiskers with the other.

"Well, in the first place, I'll take supper."

"Yes sir," and Braxford vanished in the direction of the kitchen.

Meantime Potts and Plush sat, tipped back in their chairs, with eyes and ears open, watching the strange gentleman. Who he was, neither of them could make out. There were so many ladies living about two miles from the sign of the Golden Lion, any one of whom might be the aunt of this good-looking young gentleman, that they were exceedingly puzzled. Potts was sure that he knew every inhabitant of Framberg, and he had flattered himself heretofore, that he knew "by sight" all the uncles, aunts, nieces, nephews and cousins of each and every inhabitant, but this particular nephew was a mystery. Potts was half inclined to believe him a humbug, and the more he thought of it, the more he inclined to it, until at last he felt positively certain; but just then Mr. Braxford returned to the barroom.

"You know Mrs. Lucy Oldham, I suppose?" inquired Mr. McSpilter.

"O ho!" cried Potts, involuntarily.

"What's the matter with you, Potts?" cried Plush.

"An idea struck me," answered Potts.

"I hope it didn't hurt you," said the landlord; and then turning to the guest, "Do I know Mrs. Oldham? Why, of course I do. Everybody in Framberg knows Mrs. Oldham. Was you going to see her?"

"Yes. She is my aunt."

"I guess she didn't expect you?"

"No. I wrote a letter to her before starting from home, but forgot to post it."

"Well, that's too bad."

"Why, it will make little difference."

"Unluckily it will. Mrs. Oldham left town yesterday, to be gone several days."

Mr. McSpilter's countenance fell.

"I had better have remained in Danforth."

"Why, I don't know," said the host of the Golden Lion. "We'll take just as good care of you here, as they could at Danforth."

"And you couldn't have got away from there, any more than you can from here," said Shoggs. "The roads will be completely blocked up to-morrow morning, if the storm continues."

"Well, then I'll try to be contented where I am," said Mr. McSpilter.

"The gentleman's supper is ready," said Mrs. Braxford, showing her good-humored face in the doorway.

And so Mr. McSpilter followed the landlady into the dining-room, where he sat down to a supper of bacon and eggs, to which he did full justice, as any man naturally would after a long, cold ride in a snowstorm. How the bacon, eggs and potatoes disappeared! Mr. McSpilter fairly astonished himself. "It won't do for me to go to bed to-night," he said to himself. "I shall dream of all the McSpilters that ever lived."

If he had seen a pair of sweet blue eyes that peeped out at him through the crack of a side door, he might have thought them better worth dreaming of than all the McSpilters; but he didn't see them. He was too intent upon the bacon and eggs to bother himself about eyes, either black or blue; and then he was thinking what an unlucky fellow he was. He had come from Columbus, Ohio, for the express purpose of visiting his aunt, his father's only sister. He had never seen her, having, in the whole course of his life, never been out of his native State.

"But," said McSpilter, resting his knife and fork, "I am not going back to Ohio without seeing her, if I have to remain at the sign of the Golden Lion all winter."

Our hero having made the above resolve, once more turned his attention to his supper, finished it, and returned to the barroom picking his teeth, where, seating himself by the fire, he "put on a weed" and smoked till the clock in the corner struck twelve.

"I think I'll go to my room now," said Mr. McSpilter, turning to the landlord who was dozing on the other side of the fire.

"Very well, sir, I'll show you up." And taking a lamp in one hand and his guest's carpet-bag in the other, he led the way out into the hall, and up the broad staircase, through a long passage, which terminated at the oaken door of a large old-fashioned room, into which Mr. McSpilter was ushered.

Here the host of the Golden Lion placed the lamp on the mantel, gave a hasty glance around the room to see that all was right, and then bidding his guest good-night, departed, closing the door behind him.

There was a wood fire crackling and blazing on the hearth, and right in front of it was an old-fashioned oaken armchair, turned all over with rings and knobs, with great claws for legs, and a pair of open-mouthed lions for arms, and in this chair Mr. McSpilter seated himself and began a survey of the room.

The apartment was about twenty feet square, but so very low that a man of ordinary stature could reach the ceiling with his hand, and in the centre was a large iron hook, placed there, no doubt, for the accommodation of any unfortunate lodger who should desire to hang himself. The windows were small, but not small enough for the sash, which had shrunk so much in the last seventy-five summers, that, as they rattled in the storm, it seemed as if every blast would blow them in, but luckily for Mr. McSpilter, they only rattled. In one corner of the room was the bed, a heavy, lumbering "four poster," and at its head stood an ancient bureau, with a small gilt-framed mirror hanging over it, in the upper half of which was a painting, representing a remarkably short-waisted young lady, very rosy in the face, very plump in the cheeks, who wore an immense bonnet and a very scanty skirt. Around the room, as rigid and straight as if they had been brought up in a Quaker meeting, were ranged half a dozen chairs. An antiquated table, with a damaged and shabbily repaired leg, stood next the door, and upon it were a few old books with board covers, and leaves yellow and torn.

Mr. McSpilter's eyes saw all these things and a great many more, which I haven't time to enumerate, but he made no remarks. He was debating with himself whether he had better go to bed, or keep his seat and enjoy the fire while it lasted.

"It's too bad to leave such a jolly blaze, especially after being frosted inside and out as I was this evening; but—whew! what a handsome woman!"

The cause of this exclamation was a portrait which hung over the mantel. It was a face—only the face—of a very beautiful young woman. Strange that Mr. McSpilter hadn't noticed this portrait before. He got up from his chair to examine it more closely, and the longer he looked at it the more he admired it.

"Such eyes!" exclaimed Mr. McSpilter.

He was fond of handsome eyes, and he had seen quite a number (his father made glass eyes), but among them all (glass ones not excepted) he was very certain that he had never seen a pair that could at all compare with the blue ones of the lady in the portrait. And as of her eyes, so of every feature of her perfect face. Mr. McSpilter fell in love with the portrait, and made a vow to himself that if he could find out the original he would either marry her himself or hire somebody else to.

"But, pshaw!" said he, "the picture is fifty years old. The original of it may be mine host's grandmother, or great-grandmother, perhaps."

But that didn't detract any from the angelic beauty of the pictured face before him, and so being an admirer of female beauty, he continued to feast his eyes upon it, until the clock in a neighboring steeple tolled one, when, arousing himself, he prepared to get into bed, first replenishing the fire from the box of wood that sat on one side of the hearth.

Mr. McSpilter having undressed, blew out the candle and got into bed, drawing the clothes close up under his nose. He shut his eyes, and remarked to himself, that he was going to sleep. But just as he made this remark, both eyes popped open again and fixed themselves on the portrait of the beautiful woman over the mantel. He could only get a dim and indistinct view of the face through the gloom, except when the fire shot up suddenly in a broad blaze, and then the flickering light gave an unusual and startlingly life-like expression to the face. In one of those sudden gleams of light, McSpilter was sure that the portrait winked at him. In the next gleam he was satisfied that it smiled upon him, very bewitchingly too, and then she winked the other eye.

"Egad!" muttered McSpilter, "this won't

do, you know;" and so he closed his eyes again and tried to go to sleep.

But it was a terrible night, you must remember, and the storm beat against the old house, rattling the windows, slamming shutters outside, and doors inside, howling around the corners and shrieking down the chimney, until you would have thought that all the d—s in—well, no matter where—had broke loose.

How could Mr. McSpilter go to sleep in such a racket? Why, just the creaking of the rusty old sign, which hung directly under his window, was enough to drive a nervous man crazy. It sounded so much like a gibbet, with a malefactor hanging upon it, in chains, or at least Mr. McSpilter *thought* it sounded very much like it. He wasn't quite sure; having never seen a malefactor hanging in chains, of course he had never had an opportunity to listen to the creaking of the chains; but the sound made him feel exceedingly nervous, and so his eyes popped open again, and—and, well, the portrait winked again.

"I consider her conduct highly improper," muttered McSpilter. "No respectable woman would wink to an entire stranger, I'm sure." And then he shut his eyes tight and turned over with his face to the wall, and once more tried to crawl into the arms of Morpheus.

Mr. McSpilter rolled all over the bed, and kicked the clothes off because he was too warm, and then pulled them on again because he was too cold, and he laid on his right side and his left side, and then he laid on his back and then on his stomach, and he thought some of standing on his head, but concluded not to, on account of the lady being in the room. McSpilter always tried to behave himself in the presence of ladies.

He had tried lying on all sides but one, and was just debating with himself whether it wouldn't be a good idea to turn himself wrong side out and lay on his inside, when the clock in the steeple struck two, and his eyes popped open again, and—no, the portrait did not wink. He wished it had, for, after all, there was something rather cheerful in that.

The fact was, Mr. McSpilter was lying with his face toward the door when his eyes popped open, and just at that instant a tremendous blast of wind struck the old house. It made the whole building rock. What a rattling, roaring, shrieking and howling there was!

"What a night this would be for a ghost," said McSpilter, and just then the door began to swing back slowly on its hinges.

"Ta-ta-take it all back—never said it," stammered McSpilter, while his eyes tried to jump out of their sockets, and his hair became so stiff that it stuck right through the pillow upon which his head was lying.

The door swung noiselessly open, and a form clothed all in white glided into the room. McSpilter noticed that it was a female ghost, because she had her hair parted in the middle, and wore no whiskers—not even the slightest sign of a beard had she.

The ghost advanced slowly toward the fire, without either looking to the right or left. Then she put out her thin, transparent hands toward the blaze, first one and then the other, as if to warm them.

"I've always heard," muttered McSpilter, "that ghosts were rather cold-blooded, or no-blooded, and I suppose she's just come in here to warm herself;" and then his teeth began to chatter and he couldn't say any more.

The ghost stood there warming her hands for at least five minutes, and as she had her back toward McSpilter, he wasn't a bit afraid to watch her. And after she had thoroughly warmed her hands, she folded one over the other, and raising her head, seemed to be looking at the portrait over the mantel.

McSpilter wondered if the ghost was a relative of the beautiful woman whose portrait she seemed to be gazing at, but being a modest man, he thought he wouldn't ask her.

He laid there staring at the ghost, with his eyes protruding from their sockets, and his teeth chattering so that there seemed to be danger of their jumping out of his jaws and rattling down his throat, while his knees knocked together, and his toe nails fairly jingled with terror, and just as he was preparing to give up the ghost, the ghost, who probably had no idea of being given up, slowly turned around, placing her back to the fire, and fixed her cold glassy eyes on McSpilter.

"By George!" he exclaimed, "the original of the portrait!"

That was all he said. He didn't feel much like talking just then, or I dare say he would have said more. If his name had been Hamlet, he would probably have entered into conversation with her, but unfortunately it was McSpilter, and so he didn't say anything. Perhaps he was afraid of compromising himself. I rather incline to this opinion from the

fact that he had always been very guarded in his conversations with "the sex," though I really don't know why, unless he was afraid that he might possibly commit himself, and so leave a loop to hang a suit for breach of promise on.

The ghost stared at McSpilter, and McSpilter stared at the ghost. He couldn't turn his eyes away from her, and he couldn't shut them, and all the while the perspiration was pouring out of every particular pore of the uncommonly porous skin of McSpilter.

And yet, notwithstanding his—well, we will say embarrassment, because I am not positive that he was really frightened, and I know that he was embarrassed, as any modest young man would be to have a female ghost stalk into his room at two o'clock in the morning.

I say that notwithstanding his embarrassment, he noticed that the ghost was really quite pretty, as of course she must have been to bear such a striking resemblance to the portrait as to cause McSpilter to cry out in the way he did. To be sure she was very pale, while the face over the mantel was quite blooming; but whoever saw a ghost that wasn't pale? I'm sure I never did.

But all this time the ghost was trying to look McSpilter "out of countenance," or else McSpilter was trying to look the ghost "out of countenance" (I believe he begun it), but it don't matter which. It is enough to know that neither of them succeeded, and the ghost getting tired at last of gazing so steadily at one object, and having warmed herself thoroughly, turned round and glanced at the portrait, and then turning again, she winked at McSpilter, and glided slowly out of the room.

McSpilter always said that she winked at him, and I don't like to doubt his word. But it is just possible that he was mistaken, because, you see, there was no light in the room except what the open fire afforded, and that was rather low.

The ghost glided out of the room and the door closed noiselessly behind her. There was something surprising about that, McSpilter thought. If she had gone right through the door, that would have been commonplace enough for a ghost. That wouldn't have excited McSpilter's suspicions, but on the hinges of that door he hinged a doubt.

"Was it a ghost?" and McSpilter rubbed his eyes. "Have I been dreaming?" and he pinched his leg. "I don't believe I've slept a wink since I got into bed," he continued,

"and by heaven I'll find out the meaning of this before I do sleep a wink." And so saying he jumped out upon the floor.

He trembled, or shivered so, that it was with the greatest difficulty that he managed to keep his head on his shoulders. But it was the cold, of course that made him shiver. He wasn't a bit afraid. O no, McSpilter wasn't afraid. I'm sure he wasn't because he said so. He said he didn't care a snap for ghosts, and that he'd just as lief face a million of them as not.

And so he struck a light, and applying a match to his lamp it flamed up finely, and he took it in his hand and went to the door opened it, and—

"G-r-r-r-ra-cious me!" said McSpilter, dropping the lamp on the floor.

He came very near dropping himself. He thought he should drop all in pieces, for there in the passage, not two yards from where he was, stood the ghost, with her glassy eyes fixed upon his face.

But when the lamp fell, McSpilter was left in darkness. He couldn't see the ghost, and he hoped that the ghost couldn't see him, because—well, you know he wasn't dressed to receive callers, and he was a modest man, and—and, well, this was really very embarrassing, to say the least, and so he flammed the door in the ghost's face, and then he placed his back against the door, and held it, never thinking that the ghost might take it into her head to walk right through the door; and there he stood, shivering (with cold) so that he shook the house nearly as much as the storm did.

I can't tell you exactly how long McSpilter stood with his back against the door, but it probably wasn't more than five minutes. They were dreadful minutes, and they seemed very long to our hero, as minutes always do to people in critical situations; but as the ghost did not appear, McSpilter's courage arose, and with his courage came his doubts. He couldn't and he wouldn't believe that it was a real genuine ghost; but then, what was it?

"I *will* know," exclaimed he; and so without any more nonsense he proceeded to relight the lamp, which he found on the floor at his feet.

"Now, miss," muttered McSpilter, as he once again opened the door. "Now, miss, if you *are* a ghost you can't hurt me, and if you are not, I'll—"

There it was, gliding along the passage.

McSpilter had another bad attack of the ague, and didn't feel like saying anything more, but he managed to keep his hold of the lamp; and as the ghost was going away from him, he didn't feel so much af—embarrassed, I mean, as he did before.

"I'll follow you," whispered McSpilter. "You frightened me at first, but you can't do it again;" and with cautious steps he followed the ghost down the passage.

Suddenly the ghost vanished. McSpilter had had his eye upon her, and suddenly she was gone. That was really ghostlike, but she might have disappeared through a doorway, and so our hero hurried along, examining the doors as he went, half hoping, and half afraid that he should find one open.

Ah, here it was—a half open door. McSpilter hesitated a moment, and then rushed into the room.

There was the ghost!

"O ho!" cried McSpilter, throwing his arms around the ghost.

The ghost screamed.

"You're a nice ghost, aint you?" said McSpilter.

The ghost screamed louder still.

"O, hush up! you'll rouse everybody in the house."

The ghost yelled murder, and just at that moment the landlord of the Golden Lion rushed into the room, followed by Potts and Plush.

"Wha-what! Bessy, Bessy! what does this mean?" cried Mr. Braxford, laying his hand on Bessy's shoulder. "And you here, Mr. McSpilter?"

"This is a go!" said Potts.

"It's what I call a rum un," remarked Plush.

"You villain!" cried Braxford, seizing McSpilter by the throat, as he began to comprehend the situation, "Did you know that this was my daughter, you scoundrel?"

"No, no," gasped McSpilter, "I—I thought she was a ghost."

"A ghost!" exclaimed the landlord of the Golden Lion. "A ghost indeed! But how came you here?"

"That's the question," said Potts.

"That's where he's got him," observed Plush.

"What brought you here?" demanded Braxford.

"I followed her—she came to my room. I thought 'twas a ghost. I'm—I'm sorry—"

"Pshaw!" said the host of the Golden

Lion, as he released McSpilter. "I see it all. Potts and Plush, you can leave the room."

Potts and Plush retired in disgust, and Mrs. Braxford came in their stead.

She was exceedingly surprised to find Mr. McSpilter in her daughter's chamber without any collar on. She paused for one moment to blush, and then approached her husband.

"Bessy's been walking again," said Mr. Braxford, as he paced up and down the room, seemingly in great vexation of spirit.

"O that ten o'clock supper!" cried Mrs. Braxford, throwing up her hands.

"What, last night?"

"Yes, bacon and eggs."

"O Matilda, why did you allow her to? You might have known what the consequences would be. And now she's been into Mr. McSpilter's room, and he followed her in here. Potts saw him here and so did Plush, and to-morrow it'll be all over town. What shall we do?"

"How?" cried McSpilter, brightening up. "Is the young lady a somnambulist?"

"Yes," answered the host and hostess in a breath.

"She hasn't troubled us any lately," said the landlady, "and we thought she was entirely cured; but last night she ate a late supper, and you know the result."

"And I thought she was a ghost," cried McSpilter.

"O, but what shall we do?" groaned Mr. Braxford.

"Do?" inquired our hero, a bright idea flashing through his brain. "I'll tell you. In the room where I *tried* to sleep last night, is a portrait—"

"Of my Aunt Betsy," said Mrs. Braxford.

"It is a very beautiful face. I fell in love with it. Your Bessy's face is very much like it, only it is more beautiful." (Here Bessy blushed.) "I could love her much better than a picture, and if you are willing, and she has no objections, I will love her (I can't help it if I try), and will make her my wife."

"Your hand, Mr. McSpilter," exclaimed the host of the Golden Lion. "What do you say, Bessy?"

The late ghost looked exceedingly embarrassed, but she did not answer.

"She may have a few days to think of it."

"Thank you," answered Bessy, "but I guess I've made up my mind."

"Well?"

"If you'll all go and dress, I will then give you my answer."

"Egad!" cried McSpilter, glancing down at his toes, "I forgot to put on my overcoat, didn't I?" and before you could say Jack Robinson he had vanished from the room. Mr. Braxford vanished next, and then his wife vanished; and then the ghost got into bed, and, remarking to herself that it wasn't every somnambulist that had the good fortune to walk into the affections of such a handsome man as Mr. McSpilter, she turned over and went to sleep.

Of course there was a wedding soon after; and last summer, in passing through Framberg, I stopped over night at the village hotel, and there I made the acquaintance of a handsome young man who called himself McSpilter, who had a wife whom he called Bessy (a very beautiful woman, I assure you); and it was this same McSpilter that told me the story which I've told to you under the title of *The Ghost of the Golden Lion*.

REBECCA'S LOVE.

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

A simple serving-maid am I,
A creature basely born,
To be my lowly mother's hate,
My highborn father's scorn.

The two cross-currents in my blood
Did fret my life away—
I could not with the rich be meek,
Nor with the poor be gay.

I have not e'en a comely face
With my uncomely blood;

And yet I love my lady's son
As never lady could!

One day, beside the angry frith,
I sat in bitter mood, [thoughts,
And looked, with wild and dreadful
Upon the raging flood;

When suddenly a princely man
Came riding down the shore,
I looked upon his bonnie face
And loved him evermore!

He was my lady's only son,
Returned from foreign lands,
And I would lose my good right arm
To kiss his lily hands.

Ah, would I were the hawk or hound
He feeds and fondles so!
Or would I had my mother's face
That brought her shame and woe!

But if I were the very earth
He could not mind me less,
And yet I love him, love him more
Than his best love can guess.

I love him more than life, and more
Than death I dread the day
When I shall see him go from me
And Morton Hall away.

So while I have the bitter bliss
To hear his gracious words,

Though they be said to ladies high
And senseless dogs and birds,

While I may meet him in the hall
And pass him on the stairs,
And steal into his room and touch
And kiss the dress he wears,

While I may see him light the place
With youth and honor's glow,
I'll live, and when he goes away,
Why then I too must go!

Young Morton went from Morton Hall
To wed his cousin May,
Rebecca from the servants' hall
Was missed the selfsame day.

A letter to her mistress told
Her love that passed control.
They traced her to the boiling frith—
God's mercy on her soul!

THE STOLEN DIAMONDS.

BY J. A. HOWARD.

THE park behind one of the palaces of Germany, was of great extent. Gardens, pieces of water, slopes planted with vines, thick shrubberies and tracts of woodland, were there mingled in an apparently wild disorder which was in reality the result of careful arrangement and consideration. The whole was surrounded by a lofty wall, in which were three or four small doors. A thick forest came close up to the outside of the wall, and was intersected by several roads.

Along one of these roads drove an elegant travelling carriage, drawn by two extremely swift and powerful horses. A bearded man, of Jewish aspect, muffled in a huge coachman's coat, sat upon the box. The shutters of the vehicle were drawn up, so that it could not be seen into. It stopped at the edge of the forest. The door opened, and a little man, also of Israelitish appearance, but very richly dressed, got out. He left the door open.

"Turn round, Abraham!" said he, in Jewish jargon to the driver.

The coachman obeyed, so that the horses' heads were in the direction whence they came.

"Stop!"

The carriage stood still, and the little man

walked round it, examining it minutely on all sides, as if to make sure that it was sound and complete in every part. With equal attention he inspected the harness and limbs of the vigorous horses.

"Keep a sharp watch, Abraham, for my return."

"Don't be afraid, Moses."

"The very minute I get in, drive off at full speed. But no sooner—d'ye hear? no sooner."

"Why should I sooner?" retorted the coachman, sharply, in the same dialect.

"Not till I am quite safe in the carriage—till you see, till you hear, that I have shut the door. You must hear it, you must watch with your ears, for you must not take your eyes off the horses."

"Don't frighten yourself, fool!"

"And, Abraham, quit not the box during my absence, and be sure and leave the door open, that I may jump in at once on my return."

The coachman answered not.

"And, one thing more. Dear Abraham, will the horses hold out? six German miles, without resting? Are you sure the carriage will not break down?"

"Begone, fearful fool, and leave carriage and horses to my care!"

The little man looked at his watch.

"Exactly five. It is just the time. Once more, dear Abraham, keep a sharp lookout, I entreat you."

At a sort of sneaking run, the timid Jew hurried to a door in the park wall, close to which the road passed. He glanced keenly around him. No one was in sight, and, producing a key, he hastily unlocked the door, opening it only just wide enough to allow him to slip through. In an instant he was in the park, and the door shut behind him.

Completely unseen as the Jew believed himself, there yet was one at hand whose watchful eye had followed all his movements. At the exact moment that the coachman turned his carriage, and at a short distance from the spot, a man emerged from the thicket. His appearance was very striking. Far above the usual stature, in person he was extraordinarily spare. Large bones, broad shoulders, a muscular arm, and a hand like a bunch of sinews, indicated that his meagre frame possessed great strength. His strange figure was accoutred in a remarkable costume. He wore a short brown jacket of the color and coarse material of the cowls of the mendicant friars, short brown leather breeches, gray linen gaiters and wide strong shoes. His head was covered with an old misshapen gray hat, whose broad brim was no longer in a state to testify whether it had once been round or three-cornered. Across his back was slung a bag, from whose mouth protruded the neck of an old black fiddle. The man's age was hard to guess. His thick strong hair was of that sort of mouse-color which even very old age rarely alters. His countenance was frightfully furrowed; but if its furrows were deep, on the other hand its outlines were of iron rigidity. The eye was very quick. In short, however narrow the scrutiny, it still remained doubtful to the observer whether the man was fifty, sixty or seventy years old.

This person, stepping out of the forest, was on the point of springing across the road, when he perceived the carriage and the two Jews. Satisfying himself, by a hasty glance, that he was still unseen, he drew back within cover of the thicket. Concealed behind a thick screen of foliage, he watched with profound attention every movement of the men, who were too distant for him to overhear their words. When one of them had entered the park, the long brown man made a circuit through the wood, and again emerged from

it at a point where he could not be seen by the coachman, but which yet was not far distant from the door through which the Jew had passed. After brief reflection, he approached this door and tried to open it. It was locked. He turned back, skirting the wall—but so noiselessly that the sharpest ear, close upon the other side, could hardly have detected his presence. He paused at a place where trees and thick bushes, growing within the park, overtopped the wall. A long branch protruded across, and hung down so low that the tall stranger could easily reach it. He closely examined this branch, its length and strength, then the wall—measuring its height with his eye, and noting its irregularities of surface. Suddenly he seized the branch with both hands, set his feet against the wall, and swung his whole body upwards. Before a spectator could have conjectured his intention, he was seated on a limb of the tree within the park; it was as if an enormous brown cat had sprung up amongst the branches. In another second he was on the ground, the slightest possible cracking of the twigs alone betraying his rapid descent.

He stood in the midst of a thick growth of bushes, the stillness around him broken only by the voices of birds. Cautiously he made his way through the tangled growth of branches into a small winding path, which he followed in the direction of the door. On reaching this he found himself in a broad carriage road, apparently commencing and terminating at the palace, after numerous windings through the park. Opposite the door was an open lawn; to the right were long alleys, through whose vista the rays of the early morning sun were seen reflected in the tranquil waters of a lake. To the left was a prolongation of the copse. Not a living creature was to be seen.

For a minute the man stood undecided as to the direction he should take. Then he re-entered the copse—making his way through it, with the same caution and catlike activity as before, to a little knoll nearly bare of bushes, and crowned by three lofty fir-trees. He was about to step out into the open space, when he heard a rustling near at hand. He stood still, held his breath and looked around him; but he was still too deep in the bushes and could discern nothing. He saw only leaves and branches, and, towering above them, the three tall fir-trees, with the morning wind whispering through their boughs.

The new-comer was the little Jew, who

walked uneasily to and fro beneath the fir-trees, on a narrow footpath which led across the knoll. He evidently expected some one. From behind a tree the tall man with the fiddle watched his movements, and listened to his soliloquy.

"Five minutes late," muttered the Jew, looking at his watch. "Am I the man to be kept waiting? He is not to be relied upon. But I have him now, fast and sure." He resumed his walk, then again stood still. "A good affair this! good profit! a made man! But where can he be?" He paused before the very tree behind which stood the man in the brown jacket. "He is impudent," he continued, "light-headed, and reckless. But am I not the same? I am lost if he deceives me. I have him, though—I have him."

"Mosey!" said the strong voice of the long brown man, close to his ear. At the same moment, a heavy hand was clapped roughly on the Jew's shoulder. He fell to the ground as though a thunderbolt had struck him; in falling he caught a view of the stranger.

"Geigen—" cried he, in a horror-stricken voice, leaving the word unfinished.

"Speak the word right out!" said the long man, with a calm, sneering smile.

The little Jew's recovery was as sudden as his terror. He was already on his legs, brushing the dust from his clothes.

"How the gentleman frightened me!" he said, in a sort of dubious tone.

"Speak the word out, Mosey—the whole word!"

"What should I speak out? which word? What does the gentleman want?"

"Mosey, speak the word—Geigenfritz!"

"What is your pleasure? what is the word to me?"

"Old rogne! Old Moses Amschel! what is the world to you? what is Geigenfritz to you? your old friend?"

"I know no Moses Amschel. You are mistaken. And now go your ways—do you hear?" He had become quite bold and saucy.

The brown man looked at him with a smile of scornful pity.

"Mosey," he said, "shall I reckon up the prisons and houses of correction in which I have seen you? You have grown a great man, it seems. I have heard of you. You are a rich banker; noblemen associate with you, and princes are your debtors. You are a baron, I believe, and you live in luxury; but you are not the less Moses Amschel, my

old comrade. I knew you directly, and your rascal of a brother, too, who is outside with the carriage."

The Jew's confidence left him as he listened to this speech. He made one more effort to assume a bold countenance, but his voice trembled as he muttered:

"You are mistaken. I have business here; leave me, or I will have you arrested."

Geigenfritz laughed.

"You have business here I doubt not. But arrest me! Your business will hardly bear daylight, and my arrest would interfere with it."

The truth of these words produced a terrible effect on the little Jew. He stood for a moment helplessly gazing around him; then he looked sharply at his interlocutor, whilst his right hand fumbled in his breast, as though seeking something. But he drew it forth empty, and let it fall by his side, whilst his eyes sought the ground.

"Well, Geigenfritz," he said, in a low tone, "leave me for a while. Go and wait by the carriage with my brother; I will soon be back, and we will speak further."

"Not so, old sinner. You said you had business here. You and I have done business together more than once."

"This time there is nothing for you to do."

"That is not for you to decide."

"Don't spoil trade, Geigenfritz."

"What trade is it?"

"You shall know by-and-by."

"Immediately, I expect."

"Impossible."

"I have but to remain here."

Moses Amschel grew very anxious.

"I swear to you, Geigenfritz, you ruin me by remaining. The business can't be done in your presence."

"We shall see."

The obstinacy of Geigenfritz was not to be overcome. Moses Amschel ran to and fro, wringing his hands, and straining his eyes to see into the park. Suddenly his anxiety increased to a paroxysm. Geigenfritz followed the direction of his eyes. With extreme swiftness a man ran along one of the alleys, in the direction of the mound on which they both stood.

"For God's sake go, leave me!" exclaimed Moses Amschel, in abject supplication.

"Fellow, 'tis the crown-prince. What dealings have you with him?"

"Go, I implore you, go."

"Not a step, till you answer me."

"I have business with him."

"What business?"

"You shall know afterwards; go, I can't escape you."

"What business?"

"Jewel business. But now go, go!"

"You are right; you cannot escape me." And Geigenfritz disappeared amongst the bushes.

Moses Amschel had had barely time to recover breath and composure, when a third person joined him. This was a slender young man, of elegant appearance and handsome but dissipated countenance. His rich dress was disordered.

"Who was here, Jew?"

"No one. Who should be here? Who would I bring with me?"

"I heard talking; who was with you?"

"No one, your highness."

"Name not my name, Jew, and speak the truth."

"I wish I may die, if a creature was with me!"

The young man looked suspiciously on all sides, and drew from under his coat an object enveloped in a silk handkerchief, and handed it to Amschel.

"Here, Jew, and now away with you!"

Moses Amschel would have unfolded the handkerchief, to look at its contents.

"Scoundrel! do you think I cheat you? In three months."

He took a step to depart, but again returned.

"To America, to New York! Not to London, d'ye hear?"

"I know."

At the top of his speed, as he had come, the stranger departed. Moses Amschel unrolled the handkerchief, glanced at its contents, again carefully wrapped it up, and stole swiftly and cautiously to the park door, which he hastily unlocked, and as hastily relocked behind him. But, as he turned to regain the carriage, his movements were arrested by the iron arm of Geigenfritz, who rose, like an apparition, from a ditch at his side.

"How you frighten me! I am not going to run away."

"Because you can't. Now, comrade, halves!"

"Are you mad?"

"Not I, but you, if you think you are not in my power."

Moses Amschel looked around him, but

help there was none, and the brown man held him so tightly that he could not stir. The carriage, certainly, was near at hand, but the horses were as skittish as they were good, and the driver must not leave them.

"Show it me," said Geigenfritz.

Resistance was impossible. Tardily and unwillingly the Jew untied the handkerchief, and revealed a diamond diadem of extraordinary magnificence. Notwithstanding his alarm, his eyes sparkled at the sight.

"Old rogue! who stole that?"

"Stole! Nonsense."

"What is it worth?"

"Worth? a couple of hundred dollars."

"Do you take me for a child?"

"Well, perhaps a couple of thousand."

"More than a million."

"You frighten me."

"No matter—halves!"

"But I must sell it first; you shall have your share of the price."

"Of the price? You don't take me in. We will divide at once."

"How is that possible?"

"Very easy. I break the crown into two halves; you take one, I the other. Give it here."

Moses Amschel shook with terror, and clutched the glittering ornament convulsively with both hands. It was in vain; the iron hand of Geigenfritz detached his fingers, one after the other, like those of a child. With the last remains of his exhausted strength, the Jew still clung to his treasure, which, in another second would have been wrested from him, when suddenly a broad knife, thrust over the shoulder of Geigenfritz, inflicted a swift deep cut across the back of the hand with which he grasped the diadem. Involuntarily, Geigenfritz relaxed his hold both of Jew and jewels.

Moses Amschel and the coachman Abraham, who, having seen from his box his brother's peril, had thus opportunely come to his aid, ran away laughing. The one jumped into the carriage, the other resumed the reins, and they drove off at a gallop.

The prince had stolen the diadem from his own wife, in such a manner as to cast suspicion upon others, and the Jew sold it to furnish supplies for the extravagance of this dissolute heir to the crown; but it was recovered by information through Geigenfritz, who was furious at being baffled just when he expected to be triumphant and rich through stolen property.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.

HARRY REALIZES HIS POSITION.

FOR eighteen hours that long unnatural sleep held our hero in its benumbing grasp. For eighteen hours he lay utterly unconscious of what was passing around. But at the end of that time sleep loosened its hold upon him. He opened his eyes and looked bewildered. He was almost instantly made aware that the vessel was in motion. On standing up he found himself staggering from one side of the cabin to the other, for a brisk wind had sprung up, causing considerable motion to the ship.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Harry, in dismay, "the vessel has started. What will Mr. Fairchild say? He will think I have run away."

He blamed himself very much for having fallen asleep, but, not yet suspecting bad faith on the captain's part, could not understand why he had not been waked up in time to go on shore.

He hurried to the cabin door, and tried to open it, but in vain. It was securely locked!

"What can it mean?" thought our hero, in utter bewilderment.

He shook the door and called out at the top of his voice:

"Captain Brandon, let me out."

There was no answer.

Harry continued calling for five minutes, shaking the door meanwhile. At last, indignant, and for the first time suspecting that something was wrong, he began to kick against the panels violently, calling out:

"Captain Brandon!"

This time he received attention. Steps were heard outside, a key was put in the lock, and the captain made his appearance.

"What are you kicking up such a row about?" he demanded, harshly.

"Has the vessel sailed?" asked Harry, anxiously.

"Yes, it has."

"But I am not to go. Can't you send me on shore?"

The captain answered this appeal with a horse-laugh.

"Look here, youngster, how far do you think we are from New York?"

"I don't know."

"Then I'll tell you. We have sailed so far about a hundred and fifty miles."

"A hundred and fifty miles?" ejaculated our hero, his breath almost taken away at the magnitude of this disaster.

"Yes, a little more than that possibly. Perhaps you'd like to have me send you back in a small boat?"

"How long have I been asleep?" asked Harry, finding the captain's statement almost incredible.

"You went to sleep yesterday about noon, and now it's the next morning."

"Is this true?"

"Do you dare to question the truth of anything I say, you impudent young rascal?" said the captain, fiercely.

Harry had not got over his bewilderment. He understood how he was situated, and that his misfortune was due to the captain's neglect to wake him up.

"Captain Brandon," he said, calmly, "you promised to wake me up, and send me on shore. Why didn't you do it?"

"Do you think I'm going to be catechized by such a young lubber as you?" demanded Captain Brandon, with an oath.

"You've served me a mean trick," said Harry, indignantly, facing the captain with his youthful form drawn up, and his face flushed with anger.

"Young man, do you know where you are?" said the captain, sternly.

"I am where I ought not to be. In the cabin of the *Sea Eagle*."

"And do you know who I am?"

"You are the captain."

"You are right there. I command this vessel and all on board, and I won't tolerate any mutiny," qualifying the last word with an oath.

"You have no authority over me, Captain Brandon," said Harry, proudly. "You have entrapped me on board this vessel. I am not here of my own free-will, and you have no more authority over me than you have over the president of the United States."

"You think I haven't, eh?"

"I know you have not," said our hero, firmly.

"Then you'll find yourself mistaken, my lad, that's all about it."

"As long as I am obliged to remain on board, I am a passenger, and claim to be treated as such."

"Then suppose you pay your fare," said

Captain Brandon, with a malicious smile.

"I can't do it, and I don't feel bound to, for I didn't want to come."

"You're mighty independent," sneered the captain, "and I have no doubt it will suit you excellently to get your board and passage for nothing. But I may have something to say to that."

"What will Mr. Fairchild say when I don't come back?" said Harry, in a troubled voice, rather to himself than with the expectation of an answer.

Captain Brandon laughed.

"He'll think you have run away."

"Yes, I suppose he will," said Harry, disturbed.

"Of course he will."

"And what will my mother think?" resumed Harry, sorrowfully.

"O, she'll think you've been led away, and got into some scrape or other," said the captain, lightly. "However, she'll see you again in eighteen months, that is, if we have a fair voyage."

"Eighteen months?" repeated our hero, in dismay.

"Yes, it's a long ways to China. You'll be quite a sailor by the end of that time."

"I don't intend to be a sailor," said Harry.

"Don't say that again, you impudent young scoundrel. Do you think I will let my cabin-boy address me in that style?"

"I am not your cabin-boy," said Harry, indignantly.

"That's your mistake. You've got to work your passage. I shan't allow any skulkers aboard this ship."

This speech, as well as most of the captain's, was garnished with oaths which I choose to omit, though at the risk of conveying an inadequate idea of his brutality and coarseness. Our hero was greatly exasperated at the mean plot which had been concocted against him, and being of a fearless temperament would have given full and free expression to his indignation, and a scene of violence would no doubt have resulted, but for the opportune entrance of Mr. Weldon, the supercargo.

Mr. Weldon was a young man, not over twenty-five, a nephew of the owner of the vessel, and had been sent out as supercargo, with the intention of remaining in China for two or three years in a branch establishment of his uncle's house. On account of his connection with the firm by whom he was employed, Captain Brandon found it prudent

to treat him with more respect than in ordinary circumstances he would have paid to the supercargo.

"Good-morning, Captain Brandon," said the young man.

"Good-morning, Mr. Weldon," said Brandon, smoothing his face, and lowering his arm which had been raised to strike Harry. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Not sea sick as yet, but I don't know how soon it may be on. I am in no hurry for it, I can assure you. But who is this young gentleman?"

"You are joking, Mr. Weldon," said the captain. "We don't usually address cabin-boys as young gentlemen on board ship."

"Is he your cabin-boy?" asked Weldon, in surprise; for Harry was not, it will be remembered, dressed in sailor rig.

"No, I am not," said Harry, boldly.

"Shut up!" said the captain, sharply, with a threatening look. "He's a headstrong young rascal whom his friends have placed in my charge, with intentions to make a sailor of him."

"That is not true. I was trapped on board this vessel," said our hero.

"I used a little stratagem, knowing that I would have trouble otherwise," said the captain, who would not have deigned any explanation to any other than the nephew of his employer, in whose estimation he wished to stand well. "But now he's on board, I shall carry out the wishes of his friends, and he will find it for his interest not to make any trouble," he added, with a significant look directed towards our hero.

At this moment the captain was summoned to the deck, and Harry found himself alone with the supercargo.

"Mr. Weldon," said our hero, suddenly, making up his mind to secure the young man as a friend if possible, "do you go with us to China?"

"Yes, my boy."

"Will you be my friend?"

Such an appeal coming from a frank manly boy was not easily to be resisted.

Mr. Weldon took the hand so frankly offered, and said:

"I will be your friend. I believe you are a good boy."

"Don't believe what Captain Brandon has told you. It is absolutely false. I never saw or heard of him till two days since, and he does not know any of my friends. He induced me to come on board this ship on false

pretences, and I think must have given me something to make me sleep, for I became sleepy at once, and have slept, as he tells me, ever since yesterday noon."

"This is a strange story. What can be his object?"

"I don't know that, but he has got me into his power, and I need a friend."

"What is your name?"

"Harry Raymond."

"Then, Harry," said the young man, warmly pressing his hand, "I will be that friend. If what you say is true, you have been badly treated. I think I have some influence over Captain Brandon, for he is in the employ of my uncle's firm. That influence shall be exerted in your favor."

"Thank you, Mr. Weldon," said Harry, gratefully.

"I wish you would tell me a little more about yourself that I may understand your position fully. If the captain comes down, you can suspend your story till another time."

"First, I want to ask your advice on one point," said Harry.

"What is that?"

"The captain claims that I must work my passage as cabin-boy. What shall I do?"

"Have you a great objection to the duties of a cabin-boy?"

"I would not have come on board the vessel of my own free-will. I don't like to be forced into going in such a position."

"That is a natural feeling, but I am not sure whether it will not be best to yield in the present instance. A captain on board of his own vessel is a monarch, and has almost supreme power. This is very often abused, but I suppose it is necessary that he should possess it. I don't know what sort of a man this Captain Brandon is, but you had better not needlessly provoke him. Besides, I suppose you wish to be earning something, and as cabin-boy you will be entitled to wages."

"Suppose the captain should ill treat me?"

"I will stand your friend," said the supercargo, earnestly.

"Then," said Harry, after a moment's thought, "I will not oppose the captain's wishes. I will do my duty, but I won't submit to be imposed upon."

The entrance of the captain at this point prevented our hero from communicating the details of his story to his new friend.

CHAPTER XX.

HARRY GETS INTO TROUBLE.

CAPTAIN BRANDON entered the cabin, carrying under his arm a cabin-boy's suit.

"It's time you entered upon your duties," he said. "Put on these clothes."

He expected a renewal of Harry's remonstrances, but our hero had made up his mind what to do. It was no use crying over spilt milk. Since he was on board the *Sea Eagle*, however much against his will, he would make the best of a disagreeable position. He had confidence in the judgment and friendship of the supercargo, whom he liked notwithstanding their brief acquaintance, and he resolved to accept the situation, and do his best in it. When, therefore, the captain held out the cabin-boy's suit, Harry took them quietly, asking:

"Where shall I put them on?"

"You can put them on here," said the captain, looking at him curiously. Remembering the state of fiery indignation which our hero displayed a few minutes before, he was not prepared for this quiet acquiescence.

"So you've changed your mind, have you?" he asked.

"No, Captain Brandon," answered Harry, firmly. "I have been treacherously entrapped on board this vessel, and I remain here against my will, but as long as I stay I may as well have something to do. I will act as cabin-boy, and shall expect to receive a cabin-boy's wages."

"Well, I'm glad you've turned sensible," said Brandon. "It would have been the worse for you if you hadn't."

"I don't intend to deceive you as to my intentions, Captain Brandon," continued Harry, boldly. "I mean to leave this ship the first chance I get."

"That won't be very soon," sneered Brandon, "as I don't expect to stop anywhere till I reach China. If you want to leave me there, I shan't take any great pains to catch you."

By this time Harry had changed his clothes, and had all the appearance of a young sailor.

"Now go and report yourself to the mate," said Captain Brandon.

Harry left the cabin, and went up on deck. He saw and recognized the man to whom the captain had spoken the day before, and walked up to him.

"I believe you are the mate, sir," he said.

"Well, my lad, and who are you? The new cabin-boy?"

"Yes sir. The captain ordered me to report to you."

"Tom Patch?" said the mate, calling one of the sailors near by.

Tom Patch came forward, hitching up his pants, as he advanced with a regular sailor's roll. He had a short square-built figure, and a face bronzed by exposure to the suns of every clime. But his expression was honest and intelligent, not brutish and stupid, as is the case with many who have followed the sea for years without rising above the position of a common sailor.

"Show him his bunk, Patch, and break him in."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Patch, turning to Harry whom he surveyed with interest.

"Come with me, my lad," he said.

They descended into the forecabin, where Harry was assigned a bunk near that of the sailor under whose care he had been placed.

"You're a green hand, I reckon, my lad," said Tom.

"Yes," said our hero.

"Well, I'm glad you're going to sea. I don't see how folks can be contented to live on shore."

"Do you mean that?" asked Harry, rather amused.

"Of course I do."

"Then I don't agree with you. I'd rather be on land."

"Mayhap you've been seasick. You'll get over it soon, and then you'll find it jolly."

"No, I have not been sick, but I don't like the sea."

"Then what brought you here?" said Tom, in natural wonder.

"Captain Brandon. He served me a mean trick."

"Avast there, my lad!" said Tom, lowering his voice, and looking around him significantly. "It aint best to talk ag'n the cap'n, leastways so he can hear."

"I'm not afraid," said our hero, firmly. "I told him so myself."

"What's that?" asked Tom, incredulously.

"I told Captain Brandon he had served me a mean trick."

"And he knocked you down with a belaying pin?" suggested Tom.

"No, he didn't," said Harry, quietly.

"Then you got off easy. Better not say it ag'in, my lad."

"It's true."

"Never mind that. It aint best to tell the truth at all times. You shall spin me the yarn some time when we are snugly stowed away out of earshot, my lad. Now we must go to work."

Harry accompanied Tom to the deck, and his experience as a sailor commenced.

I do not propose to give a detailed account of what these duties were, as this does not profess to be a sea-story, and will touch the sea only so far as it may prove necessary to make Harry's position understood. Days passed away, and in accordance with the resolution he had formed our hero attended strictly to duty. Being a smart boy he very soon mastered the details of his duties, and discharged them in such a manner that no fault could justly be found with him. But Captain Brandon continued to view him with an eye of suspicion. He had not forgotten nor forgiven the bold and defiant manner in which Harry had expressed himself when he first realized that he had been entrapped on board the *Sea Eagle*. He blamed himself now that he had not inflicted a humiliating punishment upon Harry at the time, and he carefully scrutinized his conduct in order to find a pretext for paying off the old score.

But Harry thus far gave him no opportunity. He had not made any complaints against the captain to any one except Tom Patch, to whom he told his whole story, winning the stout-hearted sailor's sympathy and friendship. Thus Harry felt that he had one friend on the vessel, nay, two, for the supercargo, of whom mention has already been made, had by no means forgotten the promise he made to our hero to be his friend. He frequently approached him when at work, and conversed with him in a pleasant manner, as with an equal, never putting on an air of condescension as some in his position would have done.

This intimacy and evident good feeling between the supercargo and our hero Captain Brandon saw with dissatisfaction. He had tried to cultivate an intimacy with Mr. Weldon himself from motives of policy, on account of his relationship to the owner of the ship, and the probability that he would some day be himself a member of the firm, but it had not taken the supercargo long to ascertain the real character of the captain, in which he found very little to attract him. So, though he treated Captain Brandon with scrupulous civility, there was a coolness in his manner which effectually precluded any

degree of intimacy. The captain saw this and chafed at it. It humiliated him, yet he could not resent it. The young man was studiously polite and respectful, and gave him no cause for complaint. But he saw that his ceremonious politeness melted away when he spoke to Harry Raymond, whom he addressed in a cordial kindly manner which bespoke friendship. Captain Brandon brooded over this, being of a jealous, suspicious temper, and resolved, on the first occasion that presented itself, to take vengeance upon Harry, and thus at once satisfy his dislike for our hero and the supercargo.

There was another member of the ship's crew whom it will be necessary to introduce.

This was Jack Rodman, a boy somewhat older than Harry, and as different from our hero as can well be imagined. He was coarse, ignorant and vicious, and could swear with as great fluency as any sailor twice his age. He made at first some approaches to intimacy with our hero, but Harry was too disgusted with what he had seen of him to care much about striking up a friendship. On this account Jack bore a grudge against our hero, and would have played some mischievous trick upon him but for Tom Patch's evident friendship for Harry. Jack was afraid of the stout sailor, and felt compelled to effect his object in an underhand manner.

Among the peculiarities of Captain Brandon's appearance was a very long nose, which, however useful it might be to the owner, was far from ornamental. Brandon was aware of the prominence of this feature, and felt sensitive about it. As a boy he had been annoyed by the jocose allusions of his schoolfellows to it, and nothing disturbed his temper more now than any reference to it, or even a significant glance at it. Jack Rodman had observed this peculiarity in the captain, and determined to take advantage of it in order to get Harry into trouble.

One night, unobserved as he supposed, he drew with a piece of chalk a rude caricature of the captain's face in a part of the vessel where it would be likely to be seen by Brandon. The size of the nose was exaggerated, but there was also in the other features a general resemblance to the captain, so that it was quite evident who was meant.

Jack supposed that he was unobserved, and so he might have been but for the accidental approach of the supercargo.

Mr. Weldon glanced at what Jack was doing, and a smile came to his face. He was

rather amused by the caricature, and, having no very particular regard for the captain, passed on in silence, not feeling called upon to interfere.

The next morning Captain Brandon in pacing the deck, suddenly came face to face with the caricature, which had not been effaced.

Instantly the blood rushed to his face. He could see the resemblance himself, and that made the matter worse. He felt that it was an insult to him, and he determined to visit condign punishment upon the perpetrator of the insulting joke if he could find him out.

"Who did this?" he roared out, at the top of his voice.

The vehemence of his tone attracted general attention. The sailors looked at one another, and exchanged sly glances indicative of amusement.

"Who did this?" exclaimed the captain, again, stamping in rage.

Nobody answered.

"Why don't you answer, some of you?" continued the angry captain. "Point out the man, and I'll flog him till he can't stand."

Even this inducement was not sufficient to extract the name of the culprit.

Captain Brandon resolved to use other means.

"I'll give five dollars to the man who'll tell me who drew this figure."

Jack Rodman came on deck just as this offer was made. His eyes sparkled with joy. He not only had it in his power to get Harry into trouble, but he would be rewarded for doing it. This was more than he had bargained for, but Jack reflected that the money would be very acceptable to him when he got on shore.

"I know who did it, Captain Brandon," he said, touching his hat.

"Ha!" said the captain, turning towards Jack. "Tell me at once, then."

"He did it," said Jack, pointing out Harry, who like the rest was an interested spectator of the scene.

"Did he do it?" growled Brandon, looking menacingly at our hero.

"Yes, I saw him do it."

"When did he do it?"

"Last evening."

By this time Harry, who had been struck dumb by the suddenness of the accusation, and the evident malice of Jack, recovered himself, and said boldly:

"Captain Brandon, that is a lie, and Jack

Rodman knows it is. I know nothing of the figure, and had nothing to do with it."

"I saw you do it," said Jack, with a malicious grin.

"I have no doubt he did it," said the captain, furiously. "Strip him, and we'll give him a taste of the lash."

CHAPTER XXI.

AN UNEXPECTED VICTORY.

THE captain's order was a general one, and addressed to no one in particular. The sailors stood still therefore, till the captain exclaimed again, stamping fiercely:

"Seize him, I say, and strip him."

With a grin of enjoyment Jack Rodman started forward, and prepared to obey the captain's command. He expected to be supported by others of the crew, but found himself alone. Still he was taller and stouter than Harry, and felt confident of an easy victory over him.

When our hero saw him approach, he said, in a cool, collected manner, by no means intimidated by the prospect of a conflict with his superior in size:

"Stand off, Jack Rodman, if you know what's good for yourself."

"What can you do?" sneered Jack; and he gave a glance at the captain for encouragement.

"Give him a thrashing!" said the captain, anticipating with pleasure the utter discomfiture of Harry, who, so far as appearances went, was decidedly the weaker of the two. But appearances are sometimes deceitful, and Jack Rodman would not have been by any means so confident of an easy victory, had he been aware that our hero, as previously stated, was no mean proficient in the art of self-defence, having been initiated in the science of boxing by a young man from New York who spent a summer in Vernon.

"A ring, a ring!" shouted the sailors. "Let 'em have it out!"

No opposition being made by the officers, the crew at once formed a ring round the two combatants. A few of the more generous sympathized with the "little one," as they called Harry; but with the majority there was no particular sentiment except a desire to see the fight, with no preference for either party. Prominent in the ring was Tom Patch, Harry's friend. His honest bronzed face was shadowed by anxiety, for he like the rest, had

no doubt that Harry would get whipped. He longed to have a part in the fray, and take his side by his young friend, but that of course could not be allowed.

"It's a shame," he muttered. "It aint a fair match. Jack's twenty pounds heavier than the little one."

"Let 'em fight it out! Who cares which gets whipped?" said the next sailor.

"I do," said Tom. "The little fellow's a good one, and I don't believe he made the figger."

"Silence, men!" exclaimed the captain, in an authoritative voice. "Pitch into him, boy, and mind you give him a sound flogging, or you'll get one yourself."

comprehend the meaning of this preparation, and continued to advance with rash confidence in his own prowess. He made a fierce lunge at our hero, not taking care to protect himself against assault. The consequence was, that while Harry parried the blow with one hand, with the other he planted a smart return blow in Rodman's face, which striking his nose drew blood.

There was a shout of applause, mingled with surprise, at this unexpected turning of the tables.

"Good for you!" "I bet on the little one!" "He's got pluck!" was heard from the sailors.

Perhaps the most astonished person on deck was Jack Rodman himself. Evidently



HARRY'S ENCOUNTER WITH JACK RODMAN.

Jack did not need to be urged on. He had an unreasoning and unreasonable hatred to our hero, whom he instinctively felt to be his superior in every way but one, though he did not choose to acknowledge it. That was in physical strength, in which he felt confident that he excelled Harry. He accordingly advanced in a blustering way, confident of an easy victory, swinging his fists in an unsentimental way.

Harry awaited his approach calmly, quietly putting himself in the proper attitude of defence. With his fists doubled up, prepared for action, and one foot advanced before the other, he stood, watching warily the demonstrations of his antagonist. Jack did not

he had made some mistake in his calculations. He had gone in for an easy victory, and expected that his first blow would prove a crusher. But instead of this, his own nose was bleeding, and his small antagonist stood facing him, as cool and composed as if, instead of being an actor in the contest, he had only been an indifferent spectator.

How did it all happen? That was what puzzled Jack. He took a fresh look at Harry, to make sure that he was right in his first impression, as to his inferior size and strength.

"Give it to him, Jack! Don't let him get the best of you!" called out a backer.

"No, I won't," growled Jack. "I'll chaw him up."

Our hero listened to this threat without being discomposed. He had made a critical survey of his antagonist, and formed an estimate of his ability. He saw that Jack was his superior in strength, and if they should come to a close contest that he would get the worst of it. But he saw also that of scientific fighting Jack knew nothing. His course was to keep him at arm's length, and conduct the contest on scientific principles.

Jack rushed in again with the same headlong precipitation as before, and his reception was about the same as before. This time our hero planted a blow in his left eye, which caused Jack to stagger back with a howl of dismay and rage. By this time his blood was up, and he was driven on by a kind of blind fury, aggravated by the mortification he experienced at being worsted by a smaller boy in presence of the ship's crew. His reputation was at stake. He knew that if he retired from the contest defeated he would never hear the last of it. A coward and a bully by nature, he never would have made the first attack, had he anticipated that Harry would prove so powerful an antagonist; but now he was in for it his blood was up, and he determined, as the boys say, "to go in and win."

He made another furious dash, and tried hard to seize Harry around the middle, when he would have found it an easy task in consequence of his superior strength to throw him down, and take vengeance upon him for the personal damages he had already received. But our hero understood very well his purpose, and braced himself for what he instinctively felt would be the final contest. He eluded the grasp of his furious adversary, and planted two blows quick as lightning, one in his breast, the other in his face. While Jack was staggering under them, he gathered up his strength and put it all into one final blow, which finished the work effectually. Jack fell on deck heavily, and so bewildered was he that he lay there motionless, and did not at first attempt to rise.

This quite turned the tide in favor of our hero. Sailors admire pluck, especially when it is shown by a little fellow contending against odds. There was a chorus of approving exclamations, expressed in the characteristic sailor dialect, and Harry, standing in the centre of the ring, his face flushed with the excitement of the contest, was transformed in the eyes of all into a hero. The most delighted of all was Tom Patch, who swung his hat, and

called out for three cheers for the victor. The result was the more gratifying to him, because wholly unexpected. The supercargo, also, standing aloof from the ring, had witnessed the contest, and his sympathies also had been with our hero, for he had already formed an opinion far from favorable of Jack Rodman, whom he had another reason for not liking.

But there was one to whom the result of the contest was in the highest degree unsatisfactory. This was Captain Brandon. He had been far from anticipating such a denouement, and a frown gathered on his face.

"Get up, and try it again!" he said, to Jack.

But Jack Rodman had had enough of it. The last five minutes had enlightened him considerably on the subject of Harry's prowess, and he did not care to trust himself again in his hands. Besides, his nose was damaged, and his eye swollen, and he felt decidedly worse for the exercise he had just taken. Accordingly he intimated that he did not feel very well, and positively refused to renew the fight.

"All right!" growled Captain Brandon, "I've got an account to settle with the boy myself. He may not get off so easily out of my hands. Men, go back to your work."

At the captain's word of command the ring was broken, and the sailors returned to the duties which had been interrupted by the contest that has just been described.

"Now, you young rascal," said Captain Brandon, menacingly, "what did you mean by that — picture?" filling up the blank with an oath, with which I do not choose to soil this page.

"I have already told you, Captain Brandon," said Harry, firmly, "that I had nothing to do with the drawing."

"It's a lie!" said the captain, hoarsely.

"It's the truth," repeated Harry, glancing composedly at the face of Captain Brandon, distorted with rage.

"Do you dare to contradict me?" exclaimed the captain, furiously.

"I contradict no one," said Harry. "I only say that I had nothing to do with that picture. I did not see it till this morning, a short time before you charged me with it."

"Your lie shan't save you!" exclaimed Captain Brandon. "I'll take you in hand myself, and we'll see who'll come off best."

Harry turned pale. He knew that he was no match for a grown man, and he saw that

in the present state of the captain's temper he was likely to suffer severely. That he should dread the treatment he was likely to receive was only natural, but he showed no outward fear save in the paleness of his cheeks. He stood manfully with his lips compressed, waiting for the attack. But help came to him from an unexpected quarter.

"Stop one moment, Captain Brandon!" said the supercargo, and there was a tone of authority in the young man's voice.

The captain turned.

"Mr. Weldon," he said, "this is no affair of yours. I will thank you to attend to your own business."

"Captain Brandon, you are about to punish this boy for nothing."

"Do you call that nothing?" asked the captain, indicating the caricature.

"He had no hand in it."

"So he says."

"He tells the truth."

"Perhaps you can tell me who drew it then?" sneered the captain.

"I can."

For one moment the captain thought that the supercargo might himself have been implicated, but he saw that this was absurd.

"Who did it then?"

"The boy he was fighting with—Jack Rodman."

"Are you sure of this?" demanded the captain, in amazement.

"Yes; I saw him myself engaged upon it

last evening. I would not have betrayed him, had he not tried to implicate an innocent party."

Captain Brandon knew not what to think. He could not doubt the supercargo's word, after this positive statement, nor could he proceed to punish Harry for a fault which, as it appeared, he had not committed. Yet, strange as it may appear, he felt more incensed against Harry who was proved to be innocent than against Jack Rodman whom he knew to be guilty. He could not help wishing that he had not been told the truth of the matter until he had inflicted punishment upon our hero.

In return for the supercargo's explanation he did not reply a word, but turning on his heel descended the companion way to the cabin where he kept himself for the next two or three hours. After he had left the deck, Harry went up to the supercargo, and in a frank way, said:

"I cannot tell you, Mr. Weldon, how much I am obliged to you for coming to my defence."

"I told you I would stand your friend when you stood in need of one," said the young man, kindly. "I am thankful that I was able to do it so effectually."

He took Harry's hand and pressed it warmly. Our young hero felt with a thrill of thankfulness that he had at least one good friend on board the *Sea Eagle*—two, in fact, for Tom Patch he knew would stand by him through thick and thin.

A BOY'S AMBITION.

Fond fathers talk to little boys
Of life and life's conditions,
And ask what most of all employs
Their juvenile ambitions.
Some answer money, some renown;
My own desires were humble,
I had a wish to be a clown,
To paint my face and tumble.

I envied in my early day
That rough but ready joker,
Who drives the world at large away
Before a reddened poker.
With such a lot in life, said I,
Could mortal ever grumble?
What happiness, was all my cry,
To paint my face and tumble!

But years have given me, I think,
A little more discretion;
If there's a trade from which I shrink,
It is a clown's profession.
The paths in life are manifold,
And life itself's a jumble;
I should not care, when growing old,
To paint my face and tumble.

And yet my own career, it seems,
Has little more of clover;
I'm waking from Ambition's dreams,
My lover's dreams are over.
My castles in the air decay,
Their walls begin to crumble,
Fate says, Be funny; write away.
Come, paint your face and tumble!

A JUNE FESTIVAL.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.



You could scarcely imagine a prettier place than the Mayland Academy for girls, or a more delightful place to live in. It was situated in a little hollow among the hills, and every foot of land was cultivated. They called it Mayland because they said that it seemed to be always May there. In winter the hills kept the winds off, and in summer the tall trees shaded them. Here were cultivated the sweetest flowers in profusion. Close by, but hidden from them, was the pleasant town of Volney, and twice a week, on Sundays and Wednesdays, the girls of the academy used to go in town.

The girls were a gay company, nearly a hundred of them, of ages varying from twelve to eighteen, and though they had to study hard sometimes, and to work when it was the time to work, yet they had plenty of recreation, and were, on the whole, about as happy as they could be.

One September evening after tea, when the girls were all gathered on the playground, they saw a carriage come up to the south

portico, and a lady with a little girl alight. All was immediately excitement among them; for the coming of a new scholar was an event of consequence. So they gathered as near the portico as they could, some walking arm in arm, pretending to talk, and keeping a watch on the door, others sitting in groups under the trees near the carriage-drive, others again doing a little late gardening.

Presently they saw the door open, and, standing within it, Miss Lewis, the principal of the school, and with her the lady and little girl. Neither of the latter, however, appeared to pay much attention to Miss Lewis, though the lady took a polite leave of her; they were too much taken up with each other. They walked down the steps with their hands clasped together, and their eyes fixed on each other's faces, and the lady got into the carriage. For one moment there was silence, then the child screamed out suddenly, as though she had been controlling herself all she could, and had at length given way utterly, and stretching up her arms, caught hold of the lady, who leaned from the carriage to embrace her.

Miss Lewis went down the steps to the carriage.

"Take her, Miss Lewis," the lady said, weeping. "Pray take her away from me. I cannot put her away willingly. Go now, my darling child!"

One moment longer the child clung, then her arms relaxed their hold. The lady turned her face away hastily, and the coachman drove on. The girls gathered round at Miss Lewis's call; for the poor child had fainted.

That night they learned her story. Her name was Grace Blanchard, and she was the only child left to her parents of six, five of whom had died. Of course she had been petted, being the only one, and till now had never been away from home. But her father was out of health, and the physicians had ordered him to take a long sea-voyage, and to remain a while somewhere in the south of Europe. It was the only way to save his life, they said. Grace was but fourteen, small and delicate, and the very change which her father needed would be dangerous to her. So there was no way for them but to separate.

"I rely on you, young ladies, to do all you

can to make her happy," Miss Lewis said, after having told her story.

They promised and they tried; but what could they do with a child who would do nothing but stay by herself and cry, or if they coaxed her out, sit listlessly and look at them with large mournful eyes, and not a smile on her lips? She took no interest in anything except going to drive in town, and then it seemed only that she had some idea of getting nearer to her parents, though she knew they had left the country the very day after bringing her to the school.

But youth cannot always mourn, and after a while Grace began to study and to join in their plays. After the first letter from her father and mother she was still better, and by spring she was quite like the others, though even then anything that reminded her of home would bring the tears into her eyes.

But all of a sudden she seemed to wake up. She perceived that all the others were ahead of her in their studies, in their games, and that they were brighter and more agreeable than she was. That would never do, she thought. It would make her father and mother ashamed if they should come back and find her the last in the school. She would try to make them proud of her. This thought was just what she wanted. It excited her to effort as nothing else could.

Another year passed away, and spring came again. It was a wonderful spring for the girls of Mayland Academy, for they were to have a great exhibition, and a sort of flower-festival. It was to take place in June, and there was to be a large graduating class, among them Grace Blanchard.

You could scarcely believe this to be the fallow, heavy-eyed, listless child who came here a year and a half before. Grace had grown to a tall beautiful girl of sixteen, and was one of the best scholars in the academy. And she was as happy as a bird; for at length her father and mother were coming home, her father perfectly recovered, and they were all to live together again. She sang from morning to night, she made the very flowers bloom brighter with her sunny face. If only her parents could be at the examination! But that was too much to expect, and she was thankful enough as it was.

At length the important day of the festival arrived, a bright 28th of June. Long before sunrise all the girls were astir. They had left their curtains up to get the first glimpses

of the sky, for they were very anxious that not a cloud should be in sight. Not a cloud was in sight. All was silent, and clear, and fragrant. The trees stood motionless and glittering with dew, and the vines hung before the windows without a leaf stirring, except where some early bird flew by and touched a spray with his wing. The girls were as early as the birds, and you could hear soft talk and laughter from room to room, question and answer, congratulations on the weather, chidings of lazy ones. All the rooms were put in order, and dresses laid out for the day's wear. Then in close wrappers, thick shoes, and garden-hats the graduating class went out to cut the flowers to be used that day. It was all that was expected of them, the rest of their time being given to their own particular preparations. Such heaps of flowers! A great many plants had been sent from town, the gardener had got evergreens from the woods about them, and besides, the academy gardens were large and beautiful, and they had also large greenhouses.

As early as nine o'clock people began to come from town. There were parents and friends, and some distinguished guests invited. Of course it was too early for the exhibition to commence, but the company wandered about the grounds, admiring the flowers, the views, the summer-houses, and looking up at the windows, where pretty faces peeped out at them from behind the curtains. Once in a while some girl would run down to greet her father or mother, but the most of them kept out of sight. At ten o'clock all had arrived, and it was time for the examination to begin. The dignified personages were in their places, the governor of the state, the trustees of the academy, and other awful persons whom the girls were afraid of, and every seat in the hall was crowded. It was a very pretty sight, for the hall was beautifully decorated with festoons of green and flowers, all the windows were shaded by wide, cool awnings, and birds, free or in cages, were twittering in every direction.

I am not going to describe the examination, because there is no time, and have only to say that Grace Blanchard was the prominent and admired one there.

"If only father and mother had been here!" she sighed, as the sun went down upon her triumph. "That would have been the crowning happiness."

The day was to close with a play and tableaux, and again at evening the hall was

crowded still more than at morning. There was a band from town, they had a stage prepared and scenery, and now also was the true flower-festival. In the day they had not gathered all the flowers, preferring to have the gardens pretty, but at evening every flower was gathered, and the parlors, the entries, stair-cases, and hall were perfect bowers of bloom.

About the middle of the evening a late car-



riage drove up to the portico, and a gentleman and lady got out. No one heard them, for at that moment the audience were applauding the play, which was just ended. The two went up stairs and took chairs at one side of the hall, keeping themselves a little out of sight, but watching the stage-curtain eagerly. They were a very pleasant-looking couple, bright, healthy and handsome, and just now they looked very happy and excited.

At last the curtain went up for a tableau.

These two leaned forward and looked at the faces, but did not find the one they wanted. Another and another tableau followed, and still they were disappointed, though the audience seemed to be in raptures. The curtain went up a fourth time, but still the sallow, delicate face they wanted was not there. The scene was a Roman one, a palace garden with a statue on one side and a broken fountain on the other. Between the two stood an Italian flower-girl, bare-footed and bare-armed, with a short scarlet petticoat and white bodice. She stood in a graceful attitude, with one round arm holding a bunch of flowering branches to her bosom, and the other lifted to steady the basket of flowers on her head. Her face was turned a little to one side, and her flowing dark hair half hid her profile from those two late comers; but they looked at her fascinated. How like, and yet how unlike! Of course it couldn't be that this tall, beautiful young lady was their little Grace, but how like! The curtain fell on that lovely vision, but the applause was so great that it had to go up again. And this second time the flower-girl had changed her position, and stood with her left arm up and her face turned to the right.

Scarcely had the curtain gone well up the second time, when a change seemed to pass over that beautiful form. A tremor took it, the eyes flashed with delight, the color in the cheeks suddenly deepened and flushed up over the forehead. Utterly forgetful of the audience, all of it but those two, she gave one doubtful look, then down slid the armful of flowers, away went the laden basket, scattering its fragrant burden over the stage, and the flower-girl, with a glad cry, sprang from the mimic garden, ran swiftly through the audience, and was clasped in the arms of her father and mother.

I leave you to imagine the scene, and the applause, for this broken tableau was considered the most successful one of the evening.



THE HOUSEKEEPER.

LOBSTER SOUP.—Extract the meat from the shells of four lobsters which have been boiled; put the spawn aside, beat the fins and small claws in a mortar; then place both in a saucepan, with two quarts of water, until the whole goodness of the fish has been drawn; then strain the liquor. Beat in a mortar the spawn, a lump of flour and butter; rub it through a sieve into the soup previously strained; simmer without boiling, that the color may be preserved, ten minutes; squeeze in a piece of lemon, with a little of the essence of anchovies. When the dish is sent to table as a feature, force-meat balls are served with it; they are made of minced lobster spawn, crumb of French roll, egg, and mace pounded; roll it in flour, and serve in the soup.

HOW TO CLEAN CURTAINS.—Nottingham lace curtains may be done up to look quite as good as new by the following process: Make a thin starch, and add, for each pair of curtains three cents' worth of gum arabic, six cents' worth of white glue, a tablespoonful of crushed or granulated sugar, and butter the size of a small plum. After the curtains are washed and dried, dip them in this starch; spread them out on the line; when dry dip and dry again, and then dip a third time. Then when they are partly dry, set large tables out of doors in the bright sun, cover with sheets, pin on the curtains and keep stretching them and changing the position of the pins till they are quite dry. Be careful to draw out every mesh to its original form, and to get the curtains even in length and breadth. If the sun is bright, this part of the work will last about an hour.

CURE FOR A FELON.—Sal ammonia size of a walnut, rock salt the same. A tumbler full of ice-water, put the sal ammonia and salt in the water; it will dissolve. Hold the felon in the mixture as long as you can bear it, five or six times a day or oftener, if it is a very severe one. One must use judgment according to the case. The mixture is poisonous. It is a German recipe.

LEATHER PRESERVATIVE.—The New England fishermen preserve their boots tight against water by the following method, which, it is said, has been in use among them above a hundred years. A pint of boiled linseed oil,

half a pound of mutton suet, six ounces of clean beeswax, and four ounces of rosin, melted and well mixed over a fire, also a little lamp-black. Of this, while warm, not so hot as may burn the leather, with a brush, lay plentifully on new boots or shoes, when they are quite dry and clean. The leather is left pliant. Fishermen stand in their boots, in the water, hour after hour, without inconvenience. It is also a good salve a basilicon.

CURE FOR DIARRHOEA DYSENTERY.—Tincture rhubarb, one and a half oz.; spirits camphor, one oz.; compound spirits lavender one half oz.; tincture opium (laudanum), one half oz. Dose for a child six to eight years, one teaspoonful three times a day; for a younger child, the dose may be smaller, for adults, larger.

METHOD OF MAKING LEMON BEER.—This is a cooling diuretic drink, and is very sprightly and pleasant in slow fevers, or in hot weather to the healthy. Into seven quarts of water, while boiling in a stone pipkin or pot (not in earthenware, which is all glazed with lead, nor in brass, copper or bell metal), throw three ounces of cream tartar, and boil it ten minutes; then pour the liquor upon the peels of three lemons and a pound of white sugar, in a stone pot, where let it remain twenty-four hours. It is then to be bottled for use and drank at pleasure.

FOR DESTROYING BUGS.—Dissolve half a dram of corrosive sublimate in a quarter of an ounce of spirit of salt, and mix it with one quart of spirit of turpentine, shake the whole well together, and wash all the places where the bugs are supposed to lodge, with a brush. The best time to use this, or any other means for the destruction of these noxious insects, is the latter part of March.

STONE CEMENT IMPERVIOUS BY WATER.—Take of unslacked stone lime reduced to a coarse powder one part, fine clean sand three parts, but no more than a laborer can well manage at once; add water gradually; mix it all well with a trowel, till reduced to a mortar or cement for brick or stone, or a plaster to walls. It requires five laborers, with trowels to serve the workman with the cement hot. It must be laid on in its hot state of effervescence.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A WONDERFUL DOG.—A gentleman in Oswego who has a dog valued in the family as a pet, relates a strange incident of the power to charm or fascinate, common to reptiles, but rather extraordinary among quadrupeds. Recently the kitchen girl saw this dog seated on his haunches with one forepaw lifted, eyeing a rat under a cupboard, in some room connected with the house. The rat also had his eyes fixed on the dog, and after watching them a few moments, the girl, thinking it strange, called some of the family, who, interested to see how this curious circumstance would turn out, came and stood quietly by. For half an hour these animals maintained the same position, being some six or eight feet apart. At the end of that time the rat, slowly and trembling with fear, began to approach the dog, their eyes still fixed on each other immovably. Continuing to creep up, when within a couple of feet, the dog sprung and catching the rat, quickly disposed of him. It was afterwards discovered that the hole in the wall through which the rat came was immediately back of where he was first seen. This occurrence is vouched for on the most reliable testimony, and is one of the most singular instances of "charming" on record.

A BLUNDER IN LANGUAGE.—A late traveller in Europe tells an amusing story about an American who, having entered a Parisian restaurant, could think of no French phrase in which to give his order. At last he stammered out, "*J'ai faim*," but pronounced the last words so that the waiter understood him to say, "*J'ai femme*," and supposing that he wished to wait for a companion, left him. After waiting a long time, seeing that the waiter did not seem disposed to attend to his wants, and thinking that he must have made some mistake in the grammatical construction of his sentence, the man rang again, and this time said to the waiter, "*Je suis faim*," pronouncing the last word *femme*, as before. The waiter stared in astonishment, and having surveyed the man from head to foot, hastened to the cashier, and assured him that the big-whiskered fellow at table No. 3 must be insane, "for he says he's a woman."

A SQUARE MILE OF LONDON.—A square mile in the east end of London, including the worst parts of Bethnal Green and adjoining neighborhoods, has been carefully explored,

with a view to ascertain what is done therein for the education of children. The number of these between the ages of three and twelve is 30,000, of whom about 11,000 get some kind of education. In an article on the subject, the *Times* points out that to provide proper school accommodation would cost £30,000, and require a rate of three and a half pence in the pound for sixty years; to which must be added the annual cost of instruction, or £15,000. How could such poor neighborhoods pay a rate sufficiently high to meet this outlay? A grave question; but here is the answer. In that square mile the sum spent on an average every year in the beer-shops and public-houses amounts to £450,000! If the people would save but one penny out of eight they now spend in drink, they could raise among themselves the money required for school buildings; and one penny in every twenty-eight would pay for the schooling. No appeals to government or to charity would then be necessary. Could a more striking illustration be presented of the power of the pence?

A FISH WITH LEGS.—Two species of newt are found in Australia—the common water-newt and the smooth-newt. These beautiful creatures may be found in almost every piece of still water, from ponds and ditches up to lakes. The full beauty of the newt is not seen till the breeding season begins to come on, and even then only in the male. At this time the green back and orange belly attain a brighter tint, and the back is decorated with a wavy crest, tipped with crimson. The newts are equally at home in water and on land, and in the latter case have often been mistaken for lizards. One of these animals, says a tourist, when taking a walk, alarmed an acquaintance of mine sadly. He was rather a tall man than otherwise, and did not appear particularly timid; but one day he came to me looking rather pale, and said that he had been terribly frightened. "A fish, with legs!" said he, "four legs! got out of the water and ran across the path in front of me! I saw it run!" "A fish with legs!" I replied; "there are no such creatures." "Indeed there are, though; for I saw them. It had four legs, and it wagged its tail! It was horrible! horrible!" "It was only a newt," I replied; "an eel. There is nothing to be afraid of." "It was the legs," said he, shuddering, "those dreadful legs. I don't mind getting bitten or stung, but I can't stand legs."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

MRS. GRIMES'S CHEESE.—Old Mrs. Grimes was remarkable for her economy. She never permitted anything to be thrown away that could possibly be converted into money. Her cheese was always sold in market, whether new or skimmed, rich or hard as an oaken chip. One afternoon, a company of farmers' wives were assembled at her tea-table, when among the many good things that graced her board was something having the appearance of sage cheese.

"I don't know as you can eat it," she said. "I had desp'rate bad luck with it this year; plaguy old sow; it looks just like sage, but 'tain't sage arter all; plaguy old critter. I don't know but I orter tell ye—plaguy old sow—if it didn't look so much like sage I wouldn't, but now I'll tell jest how it happened—plaguy old critter. The fact on't is, I got a hull painful of good nice white curd all salted, e'en most ready to put intew the hoop—plaguy old sow—and I set it outside in the sun, and don't you think the plaguy old critter come along and *stuck her old nasty snout right intew it, and rooted it all over.* I don't know as you can eat it; it looks jest like sage, but 'tain't."

SHORT COURTSHIPS.—A geologist, once travelling in a stage-coach in England, happened to sit opposite to a lady; glances were exchanged, and mutual admiration seemed to be the result. Eye language was soon exchanged for verbal conversation; after a few interchanges about fossils and petrifications, they began to talk about living subjects—from generalities to specialties—from the third person plural to the first person singular. Said the gentleman:

"I am still unmarried."

"So am I," quoth the lady.

"I have sometimes thought of marrying," said the former.

"So have I," the latter responded.

Then a pause ensued.

"Suppose," said the gentleman, "we were to marry one another—I would love and cherish."

"I," said the fair one, "would honor and obey."

In two days they were married. Few will admire such a precipitous courtship; it is altogether too short.

It is often said—suitors never take no for answer. The following story seems to verify the statement:

An Irish gentleman made overtures to a rich widow, who conceiving a violent antipathy towards him, his suit was rejected. But with this persistent swain, no—was no answer. To escape his persecutions, the lady was compelled to fly to England; but her lover soon discovered her at Bath, and became as assiduous as ever. At Cheltenham she was besieged in a like manner, and at length she sought refuge in Brighton. She had been but a few days settled on the Steyne, when she observed her obvious tormentor pass her window. He nodded to her with the familiarity of an old acquaintance. Resolved upon a desperate remedy, the lady sent her servant to request that he would favor her with an interview. He came; and, as soon as they were alone, she rehearsed the various persecutions she had received from him, and stated that she had sent for him to put an end to them forever.

"Now, sir," said she, taking up a Bible from the table, and kneeling while she raised it to her lips, with the greatest solemnity, "by virtue of my oath, I will never marry you!"

This she deemed conclusive; but not so with her lover; with admirable coolness he knelt beside her, and, taking the book from her hand, kissed it also, exclaiming:

"By virtue of my oath, madam, I was never certain of you until this moment."

The widow's heart was not invincible, it seems, for, as the story goes, she was led captive to the hymeneal altar in less than a calendar month.

RETALIATION.—We overheard a queer thing from a little fellow about six years of age, a short time ago. The subject of wedding cake had been introduced in the course of conversation, in which the father was taking a part.

"Father," said the little fellow, after having apparently reflected intently on something, "I shan't send you any of my wedding cake when I get married."

"Why so?" was the inquiry.

"Because," answered the little fellow, "you didn't send me any of yours."

"Donald," said a Scotch dame, looking up from the catechism to her son, "what's a slander?" "A slander, gude mitber?" quoth young Donald, twisting the corner of his plaid. "Aweel, I hardly ken, unless it be an ower true tale which one gude woman tells of anither."

MR. BLOW AND HIS UMBRELLA.



Caught in a shower.



The needed shelter.



A neat carom.



Pitching in.



The whirlwind.



Rum vs. water.

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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BILLIARDS.



CHAMPION BILLIARD VASE, OF ENGLAND.

Preeminent among the devices for amusement, that men have ever sought, is the game of billiards, which, like chess, backgammon or whist, has not the excitement and temptation of vice about it to allure the player to destruction. Billiards is a grave game, and those who engage in it are usually thinking people with mathematical minds, though they may not always know it, who work out problems in geometry and the higher mathematics on the billiard-table. Of course, those disposed may corrupt it to base uses, and bet upon it, thus rendering it open to objection from prudent people; but the objection cannot be fatal when it is known that men can bet or gamble with anything. They may even bet, in church, on the size or cost of a hymn-book, the compass of the organ, or the length of the sermon. Two, accustomed to bet, shut in-doors by the rain, bet on the drops that were trickling down the window-pane! Billiards, in themselves, neither suggest nor prompt anything of the kind. The betting proceeds from the innate disposition of the bettor, who is ready to take advantage of anything that will give him excitement. A billiard table in every house would be a valuable addition to the expedients that make home pleasant and attractive, and there are too few such. It is growing, however, common, and in our new architecture, a room is usually adapted for the billiard-table.

Thus much for billiards in their normal position as a source of amusement, but the game has grown to be a profession in large cities, and proficients who have acquired great skill in the play, pursue it as a means of livelihood. Public exhibitions are given, and championships instituted for the test of superiority, and whole communities are excited by the report of marvellous exploits with the cue. At these exhibitions the best people look on with the deepest interest, admiring the expertness and skill of the performers,

and marking the progress of the game with the deepest solicitude. There is none of the feverish excitement attending it that is felt by the spectator of a horse-race, the highest feeling caused being that of profound admiration for the triumph of nerve and brain. These exhibitions in the large cities of our own country have been frequent of late years, and some superb playing has been the result.

In the old country, especially at Paris, these exhibitions have been distinguished by great excellence of play, reports of which have reached us; and lately, in London, a champion match has been played that was marked by peculiar features, the prize of which was a vase of great beauty and value, a representation of which is herewith given. This vase cost \$600. It is of novel form, and is surmounted by the figure of Mercury. On one side of the body of the vase sits a figure of Victory or Fame, extending a laurel wreath in one hand, and offering a Maltese cross with the other. The body is richly embossed all over with moresque ornaments. One side is a bas-relief of a billiard-room—table, players and accessories—and a shield on the other side bears a suitable inscription. The whole is enriched by panel gilding and finishing, and the vase stands on an ebony pedestal, the total height being about two feet six inches. The champion who won this fine prize is Mr. W. H. Cook, a very young man, whose name we are pleased to present to our readers. He holds the vase until it is wrested from him by some more skillful competitor. A Maltese cross likewise accompanies the vase, which is to be held by the champion as a trophy.

The Albion enlightens us regarding the game of billiards as it is played in England, about which Americans have a very faint idea. It is generally known that it is played with three balls on a six-pocket table, but there the knowledge in nine cases out of ten ends. "If a hundred Americans," it says, "were asked in succession what their opinion of the English game was, they would probably say it was not nearly so scientific as their own game, because the opportunities for 'scratching' or 'fluking' were not so great. It is quite true that there generally is a great deal of 'fluking' in the English game, but the player suffers quite as often as he gains, as in the case of his adversary's ball going into a pocket, which leaves him only two balls to score with.

"But look at the four-ball game. How of-

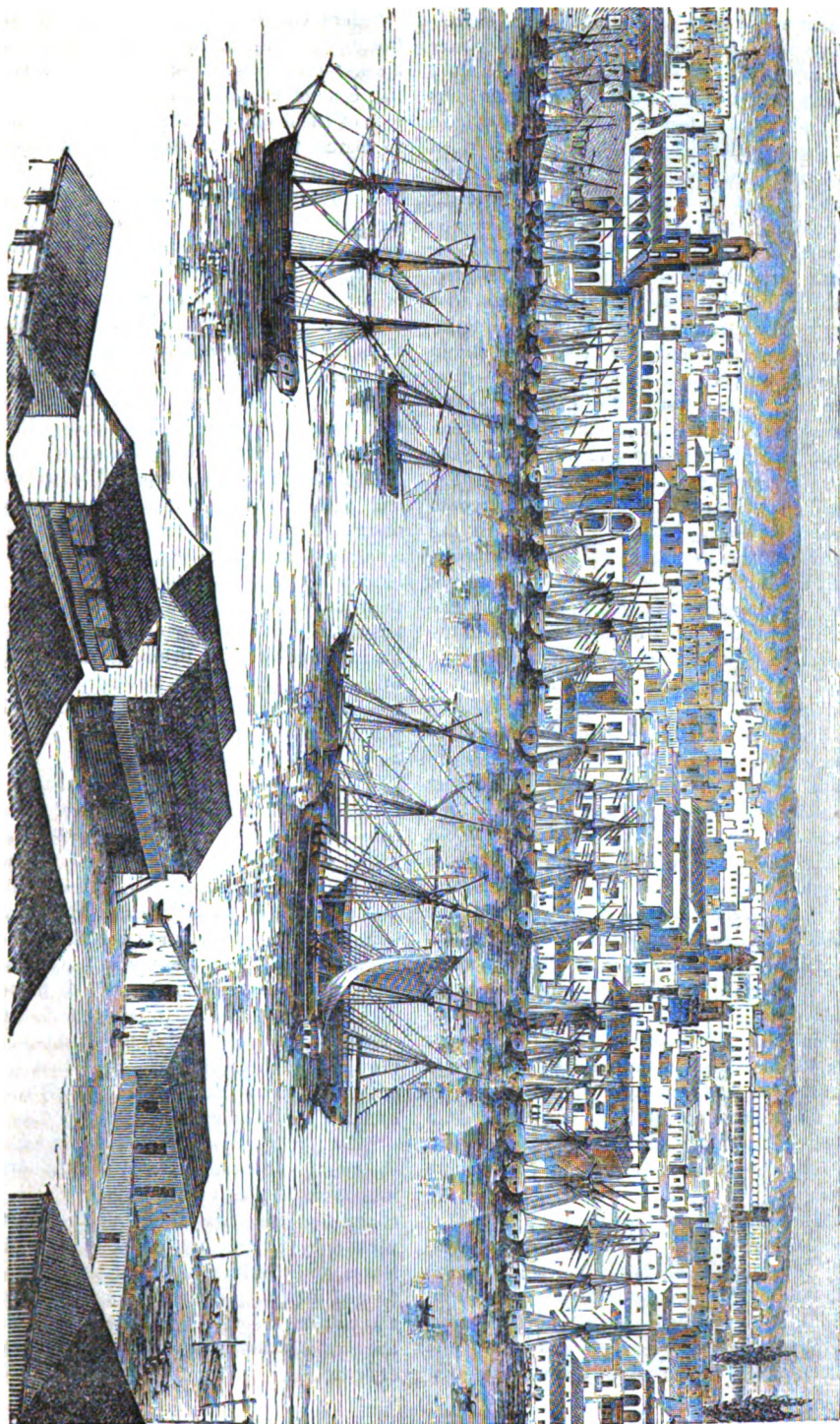
ten does a player make a carom upon one of two balls which are lying six or seven inches apart, not knowing beforehand which ball he would strike? What is this but 'fluking'? Then again the great charm of the English game is its variety. You have the losing-hazard, which is a term for pocketing the play-ball off one of the others; the winning-hazard, that is pocketing either the red ball or that of the adversary's and the carom. The losing-hazard is by far the most elegant part of the game. It is an error, and one that is frequently made, to suppose that the ordinary six-pocket tables used for playing fifteen-ball pool in this city are similar to those used in England. Any one who has been there knows that they are very different.

"The English tables are larger, being generally twelve feet by six. The pockets are much smaller, averaging about three and one-quarter inches in width at the fall of the slate, and the balls used vary from two to two and one-third inches in diameter, while in America they are generally about two and one-quarter inches. The cushions, too, are very different. They are not cut off square at the edge of the pocket, like American tables, but are rounded off, the effect being to make both winning and losing hazards more difficult, except in the middle pockets. All these circumstances tend to make the game a much more difficult one than it is usually supposed to be.

"And now a few words in reference to the 'spot-stroke.' All the great players in England with one solitary exception make this particular stroke their strong point. The reason is simple; they find it the most effective method of making long scores. Would-be critics are apt to say it is monotonous. For the sake of argument we admit this, and, in reply, would ask whether a 'nursery' of caroms in a corner of the table is not equally so? There is nothing to choose between the two in this respect. But what months and even years have to be spent in practising these spots! John Roberts, Sen., the first to institute this stroke, says that it took him many months of careful study before he could master the stroke sufficiently to be able to make it twenty times in succession.

"This is the great reason why amateurs never will be adepts at this, and, what is more, there are only three players in England who would be backed to perform it fifty times in succession, although there are, doubtless, those who could manipulate twenty or thirty."

THE CITY OF HAVANA.



For many months past the people of this country have watched the course of the revolution in the island of Cuba, in the hope that peace would soon be restored by the inhabitants receiving that liberty which they have so often wished for, have fought for, and many have died for. But the revolution has not advanced as fast as its friends could have wished. Independence seems no nearer than when the war commenced, and although we are told that recognition by our government would aid the cause, yet the fact is not so potent as it might be. We do not want war with Spain, for Spain treated us quite fairly during our struggles for existence, and now we must return the compliment by maintaining neutrality such as we contended for in the dark days of the Republic. But act as we may, Cuba is lost to Spain forever. Suppress one revolution, and another will break out. Garrote a leader, and others will take his place, until at last Spain will release her hold on the island, and Cuba will be free to seek her destiny as she pleases. In the course of time the island will be our property, but we can afford to wait for it. We cannot pay one hundred millions, or even ten millions. It must come to us by the will of the people, after they have tried a republic and find that conflicting interests make it a failure.

On the previous page we present our readers with a spirited picture of Havana, a city that is so well known for its commercial activity and importance, and on page 109 the Alameda de Paula, one of the most noted promenades and drives in the city. It is located on the edge of the harbor, seaward, so that vessels can lie very near to it. The dark steamer now moored, as seen in the picture, is one of the American gunboats. At the present time Havana is far from being a healthy place for Americans. The volunteers have a habit of shooting those whom they dislike, and the authorities are not powerful enough to restrain them. Yellow fever is also prevalent at this time of the year, and strangers are quite liable to its attacks, while those who are accustomed to the climate escape.

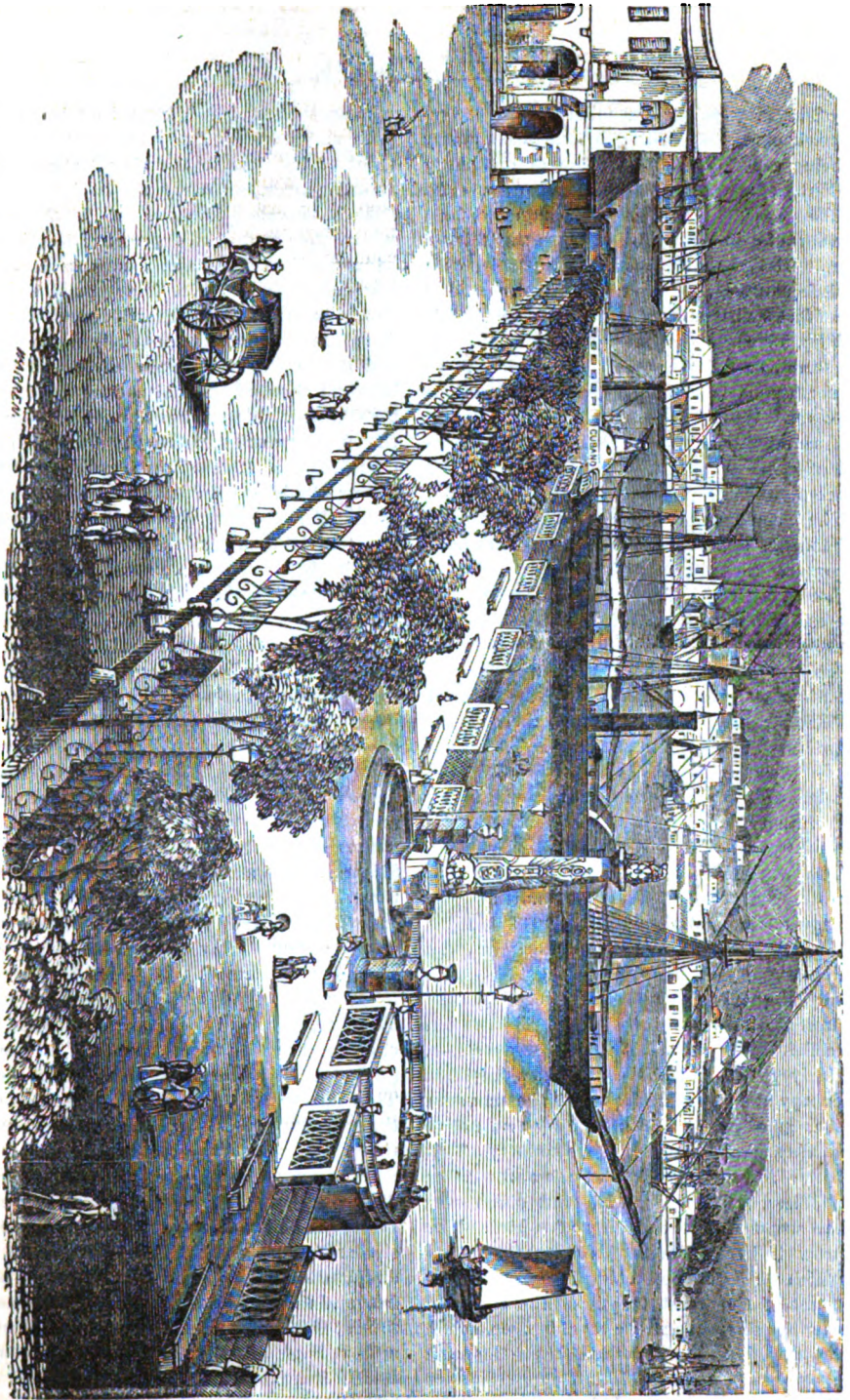
The winter is the time to visit Havana for pleasure or health. Then the climate is delightful, and the air is pleasant and at times bracing. Then amusements are fast and furious, and at the beginning of New Year a regular carnival ensues, and white and black mingle in dances and street masquer-

ade. A gentleman, who was in Havana last winter, thus describes what he saw in the shape of street fun:

"Here comes his sombre majesty King Congo, the oldest and blackest of all the blacks: the lawfully appointed sovereign of the colored community. It seems to form part of the drilling of his majesty's military to march with a tumble-down, pick-me-up step, for as each member of the corps moves he is forever losing his balance and finding his equilibrium; but whether on the present occasion this remarkable step proceeds from loyalty or liquor, I cannot say. In the rear of his Congo Majesty's officers are a crowd of copper-colored Amazons, in pink muslins trimmed with flowers and tinsel, who march trippingly in files of four, at well-measured distances, and form a connecting link with each other by means of their pocket-handkerchiefs held by the extreme corners. Each damsel carries a lighted taper of brown wax, and a tin rattle which she jingles as she moves. The whole procession terminates in a military band, composed of musicians whose hard work and little pay are exhibited in their uniforms, which are confined to buttonless shirts and brief unmentionables. Their instruments are a big drum, hand tambours, huge cone-shaped basket rattles, a bent bamboo harp with a solitary string, and the indispensable guiro or nutmeg-grater. There is harmony in this outline of an orchestra, let him laugh who may. No actual tune is there, but you have all the lights and shadows—the skeleton, so to speak—of a tune, and if your imagination be musical, that will suffice to supply the melody. The peculiar measure adopted in negro-drum music, and imitated in *La Danza* and in church chiming, has an origin which those who have a taste for natural history will do well to make a note of. There is an insect—I forget the name, but you may hear it any fine night in the wilds of a tropical country—that gives out a continuous croak, which exactly corresponds with this measure.

"Everybody and everything seem to follow the masquerade lead, the very furniture forming no exception to the rule: for the gas chandeliers are encased in fancy papers, the walls and pictures are adorned by tropical leaves and evergreens, the chairs are transformed into shapes of seated humanity, and the marble slabs of the little round tables are partially disguised in robes of glass and crystal."

THE ALAMEDA DE PAIZA, HAVANA.

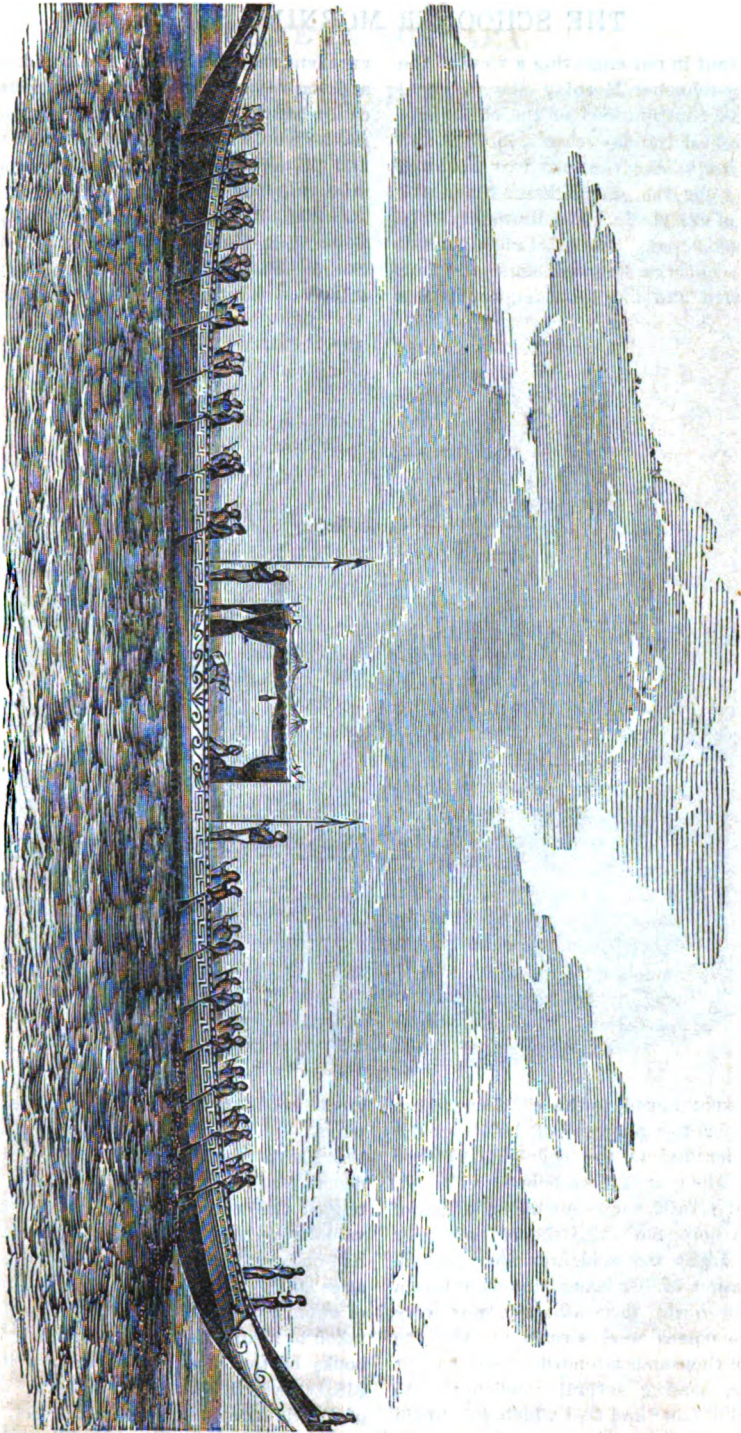


THE SIAMESE.

The Siamese are a peculiar people, the remarkable twins residing in our own country being especially singular though eminently double; a verbal paradox, however, only. The people of Siam, like their language, form a sort of connecting link between the Chinese and Malay. They are a dull people, with little education, no literature nor drama, and no history beyond the dry chronology of their king, for whose person they have the deepest reverence, regarding him as a deity, to be worshipped as such, and giving him absolute power. Wherein the Siamese are deficient as merchants or traders, the Chinese benevolently step in as "carpet-baggers," to do for them, and, of course, oftener "do" them. The people surrender their trade into the hands of their almond-eyed neighbors, and content themselves with building bamboo-houses with palm-leaf roofs, on the land if possible, but as often on the water, binding them to posts driven down to keep them from drifting away. In Bangkok, among the better classes, are exceptions to this style of habitation, and the temples of their deities are handsome and substantial. There are two kings in Siam. When the first one comes into power, a second, or "Wang-na," is chosen by the king to assist him in the administration of the government—a viceroy. The king of Siam keeps up a great deal of state, with his magnificent elephants and the august ceremonials of his court; but his barge is a thing in which he delights, the Siamese having decided aquatic tastes, like turtles, which they somewhat resemble. We present a view of this barge, as an illustration of this kingly taste. It is an elegant canoe, richly gilded and elaborately carved, with a canopy amidships, under which the monarch sits, guarded on either side by two native soldiers, in the costume of the country. This barge is propelled by thirty-two rowers or paddlers, and the graceful craft glides over the water with the facility of a bird. The prow is in the form of a serpent's head—which we have been obliged to omit on account of the great length of the cut—and over the stern hangs the royal banner, which the reader will have to imagine for the same reason. There is no intermediate rank or aristocracy betwixt the king and his people,

who are slaves to him alone, subservient to his pride and caprice. Every adult male owes a third of his time to the king. There is no standing army, but every able-bodied male is liable to be called into the field by the mere will of the chief. Some pretence is made to a navy, and there are at Bangkok scores of war-junks manned with heavy guns, but we should anticipate no great demonstration from the Siamese. Bangkok is the capital, and it is a city of between three and four hundred thousand inhabitants, one-third being Chinese. It stretches along both sides of the river Menam, some twenty miles from its mouth, and consists of three parts: the palace or citadel on an island surrounded by walls, where the sovereign resides, containing also temples and gardens; the city proper; and the floating town, composed of movable bamboo rafts, each having rows of eight or ten houses. A traveller thus describes this city: "Bangkok is a curiously built place; two-thirds of the houses are afloat, built with wood or rafts of bamboos about two feet high, which rise and fall with the flood and ebb-tide by wooden travellers, which work up and down long piles driven into the mud. Ships anchor in what we may call the streets, in from four to five fathoms of water, with houses close to them on either sides. The Siamese are of a dark-yellowish complexion; they have rather high cheek bones, with little or no beard; they are well built. Men, women and children shave their heads, with the exception of a small tuft which they allow to grow about an inch long on the top. Their large lips and teeth are red, caused by chewing the betel nut, tobacco and chunam, giving them rather a strange appearance. The Siamese are very fond of jewels, rings on their fingers, toes and ankles, bracelets, earrings, etc., which are in general gold and silver, though some wear large iron rings round the wrist and ankle. The women are rather masculine in feature, and being dressed similar to the men, it is rather difficult to distinguish one from the other." There are iron and tinware manufactories in the place, several leather establishments, boat-building, and weaving of coarse cloths. Siam enjoys free commerce with the world and is prosperous.

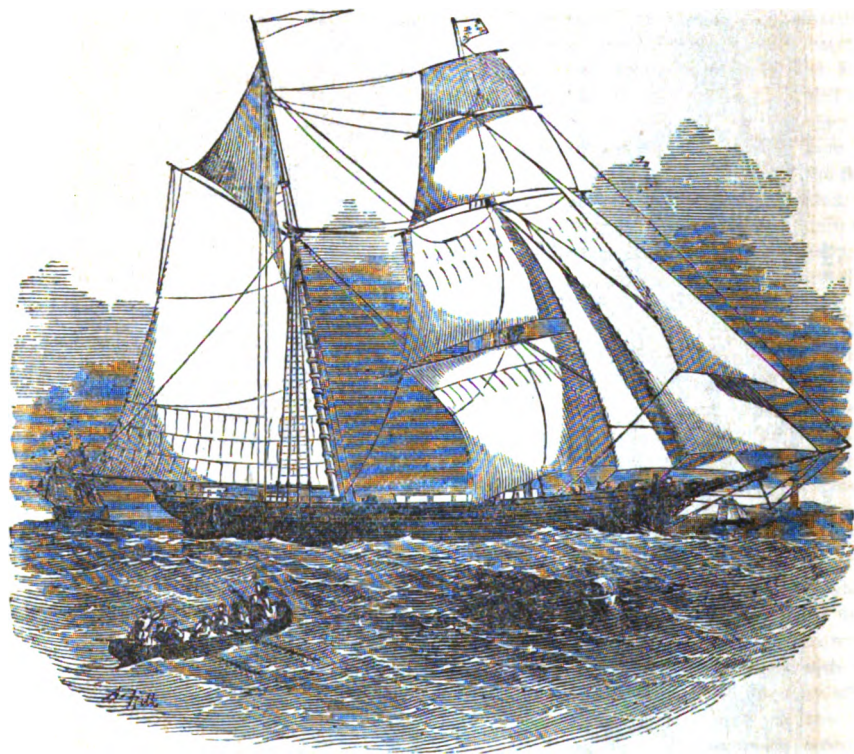
THE KING OF SIAM'S DARGE.



THE SCHOONER MORNING STAR.

We present in our engraving a view of the missionary schooner *Morning Star*, a vessel built by the contributions of the children of our evangelical Sunday schools, in 1866, and sailed on her mission the same year, freighted with good for the unenlightened and the blessings of everybody. The incident will be well remembered. About two thousand Sabbath schools contributed, and more than one hundred and fifty thousand certificates

excellent vessel, of about two hundred tons, and was designed as a medium of communication between the central missionary stations at the Sandwich Islands and the Marquesas and Micronesian Islands, carrying missionaries and supplies, mainly supported by the Hawaiian Board, but requiring a yearly appropriation of about \$5000 from the American Board. She made but one trip per year over that vast Southern ocean, and was doing



of stock were issued to the children, whose offerings for the purpose of building the vessel amounted to the aggregate of over \$25,000. The cost of the schooner, all found, was about \$27,000, towards which the sum of \$4000, in gold, for which the *old* schooner *Morning Light* was sold, was appropriated. The occasion of her being launched was a momentous one; the gathering was very large, the omens were auspicious, and the prayers of thousands attended her subsequent departure, bearing several missionaries to their field of labor and that which was to aid the missionary cause. She was a staunch and

great good; and the news that she was wrecked on one of the Micronesian Islands in the North Pacific, in October, caused a deeper feeling of regret than would have attended the loss of many a larger and more valuable vessel. She was a total wreck. She had on board, as passengers, several missionaries and a crew of some seventeen men, all of whom are reported saved. Precaution was taken to insure her, and she stands on the books of the State street underwriters for \$18,000, which, whatever may be the distrust of Providence indicated by the act, was a measure of judicious human wisdom.

A SCENE IN BOKHARA.

THE HOWLING DERVISHES.



Bokhara is the capital of Turkestan, a wide region of Central Asia, extending north and south between the possessions of Russia in Asia and Afghanistan in Persia, and east and

west between the Caspian Sea and Chinese Tartary. The great bulk of the people are of Turkish origin intermixed with the native tribes, but there are also Persians, Afghans,

and other races in less numbers. In all, the population numbers about 8,000,000, divided into a vast number of tribes—partly nomadic and pastoral, partly agricultural, and partly urban or settled. Their governments are patriarchal and despotic, and in religion the prevailing faith is the Mohammedan, the Koran being also the foundation of their laws and institutions. Paganism also prevails to a great extent. To excess of religious zeal we are indebted for the scene represented in our illustration of the "Howling Dervishes."

These fanatics excite the astonishment of travellers, at the exceedingly ludicrous peculiarity of their solemnity, though to the natives it is no more absurd than is the frenzy displayed at some of our civilized conventicles to the denizens of our own cities. We have the statement regarding them of Mons. Vambéry, a French traveller. Having strolled about the dusty and busy scenes of Bokhara for several hours, visiting its bazaars and temples, he begged his guide to lead him to some quiet retreat where he could enjoy a little repose. The guide thereupon led him to a beautiful park, in which there were some fine elm trees. But such a place for quiet and rest! In the shade of the trees were erected tea-booths and great tea-kettles as large as beer casks. Bread, fruit, confectionary and meats were exposed for sale on stands shaded by cane mats, and these were surrounded by numerous customers. The clatter of tongues filled the air, and as they entered the park, there were passing by, in their weekly procession, a number of dervishes. "Never," says he, "shall I forget that scene, when those fellows, with their high conical hats, fluttering hair and long staves, danced round like men possessed, shouting out, at the same time, a hymn, each part of which was first sung for them by their gray-bearded chief." Many in this vicinity, who read this, may recall scenes lately transpiring here—in doors, however, and participated in by well dressed and respectable people—of a character almost as extravagant, where a band of travelling Christian dervishes sang, and shouted, and clapped their hands, and indulged in genuflections almost equalling in extravagance those of the Turkestan "band." There is a large balance of personal sweetness, however, in favor of our own, for the Bokhara people do not look inviting, and the whole scene depicted resembles more a dance of witches than a religious ceremonial.

The scene depicted is one of interest, showing, better than many descriptions could, that the people of Bokhara love their ease and can appreciate the value of a breathing space outside of a big city; in this, very like the more civilized world. The climate is very hot in summer and very cold in winter, and the groups depicted, in their summerish aspect, are enjoying their tea with delightful gusto. The scene is exceedingly pleasant, that even the "dancing band" in front with their long staves and gourds cannot disturb.

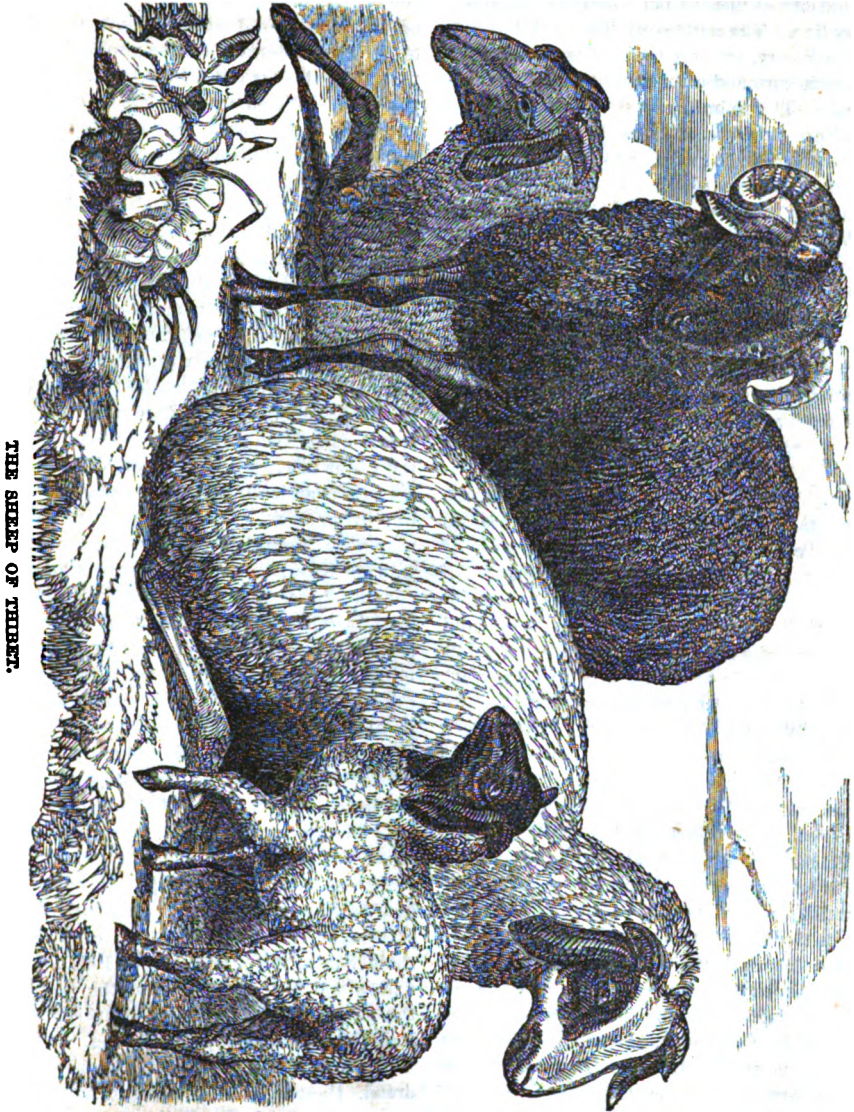
Bokhara is a pleasant and salubrious division of the country, most of the rest being sandy and parched. The tree most abundant is the poplar, which is used for house-building; but fruit trees are abundant, and orchards and gardens abound to a great extent in all the large cities. Bokhara, the capital, is a populous and important city. It is surrounded by a mud wall about eight miles in circuit, entered by eleven gates. The streets are extremely narrow and the houses small, which accounts for the resort to the park. The principal public edifices are the palace, on an elevation in the centre of the city and surrounded by a brick wall seventy feet high, and within the enclosure, besides the palace, are the vizier's residence, his public courts, the dwellings of several other grandees, and three mosques. There are altogether 380 mosques in the city, most of them small, upwards of 100 colleges, twenty-eight inns and sixteen principal baths. Here seems to be a wise regard for the souls and bodies of the people, but cultivated Mohammedanism is but refined ignorance and superstition, and differs from that of the dervishes but in degree. All the citizens are bigoted followers of the Prophet, and they would willingly put to death any European, as a religious sacrifice. The buildings are generally of sunburnt brick, and those of the wealthy are tastefully adorned. Bazaars are numerous, each being devoted to a single branch of business and the trade of the place is enormous. A canal, shaded by mulberry trees, intersects the city, but the intense heat of the summer dries it up for several months. There are some 150,000 people in the city of Bokhara.

The commerce of Bokhara as we said before is quite extensive, and the stranger who for the first time sees the streets devoted to trade, with their gay bazaars and the activity manifest, wonders at the novelty of the scene, which recall, by its picturesqueness, the stories of old genii romance.

INTERESTING ANIMALS.

The sheep of Thibet, from which the Thibet wool of commerce was and is obtained, but which has been greatly superseded by fine wools of less remote production, is an

for the care and expense of importation. The country where they are raised is one of the most elevated on the globe, being surrounded by lofty mountain chains, and is



THE SHEEP OF THIBET.

interesting member of the mutton tribe, and we are pleased to present the picture of a patriarch of the flock in the midst of his family. Efforts have been made to introduce them in England, with, we believe, poor success, the result hardly compensating

seldom, except in its lowest valleys, less than 10,000 feet above the level of the sea. The temperature of the northern portion of Thibet is as severe as that of St. Petersburg, and perhaps it is from the change of temperature that the imported Thibet sheep deteriorate.

rate so rapidly. Of the wool of this sheep the celebrated fabrics are made that hold so high a place in the markets of the world, though cloths sold for thibets here are, for the most part, but imitations from our own or European looms, the wool composing them being from the Saxony or French merinos. The imitations of thibet from American looms are very fine. The natives of Thibet, like those of Cashmere, are exceedingly ingenious in the manufacture and coloring of elegant woollen goods. The spinning and weaving of their choicest work is all done by hand, and it gives one a feeling of pain to know that even years of toil go to the formation of a single shawl or mantle that royalty is to wear.

Without any disrespect to the distinguished family before us, we may mention the recent importation, from Thibet into France, of the yak, or grunting ox, that it is hoped the importers may be able to rear. We have before us a description of this animal, the countryman of the sheep, that may interest the reader: "It is, scientifically termed *Bos grunniens*, because, instead of lowing, it emits a grunt scarcely audible. It is further remarkable as possessing a tail like a horse. This tail, under the name of *chourie*, is largely exported to India, for the purpose of driving away insects, or as ornaments of horses and elephants. In size, this ox resembles that of Brittany, but is shorter and stouter. The bulls are of several colors, but generally black or white, and so hairy that the fleece falls as far as the knee, and sometimes trails on the ground. Add to this a broad hump, and frequently curved horns, pointing forwards, and you have the portrait of an animal which at once arrested the attention when first seen in the garden of the Acclimatization Society at Paris. In proof of its fitness to become an inhabitant of Northern Europe, we may mention that Thibet forms the highest table-land in Asia, and that its southern and western frontiers consist of mountain chains, the peaks of some of which are the loftiest in the known world. The climate is frightfully severe, so that the pasture is extremely bad. And yet this is the *habitat* of an animal the domestication of which in Europe will be a really valuable accession to the much too restricted number of our domestic animals. . . . No attempt having been made to introduce this animal into England, we commend this statement of a writer to the consideration of individual proprietors, and of our great agricultural

societies: 'Among our domesticated animals, I do not know of one more suitable than the yak to inaccessible mountainous countries destitute of roads, and whose vegetable production is little favored either by the rigorous climate of high altitudes, or by backward agriculture, or by circumstances opposed to the rearing of animals. The yak can, in my opinion, be reared at elevations where no other beast of burden can be profitably multiplied, and this for the saddle, or the plough, or a load.' We sum up its good qualities by stating that the yak is remarkably fitted for a country with hills and rough roads, in consequence of its singular sureness of foot. In fact, this cow with a horse's tail is in this respect the rival of the mule. Its qualities as an animal for the dairy are considerable, its milk being rich in albumen and caseine."

But we return to our muttons, and simply introducing them, in print, to the reader, we pass on to present a couple of bovines of valuable breeds, an "Ayrshire" and a "Halton" short-horn bull. They are very fine specimens of the masculine representatives of the genus cow, and will be viewed with interest by our agricultural readers who believe in improving stock. The specimen represented may have grazed beneath the shadow of the walls of Kirk Alloway, and may be a descendant of those subject to the "ploughman bard," lang syne. The "Halton" short-horn is also a noble creature, whose portrait denotes having intelligence to a remarkable degree. We venture to say that in an argumentative encounter, in a lane, he could maintain his position triumphantly, and the boldest disputant would yield all points in the discussion to him with as few words as possible. Members of the Bull family are somewhat distinguished in several relations. We find them actors of much power on Spanish boards, where they take a role greatly to the satisfaction of their auditors, even losing their lives in the attempt; Ole Bull has won a deep and lasting hold upon the people by the power of his genius as a musician; the Papal Bull, at times thundering from the Vatican at Rome, has shaken the world with dread, though why we never could exactly understand; and the Bulls of the Broker's Board toss on their gory horns those caught "short" in the operations of the "ring." The Irish Bull is also prominent in the bull family, though his nationality is sometimes not so apparent. We regret that we have but two specimens to offer as illustrations,

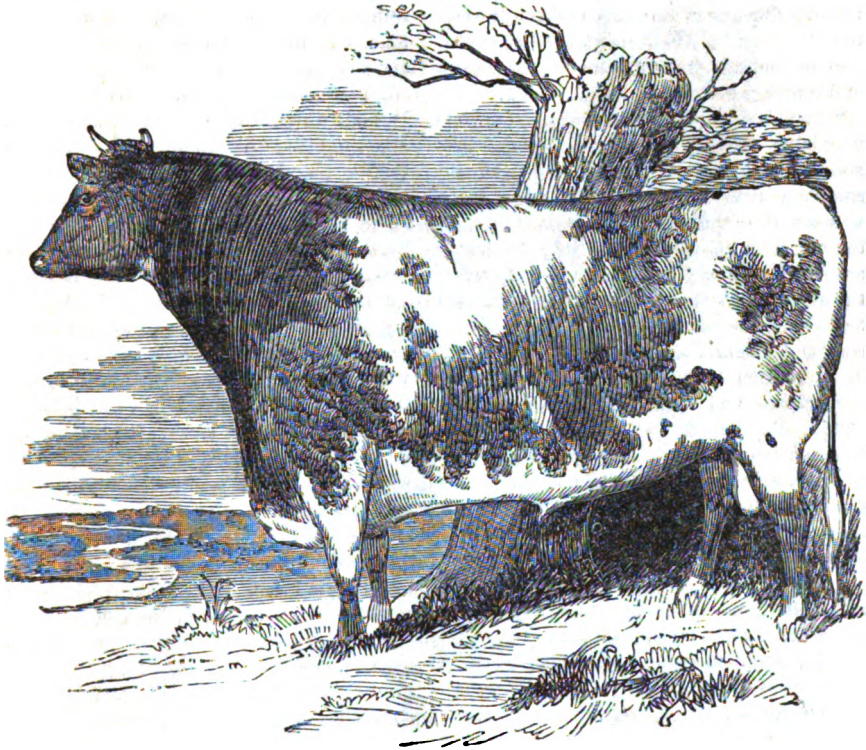
though these may be called noble representatives.

Akin with these members of the bovine family, and which we may speak of in this connection, is the buffalo—not the bison which occupies our western reservations, but the India, and South Africa or Cape buffalo. Mr. B. H. Hodgson, an English writer upon zoology of much distinction, writes thus, concerning the former, dividing them into two families, the wild and the tame:

"The arna, or wild buffalo, inhabits the

and is of such power and vigor as by his charge frequently to prostrate a well-sized elephant. It is remarkable for the uniform shortness of the tail, which does not extend lower than the hock, for the tufts which cover the forehead and knees, and lastly for the great size of its horns. They are uniformly in high condition, so unlike the leanness and angularity of the domestic buffalo even at its best."

"The arna variety is known to naturalists as the *bos arna*. Its horns, which grow out



AN AYRSHIRE BULL.

margins rather than the interior of primeval forests. They never ascend the mountains, and adhere, like the rhinoceros, to the most swampy sites of the districts they inhabit. There is no animal upon which the ages of domesticity have made so small an impression as upon the buffalo, the tame being still most clearly referable to the wild ones, frequenting all the great swampy jungles of India. . . . The wild buffalo is fully one-eighth larger than the largest tame breeds, measuring ten and one-half feet from snout to tail, and six or six and one-half feet high at the shoulders,

horizontally from either side of a flattened frontal bone, rise in a regular crescent upward and backward until near the point, when the tips, which are nearly equidistant with the bases, turn slightly forward. The bases of the horns, which are flattened and deeply corrugated in irregular rings through three-quarters of their length, and smooth only at the points, often measure each upward of eighteen inches in circumference, while their length, taken along the outer curve, has been known to exceed five feet in either horn, and to include a distance of ten

feet from tip to tip. In no respect does it differ from the bison more than in its covering, which consists of smooth, short, thin hair, resembling the bristles of a hog more than the coat of the ox family. It is much addicted to wallowing in the mud, is a fierce and vindictive animal, and in its native jungles is more than a match for the Bengal tiger, which never dares to attack it unprovoked. This buffalo was introduced into Egypt, Greece and Italy during the middle ages. Its great strength makes it peculiarly adapted for draught; its milk is good, its skin highly valued, but its flesh is much inferior to that of the ox. It is a singular fact that it prefers marshy and even malarious places and coarse plants.

"The *Caffer* or Cape buffalo of Africa has very large, black horns, placed close together and flattened at the base, broad, rough, and sinuously ringed, covering the whole front with a sort of horny helmet, with a smooth tip curved upward and inward. Its horns are more horizontal in position than those of the arna, which are sometimes elevated two feet above the frontal bone. It has pendant ears and dewlap, skin with dark stiff hairs about an inch long, and though of massive proportions and extremely ferocious, has neither the height nor the activity of its Indian congener. Neither species have either hump or mane, which at once distinguishes them from the bison. The Cape buffalo is a native of all South Africa; it congregates in immense herds, but the old bulls, which become quite gray and are often almost destitute of hair, sometimes adopt solitary habits, when they grow very morose and savage, attacking both men and animals in mere wantonness, killing, trampling and kneeling on the carcasses and crushing them with their massy horns and frontlets, until every bone is broken. Gordon Cumming, in his South African wanderings, gives many accounts of this powerful and savage brute, which has not, however, the power of defending himself against the lion, as his Indian relative has against the tiger, but, on the contrary, often falls a prey to him by open attack. This animal also delights to wallow in the mire, like a hog, and when heated by hunting, plunges into the first water-pool, in which he wholly submerges himself, allowing only the extremity of his muzzle to protrude among the water plants and floating leaves of the nymphææ. All travellers dwell on the loud bellow which he utters in the death

agony. There is an Indian wild bull, little known, which appears to be intermediate between the bison and buffalo. General Hardwicke and Captain Rogers describe it as a genuine bull, neither bison nor buffalo; but Major Walter Campbell, the author of the '*Old Forest Ranger*,' who gives a full description of this rare animal, which he calls the jungle *roolgha*, makes it clearly a bison. From the character of its horns, which resemble those of the Cape buffalo in form, though they have not the horny helmet over the brow, and of its hump, supported by hump-ribs, and of its mane, it is presumed that, on further investigation, it will be elevated into a distinct genus."

The American bison, though called the buffalo, differs much from the foregoing. His peculiar distinction is the hump over the fore shoulders, which is oblong, diminishing in height as it recedes, so as to give considerable obliquity to the line of the back. This hump, by the way, is esteemed a great luxury by the Indians, who cook it by sewing it up in the hide, singed and denuded of hair, and bake it in an earth oven, wherein a fire has been previously kindled, and over which a second fire is kept burning during the process. It is a very delicious dish. The eye of the bison is black and brilliant; the horns are black and very thick near the head, whence they curve upward and outward, tapering rapidly towards the point. The physiognomy of the bison is menacing and ferocious, inspiring terror, but he is really a most pacific and inoffensive animal. He changes the fashion of his coat twice in a year, and his caudal appendage seems ridiculously inadequate for the fly period. When bisons travel they go in vast herds of thousands and tens of thousands.

Another family to which the reader's attention is directed, is the Long-Eared Rabbit, very beautiful in their furry mantles and of a kind seldom met with. This variety is imported, but we have no means at hand of saying from whence. He is, however, one of those sports of nature that we find in all departments of natural history, where there are numerous varieties of kinds, though they all bear the same main characteristics. The rabbit is supposed to have originated in Spain, from which he found his way over the world. Though resembling the hare, he is not to be confounded with it, as a deadly feud exists between the two races, and they never meet without fighting. This lop-eared specimen,

that forms the subject of our illustration, is much larger than the common varieties, and is content to accept his living without burrowing, as is the habit of the rabbit in its natural state. The flesh of the present variety is also much sweeter and tenderer than that of the common kinds. Rabbits are easily domesticated, and the care of them forms a source of great amusement to young lovers of pets, who find in their "Bunnies" a pretty field for the

whom the flesh is a delicious morsel. Rabbit-hunting is a great sport in the old country, and our own country villages in winter are enlivened by hunting bounts, with this animal for their object. We heard of a man, who, bit with the love of hunting, moved in from one of these ruralities, bringing a hound with him, who was wont to boast of his success as a rabbitist, till there was not a "puss" within a mile of him, his last quarry being a

A HALTON SHORT-HORNED BULL.



development of their affection. The rabbit is very prolific, it being estimated that in four years a single pair of rabbits would be the progenitors of one million and two hundred and fifty thousand! They begin to breed at the age of six months, having several litters in a year and five to eight at the same time. Rabbits live eight or nine years, and their excessive increase is neutralized by the attacks of enemies in many forms, man included, to

big gray fellow, with green eyes, upon a fence that refused to yield, and escaped over a shed into the yard beyond! Some thought he meant cats, but they were all rabbits to him and the dog. The native gray rabbit is found everywhere from Maine to Florida. It frequents the piny woods, and its singular triple tracks are seen, after a light snow, in every direction. It feeds in winter on the buds and green twigs; in summer it comes out from

its home among the rocks and trees at night to visit clover and cornfields, doing much injury to the farmer; also vegetable gardens, and nurseries of young trees, that it affects. All varieties are partial to garden sauce, and

tleman of the Hibernian persuasion, who, on first seeing a jackass, protested that he had seen the great grandfather of all the rabbits! We suppose the "Welsh rabbit" may not be admitted into the lists of varieties, but to our



LONG-EARED RABBITS.

the artist represents the subjects of our illustration engaged in a dinner of such "herbs." There is a species in Texas called the "jackass rabbit," from its exceeding length of ears, being some five inches long, that suggests to us the anecdote of the gen-

taste it is better than any bearing the family name, and requires less care in producing it. The burrow where it makes its home is very intimately associated with human affection, and the gourmand takes it willingly to his heart, or where his heart is admitted to be.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

PART SECOND.

CHAPTER IV.

THERE had been one of those light summer showers that bring out the woodland scents and add softness to the landscape and freshness and purity to atmosphere. A long low bank of dun lay along the east, but the west was gorgeous with crimson and amber pillars, rising in fluted domes and arches half way up to the pale cool blue zenith.

All day long, through the heat and languor, Winifred Lester had sewed steadily on the dress she was making for Miss Alicia Montgomery. The Montgomerys never did any of their own sewing, though they needed the money paid for it nearly as much as those who did the work; but none of the Montgomerys, from the prince down, had ever done anything so vulgar as to be their own seamstresses, and the present representatives of the family were resolved to sustain the family credit at any cost.

As I said, Winifred had worked steadily all day, but there was something so fresh and attractive in the earth, and air, and sky after the shower, that she folded up her work and laid it away in the little spare room.

"I am tempted above what I am able," she said, with a gay little laugh; "that brook has been calling 'Winnie' this half hour. I will put the finishing touches to Miss Alicia this evening."

A clump of fleur-de-lis, half hidden by the silvery spray of the little mountain rivulet, swollen by the rain to quite a respectable torrent, lifted their blue cups to the blue sky in beautiful serenity.

"They look as if they were frosted with silver," she cried, pausing and looking down at them. "I wish I had one, they are such brave little blossoms, looking so cheerfully up to the sky, however dark and damp the place they are put in."

She drew back the pretty blue muslin from about her feet, and leaned forward to reach one of the blossoms, when a pair of strong arms suddenly lifted her from her feet and set her back.

"Let me get it for you, Winnie. You deserve to have it, it is so like you, so like what you just said of it, are you, my darling?"

"Why, Arthur! how you startled me!" she cried, with a soft laugh. "But I am so glad you came; isn't the world lovely, to-night?"

"I suppose so—yes," he replied, absently. Then catching her hand and wringing it till she almost cried out with the pain, he said, abruptly, "Winnie, if I went away out of your life forever would you not be happier?"

"Happier?" she asked, in a strange frightened tone, happier without *you*? O Arthur!"

He held the hands closer—so close that the pretty finger-tips grew purple with the fierce pressure.

"Winnie, listen to me—" how strange and hollow his voice sounded—"I have promised my father to go to California for two years. I am only a sorrow and disgrace here."

"Arthur?"

"Hush, dear, I know," he interrupted. "I know that I am a sorrow to even you, and this, more than anything else, has decided me to go. And now, Winifred, I want you to tell the truth—the solemn truth before Heaven—will it not be better for you if I never come back? I have been looking at myself this afternoon, and I see how I have brought you only pain, and sorrow, and shame—O my little Winnie!"

He dropped her hands and turned suddenly away.

A pair of soft arms were round his neck instantly, a little tear-wet face pressed against his.

"Arthur, when I gave you my love it was for all time, and under all circumstances. You cannot kill it, for it is immortal—as immortal as the God who put it in my heart. But, Arthur," her voice faltering a little, "if you think it is best for *you* that I give you up, I will do it."

"Best for me! Winifred Lester, do you know that your love is my only anchor in life? I will not tell you what a reckless fellow I expected—yes, knew and *meant* to be, if you cast me off, and said that you would be better without me. I never intended to come back; but Winnie, *now!* now, my precious Winnie, if only you will trust me, and have patience with me, I *will* be a man, yet. I may fail—you may hear hard things of me—

but I *will* try, my darling, only trust me and love me, even if I slip back sometimes. You will promise me this, my little girl?" his voice full of pleading, passionate entreaty.

"I will love you, and trust you, and believe in you, though the whole world turn against you; even if you turn against yourself, I will have faith in you still," she answered solemnly, a steady luminous glow lighting her eyes and her uplifted face.

"And I, Winifred, with God's help, will some day be deserving of it," he answered, gravely. "It may be years—for I will never come to you until I know myself to be worthy of your love—it may even never be, one cannot count on his own life, but somewhere, at sometime, darling."

"Arthur," she interrupted, "I will wait for you as long as I stay in this world, and if I go to another before we meet, I will wait for you there."

The sunset lights faded and went out, and the stars came out in the dusky blue of the summer sky, before Winnie Lester came back to the house, where her mother waited impatiently, half angry at her pretty daughter for walking back and forth in the dusk and dew a good hour and a half with "that young Huntington."

"You have got your death, as like as not, Winifred, out there this damp night," she said, in a severe tone.

"No, mother, I guess not," Winnie said, quietly, coming and hanging up her hat.

Mrs. Lester looked up in the girl's face.

"Winnie," she said, looking at her more searchingly, "you have been crying, my child."

"Yes, mother," smiling ever so faintly.

"What has he been doing now?" in a vexed tone.

"Mother, Arthur is going to California to be gone—well, years, perhaps. He leaves tomorrow morning for New York," she said, slowly.

"Thank Heaven!"

"Mother?"

"Well, you know it's best, dear," she said, putting out her hand and taking the little limp, nerveless fingers in hers, tenderly. "You are young, and you will soon forget this troublesome affair—it's been a trouble all the way through—and it will be so much better for you."

"What will be better for me?"

"Why; to be done with him, of course."

"But I have not 'done with him,' as you

call it," lifting her eyes resolutely to her mother's face.

"But, Winifred, you are not going to keep yourself bound to him for years?" she asked, in half-vexed half-anxious tone.

"So long as we both shall live," Winifred said, smiling.

"But, what is the use, child? You know what he is, and it's not likely he'll ever be any better," Mrs. Lester said, argumentatively.

"I think he will be better, mother."

"And what can you do to help him?" she asked, impatiently.

"I can pray for him, mother," she said, softly.

Mrs. Lester said no more, it was no use. As soft, and slight, and childish as she looked, Mrs. Lester knew that her girl was firm as a rock where her mind was made up.

After her mother had gone to bed Winnie sat down to Miss Alicia's dress.

"I'm not sleepy, mother," she said, with a bright little smile; but by-and-by, after her mother had fallen asleep, and only the monotonous ticking of the clock broke the lonely silence of the little hill cottage, the bright smile faded out of the pretty dusky-blue eyes, and something soft and warm, and wonderfully like tears, fell in among the soft gathers of Miss Alicia's rose-colored barege.

Affairs at Chestnut Villa moved on quietly and smoothly after Arthur's departure. Grace had felt badly at parting with her brother, for she was passionately attached to him; but it was the only way for him, and she was only too thankful that he had chosen to go to California, for with his hot temper and her father's taunting words, she had feared he would take the alternative, and go headlong to destruction.

"There is one bright side to it," she said, to her mother, when they talked it over, "it will take him away from the influence of that Lester girl, who will probably marry some one else long before he gets back."

Ah, Grace Huntington, if only you knew what the "influence of that Lester girl" was to him, you might pray that she would not "marry long before he got back," more earnestly, even, than for his life.

Mr. Edmund Gates had become fairly domesticated at Chestnut Villa; even Mr. Huntington himself seemed less at home in his elegant mansion and fine grounds than his gentlemanly and agreeable partner. Fred Montgomery had tried in vain to put him down by an assumption of superiority. Mr.

Gates would not be put down. By-and-by it occurred to him that Gates was more attentive to Grace than there was any real necessity that her father's partner should be. It looked foolish—to him—to see a man of forty, as Mr. Gates admitted that he was, idling away the long twilight on the piazza with Grace Huntington, when he should be in the house reading the daily paper or talking business or politics with her father, as befitted much better a man of his years. Once or twice he had endeavored to hint as much to Grace, but his efforts in that direction had met with signal failure, so far as remedying the evil went. If he was really engaged to Grace, why he would put a stop to it, he said; but there were certain considerations, aside from the lady's coyness, that came in to hinder such a consummation. To use a vulgar phrase, Mr. Frederic Montgomery was "on the fence." There was at Fonda—a town a score or so of miles below—a Miss Georgia Castlereagh whom his sisters were very anxious he should marry. Of course there was no doubt but that he could marry her if he chose; he never was troubled with misgivings on that score in relation to any lady. Miss Castlereagh's claims to the Montgomery favor were "family" claims. In this respect she went beyond them. Her grandfather had been a real lord—Lord Castlereagh. But unfortunately the family estates had dwindled down to such meagre proportions that his lordship was utterly unable to see them at all on the other side of the water, and acting on the theory that "distance lends enchantment to the view," embarked for America, that very democratic country, which has such a superb disdain for titles, etc., and which, under no circumstances, is supposed to "bend the knee to royalty," or have so much as the faintest longing for baronetcies, earldoms, etc. Strangely enough, and altogether unaccountably, Lord Castlereagh became a lion of the first water immediately it became known that he *was* a lord. I have no reliable and direct information whether he was, or was not a gentleman; I only know that he was a lord; it was the only circumstance I ever remember hearing particularly mentioned in respect to him. Possibly he had other merits, but no others have been handed down to posterity. His son, James Castlereagh, "degenerate son of an illustrious sire," so far forgot his high estate as to engage in the butter and cheese business—became, in fact, a *cheese-*

monger; amassing a moderate fortune in the business, which fortune Miss Georgia inherited, having been several years an orphan. So much for the genealogy of the Castlereaghs.

Coming down to the present date, Miss Georgia Castlereagh was a rather pretty, modest, unpretentious young lady of two-and-twenty, living very quietly with a widow lady named Elroy, who had, beside Miss Castlereagh, three or four other boarders.

Between Miss Castlereagh and Grace Huntington young Montgomery had vibrated these two years. He was in a delightful state of uncertainty as to which he should eventually favor with his hand and the Montgomery name. Personally, he inclined to Grace, but her grandfather was not a lord! On the contrary, it had been hinted that Mr. Huntington's fortune was rather of the shoddy type, and that fifteen years ago he was only an agent in the business he now owned. But nevertheless the fact of the fortune remained. It was constantly increasing, too; whereas Miss Castlereagh's was as constantly decreasing. This was too weighty an item to be lightly ignored.

There was a family council called, and the arguments pro and con duly discussed, the bones of poor old Lord Castlereagh kicking the beam, metaphorically speaking, when put in the balance with the great carriage manufacturer's gold, thereby proving that even the best blood is not above the common weakness.

"I think you might venture to mention your sentiments to Miss Huntington, Frederic," his mother said, condescendingly. "She is very stylish-looking, and matches your air of *savoir-vivre* delightfully."

Accordingly, armed with the family sanction, in addition to his own inclination, young Montgomery came up to Chestnut Villa one sultry August evening on thoughts of love intent. To his infinite disgust Gates and Grace were practising duets, and he had only an opportunity to play the part of looker-on in silence, instead of being the principal in a charming little sentimental drama, as he had confidently expected. If it had not been vulgar—and terribly warm—he would have got in a passion. As it was he went home early, resolved to come again the next morning, while Mr. Gates was absent attending to his business.

Mr. Gates's attentions to Grace had been of such a quiet unobtrusive character, so

friendly and natural, that she had received them more freely and unreservedly than she often did the attentions of gentlemen. His age was in his favor—he seemed more like a father, or a calm elderly friend, than a lover, and the possibility of his being such had never occurred to her until the evening just mentioned, and after Montgomery had taken his departure.

The duets had been abandoned, and she had gone out on the piazza a moment before going up to her room for the night. Her father was deep in some sort of business account, she saw by looking into the back parlor, as she came round the corner of the piazza. Her mother she left in the drawing-room with Mr. Gates. The soft feathery panicles of the clematis gleamed like frosted silver in the moonlight, and stepping softly from the piazza she went down the whitely-gravelled walk to the arbor. How still and sweet the air was, there! How royally the full moon rode through the dusky sapphire of the drooping skies! Did it look down as brightly on *him*, she wondered, her thoughts involuntarily going out to the dear exile, her bright, haughty face softening and saddening. It was time they heard from him; he had promised to write to her at the first opportunity, and certainly there had been opportunities before this.

A leisurely step broke the soft silence, and looking up she saw Mr. Gates almost beside her. A little involuntary feeling of annoyance came over her; she did not want her thoughts broken in upon.

"I hope I am not intruding," he said, perhaps noticing her scarcely-perceptible coolness. "I will go away immediately if I am."

She would not be rude, she thought, and so she smiled and said he was not intruding as she knew.

"I am glad," he said, in a low tone. "A man doesn't like to be expelled from Eden, especially if his Eve is left behind."

"But this is not Eden—"

"It is to *me*," he interrupted, meaningly.

"The moonlight has turned your brain," she said, rising, "and for fear that I may suffer a like catastrophe I shall seek the shelter of the house immediately."

"Grace—Miss Huntington, have I driven you in?" he asked, hastily.

"You, Mr. Gates?" she asked, in a tone of cool surprise.

"Pardon me for being so presumptuous as to suppose anything I could say or do would

influence you in any way," he replied, stepping back for her to pass.

She went by him without looking up or speaking, but the moonlight showed him the fiery crimson of her cheeks. He smiled as he watched her walk away with a proud, even step, and regal air.

"The game promises to be rather exciting," he said, languidly. "Ah well, so much the more gratification in the winning;" and leaning against the arbor he drew out his cigar-case and leisurely lighted a cigar. There was not the faintest trace of annoyance or disappointment on the white clear-cut face. Instead, there was an expression of satisfaction which the circumstances did not appear to warrant.

In the meantime Grace had gained the house and gone directly to her room, where, in strong contrast to the careless, *insouciant* air of Mr. Gates, she paced the floor in angry vexation.

"*'His Eve!'* how dare he!" she cried, feeling the blood rush to her forehead and temples in a hot angry flood. "'Eden,' indeed! Isn't it possible for a woman to treat a man pleasantly and cordially without his believing it a license to talk sentiment to her? Possibly he thought I expected it, and was angling for it. I fancy he knows better now;" and a little relieved by the thought she prepared to retire, but the angry fire still burned in her face, flaming up more brightly when she heard him come in humming a song they had sung together that night.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Frederic Montgomery called at Chestnut Villa, agreeably to his resolutions, and asked for Grace, he was informed by her mother that she had not been down that morning, and was quite ill with a headache. But perhaps she would see him, she would ask her.

He walked up and down the room while she was gone, more discomposed than he had ever been in his life. Possibly it was owing to the momentous question he had come to ask—possibly the fear that she would not see him, and just barely possible the thought that she might refuse him; though this was not likely the cause of his disturbance. No girl in her sober senses would be likely to refuse an alliance with the house of Montgomery.

"Mother informs me you would like to see

me," said a quiet cool voice, almost at his elbow.

He started suddenly; how came she there?

"These women go about so noiselessly in their velvet slippers," he said, by way of apology.

"Pray sit down, Mr. Montgomery; I believe you are nervous," she said, placing a chair with a ridiculous show of anxiety. "I did not know anything ever disturbed your equanimity."

"I believe nothing does yours," he retorted, with a faint show of temper.

"Possibly; we will not quarrel about it," she replied, sitting down at the window.

The clear sunlight fell in across her face, showing a slight contraction of pain about the forehead and eyes.

"You are not well, Grace," he said, coming and standing before her. "I am sorry I came this morning, for I wanted to say something important to you."

"Something important? Pray say it then, by all means, it will be such a novelty," she said, with an air of grave eagerness. "I am sure I don't know how long it is since I heard anything of importance."

"I suppose you have long seen that I have regarded you."

"O yes," she interrupted, "I have long seen—go on."

"I will not be silenced by your ridicule, Grace Huntington," he exclaimed, with rising color. "I came here to ask you to be my wife, and I *will* not be turned from my purpose."

"Certainly not; but there is no need of one's losing their temper, if they do their heart. You can go on now," nodding patronizingly.

It was no use to get angry, it only gave her the advantage; and so controlling his annoyance as best he could, he proceeded;

"I have liked you a long time."

"Ah!"

"And I have come to the conclusion," he went on, without heeding her interruption, "to ask you to be my wife."

"Yes, so you said before," she replied, serenely.

"Grace, will you marry me or not?" he cried, hotly. It was so exasperating to listen to her cool interruptions.

"O, well, you have asked me at last. It is rather an important matter, I am ready to admit. What do your mother and sisters think about it?"

"They approve of my choice," he answered, a little pompously.

"Happy young man?" she exclaimed, in a congratulatory tone.

"Grace, will you be serious? Or am I too late, and has your flirtation with old Gates"—he forgot his good breeding, then, but one does sometimes when he is angry—"ended in something serious?"

A fierce fiery red surged up to her forehead. Had she been guilty of this thing she so utterly despised? Perhaps so, or he would not have dared to say what he had to her. Well, here at least was an escape. It had been rather an expected thing that she should marry Fred Montgomery some day, these two years. Perhaps she might as well marry him as any one. She didn't know of any one she liked any better, at least. He was nice-looking and of a most unexceptionable family. She smiled faintly as the last argument flashed through her mind. She had heard that they wanted Fred to marry Miss Castle-reagh—for her grandfather.

"I will marry you, Fred," she said, simply, "but I won't deceive you; I don't think I am desperately in love with you, and I confidently expect we shall quarrel, and perhaps separate; but then it's no use to borrow trouble, for I don't intend to be married at all these two years. I believe in long engagements; it gives people a chance to get acquainted. Now let us talk about the weather; these grave matters make my head ache terribly."

She spoke lightly, but there was an unusual pallor on the beautiful face, and a look of pain in the dark eyes.

"I will go away at once, dear Grace, and you shall go to bed, for you look really ill," he said, with a show of tender feeling which brought the tears to her eyes. She felt nervous and ill, and his gentleness and thoughtfulness somehow touched her heart. He kissed her forehead, said a few low tender words, very much the same as all lovers say, and went softly out.

"Not exactly what I used to fancy my betrothal would be," she said, with just the ghost of a sigh, "but I presume it's like all realities, very much tamer in the fulfilment than in the anticipation. What very exaggerated ideas I used to have of love! Ah well, I presume we shall be very sensibly and rationally happy, and be held up as models to an admiring world."

She got up a little dizzily—her head did ache terribly—and went towards the door.

Some one was coming through the hall; she stepped back involuntarily, and an instant afterwards her father looked into the room. It was something unusual for him to come home at that hour, but something in his stern set face startled her more than that.

"Is anything the matter, father?" she asked, quickly.

"Go and call your mother," he said, in a sharp harsh tone, coming in and sitting down at the table.

But Grace was saved the trouble, for Mrs. Huntington had heard her husband's step and came into the room just in time to hear his order to Grace. A sudden swift pallor had overspread her face, and she leaned against the door as she came in. She was getting strangely nervous and excitable of late.

Mr. Huntington had taken a letter from his pocket and was smoothing it out on the table. He did not look up when his wife came in, but he knew that she had come, and only waited for her to sit down. The slight noise and rustle of her dress irritated him.

"When you get ready I will read this letter," he said, shortly,

There was a dead silence for a full minute, and then his voice, hard and cold and incisive, broke the painful stillness.

"This letter," he said, prefacingly, "is from the captain of the *Golden Age*, and was mailed at Vera Cruz nearly three weeks ago. The letter reads as follows:

"RICHARD HUNTINGTON, Esq.: Dear Sir—It is my unpleasant duty to acquaint you with the fact that your son has left my ship, and under very unhappy circumstances. While stopping at this port, and while on shore, he became involved in some sort of a quarrel with a low fellow bearing the nickname of 'Burke,' though I am informed that is not the man's real name, but am unable to ascertain what it is. This quarrel took place in a drinking and gaming saloon, and possibly the provocation was great. I cannot say, no one seeming to understand what began it; indeed, it was so quickly done that there was little time to find out anything about it, and Mr. Huntington steadily refuses to explain the cause of the difficulty. This Burke is alive at this writing, but his physician has just informed me that he will not live till midnight. Of course I need not say that Mr. Huntington is in custody. I dislike to leave him in this painful situation, but my ship must go on to-morrow. I have already

tarried here five days, hoping something favorable for him might occur. I omitted to say that Mr. Huntington used no deadly weapons on the man, but he struck him so that he fell against the sharp edge of a stove, cutting a fearful wound in the temple and another back of the ear. If you wish to communicate with your son, a letter addressed to Miguel Lascelle, Esq. will reach him. He is a legal gentleman of worth and ability, whom I have engaged to act as his counsel. Believe me, my dear sir, I would gladly do more for your son if it was in my power, and I most deeply sympathize with you in this unhappy affair. Yours very respectfully,

"JOHN CABOT,

"Captain of the Golden Age"

As he read Grace grew instantly whiter, and just as he reached the last line, with a little stifled gasp, she slipped to the floor in a dead faint.

"O Richard, it has killed her! Grace! Grace, my darling—"

"Hush, Amy," Mr. Huntington said, in the same cold hard tone, pushing his wife away almost roughly, and lifting Grace in his arms as if she had been an infant. "The girl has only fainted; do you want to raise the house, and have this shameful story in every one's mouth?"

"But she will die—O Richard! My beautiful darling! she has not fainted, she never fainted in her life," she cried, in an agony of alarm and grief.

"Will you be silent?" he asked, sharply.

She sank down trembling in every limb, her face scarcely less white than that of her unconscious child. A moment more, and with a little pained cry Grace Huntington opened her eyes. She looked up in her father's face, and then closed them again with a shudder. She lay perfectly motionless a moment, and then raised herself slowly from his arms and sat down in a chair.

"My child, are you better? Shall I not get you something—some wine?" her mother asked, anxiously.

"No," shivering a little, "not wine?"

"Some hot coffee, then," she persisted.

"If you wish it," wearily. Then suddenly lifting her eyes to her father's face she said, in a low steady tone: "You will go to him, or send some one? you will not leave him alone in a strange land in his bitter need?"

"I will not raise a finger to save him from the scaffold," he answered, in a hard, cruel, inflexible tone.

Mark Russell came up to Arcadia in the last train that night. He came up to tell them himself—his mother and sister, as he called them—of his good fortune. He had been invited to the junior pastorate of a church in New York. His salary would be eighteen hundred a year, not great pay, but so much more than he had dared to expect. He had some debts incurred for books to be paid, and then, after he had got fairly started, he meant to have them with him. This was what he wanted to tell them; he could not bear the thought of writing it; he wanted to see the proud, glad smile in Mrs. Lester's face, and watch the light creep through the dusky-blue eyes of his pretty Winnie. He told them so after he had tried the experiment with the most satisfactory result.

"Do you think I am a vain fellow—too vain for my calling?" he asked, stopping suddenly. "You know I have no one else to care, and praise is pleasant from lips we love."

"I think you are just as near perfection as it is possible for any one to be," Winnie said, laughing, with her eyes full of happy tears. "But I have just thought of a horrible bug-bear. Ministers always marry—always, and inevitably. You will suffer the common fate, and then, alas, for the beautiful air castles you have built—so far as we are concerned!"

"O, I am going to follow Paul's example, so don't conjure up any such terrible possibilities," he replied, in a laughing voice. "By the way," he added, carelessly, "I met with the least bit in the world of an adventure to-night at Fonda. I got out to leave a letter my senior associate sent up to his brother in that place. I had stepped on the platform of the station when the train gave one of those sudden lurches backward so common upon a sudden stoppage. A young lady was immediately behind me, her arms full of packages, and the usual paraphernalia of a woman, shopping-bag, parasol, etc. The jolt pitched her forward, and but for my near proximity, and the fortunate circumstance that I saw the danger instantly, she would have fallen under the wheels of the car. As it was she received some slight bruises, though I held her up as firmly as I was able, owing to the suddenness of the concussion, for she was thrown directly against me. A crowd gathered round immediately, and I had only time to learn that the lady was a Miss Georgia Castlereagh, who lives in Fonda, before the train started on again."

"O, it's the Miss Castlereagh who visits at the Montgomerys," Winnie said, quickly; adding with a smile, "it might be the beginning of a nice little romance, only that the lady is rich, or highborn, or something of the kind, I am not exactly sure what; I only know that Alicia Montgomery is very anxious that Fred should marry her, and that is sufficient voucher for her 'respectability,' of course," laughing merrily.

Mark gave the least perceptible start, coloring slightly, but making no reply.

"I think, however, Mr. Montgomery inclines to Grace Huntington," Winnie continued, without noticing him. "It is to be hoped there will not be a duel over the matter."

"That reminds me," Russell said, abruptly, beginning to search in his pockets very dilligently, and finally drawing out a copy of the "Herald," and proceeding to unfold it. "There's an account in here, somewhere," he added, "of rather an unpleasant affair in which young Huntington is involved. I did not know before that he had left Arcadia—O, here is the article."

Winnie reached over and took the paper from his hand. He looked in her face then for the first time; she was white as the scented petals of the rose that drooped amid her curls, but her hand was firm and steady, and she did not faint or cry out when she read the article through, but began and read it over, as if she could not quite comprehend its meaning. When she had finished she looked up and saw that Mark was closely regarding her. She rose quietly, folding the paper and putting it in her pocket, and going to the table took up a piece of sewing and began stitching as composedly as if nothing had happened. Her mother, who was watching her sharply, saw how utterly all the soft bloom had faded out of cheeks and lips; but something in her face forbade questioning, and she said nothing, yet, Christian woman as she was, deep down in her heart was the half-acknowledged wish that it had been Arthur Huntington's death the paper had contained. Then she would forget him, after a time, and—well, she was quite sure Mark loved Winnie, and then—and then— She paused here, half conscience-stricken at her thoughts as she stole another glance at the white face bent so low over the soft folds of pale amber cashmere.

By-and-by, when Mrs. Lester had left the room, Mark came up to Winifred, and leaning

over, took both the small busy hands in his strong firm clasp.

"Forgive me, dear Winnie, for my thoughtlessness," he said, gravely. "Your mother gave me to understand that there was nothing between you and Huntington, more than a year ago, and I had ceased to think of you as having more than a friendly interest in him. You will not believe I did it wantonly, meaning to shock and pain you?"

"Dear Mark! I know you too well to believe such a thing possible," she replied, with a little bright smile, but with the pallor still on her face. "But we will not talk about it, please, dear Mark;" a little pained thrill in her voice despite her brave efforts to suppress it.

"God help, and comfort, and strengthen you!" he said, gently, kissing her forehead.

"Yes, Mark; I know he will," she whispered; but there was a little sudden tremulousness about the sweet lips, which he saw, and went immediately out, knowing she would be better alone.

By a curious coincidence the mail that left Arcadia the next morning contained two letters bearing the same address, but with such widely-different contents that I am tempted to transcribe them.

One began as follows:

"MR. ARTHUR HUNTINGTON: Sir,—It is with a feeling of humiliation that I address you; yet from the possibility that you may expect some help or favor from me in your present shameful situation, I force myself to the disagreeable task. I consider that you have forfeited the last claim you had upon me by your last criminal and disgraceful act, and from the bottom of my heart I hope you will suffer for it to the extreme penalty of the law! In your future I shall from this moment take no further interest in any way. You are, from this time, henceforth, but as the veriest stranger to me; and I beg that you will remember it, and govern yourself accordingly. RICHARD HUNTINGTON."

This letter was very carefully directed to "Mr. Arthur Huntington, Vera Cruz, Mexico, in care of Miguel Lascelles, Esq.," and went safely and surely to its destination.

The other letter ran in this wise:

"MY DEAR ARTHUR:—I have just received the intelligence that you are in sorrow and trouble, and I cannot sleep till I have written to tell you, lest by any possibility you might

doubt it, that your misfortune only draws me the more closely to you. I want you to remember this, whatever happens. If there was anything else I could do to help you, Arthur, I would not rest content with my words. If by any possibility there is anything, let me know immediately. If you desire it I will come to you—if it will help or comfort you in any way. I am sure, though, that everything will end happily at last. It is, perhaps, the last thick darkness that precedes the day. For, dear Arthur, that there will by-and-by dawn for you and me a beautiful day, I am well assured. Look forward then out of this present darkness to the light which is to come, and have faith and hope that it *will* come.

"You know what I told you at parting. If it was possible to make it stronger by words, then would I repeat my plight to you. I will do better—I will fulfil it. Write to me the very moment you get this letter. Tell me if there is anything I can do; do not be afraid that I shall shrink from anything that will help you, or that I shall look on it as other than a joy and privilege if you can be benefited ever so little. I wish I could make you feel how infinitely and entirely this is true.

"Dear, dear Arthur! You are a hundred times dearer to me since I have learned that you are in sorrow and difficulty. I shall ask God every moment of my life to help you in some of the many of his marvellous ways, and bring you safely out of all pain, and trial, and temptation at last.

"YOUR LITTLE WINNIE."

This letter was simply directed to "Arthur Huntington, Vera Cruz;" the paper had only said the affair happened in Vera Cruz. Of course Winnie knew nothing of Miguel Lascelles, Esq., and so that was omitted. Ah well! she might as well have omitted the whole, for only one letter of the two which left Arcadia together ever reached the heart-sick, desolate young fellow in prison in a strange land.

CHAPTER VI.

It was nearly a week before Grace Huntington met Mr. Gates again after their interview in the arbor. Not that she took the trouble to avoid him—she was too proud and independent for that; but she was quite ill, too ill to leave her room, though there was nothing specially serious about her indisposition. "A sort of nervous prostration," the doctor said, leaving her some powders, which

she threw out of the window at the first opportunity. She knew that all the powders in Doctor Follansbee's office could not ease the pain, and shame, and grief in her heart. She was angry and vexed at Arthur for bringing this sorrow upon her, and yet her heart pleaded for him continually with tender yearning pity. If she had written to him she would have overwhelmed him with bitter reproaches, ending in passionate outpourings of love and forgiveness. She could not have written a letter like Winnie Lester's, without a word of reproach or blame, avoiding so delicately as she had done all allusion to the cause of the trouble, and forgetting her own pain in her wish to lighten his. But she did not write to him; her father anticipated that she possibly might do so, and peremptorily forbade it, forbade it with such a look on his face that she dared not disobey. He had never addressed himself so harshly to her before; indeed, he had been cold rather than harsh in his family, always, save in his collisions with Arthur, and he had never been harsh with him till after he learned of his attachment to Winifred Lester. From that moment he had seemed to be set against him, particularly as Arthur persisted in keeping up the intimacy in spite of his remonstrances and commands.

Of course, when Grace recovered so far that there was no further excuse for her keeping her room, she met Mr. Gates as usual, at the table in the drawing-room, and occasionally about the grounds, though as it was getting well into September this occurred less often than it had done when the summer was in its prime.

Besides, Fred Montgomery was there more now, and she devoted herself to him very much more than she really cared to, for Mr. Gates's special edification. But she began to see, after a time, that she was having her labor for nothing. Mr. Gates did not choose to be edified. He chose rather to pay her little lover-like attentions in such a guarded, noncommittal manner, that she could neither refuse nor resent them without making herself appear ridiculous. Day after day these attentions increased and grew marked, and Mr. Montgomery got jealous, and accused Grace of "encouraging" Gates, whereupon Grace said very serenely that she "had always expected they should quarrel, and it might as well be about Mr. Gates as religion or politics, the subjects most other people quarrelled over."

But in her secret heart she was angry and annoyed at the persistent devotion of Gates. She was cool and haughty towards him, but it made no difference whatever. Sometimes she felt as if his steady persistence was weaving some sort of an invisible net from which she could not escape, and she grew nervous and half alarmed at the improbable fancy.

But one day, whether purposely or not, Mr. Gates gave her an opportunity to repulse him. They were left a moment alone in the parlor. The faint twilight was settling in the corners, and throwing a shadowy halo over the gleaming whiteness of a little marble group of "the Graces," a glowing painting of an Italian sunset, and the proud, brilliant, beautiful face of Grace Huntington. He came up very closely to where she was standing, saying carelessly and smilingly, as if it was an accepted and expected thing:

"When we are married, my dear, I am going to have your portrait painted, and I want you to wear this beautiful robe," touching the elegant purple *moire*—"and look as queenly and magnificent as you do to-night."

"Sir!" she cried, turning upon him haughtily.

"When we are married."

"Silence, sir!" she interrupted, her great black eyes blazing and flashing. "You shall not insult me in my father's house!"

What more might have passed between them if Mr. Huntington had not just then come into the room, must be left wholly to the imagination. Mr. Gates immediately fell into an easy, animated conversation—he was a fine conversationalist—with Mr. Huntington, and Grace was too proud to retire, lest he might fancy he had the power to annoy and disturb her. As if he did not know that long ago!

Presently Mrs. Huntington and Theo came in; lights were brought, and a casual observer, looking into the beautiful room, with its elegant adornments and rich upholstery—its stately, handsome, smiling mistress, with the beautiful, delicate young face of her boy resting against her shoulder—its master, cool, elegant and self-possessed, with wealth and independence, and self-satisfaction written all over him; his partner, easy, graceful and handsome—his daughter, brilliant and queenly—a casual observer, I say, looking into this room would say that here, at least, there was nothing wanting to fill the measure of earthly felicity and content. And yet—and yet!

Somehow the conversation glided from

general to special subjects, and an elopement which had occurred in a neighboring town led to quite an animated discussion upon the subject of elopements and estrangements in general, Mr. Gates contending that under certain circumstances it was the best thing for both parties, and Mr. Huntington declaring strongly against it.

"I always think a woman's judgment, or intuition, as people persist in calling judgment in a woman, much clearer in these cases than a man's," said Mr. Gates, smilingly, with a careless glance towards Mrs. Huntington. "Now I submit the question to her decision. Is Mrs. Davidson, the lady who has left her husband, to be utterly condemned for the course she has taken?"

He turned towards her as he spoke, in an easy, smiling, deferential manner.

"I don't know the circumstances," she replied, without meeting his glance.

"I supposed you had read it in the papers—such things always get into the papers, you know. Perhaps you have noticed the eagerness the general public has for scandals of this sort?"

"I—I do not know, yes, perhaps I have," she answered, slowly.

"Well, about this Mrs. Davidson. Your husband can see no possible excuse for her, but being a woman I am sure you will be more lenient, and I shall gain an ally. The story, as near as I can learn, is as follows: Mrs. Annette Davidson and her husband Henry Davidson, did not live as pleasantly together as might have been desired. This was the beginning. After the estrangements and differences had opened the way temptation crept in. Mr. Davidson did not appreciate his wife; on the contrary he went to a good deal of trouble to make her life with him as repulsive and disagreeable as he could well do. In this state of affairs Mrs. Davidson naturally stood in need of sympathy and friendship. One Burdett, living somewhere thereabouts, a good Samaritan, it appears, found this poor woman and bound up her wounds, pouring in oil and wine—of course I speak somewhat metaphorically—and one day last week took her away altogether, for safe keeping, I suppose. Now what do you say, is she guilty or not guilty?"

He leaned a little forward as he asked the question, but Mrs. Huntington did not appear to see him. There was a vivid crimson spot in each of her cheeks, but she answered rather indifferently:

"It would be altogether impossible for me to decide a question of which I know nothing but rumors—of which no one here knows nothing but rumors."

"Perhaps you are right—indeed, I am quite sure you are. But now that we are on this subject I want to get an opinion from you. I am so sure you will agree with me, you see, and Mr. Huntington will be out-voted," he said, smiling.

"But I tell you I know nothing of this Mrs. Davidson, Mr. Gates," she replied, in a slightly vexed tone.

"Certainly; I do not propose to mention that estimable lady's name again," was the suave answer. "You object to giving judgment in this case because none of us know aught but newspaper rumors, which I am compelled to admit are not always perfectly reliable. But there once happened a somewhat similar case under my personal cognizance. I *know* this is correct. Now, Mr. Huntington, as I shall want your verdict as well as your wife's, I bespeak your attention to the story."

"It is not a personal experience, I trust?" Grace said, *otto voce*.

"Happily not, as I have never had a wife," he answered, with a low bow. "That pleasure is yet in store for me."

Grace blushed hotly with vexation and mortification, not only at his bow and smile, and meaning words, but that he should have heard what slipped involuntarily from her lips, and was not meant for his ear.

"The affair I am about to relate," resumed Gates, quietly, "happened several years ago, but in a social or moral question, like this, dates are of no particular account. Human nature is very much alike in all ages, and a religious or scientific truth accepted in one era which has been deemed heretical in another, finds no parallel in these social questions which affect only the heart and the morals. But to the story.

"A gentleman whom we will call Verdier—though of course you understand that Verdier was not his name—married, after a brief acquaintance, a young lady rather below himself in social standing, but fine-looking, ambitious and proud. There were those who hinted that pride and ambition were the chief incentives to the marriage on her part, but I have so exalted an opinion of the female character that I consider such a thing simply impossible."

Mrs. Huntington, who had been sitting

almost directly facing the narrator, and in the full light, rose and moved back to a seat near the window, where only her profile was clearly visible.

"This wedded pair lived together in the sweetest accord, as far as the outside world knew, for five years," he continued. "They had one child, a bright, handsome boy—and, it is doubtless a fancy, but Theo always brings the child back to me as he looked the last time I saw him, after his mother had deserted him, and he had fallen into the rapid decline, induced, the physicians said, by extreme mental grief and—"

"Did the child die?" interrupted Mrs. Huntington, in a sharp intense voice, turning her eyes for an instant towards his face in a quick wild sort of way.

"Excuse me, I beg. I am a miserable hand at relating events," he replied, apologetically. "I am not only exciting your feelings but prejudicing your judgment by the inartistic way in which I am telling the story. Let me go back and begin over again. They had, as I said, a child of rare brightness, gentleness and beauty. The mother appeared passionately attached to him, and everything went merry as a marriage bell, apparently. Judge then, if you can, of the surprise, and horror, and indignation, and nearly every other sentiment except admiration, which convulsed the small quiet town in which they lived, when one morning the rumor ran through it that Mrs. Verdier had deserted her husband and child and gone to parts unknown! There is no place under the sun where scandal so runs riot, and grows, and thrives, and luxuriates, as in one of your small quiet

towns. It is the only license these very moral people allow themselves—the contemplation of somebody else's shortcomings. It is curious how thoroughly they seem to enjoy it; it is one of those perplexing moral paradoxes I could never wholly understand."

"I think," said Mr. Huntington, "that it would be impossible for them to condemn her too strongly. A woman who would commit such an act deserves neither pity nor consideration."

"There you go again!" Gates said, with a little laugh. "Let me put in the extenuating circumstances. In the first place Verdier was not so rich as he had been represented to be; and in the second place they did not live quite as pleasantly together as was supposed—at least Verdier admitted that they sometimes had words. Again, Verdier had rather convivial habits, and—well, I think the woman quite right to better herself in the way she did; she certainly did make a fortunate venture, and a very advantageous exchange."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Huntington.

"O, she married again, and—well, I believe that is all, except that she lived happy ever after," he replied, with a laugh. "Do you not agree with me, Mrs. Huntington, that she deserved this pleasant fate?"

"I do, Mr. Gates," she answered, in a clear incisive voice.

"And you, Mr. Huntington?"

"I think," he answered, deliberately, "if I was the man she disgraced to this last imposition, I cannot call it marriage, that I should be tempted to shoot her!"

BY-AND-BY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

By-and-by shall come the autumn,
With its golden gleaming grain,
And its fruit, in clusters hanging,
Where the blossom-buds have been.

By-and-by shall come fulfilment
Of the prophecies of spring,
Written on the slender branches
Where the buds and blossoms swing.

Heart, be hopeful! Like the springtime,
Bud and blossom make thee fair;
Trust the future for fulfilment—
For the fruit that thou wouldst bear!

Hopes and dreams are but the blossoms
That shall ripen into fruit,
And they grow through all the hours,
Though they silent are and mute.

Trust the future, but be busy
In the sunshine of to-day,
Plucking up the weeds that cumber
All the ground about thy way.

Work and wait! the richest harvest
Comes from hardest, steadiest toil;
So be wise, that autumn's harvest
May spring up from well-tilled soil.

THE BIRD OF VICTORY.

BY GEORGE H. COOMER.

IT was the dawn of our second day at sea, and as the brig's royals became outlined in the gray light, old chanticleer awoke in his coop and gave a lusty crow.

"Ah, ha, old friend!" said "Man-o'-war Jack," "I have heard that sound when it meant more than it does now!"

To me, a green hand, it meant the barn-yard, and the boiled beef and cabbage, and my Cousin Isabel and Mary Brown—in short, it meant "home." But to Jack, it meant the tall men-of-war, and the flashing guns, and the starry flag that would not droop in battle. Thus much for association.

"I call that fellow the bird of victory," continued Jack. "If he don't crow when an engagement is at hand, you may as well strike your bunting first as last."

"When I was in the *Argus*, in the last war, we had an Englishman aboard that was always blowing about roosters. That was the first I ever knew of the thing. Old Tom had been with Nelson. They had a big one, he said, aboard the *Vanguard*, and as they stood into the Bay of Aboukir to engage the French, he crowed all the time. It was the same with a game fowl at Trafalgar. They had one aboard the *Victory*, with a comb, Tom said, as wide as his hand; and just as she ranged up alongside of the *Redoubtable*, he hopped on the mainstay, flapped his wings and sang out, 'Brit-an-nia r-u-l-e-s the w-a-y-e-s!' and every one aboard knew that the French ensign was as good as struck from that minute!"

"Tom was afterwards in the *Guerriere* when she was taken by the Constitution, and in that way he got into our service. He said that while the American frigate was bearing down upon them, the *Guerriere's* rooster wouldn't crow. The tars tried to encourage the fowl and get a prophecy from him against the Yankees; but he was as obstinate as old Balaam when he took up his parable against Balak. They set him on the mainstay, and on the night-heads, and in every good place they could think of, as much as to say, 'Curse me them from thence!' and one old fellow, named 'Liverpool Bill,' took to crowing himself, hoping that the rooster would

understand what was wanted and follow the example. Once, Tom said, the fowl opened his mouth, but he only made a noise like a choked pump, as if he had a bone in his throat—and so the *Guerriere* was taken!"

"Of course, Tom said, they didn't, as a general thing, have roosters running about the decks of British men-of-war; only when an engagement was expected they let them out in order to encourage the crew. Well, as I was saying, this was the first that I ever heard of such a thing; but after Tom had spun his yarn, our chaps in the *Argus* began to take a great deal of notice of a good-looking fowl that we had in the coop; and when Lieutenant Allen found that there was a superstition among us about the rooster, he wouldn't have the fellow killed."

"We cruised a couple of months in the chops of the English Channel, and at last fell in with the *Pelican*, a John Bull craft that I have good cause to remember. As soon as she was made out to be a brig-of-war, we let the rooster go about decks 'on leave;' but he behaved just as Tom said the *Guerriere's* game fowl had done, and there was no crow in him. At last, when the English brig was so near that we could see the shadow that her topsails made on the water, some of our chaps caught the bird and poured a dose of gunpowder and rum down his throat; but instead of crowing, he just fluttered upon the rail, tumbled overboard and floated away, keel up!"

"There," says old Tom, "if any of you chaps has got any will to make, you may as well call up the chaplain to witness it. It's not old Tom as says 'die,' while he can swab out a gun; but he 'as his thoughts as well as a better man. That rooster, as we hall made so much dependence on, is hunder water—mind that. Not as old Tom cries 'peccavi!' but the truth's the truth, and a man can't 'elp some things!"

"You all know how the battle went; the *Pelican* cut the brig to pieces, and we soon had Dartmoor—inside! But how that rooster should have known what was to happen, passes my comprehension!"

"After a time, I was sent home in a cartel,

and had hardly set foot on the dock in New York, when Uncle Sam had a job for me. He was about sending three or four hundred sailors up to Lake Champlain, and I was invited to take a ride. Off we started. There wasn't a railroad then in the world, and we went with two-horse teams, and four-horse teams, according to the tonnage of the different land crafts. It was a sight, mates, to see us! We hailed everything on the road, and threw dollars at every old lady who looked as if she needed a new set of canvas. Away up in the country, where nobody knew but that a ship was a thing that had feathers, the people stared at us as if we had been a colony of terrapins going to look for fresh water. At the taverns where we rounded to at night, we frightened every one with big yarns about killing the English.

"Didn't it make you feel bad to kill the poor creeters?" says one old lady.

"No," says "Sprits'il-yard Jack," "it didn't, ma'am, only I spoilt this knife; that old bo's'n's windpipe was as tough as a bobstay!"

"So the old dame thought that Jack had really killed a boatswain, and sawed off his head with a dull jackknife! It would have been as tedious as freezing a chap to death with a southerly wind!"

"One morning we fell in with a gawky boy carrying something in his arms. I suppose he heard us roaring out all manner of salt water ditties, and the fellows in the headmost craft hailing the crafts further astern; so that he felt a little shy about bearing up for us, and began to edge off.

"Come alongside!" says we.

"I'm willing to come alongside of good water!" he says; and with that he brings to.

"The thing he had in his arms was a rooster, and a fine-looking fowl it was, too, with spurs like a marlinspike. 'Calico Ben,' one of our chaps, asked the boy if he would sell it; and while the lad was telling that he should have to tax us thirty cents for it, because he had just 'gin' twenty-five and brought it a mile, old Ben crammed his great hand into his pocket.

"A mile? that means a knot, don't it?" he says. "That's no great shakes of a tack to run. Here"—and he poured a fistful of dollars into the fellow's hand—"go home and buy your mother a new gown; and every time she looks at it tell her to remember the Hornet and Captain James Lawrence! Give me the rooster! Fill away, coachman; this

fine chap is going up to see Commodore McDonough!"

"Off we went; but old Ben knew no more what to do with his rooster than he would with a doll-baby, nor half so much. We chaps that had been in the *Argus*, objected to taking the fowl aboard the fleet, for he was just such a fellow as we had lost the brig by; but Ben said, on the other hand, that he was the very picture of the one they had in the *Hornet*; and so, as the *Hornet* was too hard for the enemy, we called the chances square, and after some grumbling, Ben was let alone with his bird.

"At last, one afternoon, as the coaches mounted a hill, we saw the masts of the fleet off Plattsburg. Pretty soon we made out the stars and stripes, and then the long black hulls below them. O mates! you can't think what a cheering there was from all the land crafts that we rode in, as they went rolling one after another over the hill. We had grown tired of that kind of sailing, and wished to get aboard of something that we knew better how to handle. There they lay—the old *Saratoga*, with Commodore McDonough's broad pennant, the brig *Eagle* and all the others.

"Next day I was sent off to the *Saratoga*, and so was 'Calico Ben.' Somehow he managed to get his rooster aboard the ship; but the officers took the fowl and put it in the hencoop. We didn't have to wait long for the British. On the third day after I swung my hammock, we saw them standing for us, the *Confience* frigate taking the lead. As soon as we made them out, Commodore McDonough signalled the fleet to clear for action; and when everything was ready for the fight, we stood at our guns and watched the enemy as he came down. Commodore Downie's pennant was at the mainmast of the *Confience*. Ashore, we could see Indians and redecoats. So we waited; and though it wasn't very long, it was a kind of waiting that was hard—it weighed right down upon a man's heart.

"After a while, 'Calico Ben' stepped to the mainmast with his hat off, and the commodore asked what was wanted.

"I beg your pardon, sir," says Ben, "but I brought a game fowl aboard, and he's in the hencoop. We had the like of him aboard the *Hornet*, sir, and as we was a runnin' down on the *Peacock*, we asked leave to let him out on deck, and the very first thing he crowed, sir; and as all the world knows, we

sunk the Peacock. What I would like to ask, is permission to give this chap a trial, sir, and let him speak for himself?

"So you were in the Hornet, my man?" says the commodore. "You are a brave fellow, no doubt. O well, you can give your fowl a trial."

"The bird came out, looking as if he wished himself in a barnyard, stretching up his neck and wondering, I suppose, what sort of a chance there was to fly home; and I think the commodore repented of giving the permission, for it was plain that the old salts had a great deal of superstition about the matter; and now if the rooster shouldn't crow, after all, it might make a difference to the Saratoga."

"Well, he walked about and shook himself, and when anything interfered with him he would give a sort of 'carrah?' and jump sideways like a dancing master; but there was no crow."

"I wish the blasted rooster was overboard!" says the captain of my gun. "What do you think he knows about the battle? Look at the enemy, won't you? and let the other game fowl alone!"

"Jack, Jack!" says a fellow in the maintop over my head, leaning down towards me, "they've got one, yonder, too! That big Britisher's got a rooster; I can see him on the pipe-rail by the foremast!"

"Silence!" I heard the captain of the top sing out.

"By this time the British fleet was close down upon us, and the vessels taking up their stations. Before the Confidence had swung to her anchor, we gave her a broadside. At the same time the Eagle right astern of us engaged a brig, and the little one and two-gun sloops along the line buried themselves in smoke. But the Confidence was a heavy ship; she had thirty-nine guns to the Saratoga's twenty-six, and we had our hands full. How she did cut us up! But we sent her the solid shot as fast as she wanted 'em, and I tell you, mates, the thing stood about neck and neck. Right in the midst of all the noise, I felt like laughing once, for my chum, the young fellow in the maintop, leaned over again, and says he:

"Jack, we've fetched that rooster! We've knocked the pipe-rail to splinters and sent the fowl clear up to the foreyard!"

"I felt like singing out 'hurrah,' but other things didn't look that way. If John Bull's game fowl was gone, I remembered that our

own hadn't crowed—so the chances stood about equal in that respect, but otherwise the Confidence had a little the advantage. Every one of our spars was riddled, and the yards hung like the top-hamper of a broken umbrella; and at last we hadn't a gun on the side next the enemy that could be fired. The eighteens and twenty-fours lay crosswise, and endwise, and sidewise, just as it happened, and all among them, and under them, and across them, lay men wounded in every way you can think of, some dying and some dead.

"Well, we must get the other broadside to bear, or the battle would be lost. We cut the cable ahead and let go a stern anchor, and the Confidence did the same, for she had only two or three guns that could be brought to bear on us as she lay, and everything with the Englishman depended on his being able to wind his ship, just as it did with us.

"It seemed as if the Saratoga would never pay off. We expected to see the Englishman go around, for he was trying hard, but somehow he remained pretty much as he was, and so did we. At last, when no one was thinking of such a thing, and just as we was a heavin' taut here and a castin' off there, and a watchin' for the ship to swing—right out of the main rigging there sounded a tremendous crow! It was just as if it had said 'Hurrah for B-r-o-t-h-e-r J-o-n-a-t-h-a-n!' We looked up, and there was old chanticleer just stretching his neck to crow again.

"This ship will pay off!" says 'Calico Ben.' "That red bunting over yonder hasn't got much longer to air itself! It's pretty near daybreak with Brother Jonathan when his rooster crows!"

"And he spoke the truth, mates. From that moment, the ship began to wind around, and we soon opened a fresh broadside. John Bull could do nothing; and when he found there was no hope of winding his ship he struck his colors.

"After the battle, the commodore gave 'Calico Ben's' game fowl the liberty of the deck; and when peace was concluded and they trundled us back to New York, we took Mr. Chanticleer along. On the road, we fell in with the same gawky boy that Ben had bought him of, and all on a sudden the rooster found himself back in the barnyard. Whether he knew where he had been or remembered anything about the battle of Lake Champlain, I can't say.

"The boy's mother was a widow, and poor

enough at that; for we found the sheriff and another man just driving her cow away from the door, and the widow a crying. So we rounded the sheriff to and fixed up that matter with some of our prize money; and then we asked the widow how much it would take to set her on an even keel; but she cried worse than ever and began to spin a yarn about our

kindness. Well, our chaps tumbled into the house, hat in hand, and every man put his fist in his pocket and rattled out a pile of dollars. We told the widow to take good care of the game fowl that fought with McDonough, and then we made sail.

"Let's have your pipe, Tom."

THE PRINCE AND THE PEASANT.

A TALE OF GERMANY.

BY HOWARD W. JAMES.

ON a warm April afternoon, three cavalry officers were seated together in the only inn of a small German town. Two of them sat at table. One of these had one leg crossed over the other; his companion had both legs stretched out at full length before him. The third sat at the window. All three were smoking; two of them cigars, the third a huge meerschaum pipe. All three were silent. He whose legs were crossed played with his spur, and spun the rowel till it rang again. Number two gazed at his great pipe, and at the clouds that he puffed from it. Number three looked through the window at the clouds which the wind drove across the sky.

A weary life is that of cavalry officers in small garrisons. One hour of the twenty-four is passed in the riding-school; another in drilling recruits; a quarter of an hour is consumed in inspection of stables—and then the day's work is done, and all the other hours are before them, vacant, but heavy as lead. Only one squadron is there; it comprises, at most, but four or five officers. These were at the military school together. Their subjects of conversation—horses and dogs, women and the army-list—are long since worn out. The nearest garrison is too remote for friendly visits. With non-commissioned officers, discipline and etiquette forbid their association. The little town affords them no society. The small, quiet, and often narrow-minded family circle of burghers and officials shuns intimacy with the officers. They meet them at the tavern and bowling-alley, and at the club, if there is one; in public places, with their wives and children, they do not willingly consort with them; and in their houses they received them not. There are certainly a few noble families in the neighborhood; but these

are not all sociable; and those who would gladly be hospitable have been too much so, and can be so no longer. Now and then comes an invitation to a shooting party—but there is no shooting in April.

The three officers—all lieutenants and young men, of graceful figures and energetic countenances—sat for a long while still and silent. The postman entered the low-roofed apartment. He laid upon the table the latest newspaper from the capital, and departed without a word. The officers neither moved nor spoke. At last one of them stretched out his arm and took up the paper, slowly, almost mechanically; the two others gave no heed. The former glanced over the paper—beginning at the last page, with the deaths, marriages and advertisements. In a few minutes he had got to the end—that is to say, to the beginning—and he threw the paper lazily upon the table.

"Nothing new!" said he, gaping; and again he twirled his spur-rowel.

"As usual!" said the neighbor.

The third took no notice.

For a while longer they sat mute and motionless, till the cigars were finished and the meerschaum-bowl smoked out. Fresh cigars were then lighted, and again the pipe was filled. At the same time the officers rose from their seat, and took a few steps through the apartment.

"Slow work!" said one.

"Darned slow!" replied another.

The third looked wearily at his boots. Then they all three relapsed into their seats and their silence.

The sun set. Its last rays illumined the shifting masses of cloud, which piled themselves up into fantastical forms, displaying

rich variety of tint. It grew dark in the dingy tavern-room. The clouds from the great meerschau could scarcely be discerned. The ennui increased.

A waiter brought in two dimly-burning tallow candles, and placed them upon the table. The ennui did not diminish.

The tramp of horses was heard without. It came down the street, in the direction of the tavern. The countenances of the three officers became animated.

"Can it be the captain back already?" cried one, half surprised.

"Impossible; though he rode like the very devil, he could not be back for another hour."

"But there are two horses, an officer's and his servant's; I know it by sound of hoof."

The third officer looked round at the two speakers.

"It is not the captain," he said, positively. "The captain's black charger has a lighter tread. Yonder officer's horse goes heavily."

They all rose and went to the window. Two horsemen rode slowly up the street; one at an interval of a few paces behind the other.

"By Jove! an officer and his servant!" said one of the lieutenants.

The other nodded assent.

"Who can it be? Whither can he be going?"

None could answer the questions.

The foremost rider drew rein before the house.

"Is this an inn?" demanded he, through the open door.

Host, waiter, hostler, all stumbled out together.

"May it so please you!" replied the host, humbly.

Meanwhile the officer's servant had ridden up and jumped from his horse. The officer also dismounted. The hostler would have taken him bridle. The officer pushed him back so roughly, that he staggered and fell.

"Clown, how dare you touch my horse?"

The servant took the bridle from his master, and gave the unfortunate hostler a kick in the rear as he rose to his legs.

"Does your lordship propose to remain here?" inquired the innkeeper, in a tone of deep submission.

The officer answered not. He petted his horse on neck and shoulder. Then he turned round to the host and said, briefly and imperiously:

"A room!"

The three officers within doors looked at each other with increasing astonishment.

"Do you know him? Who is he?" asked one of them.

He was unknown to all of them.

"He wears the uniform of our regiment?" remarked another.

"That is unaccountable," said the third, shaking his head.

"The horse is nothing extraordinary; a mere campaigning beast."

"You would have him weary out his best chargers, I suppose? They have ridden far. The horses show that."

The room door opened.

"Be so obliging as to step in here for a short time," said the innkeeper. "Your apartment shall be got ready immediately. Here you will find some gentleman comrades."

The stranger officer entered. He was a tall, slender, and yet powerful man, with features delicately chiselled, and an air of insolent superciliousness in his whole bearing and appearance. He greeted the occupants of the room with engaging courtesy.

"Ah! comrades!" said he, "I have the honor to introduce myself—Prince of Amberg! I am transferred to your regiment—to this squadron. I recommend myself to your friendship and good fellowship!"

The senior of the three officers continued the introduction:

"Von der Gruben; Von Martini; my name is Count Engalhart. We are delighted to make a good comrade welcome."

They shook hands.

"May I inquire," said Prince Amberg, "where the captain is, that I may report myself to him? Duty before everything."

"The captain is on an excursion in the neighborhood, to visit an acquaintance," replied Count Engalhart. "We expect him back in about an hour. He will alight here. I am senior lieutenant of the squadron," added he, smiling.

"Then, meanwhile, I report myself to you," replied the prince.

With a slight smile upon their faces, the two officers interchanged military salutes.

"Excuse me, for a short half hour," said Prince Amberg. "After four days' fatiguing ride, I feel the necessity of attention to my toilet. *Au revoir*." And he left the room.

Whilst the prince embellished his elegant person, the trio of lieutenants laid their heads together to conjecture the causes that had brought him, the model courtier, the

butterfly guardsman, the pet of the court ladies, the most brilliant ornament of the court circle, from the attractive capital to their tedious country garrison. The change was too disadvantageous for it possibly to be the consequence of his own caprice or inclination. On his reappearance he volunteered over a bowl of champagne punch the desired information. He was in disgrace at court, in consequence of a trifling indiscretion. One of his new comrades immediately guessed what this was. Martini remembered to have seen in the newspaper an account of a scandalous frolic in a public garden, where a number of young officers of aristocratic families had grossly insulted the wives and daughters of the citizens. But Martini's mention of this incident was the signal for the laughter of his friends, who jeered him for his simplicity, and scouted the idea of a nobleman falling into disgrace because he had made free with a few prudish plebeians. A similar affair that had occurred at a masquerade, and which was attended by circumstances of gross indecency, was also treated as an excellent joke. If they could not divert themselves at the expense of the bourgeois, Prince Amberg said, what became of the distinction of ranks? The matters in question had furnished high amusement to the whole court; the ladies had laughed heartily behind their fans at the transgressors' glowing descriptions of the consternation and scandal they had caused; and the reigning prince, whom Amberg irreverently designated as "the old gentleman," took no heed of the matter, nor of the muttered discontent of the insulted bourgeois. No; his disgrace was certainly for a trifling offence, but not for such harmless drolleries as these. At church, one day, he had ventured to remark to a lady of the household that she held her prayer-book upside down. The lady, who would fain have passed for a devotee, taxed him with impertinence, and with taking her perpetually for a butt; the pious portion of the court took up the matter, talked of irreligious levity in holy places, and the upshot of the whole was his condemnation to exile in country quarters.

Meanwhile arrivals took place at the inn. The officers' attention was excited by the entrance of a slender, sickly-looking youth of nineteen or twenty, bearing a knapsack and a harp, and accompanied by a dark-eyed maiden of fifteen. These were Bernard Hammer and his sister Anna. The first glance at the

young girl's blooming countenance suggested to the profligate Amberg a plan of infamy. Whilst he paid his court to Anna, Martini and Gruben took off the brother's attention, plied him with punch, professed sympathy and friendship, and inquired his history and that of his family. Bernard and his sister, it appeared, were not itinerant musicians, as their humble garb and pedestrian mode of travelling had led the officers to believe. Their father, a skillful professor of music, had taught them to play upon the harp, and Anna, grateful for the seemingly disinterested kindness of Prince Amberg, did not refuse, weary though she was, to gratify him by the display of her skill. Meanwhile the others questioned her brother.

"My story will be very short," said the young man. "We are three in family. My eldest sister was married young to a worthy and prosperous man, and by this union the happiness of all of us seemed insured. Suddenly she experienced a terrible affliction—"

He paused.

"Well?" said Von Gruben, encouragingly. The youth opened his lips to continue.

"Bernard!" exclaimed his sister, in a warning voice. She had ceased playing, and, amidst the flatteries and compliments of the prince, her first glance was for her brother. Her quick ear seemed to have caught his words. Or had she a presentiment of what he was about to say?

The brother started, and the words he was on the point of uttering remained unspoken.

Von Gruben's curiosity, previously feigned, was now strongly excited.

"You were about to say—?" he observed. Martini's attention had been attracted by the maiden's exclamation. He, too, approached Bernard, who quickly recovered himself, and continued:

"My brother-in-law," he said, "is lost to my unhappy sister. She has no longer a husband. Spare me the details. They would be too agitating for myself and my little sister. His daughter's grief hurried my father to his grave. It bound his children the closer together. My old infirm mother, my poor sister with her child, and I, have since then lived inseparable, supporting ourselves by the labor of our hands. My sister works with her needle; I draw patterns for manufacturers and embroiderers. Unfortunately, my sister's health has latterly given way, and therefore have I now been to fetch home Anna, who has hitherto dwelt with a distant relative.

She will take charge of our little household, and nurse our old mother, now nearly bed-ridden."

"Much misery, great cause for grief, is there not, my dear Gruben?" said Martini, twisting his mustache. Then filling the glasses, he drank with Martini and the stranger. Count Engelhart sat motionless behind the punch-bowl, smoking his great meerschäum pipe.

Bernard Hammer's great ambition was to become a painter. He was an enthusiast for art. Whilst his perfidious entertainers kept his glass constantly full, and riveted his attention by their conversation and generous promises, Prince von Amberg, by dint of infernal cunning and of artifices whose real object the simple-minded girl—as yet scarcely emerged from childhood—could not even remotely suspect, inveigled Anna from the apartment. Her departure was unperceived by her brother. Presently, in a lull of the conversation, a scream was heard, proceeding from the upper part of the house. Bernard started up in alarm. The officers would fain have persuaded him to remain, alleging a squabble amongst the servants, when just then the cry was repeated. This time there was no mistaking the sound. It was a woman's voice, its shrillness and power doubled by terror, screaming for aid.

"My sister!" cried Bernard Hammer; and with one bound he was out of the room. Several persons—the host, the hostess, and other inmates of the house—were assembled in the corridor. They looked up the stairs, and seemed uncertain whether or not to ascend. Young Hammer rushed through them, and sprang up stairs. A door was violently pulled open. His sister darted out, her countenance distorted and pale as a corpse.

"Wretch! monster! Save me!" she shrieked. Close behind her came Prince Amberg. He appeared quite calm, although his finely-cut features were slightly pale. A supercilious smile played upon his lips.

Anna Hammer flew into her brother's arms.

"Save me, Bernard," she cried. "The wretch, the fiend!" She shook like a leaf. Prince Amberg would have passed on, but Bernard let his sister go, and confronted him.

"Sir!" he cried, "what have you done to my sister? What insult have you offered to the child? Answer for yourself! Give me satisfaction!"

The prince laughed.

"Satisfaction! Ask the little fool herself what ails her."

"Fool! Sir, you stir not hence!" And he grasped the prince fiercely by the breast. Amberg would have shaken off his hold. The uniform coat was torn in the struggle, and Bernard received a blow in the face from his adversary. But it seemed as if the sickly youth were suddenly endowed with superhuman strength. He seized the prince with both hands, and shook him till the strong vigorous officer almost lost consciousness. Then he threw him down upon the ground.

The other officers had followed young Hammer, and came hurrying up stairs. They tore him from above the panting prince.

"Knave! clown!" And Gruben and Martini struck at him with their fists.

"Be foul not your fingers with him," said Count Engelhart. "Leave him to the men." And he pointed to a group of soldiers, now assembled at the stair-foot.

"You are right, comrade; the fellow is like a mad dog. It is out of his power to disgrace our uniform."

Then the officers seized the young man, and with their united strength threw him down stairs.

"Men! there is the strolling musician who dares assault your officers."

The soldiers received Bernard as he fell headlong down the staircase, and dragged him forth with shouts of savage joy, shutting the house-door behind them. The officers returned to their bowl of cardinal, Prince Amberg previously changing his torn uniform. The people of the house looked at each other in silence.

Anna Hammer had remained for a short time in a total unconsciousness. She came to herself just as her brother was pushed down the stairs. With a shriek, she flew after him. But she was too late. The soldiers were already forth with their prize, and in vain she shook the door, which was held from without.

In the street there arose a wild tumult; a chorus of shouts and curses, blows and screams.

Notwithstanding her terrible anxiety, the young girl's strength was soon exhausted by her fruitless efforts to open the door. She turned despairingly to the host and hostess:

"For the love of God's mercy, save my poor brother! The savages will kill him. He is so weak and suffering!"

The innkeeper shrugged his shoulders.

"What can we do against the military?" he said.

"For the sake of my poor old mother!" implored the maiden. "For my sister's sake! He is our sole support! Without him we perish! And he is so good, so noble!"

The hostess went away, as though unable to support the spectacle of the poor girl's despair. Her husband shrugged his shoulders repeatedly.

"The soldiery are too powerful. Often the officers themselves cannot restrain them."

The noise outside increased. The voices grew louder and the cries wilder—the scuffle more violent. Nothing could be distinguished of what was going on. Suddenly, above the riot and tumult, young Hammer's voice predominated. In a tone of heart-rending agony and despair,

"Help!" he cried; "they are murdering me!"

There followed a violent fall upon the pavement, and a wild huzza shouted by many voices. Then all was still as death.

"They have murdered him!" shrieked the maiden. "They have murdered my brother!"

She burst into the room in which the officers sat, and threw herself at the feet of the first she saw.

"Save, save! O, for Heaven's love, save my brother!"

"My little girl," quoth Lieutenant Martini, in a tone of quiet jocularity, "it strikes me you are not at all wanted here."

Just then the loud and cheerful notes of a post-horn resounded in front of the house, and a carriage stopped at the door.

"A carriage at this late hour! Quite a day of adventures, I declare," yawned Count Engelhart.

The house door was heard to open. A few seconds later, that of the public room was thrown wide, and a lady in an elegant travelling-dress was ushered in by the host. She was tall, rather full than slender in person, and apparently about five-and-twenty. Her complexion was fresh, her eyes were lively. Her air and bearing were those of the first society. On her entrance Prince Amberg sprang from his seat in astonishment.

"Frau von Horberg! Your ladyship, what an unhopèd-for pleasure!"

"You here, prince—how unexpected a meeting!"

Anna Hammer rose to her feet. The thought of a last possible chance of succor

and mercy flashed through her soul when she saw that the stranger was acquainted with the prince. Throwing herself before her, she clasped her knees.

"O, most gracious lady," implored she, "have compassion on my poor brother; say one word for him to the gentleman, that he may free him from the soldiers' hands."

"Will the little toad be gone!" exclaimed Prince Amberg, stepping forward. Then, turning to the lady—"A harp-player, an impudent stroller, who has been making a disturbance here with her brother."

"Ah, fie!" cried the lady, and pushed the young girl from her with a sort of loathing—not with her hand, but with her foot.

Anna Hammer stood up. Feelings of inexpressible grief and bitterness crowded upon her young heart. At that moment she felt herself no longer a child. One hour's events had converted her into a woman. She cast a glance of scorn at the lady, at the officer. Then she silently left the room. She crossed the empty entrance hall, and passed through the open door into the street. Here all was still; not a living creature was to be seen. An icy wind blew. She sought around. A moonbeam, forcing its way through the scudding clouds, revealed to her a dark form lying along the side of the street. She approached this object. It was her brother; he was covered with blood, and did not stir. She threw herself upon his body. He still breathed. Poor unhappy sister!

At that moment an officer rode up. He drew bridle at the tavern door, dismounted, gave his horse to the orderly who followed him, and entered the house.

In the public room sat Prince Amberg, conversing with the lady in the familiar tone of old acquaintanceship. On the officer's entrance he sprang from his chair, buckled on his sabre in a twinkling, clapped his dragoon helmet upon his head, and stepped forward with all the rigid decorum of military discipline.

"Captain, I report myself—Lieutenant Prince Amberg, appointed to your squadron!"

The captain did not return the salute. He looked at the prince as though he would read his inmost thoughts. The prince made a gesture of impatience, and was about to resume his seat.

The captain pointed to the door and motioned to the prince to pass out. The latter did so after a gay promise to soon return and entertain the lady. The captain and

lieutenant entered the yard of the inn. The girl was sobbing near a shed, over the almost lifeless body of her brother.

"Prince," said the captain, pointing to the victims, "you have not done well."

"How?"

"I mean it. You have proved yourself a coward to thus ill treat two children."

The prince put his hand to his sword, but just at that moment the girl approached the two officers.

"Coward, villain!" she said, and struck him on the face with a dagger. The keen point penetrated one of his eyes, passed to his brain, and Prince Amberg fell a corpse.

"Well struck, my girl!" cried the captain. "Now escape with your brother while there is time. Keep concealed for a few days, and I will see that the search soon grows cold. Here is something to aid you."

He forced into her hand a few gold pieces and then vanished.

One of the inn servants, who hated the soldiers, helped Anna to remove her brother to a distant hut in the forest, and there she nursed him until he had recovered, and when the blow for liberty was struck young Hammer and his sister did good service for the cause in Germany.

THE WAY I MADE A FOOL OF MYSELF.

BY N. P. DARLING.

You are not to suppose, because of the title of my story, that I never made a fool of myself but once. On the contrary, it is something that I am constantly doing, and I suppose I shall continue doing it unto the end of the chapter. But upon the occasion of which I am about to write, I think I surpassed all former efforts of mine in that line. Even my friend, Mr. George William Pucket—whose judgment upon such a question I consider uncommonly valuable, from the fact that he once had charge of an asylum for idiots—pronounced this particular act of mine fully equal to anything he had ever seen performed by "professionals."

I confess that I never had any particular desire to shine as a "professional," as G. W. P. calls them. I can gain honors enough, simply as an amateur, a fact which I think I can easily prove to you, if you will but take the trouble to read my story.

Mr. G. W. Pucket, whom I have just referred to as a man of sound judgment, is a resident of the romantic village of Deldingle. He is a man of property now, having come into possession of a large estate lately, by the death of his aunt. He is also a married man, and a father. In short, he married my sister Sallie, which accounts for my having been invited to spend my vacation at his house in Deldingle.

"Jerry," said my brother-in-law (it was the morning after my arrival, and we were breakfasting off a couple of broiled mackerel), "Jerry, we are invited to dine at Mr. Goggles's to-day."

"Well, and who is Mr. Goggles?" I inquired, complacently sipping my coffee. (Sallie does make excellent coffee, and I don't care who knows it.)

"Mr. Goggles? Why, he is the gentleman who bought the old Tipton estate. You remember my pointing out the house to you when you were down here last summer?"

"Yes."

"Well, he's bought it since then, repaired the house and the out-buildings, and about six months ago he brought down his family and put them into it; and now the old gentleman gives a dinner party as often as once a month, which all the jolly old fellows and their wives, and sometimes the jolly young fellows and their sweethearts, are invited to attend. There's nothing formal about it, you know. Everybody goes to have a good time, and if they don't enjoy themselves it isn't the fault of Mr. Goggles."

"O, well, I'll try to enjoy myself then. Another piece of that mackerel, if you please."

"Enjoy yourself!" cried my sister, as she passed the baked potatoes, "why, there'll be amusement enough in just watching the Goggles family. But we won't tell you anything more about them, except that Mr. Goggles is a martyr to the gout."

"Ah, that accounts for his being so fond of making dinner parties, hoping that by surrounding himself with lively people, he may at least forget his pains for a short time any way," I said.

"Yes, I suppose so," replied my brother-in-law, as he rolled up his napkin and jammed

it through the ring. "And now, my dear Jerry, if you'll walk into the library with me, I'll let you try one of my cigars."

As the reader would not probably be interested in the most glowing account that I could write descriptive of how I smoked that cigar, and as an account of all that was said and done by the whole family of Puckets until the hour of our starting for Mr. Goggles's dinner party, would not, I fancy, be exceedingly entertaining, I propose to pass over it all, without another word.

The guests had nearly arrived when we reached the house, and with the majority of them I was already acquainted, having met them in my previous visits to Deldingle. There was Mr. Jinger and his wife, with whom I had taken tea several times; Mr. Dobbles and lady, whom I used to meet at Mr. Jinger's; the elegant Miss Fluker, who had such a passion for eucbre and Miss Bradon's novels, that she read, played and endeavored to make herself interesting to every gentleman in the room all at one and the same time; Mr. Rumleigh, the young gentleman with flaxen hair and blue eyes, who was always engaged in literary pursuits, wrote volumes, but never published, and was rather fond of Miss Fluker. Mrs. Brox, the lively young widow, who lost her husband during the war, who had one very interesting child, and who was an ardent admirer of the above-mentioned Mr. Rumleigh; Mr. Kitter the funny man, who only had to open his mouth to cause a smile, and who had made love to Mrs. Brox, but in such an excessively funny way, that she really couldn't believe he was in earnest; Miss Pratt, the melancholy young lady who was never known to smile except once, and that was when Mr. Kitter sang

"Ev-er of thee I'm fo-o-on-dly dream-ing,"

and kept one eye (he was cross-eyed) upon her face. She smiled then, but it was a sickly smile, and died young—"she never smiled again." Then there was Mr. Bolger, a corpulent "limb of the law," who was a very witty man, and had an extensive practice; and his wife, a tall thin woman of sour disposition, who could no more appreciate a witticism than she could the poetical works of Homer in the original Greek. In close conversation with the above-mentioned lady, was the Rev. U. K. Pylys, who was airing his theological views for her benefit, while beside him sat the "meek and lowly" Mrs. Pylys, who was surrounded by the six Misses Pylys,

who were all "casting sheep's eyes" at young Mr. Bylts, a theological student, who was now standing by one of the windows in an attitude of deep thought, vainly trying to make up his mind which one of the six Misses Pylys he should centre his affections upon; and near by him stood the fascinating Miss Flox, with her golden hair all in a frizzle, her white teeth shimmering, and her bright eyes gleaming, as she laughed and talked with seventeen able-bodied young men who had gathered around her and threatened to devour her, commencing first with her luscious lips; and gathered around them were seventeen able-bodied young ladies who were vainly endeavoring to tear the seventeen able-bodied young men away from the bewitching Miss Flox; and then in the further corner of the room, seated in a large easy-chair, with his gouty foot (which was about six times as large as any man's foot ought to be) resting in another chair, was our host, Mr. Goggles. He was a short man, and a thick man, and he had no hair on the top of his head in the place where his hair ought to grow, and so he wore a wig; and as his eyes were weak, he wore green goggles. At his right sat Miss Goggles, a lovely young creature, with cream-colored hair, who wore green goggles; at his left sat Miss Lillie Goggles, a pearl of beauty, who had slate-colored hair, and wore green goggles; and behind his chair stood Master Christopher Columbus Goggles, a promising youth with drab hair, who also wore green goggles.

"I'm goggled," said I, addressing Pucket, "if I ever saw so many goggles in one family before."

"Ah, but Jerry, my boy, this is *the* Goggles family."

"I should think so."

"O, but I'm in earnest, Jerry. It was an ancestor of our host who invented green goggles—I don't know how many centuries ago—and singular as it may seem, every one of his descendants has been obliged to wear 'em! It was in those good old days when people took their names from their occupations or their peculiarities, and so they named the inventor Goggles, and called his son Goggles the bully, and his daughter, who was quite handsome, Goggles the stunner," said Pucket.

"Is it possible?"

"Historical, I assure you. But come, look at the photograph album;" and George William drew me to a table and threw the

book open before me. "All belong to the family you see—all wear goggles."

"Singular, isn't it? Here are one hundred photographs of persons, all wearing goggles!"

"It is a rather singular family. Now just look across the room. There's Kitter the funny man, talking with Mr. Goggles. Watch him."

I did watch him. He was relating some ludicrous story, in his funny way, and the old gentleman was listening with a broad smile on his face, and his two daughters, and Master Christopher Columbus, wore each a broad grin, while the four pair of goggles really seemed to glisten with delight. The *denouement* came upon Mr. Goggles unexpectedly. He issued a loud ha, ha! tore off his wig and threw it across the room, striking young Mr. Bylts in the face, thus startling him from his rather protracted reverie, and in such a sudden and very mysterious manner, that, at first, he knew not where he was, and conceiving himself in some danger, he grasped the first thing that came within his reach, which happened to be the swanlike neck of the fascinating Miss Flox, who immediately gave utterance to a musical yell and seized one of the before-mentioned able-bodied young men, who liked "that sort of thing," and so seized her in return, while just at this instant the six daughters of the Rev. Mr. Pylts, believing young Mr. Bylts to be in some imminent danger, rushed to his side, and tried to smother him in their arms.

"Bless my life!" cried Mr. Pylts, in holy horror, lifting up his hands.

But Mr. Goggles had only commenced to laugh. Just as the reverend gentleman made the above ejaculation, he threw his goggles, and gave another ha, ha!

The goggles struck Miss Pratt upon one side of her nose, and she prepared to faint and fall into the arms of Mr. Kitter, but unfortunately missed her aim and fell into the arms of Mr. Bolger instead, whose wife not being able to appreciate a joke, immediately seized the melancholy young lady by the hair of her head and threw her into the bosom of the flaxen-haired Mr. Rumleigh, who had just caught one idea, and was consequently not capable of entertaining another.

"O my stomach!" groaned Mr. Rumleigh.

Down came Mr. Goggles's gouty foot! There was a smile on his lips, but terror in his eye. There was a laugh and a groan.

"Ha, ha—O! my foot, my, O!"

Miss Goggles seized the foot and groaned.

Master C. C. Goggles seized his father's head, and Miss Lillie wanting to seize something, unfortunately placed herself in the way of the foot that wasn't gouty. Mr. Goggles had a severe twinge of pain. It was as sharp as the cutting of a knife. He tried to keep his mouth shut, and his hands still, but he couldn't. He said a naughty word, a very naughty word, and he said it very loud—he shouted it at the top of his voice; and he shook his fists, and he kicked—O, how he did kick! and just at this moment, a lady whom I had not seen before, entered the room, looking exceedingly amazed at the scene around her.

I gave her one glance, and found that she was very lovely. She gave me one glance, and probably found that I wasn't.

"O-h-h-h-h!" groaned Mr. Goggles; and then he shook his fists, and he kicked—Lillie was right in the way of that foot, and consequently she got out of the way of it. She got out of the way suddenly—very. She came away head-foremost, and jammed her marble brow violently against the spinal column of the lovely young lady who had just entered the room, causing her to fall into my arms with great precipitance.

"O! you've cracked my heart in twain," I exclaimed.

"Literally, or metaphorically speaking, Jerry?" inquired Pucket.

I didn't answer him, but I looked down into the young lady's eyes (they were beautiful eyes) and whispered:

"Both."

She blushed (probably) from the crown of her head to the tips of her toes, and began, hurriedly, to extricate herself from my embrace.

"I hope I have not offended you."

"O no," she replied, with a laugh as musical as the tinkling of silver bells. "O no. But what a confusion is here."

"Yes," I returned, "we're all slightly mixed; and the most singular thing about it is, that the first cause of the trouble wasn't a woman."

"O, you naughty man!" she said, with a bewitching smile. "But tell me all about it, do."

And so I did. I told her all about it, just as I have told you, and by the time I had finished, good humor was again restored. Mr. Bylts was laughing, and so was Miss Flox; and as Mr. Bylts laughed, of course the six Misses Pylts laughed, and the good humor

of the fascinating Miss Flox extended to the seventeen able-bodied young men, and from them it extended to the seventeen able-bodied young women, and so it kept extending until even Mr. Goggles smiled. Everybody was in good humor, save only Miss Pratt, who, having "missed stays" in falling, and as a consequence, lost her "switch," was melancholy still.

But who was the young lady with whom I was conversing? Somebody must introduce me, or else I should be obliged to introduce myself.

"O, I was looking for you, Amelia," said Mrs. Goggles, coming towards us. "I have just been up to your room."

"And I just came down," replied the young lady, "and I might have gone down further but for the interposition of this gentleman," nodding at me.

"Then you came in time to see how Mr. Goggles enjoys a joke. He always throws his wig off the first thing, when anything pleases him," said his wife.

"Yes, but he wasn't satisfied with throwing his wig this time," said the young lady. "He was the means of throwing me into the arms of—" She looked at me, and then at Mrs. Goggles.

"O, you are not acquainted," cried the lady, perceiving the state of affairs in an instant.

"We met by chance," but not the usual way, I fancy," the young lady returned, laughing.

"Well, then, Mr. Flibberty, let me introduce you to Miss Bergman, Miss Bergman, Mr. Flibberty."

"And now that I know your name, Mr. Flibberty," said she, putting her hand in mine, "let me thank you for saving me from a fall the effect of which might have been serious."

"O, no thanks. Luckily—for both of us, perhaps—I happened to be in the way," I said, with a tender smile illuminating my countenance.

Perhaps she understood my meaning, and perhaps she understood that smile, but I rather think not. She looked too unconscious.

But dinner was announced. I took the young lady on my arm, Mr. Bylta closed his eyes and made a rush for the six Misses Pylta, seizing the first, and leaving the rest in a state of jealousy, only to be imagined but not described. Miss Flox accepted the arm of one of the seventeen able-bodied young men,

while the remaining sixteen "paired off" as well as they could, and started for the dining-room, followed by Miss Fluker and Mr. Rumbleigh, who were earnestly discussing the merits of the last new novel, and who were followed by Mrs. Brox and Mr. Kitter, who were followed by the rest of the company, the rear being guarded by the melancholy Miss Pratt.

"During the dinner (which was a jolly affair) I learned that Miss Bergman was a niece of Mrs. Goggles, that she resided in Boston, but had come out to Deldingle for the purpose of making her aunt a visit, intending to remain there through the summer.

This was a very pleasant piece of information for me, for I was already in love with her, although not seriously, perhaps. If I had left Deldingle the next morning after the dinner party, it is very probable that I should have forgotten her within a month, but I was not going to leave. I was going to remain in Deldingle too, and it was quite likely that I should meet her often, whether I tried or not; and as I listened to her conversation as we sat at dinner, as I watched her out of the corner of my eye, noting her exquisite beauty, her grace and her loveliness both of mind and person, feeling the charm of her presence, I could but think of the soliloquy of Proteus, where, in speaking of Silvia, he says:

"How shall I dote on her with more advice,
That thus without advice begin to love her?
'Tis but her picture I have yet beheld,
And that hath dazzled my reason's light;
But when I look on her perfections,
There is no reason but I shall be blind."

Yes, I should be blind. I should love her, and love is always blind.

Until the party broke up, I don't remember that I exchanged half a dozen words with any one except Miss Bergman. I don't believe she ever had an admirer, who, upon so short acquaintance, was ever so devoted to her. I was completely infatuated. In a room full of ladies, and some of them very pretty, I had neither eyes nor ears for any one but her, and when at last I came to leave, our parting seemed to me like tearing myself away from myself.

"Do you remember, Jerry," said sister Sallie, as we rode home that night, "do you remember what Mr. Weller said to his son Sammy?"

"I remember a great many things that he said."

"Yes, but one thing in particular: 'Beware of the vidders.'"

"Well, why do you wish to recall that to my mind?" I asked.

"Why, we thought you was quite attentive to a certain young widow," said George William.

"Young widow?"

"Yes, Mrs. Bergman," said Sallie.

"Miss Bergman, if you please," I returned.

"I think you are mistaken, Jerry," said my sister, "for I am sure she was introduced to me as Mrs. Bergman."

"And so am I," cried G. W. P.

"And furthermore," urged Sallie, "I heard Miss Fluker say that she was a widow."

"And did you ever hear Miss Fluker admit that she *didn't* know, no matter what question you asked her? But whether Amelia Bergman is a widow or a maiden, I care not. It is enough for me to know that she is a most splendid woman."

"I agree with you there," said George William.

"But you are so impetuous, Jerry," argued Sallie, "that I'm afraid that you'll be doing something hastily."

"I'd marry her to-night if I could," I exclaimed.

"That's just like you. O Jerry, you're so rash! And now this young widow, who perhaps has just laid her husband in the grave—"

"She's got through with her weeds," said G. W. P., lighting a cigar.

"I wish you had too, George," returned Sallie. "But, Jerry, now promise me that you wont be rash. Don't make a proposal of marriage on the impulse of the moment. You'll have the whole season to study her character in, and you wont understand it any too well then, as you may find to your cost if you marry her."

"That's all very good, my dear Sallie, but while I'm studying her character, some other gentleman may step in and carry off the prize, and leave your darling Jerry broken-hearted."

"O, if there's any danger of that, perhaps it would be well to speak, and yet I don't know. If she loves you, she wont marry any one else, at least, while you are attentive to her. But I only wanted to warn you against being too hasty."

"I think you have begun in season," remarked George William.

"Yes, I know. But Jerry is so infatuated

already, that I thought if I didn't speak now, I might not have another chance."

"Well, I'll be very careful, Sallie, and I'll study her character every day. I think I shall commence to-morrow—take the first lesson, you know," I said, jumping down as the carriage reached the door, and assisting Sallie to alight.

And so I became a constant visitor at Mr. Goggles's house. The old gentleman became quite fond of me, and so did his wife, and so did his daughter Bella. In fact, the latter became rather too fond of me. Try as hard as I could, it was impossible to make her understand that I did not call at her father's for the purpose of seeing her. She would not see that I was madly in love with Miss Bergman, and what was still more singular, no one else would see it. I knew from the hints that Mr. Goggles occasionally threw out, that he believed I was courting Bella, and Mrs. Goggles thought so, and Lillie thought so, and so did Master Christopher Columbus Goggles. Every one of them believed that Bella had a beau in the person of Jerry Fliberty, and more tantalizing still, even Amelia believed it.

I never was in love with but one woman, and I never attempted to court but one woman, and that woman was Amelia Bergman. I tried every way I could think of, except an actual avowal, to let her know that I loved her, but she wouldn't see it. When I called Bella was always waiting to receive me in the parlor. If I ventured to make a tender, sentimental remark to Amelia, Bella was sure to intercept it.

Of course, this was aggravating, very. It wore upon me. I lost my usual good spirits, grew thin, and pale, and felt most exceedingly wretched. The summer was passing, and nothing had been done—at least, in the right direction.

Under the circumstances, there didn't seem to be any particular danger of my being too rash. If I had had an opportunity, I would have told Amelia my love, but no such opportunity was offered me. I could never see her alone, contrive as I might. Bella seemed to be always with her, when she wasn't alone with me.

And so I began to believe at last, that it was my destiny to marry Miss Goggles.

"Perhaps," thought I, "that the Goggles family is not so obtuse as I imagined. Perhaps they saw at first that I was pleased with Amelia, and she may be pleased with me.

But suppose the whole Goggles family determined that I should marry Bella. I'm a good looking young man, and rather agreeable, I fancy. My morals are good, and I've a small fortune. Taking me all together (and I shouldn't want to be taken any other way), I'm not a bad catch. Bella evidently thinks so, and both Mr. and Mrs. Goggles agree with her. And so they've made up their minds to have me. Amelia has probably been told that 'there's an understanding between Bella and me.' She may have felt very bad when they told her, but being the very soul of honor, she determined to give me up without a struggle."

That was the way I reasoned at last. I could not understand or explain to my own satisfaction, the, to me, very singular conduct, not only of Amelia, but of the whole Goggles family towards me, upon any other supposition.

It was Sunday evening. I had smoked my cigar, as usual, on the veranda, after tea, and while smoking I had been thinking, and I had arrived at the conclusion stated above.

I determined to act immediately. I would walk up to Mr. Goggles's and call for Amelia, ask for a private interview, and then declare my love.

Perhaps you will think it strange, but up to this time I had never asked whether Amelia was a widow or not. The story in Deldingle was that she had been married, but had procured a divorce from her husband. Of course I didn't believe that, but I made no inquiries. The Goggleses called her Amelia, but I always addressed her as Miss Bergman, and as no one corrected me, I think I was right in believing she was not a widow. But I didn't care. I cared for nothing but her love.

Mr. Goggles was sitting by an open window of the library when I reached the house. He saw me and spoke.

"Ah, Fliberty, good-evening. Walk right in this way."

I left my hat and cane in the hall and went in. An elderly gentleman, sixty years of age, perhaps, sat in an easy-chair near the table. He was a very tall man, with a large head that was covered with short hair, as white as cotton; but what attracted my attention, was the elegance of his dress, which was composed of the finest and most costly material, and cut in the very extreme of fashion. No Broadway dandy ever came out more perfectly gotten up.

"Mr. Bergman, Mr. Fliberty."

"Aw, happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Fliberty," said Mr. Bergman, raising his eye-glass and surveying me from top to toe.

Was it possible that this was Amelia's father? And had he come to take her home? If so, how lucky it was for me that I had come to the determination to know my fate that night. Another day and I might have been too late.

I only stopped with the gentlemen a few moments, for I saw the ladies in the garden, and as they passed the window I excused myself, and went out to join them.

Bella was delighted to see me, and even Amelia gave me a smile of welcome.

For an hour or more we strolled around the grounds, but at last a movement was made towards the house. Amelia was some distance ahead of the rest of us, entirely alone. This was my opportunity. Bella stopped to examine one of the plants in the garden, and I hurried on, and came up with the beloved one.

"Amelia," I began, very excitedly, although in a suppressed voice, "Amelia, darling, for nearly three months I have been waiting and wishing for an opportunity to tell you how much I love you—"

"Love me?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, yes, darling. Thee, only thee. I never cared a snap for Bella. I never loved any one but you, I never can; and I will marry you, or else I'll go and be a nun, or some other horrid thing. O, say you will be mine, darling. Let me go and ask your father's consent to our union."

"Mr. Fliberty—"

"Don't say me nay. If you don't love me now, you will learn to. Believe me, darling, I can never be happy without you. I shall die if you spurn my love. Let me go to your father—now, this instant. May I? O, only say that I may."

I think she nodded her head in token of her consent, but I will not be certain of this. She was too much surprised to speak. My declaration had come upon her so suddenly that she knew not what answer to make, even if she could have spoken, and so she assented by a nod, and I hurried on to the house, and rushing into the library I found Mr. Bergman there alone, Mr. Goggles having just left the room.

"O Mr. Fliberty, eh? I thought it was Amelia," said Mr. Bergman.

"It is of her I wish to speak."

"Eh? What's the matter? Anything serious?" cried Mr. Bergman, springing out of his chair.

"O no, nothing serious, my dear sir. Sit right down and I'll tell you all about it," I said, soothingly.

"Ay, but where is she?"

"She is safe, perfectly safe. Make your mind easy, she will be here in a moment."

"Yes, yes, but—"

"Pshaw! Mr. Bergman, you don't understand me. Nothing has happened to Amelia. She is perfectly well."

"But what the deuce do you mean?"

"I love her, sir," I stammered.

"Love her!" thundered Mr. Bergman.

"Yes, and I would make her my wife."

"Your wife!" roared Mr. Bergman. "Who the deuce do you take me to be, you young jackanapes?" and the old gentleman plunged for me.

He caught me by the collar, and I seized him by the hair, and then we began to shake each other in a very lively and interesting manner.

"O you villain! you scapegoat! you young devil!" yelled the old gentleman. "What sort of a man do you take me to be?"

"You're a lunatic!" I shouted. "Help! help! help!"

Mr. Goggles came rushing in, followed by Mrs. Goggles, Bella, Lillie, Christopher Columbus and Amelia. They tried to separate us. The three youngest Goggleses seized me by the skirts of my coat and endeavored to pull me away from the infuriated monster. But Amelia clung to the old gentleman, and was assisted in her efforts by Mr. Goggles and wife.

I was willing to let go my hold. I tried hard to get away, but he held me in a clutch like a vice.

"Love her, do you? Want to make her your wife, eh? O you rascal! Bust you, did you think I was dead? Didn't you know she was my wife?"

"Your wife!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, my wife."

"The —, whew!" The old gentleman released me, and stared at me in astonishment.

"Who did you think I was?" he asked, quite coolly.

"Her father, of course."

Mr. Goggles burst into a loud laugh, and the rest of the Goggleses snickered audibly, but Amelia was pale and silent.

"I've been laboring under a great mistake, I see. When I was introduced to your wife, Mr. Bergman, I understood Mrs. Goggles to say Miss instead of Mrs. I've made a fool of myself in consequence."

"What! wasn't you courting Bella at all, then?" cried Mr. Goggles.

I looked up at Bella. The tears were streaming down from under her green goggles. It was plain that she didn't mean to deceive me. It was plain, too, that she loved me. What should I do? I always liked cream-colored hair, but I never admired green goggles. Bella was a good girl though, and I knew she would make me a good wife, and so I answered thus:

"No, Mr. Goggles, I *wasn't* courting Bella, but with your permission, I intend to begin to-night."

"Why, that's the way to talk it," cried Mr. Goggles. "I always liked you, Mr. Flibberty, but jam me if I don't love you now; and if Bella won't marry you, I will. What do you say, Bella?"

Pshaw! what could she say? She loved me, and that was enough. Mr. Goggles knew that, as did all the rest of the Goggleses, and so they left us alone.

"And now, Bella," said I, as I took her hand, "can you forgive me for being such a fool as to suppose that I could love any woman but you?"

She didn't say anything, but she laid her head down on my shoulder, and looked up at me lovingly, through her green goggles.

"Will you be mine?" I asked.

"Do you really love me?"

"I'll be goggled if I don't," said I.

"And you'll be goggled if you do," said she, throwing her arms around my neck.

We embraced, and then we kissed, and then we kissed again, and then, as there wasn't anything else to do, why, we—we kissed, and we might have been kissing until this time if we hadn't stopped to get married.

Yes, we *are* married. We've been married now, nearly five years, and they've been very happy years too. But I must close now, for I can hear my little son, Socrates Bergman, calling for his papa. Here he comes, and—shiver my timbers if the little rogue hasn't got on his mother's green goggles!

"HOBSON'S CHOICE."

BY BETT WINWOOD.

HOPE slammed the hall-door and stepped into the little parlor where Mrs. Cameron sat stitching some shirts for Major Thornton.

"Mother," said she, desperately, "we may as well put ourselves on short rations at once."

Mrs. Cameron elevated her eyebrows.

"What do you mean?"

"Bessie Briggs has given up her music. I have but one pupil on my list."

"Good gracious! You don't say?"

"We might as well take a dose of hemlock," muttered Hope, giving her hat a spiteful swing across the floor. "Folks did it in old times to get rid of their troubles. You may see how we are to live on the profits of one pupil, but I don't!"

"Mercy on me!" sighed Mrs. Cameron. "After all the money I've spent on your musical education, too. Dear, dear, you're not worth a fig at fine sewing, and there's nothing else to turn one's hand to."

"Humph!"

The girl's tone expressed a deep disdain of her mother's occupation.

Mrs. Cameron recommenced her stitching. There was a long silence, which Hope finally broke.

"Mother," she said, "how much longer can we keep on at this rate, without coming to the poorhouse?"

"Three months, perhaps—not a day over."

"The roof over our heads is mortgaged for all it is worth, I suppose?"

"Every cent."

Hope took time to ponder the matter. "How can we save ourselves?" she asked, presently.

"You must marry," replied Mrs. Cameron, with an askant look at her daughter.

Hope started. "That is easier said than done, mother. The men don't propose, and they might say 'no,' were I to do the asking. Besides, I have only two lovers, David Bodkins and Gregory Dane. It would look like 'Hobson's choice,' in either instance."

"Gregory Dane!" repeated Mrs. Cameron, on a raised key. "Good gracious, child; he's crazy!"

"I know it. But David is a fool," said

Hope, contemptuously. "Between the two, I have a decided preference for the crazy man."

"You are too severe on David, my dear. He is considered one of the most likely fellows in the neighborhood. He's worth money, too, and loves you to distraction."

"Humph! you wouldn't like to have me marry David, mother, and you know it."

"You might better be Mrs. Bodkins and have a big farm of your own, than simple Hope Cameron and go to the poorhouse."

"I would be simple Hope, indeed, were I to go to the 'Poplars' to be ordered about by Sister Bodkins. Even if David were admissible, I never could put up with his mother. Just think of the life I should lead with her to prate 'original sin' every time I went contrary to her wishes. No, mother, marriage seems out of the question, unless we can import some new material to work upon. You must hit upon some other expedient, or the problem of our future will be unsolved."

Mrs. Cameron heaved a sigh, but had no further suggestions to make. Things looked dark, and no mistake. She had been slaving all her life long to make a genteel living, and now that she was a widow of thirty-eight with a marriageable daughter, affairs were in a worse condition than they had ever been before. There seemed no present possibility of relief from the petty shifts and expedients to which she was compelled to resort in order that appearances might be kept up.

At the very moment that she and Hope were considering their worldly prospects, and bemoaning the wretchedness of their lot, David and his mother, "Sister Bodkins" as she was called, were holding a confabulation in the long low kitchen at the "Poplars."

David had just come in from raking hay, and sat in his shirt-sleeves by the window, fanning himself with a wide-brimmed straw hat. A great brawny six-foot-tall fellow, with bare muscular arms, a well-built frame and a complexion "brown as a berry," wisps of hay clinging to his hair and sticking out of two holes in his boots, he was a perfect picture of rugged health and strength, but certainly not the most romantic object on which the eyes could have rested.

Sister Bodkins was washing the supper dishes, trotting backwards and forwards between the sink and the tall wooden dresser in one corner, and learning verses from the book of Job between times. That was her way of doing business, as the saying is. While at work she always kept a Bible lying wide open in some favorable spot that was easy of access. In the present instance, she had purposely placed it in the window-stool beyond David, and invariably leaned over the back of his chair when looking for a fresh verse to commit, intending to attract his attention to the nature of the double duty she was doing thereby. No matter how much dirt had been suffered to accumulate about the premises, for Sister Bodkins did her housework in a very slipshod manner, nor what David's unsatisfied wants might be, whether he slept in a clean or a tumbled bed, or whether he wore purple and fine linen once a month or not—no matter how soiled and frayed her own garments might be, or how sadly down at the heel she was, Sister Bodkins never gave such matters a second thought. "All is vanity," she would say, "and we're apt to make too much of this world's goods. What does it all amount to, any way? Now, there's Mrs. Deacon Gray, who wouldn't be happy in heaven unless she could take a broom and duster along. Land alive, the angels will take care of the cobwebs up there, I reckon! I wouldn't be like Mrs. Deacon Gray, if I could!"

And so, like a great many other women—and men, too, for that matter—while avoiding Scylla, she was wrecked and sadly tossed about in the vortex of Charybdis. She seemed to lose sight of the fact, that dirt and disorder and a selfish disregard for the comfort of others is anything but an indication of saintship. Because she was a good Presbyterian and attended all the circles and societies, besides going to church twice on the Sabbath, she considered that her duty was done and well done.

On the present occasion David saw her trotting backwards and forwards, and knew well enough what she was up to, for the verse-learning was an everyday occurrence; but he was so hard-hearted as to pretend ignorance.

"Job was a wonderfully patient man," she said, presently. "Didn't you ever realize it, David?"

"I've heard you say so, mother," returned David, indifferently.

Sister Bodkins gave the plate she was drying an extra rub.

"I'm afraid you don't think so much of serious things as you ought, my son. It's natural for young folks to be careless, but I don't excuse it in you by any means. You ought to have faith, hope and charity, these three, my son."

David dropped his hat right there, and began to dive for it.

"One would be enough, mother," he said, very red in the face. "Give me Hope, and I don't care a rush for the other two."

Sister Bodkins groaned aloud.

"You're a bad boy, David, that you are. You're after Hope Cameron, instead of trying to serve the Lord. O the shameless hussy!"

"Don't you like Hope?"

"You know I don't."

"Why? She's pretty."

"So is dogwood, but that doesn't make me in love with it."

"I intend to marry Hope, if she will have me."

"But she won't."

David pulled a wisp of hay from his hair and began picking it in pieces.

"What's to hinder?"

"Her pride, for one thing. You're a fool for running after that vain creature. Everybody is laughing at you, and she laughs loudest of them all."

"Let them laugh."

"You don't care, but I do. Mrs. Cameron likes to snub me as well as she likes to eat; and you give her chance enough, the Lord knows. It makes my blood boil, that it does."

"In spite of Job's example?"

"Hold your tongue, David. Hope is too vain and frivolous for you. All she cares for is dainty muslins, fine linen and novels. I wouldn't like her to be Mrs. Bodkins the second. She has no more religion than a child; I'm going to speak my mind to her, the first chance."

"Do," said David.

That "chance" was not long in coming. Everybody in Scampertown knew of David's infatuation, and a great many jokes were cracked at his expense. He lived two miles out of the village, but the "Poplars" was quite a noted place, and Sister Bodkins's peculiarities made it none the less so. David was considered "odd" by the young folks of Scampertown, and from the time when he first became smitten with Hope, they had in-

terested themselves in his affairs, and for the sake of teasing our very imperfect heroine, had done everything in their power to help along his wooing. David did not need much assistance, however, for a more persistent lover could not well be imagined. He followed Hope wherever she might go as faithfully as a dog could have followed a master, no matter whether she smiled or frowned.

Not many days after the conversation with his mother which we have partially recorded, both were invited to spend an evening at Major Thornton's—I mean David and Sister Bodkins.

"I suppose we must go," said the latter, ruefully. "I would rather stay at home, though, for I'm almost sure it's a contrived plan to bring you and Hope Cameron together."

"Of course, we must go. Who cares whether it was a contrived plan or not?"

Sister Bodkins's guess was a very shrewd one, for Mrs. Cameron and Hope were included in the invitations. They were a long time in deciding whether to go or stay, and for reasons very similar to those which *did not* influence David.

"It is provoking," said Hope, with tears of vexation in her eyes. "Everybody knows that I hate David Bodkins, and yet they will persist in bringing us together."

"What now?" inquired her mother, who was not as quick-witted as she might have been.

"Don't you see? Major Thornton has invited us on purpose to give David another opportunity to persecute me."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes. He as good as owned up to the truth last night. I'm tempted never to go nigh his house again."

"Don't say that, dear. We must put up with anything Major Thornton may do. His wife furnishes me with more than half my sewing. It wouldn't be polite to make enemies of them."

"And so I must be a martyr? I'll make him sick of his game, though."

Hope did not fully make up her mind to go until the evening in question; but Mrs. Cameron was so urgent, and furnished so many good reasons, that she could not help but feel the force of them. Not that her mother really wished her to marry David, for she did not; but she had considerable shrewd common sense, and did not think it advisable to sacrifice friends who might be of service to

them for the sake of gratifying any prejudice that Hope might feel. If she did not like David, she could certainly keep him at a distance.

On entering Major Thornton's parlor, Sister Bodkins was the very first person Hope saw, sitting primly in one corner busily plying her knitting-needles, in the unwonted splendor of a new cap (that set awry on her head, of course,) and a black bombazine dress minus half the hooks and eyes, whose places were supplied with pins, and in the side breadth of which was a long rent that had been very imperfectly darned. Before setting out, David had vainly endeavored to persuade his mother not to wear "that darned dress," laying an unnecessary stress upon the adjective nearest the noun; but Sister Bodkins was not so weak as to listen to his persuasions—not she! And so black bombazine it was, in spite of Gog and Magog.

"The old wretch," said Hope, to one of her friends. "Don't you see how savagely she looks at me? Where is her delectable son, I wonder?"

He came across the hall, the next moment, with Major Thornton. For the first time in his life, there was a certain impressive dignity in his bearing, and Hope came very near blushing when he held out one of his horny hands and said:

"How are you enjoying the evening, Miss Cameron?"

"I have but just come," returned Hope, giving her head a toss. "I expect nothing else than to be egregiously bored."

David looked hurt.

"If you cared half so much for my company as I do for yours, you would be sure to pass the time agreeably."

"Perhaps," she said, in a slightly scornful tone, curling her lip.

She turned away, and began talking glibly to Will Thornton, the major's son, thus managing to avoid David for a full half hour, though conscious all the while that he was closely watching her. She shunned that corner of the room in which Sister Bodkins had taken her stand, and was congratulating herself on the ease with which she was getting rid of the two persons she detested so heartily, when lo! the mountain came to Mohammed, that is, Sister Bodkins bore down upon her like a frigate under full canvas.

"Good-evening, Hope," she said, sharply. "One would think I was a dragon, by the way you hide about to get rid of me."

"A mistake of that sort would be very pardonable, madam," said Hope, sententiously.

Sister Bodkins elevated her brows.

"Yes, in a silly chit of a girl who couldn't be expected to know any better."

"Thank you, madam."

"For what?" sharply. "You don't need to be grateful. It's one's duty to speak the truth to people, sometimes. Otherwise, their pride and self-conceit would make them unendurable. But I wish you to understand, Hope Cameron, that you have no need to look down on my son. He is just as good as you are."

"He ought to be very much better."

"Why?"

"Because he has such a mother."

At this Sister Bodkins might have forgotten to imitate Job's example so far as patience under trials is concerned, had not somebody called for Hope to take her place at the piano, just then. Sister Bodkins followed her like a hawk stooping down after a dove.

"What shall I sing?" asked Hope.

Some named one thing and some another. "For my part, I'd like to hear a hymn," said Sister Bodkins. "They are appropriate to every occasion. There is nothing quite so good as a hymn of the right sort. There is one beginning:

"Come, Thou fount of every blessing.' I wish you'd sing that."

Hope was so ill-bred as to give her head a contemptuous toss, as she said, "I have changed my mind. I shall not sing to-night."

She played the most brilliant polka she could call to mind, and then arose from the piano with flushed cheeks.

"I am ill, and wish to go home," she whispered, hunting up her mother.

"Hush!" returned Mrs. Cameron, making a warning gesture. "Somebody will hear you. You are tired, that is all. I'll not have it said that Sister Bodkins frightened us away."

Shortly afterwards, Hope saw her old enemy at the piano, busily engaged in turning over the sheet music that lay on the rack. Prompted by curiosity, as soon as Sister Bodkins's back was turned, she sought to discover what the malignant old woman had been doing.

The investigation did not need to be very protracted. The music on the rack happened to be Hope's, and bore her name in full. It was mostly operas and dance music. Sister Bodkins had thrust among the loose leaves a tract entitled "Mischief for Idle Hands," and

yet another, called "Satan smothered in Rose-leaves." Not content with these very broad hints, on an extract from the opera of "Martha" she had pricked with her knitting-needles the words "*Touch not the unclean thing.*" A copy of "Norma" bore the significant appeal, "*Sinner, flee from the wrath to come.*"

Hope laughed, in spite of her vexation. David still stood at a little distance, watching every move she made. He now came nearer.

"What has my mother been doing?" he asked.

"If you were to ask her, she would say her Christian duty. Opinions differ, however."

She tried to speak very coldly, but David was not to be put off in this way. He caught her hand in his almost rudely.

"You must try to be charitable, Hope," he said. "I should be glad to have you learn to like my mother. She will always live with me."

"Indeed!" returned Hope, spitefully. "But what is that to me?"

"I intend to make you my wife. I have been in love with you a long time, and was only waiting for a chance to tell you so."

Hope attempted to draw away, feeling very much confused.

"Good gracious!" she cried; "are you crazy, man? I could never think of marrying you!"

David's swart cheeks became a trifle paler than their wont. His bulky frame trembled with suppressed emotion.

"I do not think you have taken time enough to consider the matter duly," he said, in a low deep tone. "I shall not accept any answer you may make as final."

"You have asked me nothing."

"But you know very well what I meant to ask."

"I don't wish to know. You are nothing to me—nothing. I should be glad never to look in your face again."

She spoke in a hot impetuous tone, but a quaver in her voice said that tears were near at hand, ready to flow. David released her, but stood directly in her way.

"Hope," he continued, half angrily, "with all your high notions, you might do worse than to marry me. In one sense, you are no better than I am. We will both have to work, for some years to come, at least. But I could give you a home; you would not need to teach music; your mother should never do another stitch of slop-work."

"Let me pass, Mr. Bodkins. This is a subject I do not wish to continue."

"Will you marry me?"

"No. Stand aside."

He turned away with a long-drawn sigh, and attempted to hold no further converse with her. Hope, freed from his presence, was more like herself, and her spirits arose to their flood-tide.

When she put on her shawl to go away, she found a third tract pinned in one corner of the garment. This happened to be a tirade against dress, and was entitled "Sackcloth and Ashes." Of course, Sister Bodkins had placed it there.

"Poor woman!" thought Hope, compassionately. "Perhaps she takes a real interest in my salvation. It's a pity, though, that her piety couldn't be diverted into a more useful channel."

On the way home she gave her mother a true history of everything that had occurred.

"What shall I do?" She concluded by asking, "How shall I rid myself of that ridiculous fellow?"

"You will have to marry him, Hope," Mrs. Cameron replied, "since he cannot be either snubbed or driven into letting you alone."

"I begin to believe it," said Hope, despairingly.

After that night, she was less at peace than ever. David was like her shadow—a skeleton at every feast. Of all the obstinate lovers she had ever heard of, he was in the superlative. He managed to be invited to all the parties, and at church he sat in a pew overlooking that occupied by her mother and herself. She could hardly step into the street without encountering him. She actually began to question within herself whether she had not unconsciously been guilty of some sin so atrocious in its nature that he was sent to haunt her until an ample atonement had been made.

The summer days waned, while this pernicious wooing continued. By-and-by good reports began to be whispered of David; he gradually grew into favor among the village people. His manners improved, and he became more particular in regard to dress—copying the garb of the better class of young men in Scampertown. It was whispered among the knowing ones that he was receiving weekly instructions in mathematics and the sciences from Parson Goodrich of the Presbyterian Church, though Hope was not sure whether the rumor was correct or not.

But she was not so blind as to be unable to see that he was developing wonderfully.

"One would think David was on probation," said Mrs. Cameron, when affairs had been in this condition for several weeks.

"How do you account for the change?" asked Hope, in a very absent-minded way.

"He is serving for his Rachel."

"I hope not."

"But he is, though. There has been a decided improvement. He will soon be acknowledged as one of the most likely young men in town. You might better have married him, Hope."

"And had Sister Bodkins thrown into the bargain? That would have been too much of a good thing."

"We are getting poorer every day of our lives. We must be very near the end of the rope by this time. I don't wish to urge anything against your will, my dear, but I do hope you are inclined to take a common-sense view of our condition."

Not many days subsequent to this conversation, Hope was in the parlor one afternoon practising a new song on the rickety piano that graced the apartment. Mrs. Cameron had gone to the other end of the village to take care of a woman who was sick. Thus it happened that Hope was left quite alone in the house.

Suddenly she heard heavy footsteps crossing the porch. A moment later somebody pushed open the door, when she looked up with a start. Her hands dropped lifelessly away from the keys, her eyes dilated with horror, and the very blood seemed to be curdling in her veins. A single cry fell from her trembling lips, "Gregory Dane!"

Like a flash came the consciousness of the utter hopelessness of her situation. She was alone in the house, and likely so to remain for several hours, and here was this man stealing in upon her with wild wicked eyes glaring at her, and a cunning smile parting his lips—this Gregory Dane who had made love to her more than a score of times in his saner moments on account of some fancied resemblance to the young wife he had lost three years previously. She knew, too, that he had been shut up in a madhouse for more than six months past because he was thought to be hopelessly insane over his loss. It is no wonder that she grew pale as death, and the blood ran icily cold over her lips.

"Yes, Gregory Dane," he repeated, in a

soft winning tone of voice. "Are you glad to see me, my dear?"

He paused between her and the door, not more than three feet away. He looked at her long and searchingly, seeming to take in every item of that inert figure, from the arch of the supple foot to the bands of dark brown hair that encircled her head. His gaze was a singular mixture of love and hate, of tenderness and malice.

"Are you glad to see me, pretty dear?" he asked, for the second time.

Hope's self-possession slowly returned. She had heard it said that there is no way of treating insane people that is half so effectual as to make them believe you consider them of as sound mind as yourself. She looked up at him with a sickly smile.

"Of course I am glad to see you, Gregory," she said. "Why have you staid away so long?"

He leered at her in a horribly cunning manner.

"I knew you would be tired, waiting, pretty dear. But I couldn't come sooner, though I have lain awake night after night, thinking of you. Often and often I seemed to hear your voice in the air, calling to me. I heard it in the winds, and the sunshine, and the rain. Was it really your voice, pretty dear?"

He caught her arm in a vicelike grip, and looked steadily into her eyes. It required a great effort on her part to refrain from shrieking aloud.

"It must have been," she said, humoring his idea.

"I don't believe it!" he cried, fiercely. "It was the howling of the damned. I heard them gnashing their teeth and praying for mercy. The sunshine *lies*, and so does the wind, and the rain. I have been deceived before, just as you are trying to deceive me now. It was *not* you. You hate me, and hoped I would never come back. But I will have my revenge, though. See?"

He drew a large clasp-knife from his bosom, and flashed it menacingly before her eyes.

"See?" he continued, between his teeth. "I came through a field where men were at work, and took this from the pocket of a coat that lay on the grass. I knew you were faithless, and I meant to cut your heart out. You're young and pretty, but you have a very wicked heart; it belongs to somebody else; you will never love me until it is cut

out and buried. Then, then, my darling, there will be nothing to keep us apart."

Hope was trembling like a leaf. O, how she longed to see David Bodkins's stalwart frame coming in at the open door! But there was no probability that anything of the sort would happen. She had foolishly compared David to Gregory Dane, and this was her punishment, perhaps. She had rejected David, and so her other lover had come to make his place good. A just retribution!

She would have called for help, but nobody was likely to hear her. The house stood off from the village street, and several rods from any other. She might be murdered, and nobody know what was being done until it was too late. There seemed but one hope, to parley with the man until some opportunity of escape presented itself.

"I know you will not harm me, Gregory Dane," she said, pleadingly. "How could I love you when I had no heart? You had better leave me as I am, or help me to make myself better."

He peered at her suspiciously from under his bent brows. "You are playing with me?" he exclaimed, suddenly, giving his knife a flourish. "I'll not trust you. You have promised me over and over again before, and then was false as hell. You will be false now, so long as you have that vile bad heart in your bosom. It will be over in a moment, pretty dear, and then you will love me."

His hot breath scorched her cheek. Hope looked beyond him to the open door. Would it be possible to glide past him, and so run for her life? He had treble her strength, and would be even with her in a moment. That project must be abandoned.

"You dare not do it, Gregory," she said, with well-feigned anger. "I would rise in my grave, to haunt you."

He dropped his head on his hand, a sudden change coming over him. "Grave?" he repeated, in a low sorrowful tone of voice, "I remember; that is where they laid her—a deep, dark, terrible place where the sun never shines, and the flowers never bloom. I've been trying all these weary months to get into it, and cover myself away from the jeering, mocking men who go stalking up and down the earth, but *they* won't let me; you know whom I mean?" transfixing her with his wild burning eyes. "*They* won't let me."

"How cruel!" she whispered.

"No, it isn't!" breaking into a shrill laugh that made her blood run cold. "They are

my friends, and you know it! It is you who are false and treacherous. You have stolen Eloise's bonny hair, and her pretty smile, and her lovely face. But for you she would not have died. You came like a vampire, and she wilted and faded. Did you suppose I was blind to the horrid truth? You exhausted her vitality, breath by breath, and took her identity upon yourself?"

Hope could not repress a shivering cry. He heard it, and his face darkened angrily again.

"I intend to kill you!" he exclaimed, going back to his first idea. "Last night I slept in one of Jupiter's moons. The dog-star came and stood over my head; I heard the music of the spheres, and the Great Bear howled at me over the Little Bear's shoulder. A queer little man came to me presently, who said he was the devil. We talked of you, and of Eloise. He said that I must kill you with the knife I should find in the field. Then my own Eloise would spring up from your dead body."

"But I am your Eloise!" cried Hope, despairingly.

"O no, you are not," with a cunning laugh. "The devil has put me on my guard against your wiles. I'm not to be imposed upon any longer. Do you see that clock?" indicating one that stood on the mantel.

Hope nodded, unable to speak.

"You have three minutes to live. You had better say your prayers."

There was a glitter in his eyes that told Hope she had nothing to expect from his mercy, unless she could succeed in diverting his attention, and so make him forget his murderous design. He stood with uplifted arm, the knife-blade directed towards her heart. He might strike at any moment. It was horrible to face death in that manner. A ray of hope dawned suddenly upon her mind.

"Eloise? Eloise?" she repeated, in a puzzled tone. "Is that the name of the woman you loved? What a wretched mistake you have made. She is my sister—that is why I resemble her so much. She is up stairs, and will be so glad to see you. Shall I call her?"

"My darling, my darling! Is she there? No, no," his face clouding again. "You are lying to me, just as the wind, and the rain, and the sunshine lied. While the Great Bear was howling last night, the devil said you would attempt to palm such a story upon

me. But he told me I must kill you none the less."

"Then I cannot help you to find Eloise," said Hope, desperately. "I have her picture. Will you believe me if I show it to you?"

Hope took a case from the piano behind her. "Here it is. You can open it, and see for yourself."

He took it eagerly, tearing at the clasp with trembling fingers. Hope watched her opportunity, and when he leaned over to look at the pictured face within, which was her own, she gathered her strength for one last effort, and with an appealing look to heaven, gave him a sudden desperate push with her clenched hands, that, finding him at a disadvantage, destroyed his equilibrium, and sent him reeling to the floor.

Hope darted past him, and out of doors, shrieking at the top of her lungs. She heard him gather himself up with a savage howl, but fear lent wings to her feet, and she fled down the path leading to the street, hearing his steps keeping time to her own, and expecting every moment to feel his hands clutching at her throat, for she knew full well that death would be her portion, did he overtake her.

That path seemed interminable. The gate at the end changed while she was still several yards away, and looking up she saw David Bodkins running to meet her. The good angel who presides over the destinies of mankind had sent him that way in the nick of time. He had chanced to pass along the street at the proper moment to hear her screams for help, and had started to her assistance with all a lover's promptness.

Even at such a moment as was that, with a madman's hot breath scorching her neck, Hope had time to think how manly and handsome he looked, and how eagerly he was hastening to her rescue. She did not care if his hands were hard and horny, and his clothes ornamented with wisps of hay, just then. A sense of being protected came over her; she sprung into his arms, crying hysterically, "David, dear, dear David!"

The outburst was involuntary, but it told the patient fellow more than many words could have done.

Gregory Dane came to a sudden pause, eyeing the two in his keen cunning way. A cowed, dogged look crept into his face—one of those sudden changes that often come upon cracked-brained persons. Realizing that he was in the presence of one superior

in strength and energy to himself, he quietly submitted to the inevitable, just as a wise sane man would have done.

"Ha, ha," he laughed, pointing out David. "There is the devil who was with me in the moon, last night. He has turned traitor and foiled me, just as he meant to do all the time; but go to him if you will, pretty dear, I can't keep you."

He made no effort to escape, but sat down on the grass near a purple bed of phlox, perfectly resigned to the new order of events, and began to plait the flowers into wreaths, talking plaintively of Eloise while he worked. In a few moments, the keepers from whom he had escaped, coming up the street, perceived him; he gave himself up to them without a struggle.

David and Hope had been talking to some purpose, in the meantime. All at once, the

girl realized how lonely the present was and how barren the future would be with nobody to weave the tangled threads into some sort of beauty and order. When David's arm slid about her waist, and his lips touched hers, though he colored to the roots of his hair, and trembled with agitation, she did not seek to repulse him. The truth was plain as day at last, and she did love this man!

They were married, and manage to live very happily together, though Sister Bodkins does insist on teaching her eldest grandchild to read from the identical tract she pinned to Hope's shawl that evening at Major Thornton's.

And Mrs. Cameron, the poor and proud, you ask? She is quite reconciled to the match, though she laughingly tells Hope, sometimes, that she couldn't help herself, and so took "Hobson's choice."

SPARED BY THE SEA.

BY HARRY REMICK.

The fretful sea comes surging o'er the bar,
 Sending afar
 Its low complaint, that augurs ill to those
 Who dare the ocean's fury to oppose.
 For, in its ceaseless murmurs, old seamen
 Foretell its fearful moods, and tell you when
 Its storms arise,
 As well as landsmen tell you by the skies.

The sombre clouds shut out the gleam
 Of golden light athwart the bar,
 And hoarser murmurs greet the ear
 Of billows on the rocks ajar.

Sad hearts are beating in the town to-night,
 And eyes once bright
 Are humid now with tears for those who reap
 Their meagre thrift upon the mighty deep.
 But yesternorn two score had sailed away
 In one small craft, they called her "Fairy May;"
 The only boat
 The little fishing town could put afloat.

Like white-robed phantoms of the sea
 The long waves curl upon the main,
 To anxious hearts they seemed to say,
 In mocking tones, "You wait in vain."

At early morn brave souls had filled the pier,
 Weak with the fear
 That none were living of that sturdy crew,
 And as the day advanced, their dark fears grew
 Yet stronger; men, used not to grief, now weep,
 And women wail for loved ones on the deep.
 The night comes down,
 Yet brings no sail—despair fills all the town.

The night has passed, the morning sun
 Brings not with it a single ray
 Of hope, to cheer despondent hearts,
 That those now live who sailed away.

The murmuring sea comes once more o'er the bar,
 Throwing afar,
 Something like gold the fishers see,
 Who hasten out to solve its mystery;
 Steoping, they brush, with eager tremulous
 hands,
 Aside the seaweed, shells and drifting sands,
 And read a name,—
 The "Fairy May," broken and scarred, but plain.

The placid surface of the bay
 Smiles in the sun, yet wafts on shore
 Cordage and spars, as if to deride
 The grief that sits at every door.

High noon! how changed the scene from early
 morn.

Now, prayer and song
 O'errules the sway of grief in every breast,
 For, idly rocking at her anchors, rests
 The "Fairy May," sore bruised, but yet afloat.
 Ah! hear the skipper bless his noble boat;
 "Swam like a duck!"

He says, to some one speaking of their luck.

Pardon his pride, ye landsmen, who, secure
 From ocean's storms, know not the love they
 give [through
 Their water crafts, which bear them nobly
 The perils of the stormy deep to live.

AN ARAB'S FAITH.

A TRADITION OF MODERN EGYPT.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

THE death of Murad Bey left the sovereignty of Egypt a prey to two contestants. Osman Bey took the rule, but he was deemed a usurper, and Elphi Bey, a Mameluke chief, was looked upon as the rightful sovereign.

At the time of Murad's death, Elphi was absent in England, but he immediately set sail for the Nile, determined to dispute Osman Bey's claims to the throne. Osman, greatly alarmed at the news of his arrival, resolved to cut him off, and for that purpose sent down two boats with troops to intercept him as he was coming up the Nile. A violent gale of wind, accompanied by a cloud of sand, came on. Elphi sheltered himself behind a point of land, on which was a village. The boats, with the troops of Osman Bey, passed without seeing him; but he perceived them, and, having some suspicion, immediately landed, and, quitting his baggage, with five or six followers escaped into the desert. His followers soon left him, as the way was long and difficult. At length, after a tedious march of ten hours on foot, he arrived at the tent of Nasr Chedid, an Arab sheik, with whom he was on ill terms.

Nasr Chedid, however, was then absent with Osman Bey, whom he had joined with all his fighting men, at his camp before Cairo, where he waited the event of the attack on Elphi. Emina, Chedid's wife, was in the tent, and to her Elphi presented himself.

"Who art thou?" she exclaimed, gazing in surprise upon the worn and dusty stranger.

"A wretched fugitive!" he answered; "and one closely pursued. By your tribe's faith, I ask protection, safety! My life is in your hands."

Such an appeal to an Arab was never made in vain. With them the laws of hospitality are held most sacred.

"Man, thou art safe," answered Emina; "this floor was never stained with stranger's blood. But tell me what brings you here? Your air bespeaks a chieftain of no common rank," she added, curiously.

"Above the vulgar, true," he replied, evasively; "though now my fortunes seem at their lowest ebb. Even now the circling dust

that, rising, forms yon distant cloud, marks my pursuers near. Give, then, the means of flying instantly, or I am surely lost."

Emina's eyes had been studying his features while he spoke, and now a shudder pervaded her frame.

"It is he!" she murmured, abstractedly; "the man of blood, who proudly dared, with desolating hand and impious rage, to pour direful vengeance over a smiling land!"

He looked surprised at this outburst.

"I know you not," he rejoined. "You do mistake me, woman."

"No, ELPHI, no!" she cried, and he started apprehensively as he heard his name pronounced. "I never can forget the look of that determined eye, the sound of that commanding voice. O, that I could forget the dreadful night," she continued, with emotion, "when, with your murderous band, you broke upon the slumber of our tribe! My father fell beneath your sabre. Still on mine ear ring his last dreadful cries—still his last call for vengeance thrills my bosom! vengeance upon you, his murderer! Know you now the Sheik Abdallah's daughter?"

The fugitive recoiled before her flashing eyes.

"Too well," he answered, sadly, "and know your tenet, '*Blood for blood.*' But your sire fell in the fierce battle's rage—fell fairly fighting—"

"By your ruthless hand!" she interrupted, sternly. She made a movement as if to summon aid to seize upon him, but checked herself, beat down the passion that was raging in her breast, and in milder language continued, "You spoke of danger and pursuit. It is my husband, Elphi, that pursues you, in league with Osman, your inveterate foe. Time presses, then—I must be quick."

She hurried from the tent. But Elphi had no fears for the result, relying on the faith by Arabs shown to all who claim protection in their tents.

Emina returned in a few moments followed by an Arab.

"Excuse that keen resentment of the past that led me to speak in terms so harsh and

grating," she said, "so unbecoming to a wearied guest. Now let me make, by gentler acts, amends."

She brought him refreshments to recruit his strength—the desert's simple fare—a cruse of water, and some dates and cakes. When he had finished his somewhat scanty repast, she told him that one of her husband's favorite horses and a dromedary were at his service, and that the Arab would accompany him across the desert, and guide him to his friends. Such noble hospitality excited a lively emotion in the chieftain's heart.

"Can you, most noble woman, then forget the past?" he asked.

"Touch not the jarring string," she replied; "it vibrates still. Not pity, Elphi, now inclines my heart; vain were her merciful solicitations—vain as my pleadings for a father's life. A binding, sacred and imperious duty, never by Arab broken, compels me to this; for both by Heaven and man accursed is he who turns aside from mortal in distress, pleading, pursued, defenceless at his threshold. Reply not—away, away! Emina, thy foe's wife, saves thy life."

Achmet the Arab conducted Elphi from the tent, and soon they were mounted and galloping over the desert sands.

Scarcely were they out of sight than Nasr Chedid, Osman, and a troop of Arab warriors and Turkish horsemen rode up to the tent. They reined in their foaming steeds at the entrance.

"We have travelled fast," said Osman; "our jaded horses show the toilsome march we have made; and, after all, our hopes are baffled!"

"I do not yet despair," answered Chedid. "We followed him so closely at the heel he cannot be far distant. Ho! Achmet!" he added, raising his voice.

An Arab of his tribe approached him—one who had been left to guard the tent.

"Achmet is not here," he said. "He has marched upon Emina's orders, attendant upon a chief unknown; this moment he departed."

Osman, a ruthless tyrant, laughed sneeringly.

"What!" he exclaimed; "is it thus your Arab wives beguile the tedious hours? thus stifle the fond sigh for a loved husband's absence?"

Chedid's frank brow darkened, but before he could reply, Emina bounded lovingly from the tent to greet him.

"Welcome!" she cried, gladly. "O my husband, I have much for your private ear."

"In private nothing!" cried Chedid, stung by Osman's taunt; "publicly declare the name of the chief who fled from our polluted tents, aided by you, and cherished in my absence. Speak forth at once—no subterfuge of art! The charge was open, be the defence the same. Your life and honor are, with mine, at stake. Who was the chief?"

And Emina answered, with fearless truth:

"My father's murderer—our inveterate foe—Elphi Bey!" A cry of astonishment burst from the listener's lips. "Closely pursued by you," continued Emina, "of hope bereft, he gained our tents exhausted by fatigue, and claimed protection on the Arab's faith. I did my duty—gave him instant aid—though the determination wrung my heart."

"Reveal the track he took!" cried Osman, fiercely. "We may pursue, and still arrest his flight."

Emina smiled disdainfully.

"Think you my soul can act a double part," she replied; "save with one hand, and with the other slay? Nor threats nor dangers—tortures, lingering death—shall force me to such complicated baseness!"

The cloud vanished from Chedid's brow, and he looked upon his noble wife with an approving eye.

"Nay, say they did," he cried, "what would the knowledge serve? Could Chedid tamely stand to witness that which must with ignominy brand his name? Chief," he continued, to Osman, "know us better. All the neighboring tribes, in such a cause, would, rising, arm to oppose you." He turned again to Emina. "Now, by our prophet?" he exclaimed, "though I love you more than aught that sweetens this rude checkered life, had you refused protection, scorned our faith, your head had paid the forfeit, for I myself would have been your executioner!"

"And I had justly merited the fatal doom, false to our tribe, our duties, and our honor!" answered the dauntless dame, and she retired.

Osman dissembled the rage that filled his bosom, for he regarded Chedid as his foe in thus conniving at Elphi's escape, and thereby cheating him of his expected prey. But he dared not wreak his vengeance upon the chief in the midst of his tribe. The crafty tyrant had no respect for the pure motives that had swayed Emina's breast—the Arab faith he deemed a folly. He crushed his foes whenever fate threw them into his power.

After a brief rest beneath the tents, Osman set forth on his return to Cairo. Chedid accompanied him with a small escort, and his son, a youth of thirteen years. When they had passed some distance beyond the limits of Chedid's domain, he was secured by Osman's orders, and his sword taken from him. The tyrant bitterly reproached him for the part his wife had taken in Elphi's escape, and declared, unless he could bring five hundred purses to fill his depleted treasury by the morrow's dawn, his life should be the forfeit. Keeping his son as hostage, he suffered the sheik to depart to obtain the money.

Chedid returned to his wife in sorrowful mood, and told her what had happened. The recital filled her bosom with dismay.

"Ageeb in Osman's hands?" she exclaimed, wildly.

"Compose yourself," he answered, soothingly. "This instant I proceed to raise his ransom. Osman's faith is pledged."

"His faith!" cried Emina, scornfully; "a Turk's! Sooner would I trust the lion with his prey beneath his bloody fangs, than any of this monster's race. Our boy is lost! Cruel, unnatural father! you have placed him bound within the assassin's grasp!"

"My duty to my tribe, not our own safety," answered Chedid, sorrowfully, "while my heart bled, determined me. But I repent it now. Reflection tells me not a hope exists to raise one half the sum."

A sudden thought flashed through the mother's brain. She hailed it as an inspiration from heaven, sent for the salvation of her boy.

"Chedid," she exclaimed, "nor seek to question or prevent me, your swiftest courser must instant bear me hence! To-morrow's dawn restores me with the gold, or you shall never see me more."

He saddled the horse for her, lifted her to the saddle, and saw her ride quickly away. He dared not, though he had the desire, to arrest her course. Nature arose paramount to duty. The means she sought he knew and disapproved, but others there were none. Yet he resolved to strain every exertion, and called on Allah to forbid the weight of obligation where every feeling of an Arab's soul called for revenge!

As Chedid had surmised, Emina rode straight to the camp of Elphi Bey, which she found between Giza and the Pyramids, where he was mustering his forces for an attack upon Osman's army in Cairo.

Her mission was quickly told, her boon as quickly granted.

"Trust me, Emina," he said, "much it grieves my heart that war erst led me to your father's tents, and much I mourn the hapless chance that befell him. But let the past be buried in oblivion. One common interest now demands our care; to drive the Turk beyond our country's bounds, end our unhappy feuds and seal our freedom. The swiftest steeds our trusty Mamelukes boast shall bear to Chedid, under escort sure, purses beyond his need. More would I tell you, but by deeds we speak."

Emina returned with the gold to Chedid, who conveyed it to Osman in Cairo. But the tyrant played fast and loose with him. He took the gold, released the son, but held Chedid a prisoner and consigned him to a dungeon, there to await the hour of execution. But that hour never came, for Elphi's forces stormed the city, defeated Osman's soldiers, and took the chieftain prisoner. With a noble clemency, Elphi gave him his life, but banished him from Egypt.

Elphi had Chedid released from his dungeon and brought before him, where Emina and his son awaited him.

"Brave sheik," exclaimed the grateful Elphi, "forget the past, and for the future let us live as friends."

"Elphi, no!" responded Chedid, with grave dignity; "our father's fate forbids it; these hands can never be joined in amity with thine, polluted by our nearest blood! This much I promise: free us from the Turk, rule justly, anxious for our country's good, our tribes shall not oppose you—so farewell."

Emina took Elphi's hand and pressed it to her heart. He had slain her father, but saved her son—one deed cancelled the other. Then taking her husband's hand, and leading her boy, she left the conqueror's presence.

They passed through the city gates, mounted upon their fleet steeds, and sought, once more, their desert home.



THE ROYAL COUSINS.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

In a small richly-carved apartment of Whitehall Palace sat Queen Elizabeth, then in the pride of youth and the beauty which strong mental powers ever confer. Her soft golden hair was swept from her forehead and confined by a circlet of brilliants, and her form, which, like her race, was too large for beauty, was habited in a robe of green velvet, clasped by the same costly jewels.

Leaning her head on her hand, Elizabeth gazed absently on the gardens spread out before her, while the pressure of her thin lips spoke mental agitation.

Raising her proud face, as a page entered, she demanded:

"Who waits, Selwyn?"

"The premier, may it please your grace."

"Admit him instantly."

He entered. The pale high forehead, keen glance and nervous features bespoke the statesman, while the splendor of his dress announced the courtier.

"How now, Cecil!" said the queen; "has that impertinent fool Darnley consummated his folly? or has Mary's better sense broken the snare?"

"This letter will tell your highness."

As he spoke, he placed a packet in the hand of Elizabeth.

"Destruction!" cried the queen, as, crushing the parchment in her hand, she stamped with anger. "Married! and England's rights forfeited. By our royal word they shall rue it! Here, Dudley!"

In a moment the favorite stood before her.

"My lord, you are constable of the tower. A warrant from the council will empower you to seize Margaret of Lennox."

"Your cousin, my liege!"

"Ay, our cousin, men say, but say—false traitor. Linger not, sirrah! but do our bidding."

With grave and anxious countenances the two nobles departed, and no sooner was she alone, than, burying her face in her jewelled fingers, Elizabeth gave way to a passionate flood of tears.

"Ay," she said, bitterly, "what reck's it that sceptre, crown and vassalage are mine, if I must be thus insulted? But the beautiful

sorceress shall rue it—a Tudor's word for that."

We must now transport the reader to a lonely turret of Beauchamp Tower, where, pale and anxious, Margaret, Duchess of Lennox, awaited her fate. She was a beautiful woman, and pride rather than years had shaded the brilliant features which had in youth brought Howard to the block. The heavy braids of her black hair hung neglected over her fine neck, and an air of disarray marked her appearance, although it could not hide the matchless beauty of her face and form.

She stood by a table on which a small casket lay, from which she took a string of magnificent pearls. As she drew them through her fingers, a gleam of pleasure shot from her dark eyes.

"Triumphant!" she exclaimed, "triumphant, in spite of Boleyn's pride and power; and my royal boy shall yet wear a crown. These pearls, fair Stuart, will glow homily on thy rich locks."

As she spoke, she placed the gems among her own dark tresses, gazing in satisfaction at the contrast.

"And fitting gift," she continued, "for Scotland's queen, are these ornaments of the lovely Branden. My head may fall ere long, yet, methinks, it were joy to see Elizabeth's fury that the match is made!"

She touched a silver call to her lips, when a young lady entered the apartment.

"Your grace's pleasure?"

"Methought," replied the duchess, "I heard the tramp of a horse in the court beneath. See, Mignon, if it be tidings from the north."

The attendant left the room, and in a moment returned, bearing a packet bound with black. The duchess looked at it a moment, her great eyes dilating with a look of horror, then, breaking the seal, she glanced at its contents, when shriek after shriek told the distant inmates of the tower her agony.

"Dead!" she cried, wringing her hands. "My Henry, my beautiful boy! Worse—murdered! Crushed among the falling ruins of Kirkcaldy! I shall go mad," she sobbed.

"Husband, kindred away—a lonely prisoner!" She laid her head on the casket and sobbed convulsively.

"Neither lonely nor prisoner, Margaret," said a calm voice beside her. "The queen entreats, the cousin begs you to receive her sympathy."

Margaret raised her head, while the tears rained over her cheeks.

Elizabeth regarded her with a look of sorrow, her noble features writhing with emotion. She bent and kissed the pale forehead of the duchess.

"Elizabeth makes no war upon the wretched," she said. "My lord lieutenant," turning to the official who stood in the door of the apartment, "your prisoner is free."

A SUMMER DAY.

BY CLIO STANLEY.

Lightly o'er the hills of May
The robe of Springtime fades away,
Gold light on the hem
Of her garments, dim and gray,
And buds shining, sweet, within her diadem,
While dropping from the low-hung clouds,
Come Summer's loving showers;
Beneath her veil of tender green,
The hooded violets awake
To fresher bloom—the roses lean
With blushing faces through the bars,
To greet the twinkling meadow-stars;
The purple lilacs fragrance shake
From out their perfumed bells,
While up and down, up and down,
Over the hillside's breezy swells
The wandering bees, with viewless keys
Open sweet amber cells!
Now, o'er the clover-blooms they float
In quick procession, through the air

Trailing their sunny wings;
With joyful little swings
Making the perfumed lilies to and fro
Nod their young heads, and ope their virgin
hearts
In tender glow
Of sweet anticipation:
While above, below, in all the ambient air,
The robin sings his tune
To greet the new-born June,
And I am glad again, and softly twine
Sweet myrtle-leaves within my golden hair!
Never was lifetime's way
So fragrant as to-day—
Never the world crowned with such rosy
light;
The blue of happy skies
Smiles back again to blue of loving eyes,
And my dead garlands wake and bloom in
beauty bright!

MRS. DALRYMPLE'S GOVERNESS.

BY LOTTIE BROWN.

It was an elegant room, a study in itself to any beauty worshipper. The curtains and carpet were a perfect match, and the furniture just unlike enough to harmonize. Every picture had its just amount of light and shadow, and each vase and knickknack was scattered in good taste.

Mrs. Dalrymple prided herself upon her establishment, and it was an oft-repeated boast, that she never had a person or article in her house having no claim to beauty. She was pretty herself, her children were pretty, her friend Agatha a beauty, the servants fair and neat, and her governess as handsome as a governess need be.

They were all in the parlor one bright October afternoon, enjoying themselves with perfect freedom, as every member of this model household was allowed to do. Mrs. Dalrymple was crocheting worsted. Agatha Canton was lying on the sofa, her arms wreathed gracefully above her head, chatting in her charming nonsensical manner. Master Rupert and Miss Belle were playing, the one with mamma's ottoman for a carriage and the piano-stool for a horse, the other keeping house in a bay window, with a huge doll and mamma's work basket. Miss Vane the governess was in one corner, in the shadow of a curtain, sewing on some dainty

light work. There was not a fairer face in the room, but its pensive melancholy expression, was perhaps a degree less attractive than the blonde beauty of Agatha Canton.

Miss Vane's face was a clear marble white, with heavy waves of dusky hair, sweeping away back from the broad low forehead. Her eyes were dark—black sometimes, at others a clear deep hazel—with long lashes casting a shadow upon the colorless cheek. The mouth and chin were beautiful. One with full red lips, slightly yet pleasantly curved, had in it a temptation which had I been a man I could never have resisted. The other was round and firm, with a delicate line of decision marking it. Taking the face as a whole, it was a wonderful one. Even Agatha had said so, when Mrs. Dalrymple engaged her, and added, with a shrug of her plump shoulders, that she had no doubt but that the poor weak-minded lady would repent having ever introduced her into her family.

Miss Vane had been an inmate of the house just three months, and each day Mrs. Dalrymple was heard to declare, that there was not another governess like her in the city. On this particular afternoon Miss Agatha was, as I have before said, talking nonsense, and it ran thus:

"I think I shall marry Clark Estes. He has got money, and the finest villa on the Hudson. What do you say, Clara?"

"Has he proposed?" queried Clara Dalrymple, arching her pretty brows.

"No, but don't he call regularly each day, and bring bouquets? What is that for?"

"Now-a-days with husband hunters it means marriage; with you and me it should mean nothing. Why, Clark asked with real tenderness for Miss Vane yesterday, and this morning sent her a fine volume of poems. What do you now think?"

Miss Canton shot an angry glance at the drooping figure opposite, and said in a low voice:

"I think her a bold creature to accept a present from one so little known to her."

The governess heard every syllable, as the rising color betrayed, and turning her large eyes upon her fair face, she asked:

"Are you certain, Miss Canton, that I accepted Mr. Estes's gift?"

"Of course not. But I presume you did."

"Then it is indeed presumption. I returned the work not an hour since." And the girl, with unruffled brow and smiling lips, went on with her sewing.

The laws of politeness governed the life of Miss Agatha, otherwise she would have struck her, when she dared accuse her of presumption. She, a paid servant of her friend, daring to lift her eyes to one so far above her! The round cheek was crimson, and the blue eyes shot scathing glances to that shadowed corner.

"The impertinent hussy!"

"Stop, Agatha! For my part I am glad of it," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"O Clara!"

"I am. She shows you your place, better than any one else would dared to have done."

"Only my equals can do that, Clara."

"Equals! Shades of our plebeian forefathers? You'll never see the day, Agatha Canton, that you can equal my governess in mental and moral acquirements. You can wear a better quality of silk than she, and sport a set of diamonds, but it is due to no wonderful powers of your own that you can do so. You may thank your grandfather, who worked for nine shillings per day, as a machinist, and to your father who, inheriting his father's industrious habits, worked himself into the great iron foundry, now known as Canton & Co."

"Don't, Clara! She will hear you. Let us go back to Clark Estes. He has said remarkably sweet things to me. But if I don't have him, why—"

"There's my matchless brother. Poor Gerald!"

Mrs. Dalrymple's eyes grew wet, and Agatha in her wild impulsive way sprang up and kissed her.

"Don't, Clara! You make me wretched!"

At such times the bonds of friendship strengthened between these two. Clara Dalrymple, widowed and lonely, loved sympathy, as do the rest of us, and Agatha knew how to offer it.

Besides, she was along a good step in her twenties, and no one had the slightest claim upon her. It would be terrible to be an old maid, and yet how close that dreaded existence seemed.

Gerald Kavanagh had oceans of money, was as handsome as her hero need be, and as for talent, all her world acknowledged that he possessed a trifle more than his share. Clark Estes was her mantle. She wore him to hide the fact that she intended to marry Gerald Kavanagh, as soon as she found the opportunity. She intended to show her world this, when Gerald came home from Cuba.

The surest channel to his heart lay through his sister. Agatha knew it, and hence these fond kisses and embraces.

"Clark Estes is coming, mamma!" called Belle, from the window.

"Shall we retire, Miss Vane?" asked Agatha, saucily.

"I beg you to suit your convenience," replied the governess.

Again the steel blue eyes snapped.

"You may as well be quiet, Aggie. Nothing can be gained by taunting her. She is more than a match for you."

"Good afternoon, ladies! Ah, *ma petite Belle!* How gay you all look. There is Miss Vane!" The handsome dashing intruder passed the languid Agatha and bent gracefully over the slight figure of the governess.

"You sent back my gift, Miss Vane. How could you! Will you not accept it as a token of friendship? I will ask no more." He laid a parcel in her lap.

In his face there beamed the three highest tributes a man can pay a woman, love, honor and respect, and Agatha, seeing all this, caught her friend's arm.

"You will take it?" he pleaded, as she lifted her eyes. "Only as a gift from a true friend."

A friend! The full meaning of the word flashed upon her. A full sense of the bitterness of friendlessness seemed for the moment to overwhelm her, and with swimming eyes she clasped the volume and bowed.

His delicacy came at once to her relief, and with a gay, forced laugh he turned again to Mrs. Dalrymple and entered into conversation.

"A pretty scene truly!" sneered Agatha, as Rupert for a few moments monopolized his attention. "I dare say your brother will also fall in love with her."

"Don't be silly."

Why should he not? She was handsome and educated. She talked little, and was graceful and womanly, but then—Gerald Kavanagh had caught some patrician notions in his travels. His first wife had noble blood in her veins, she had heard, and he would not wed an unknown governess and give her that noble lady's place.

But she was losing her mantle. People had so long coupled her name with that of Clark Estes, that this aroused all her jealousy, and hatred. She did not want him—that is, she did not if she could ensnare Kavanagh, but she did not want him to turn from her to a laboring woman, dependent upon her hard

drudgery for her daily bread. There was where the shoe pinched!

"I hear that Gerald is on his way homeward," said Estes.

"We expect him by the first of next month."

"I shall be glad to meet him. Poor fellow, he was a perfect wreck when he went away. I hope we shall find him improved."

Presently Estes went away, with a smile of tender meaning to the lonely governess, and a gay adieu to the others.

"When are you to be married, Miss Vane?" laughed Agatha. "Allow me to congratulate you. Clark has a round half million."

"Your congratulations are unnecessary, Miss Canton."

"Humph!"

This brought the tears, but her tormentor did not see them, and in a few moments she went out and called the children after her. Then, all forgetful of the presence of Mrs. Dalrymple, the girl buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud.

"Why, child! Miss Vane! Poor dear! What is it?" pleaded the tender-hearted little woman, kneeling beside her. "Don't allow Agatha to annoy you."

"Mrs. Dalrymple, it is not that alone. I am so desolate, so unhappy, so utterly friendless!"

"Not while I live, poor child. I have always esteemed you as a true lady, and as a friend."

"You have been very kind; but sometimes we have sorrows which nothing can alleviate."

"You speak truly. Within the past two years I have known bitter sorrow, and not all the offerings of sympathy from kind friends could lessen a pang. The death of my husband came first; two months later, my brother with his newly-wedded wife, an English lady of beauty and worth, started for home. On the passage, the vessel was wrecked, and all save my brother and two seamen perished. He came to me almost broken-hearted, and for months I lived in constant fear for his health and reason."

"Your brother?"

"Yes, my brother, of whom we were recently speaking. His name is Gerald Kavanagh! He is well known in political circles. You may have heard of him!"

Miss Vane's answer did not come. There was a sudden movement, and when Mrs. Dalrymple saw clearly, she found her governess lying pale and lifeless upon the floor.

From the basement to the attic, Mrs. Dalrymple's house was a glare of light, and far down the street, the blinking, staring windows flashed as if some great event was in preparation. It was only her brother's welcome home she said, after his lonely wandering for two years. A heart-broken man he had left them, and standing, with her face pressed against the glass, she prayed that he might have found peace.

"Poor Gerald! Poor Gerald!" she was nervously repeating. "How I hope to find you changed. My dear, my only brother."

Once in a while she looked within. Under the gaslight by the table stood Agatha, her golden hair and brilliant complexion, rendered exquisitely fair by the flowing robe of purple silk, with its clasps and buttons of pure gold. The blue eyes were large and earnest, and glowing with eager expectation.

"A beautiful creature," thought Clara; "but can she take the lost one's place?"

A little distance on, Belle in full company dress was trying her best to obey the direction given, to sit and not disarrange her hair, but making a miserable failure, in consequence of the particular attentions of Master Rupert, who would insist upon snapping her ears, and make her tell who she loved best, by squeezing her fingers.

On the sofa, Miss Vane, in her best dress of plain black silk, with lace at the throat and wrists, was turning the leaves of a magazine, and looking unusually radiant. There was quite a pink glow on her cheeks, and her eyes were positively black as midnight.

"I hope Gerald will like her," thought the watcher at the window. "For she is a poor, lonely, homeless child."

The carriage came before these thoughts had left her mind, and in a moment a loud ring sounded through the hall.

Clara and the two children were at the door before he closed it, and with sobs and kisses the traveller was dragged into the warm parlor. Tall and handsome as a prince he looked, standing there with his arms around the fond sister and her children.

"My darlings! It is good to be with you once more. My old friend Agatha. This is indeed a pleasure."

And while she was smiling in his face, no one saw the black-robed figure on the sofa. Her eyes were smiling, but otherwise she was as motionless as a statue. Nobody thought of her, poor lonely one! Nobody! O yes! It was not like Clara Dalrymple to forget any

one in her happiness, and as soon as Agatha had concluded her pretty speech of welcome, she stepped forward, saying:

"Gerald, let me introduce our teacher, and my dear friend Miss Vane! My brother Mr. Kavanagh."

She was on her feet, and advancing, her lustrous eyes fastened upon his ashy face.

For a moment Clara and Agatha held their breath in wonder, then there was a cry, a rush forward, and Gerald was holding the governess in his arms, and sobbing forth like a child:

"My Edith! My wife, my darling! Thank God! Thank God!"

"Your wife! Miss Vane, is he crazy?" queried the bewildered sister.

"No, no! I am not Miss Vane, I am Edith Kavanagh!"

When the confusion subsided and crest-fallen Agatha had found her smile, and Edith Vane sat at her husband's feet, she said:

"At the moment of our separation in that fearful storm, I was hurled down into the boiling waves. I was taught to swim in my younger days, and at once put forth every energy to keep afloat. My strength was nearly exhausted, when some heavy substance struck me. I caught at it, and discovered it to be a boat. I clambered into it and floated away. The next day I was picked up by an American vessel bound for New York. My sufferings had so prostrated me that I was unable to speak, and I fell at once into a lingering fever. When I recovered, I was in the city. The captain's wife insisted upon my accompanying her to her country home, and seeing no other alternative—as I was in a strange land without friends or money—I consented. I remained there until Mrs. Dalrymple's advertisement attracted my attention. She desired an unmarried lady. I thought myself a widow, and in my destitution I ventured to assume the name of Miss Vane and apply for the situation. I was successful, and I have prudently saved my earnings, hoping one day to earn sufficient to return to my country and friends. O Gerald, I did not know that you lived until your sister spoke your name a few weeks ago. I have been praying and thanking God ever since."

"My poor little wife!"

"My darling sister!" And Clara's tears fell upon the white hand of her governess.

"What will become of poor Clark?" laughed Rupert.

"He will say it is the happiest day of his life," said that individual, who had been from the first a silent observer. "It is as good as a drama!"

Agatha's heart was at low water mark, but

she threw on her mantle as well as he would allow her, and hid her disappointment. She never married, for the Hudson villa found a mistress in pretty Mrs. Dalrymple, and she gave up in despair.

AN INNOCENT FRATRICIDE.

BY W. H. MACY.

THE conversation on board the *Clematis*, during a "gam" of half a dozen shipmasters, turned upon homicide without personal malice, and the subject became interesting, as each alluded to cases which had occurred within his own knowledge. One or two, indeed, had stories to tell of their own experiences, bearing directly upon the question. I remarked that it had always seemed to me, that the taking of human life, under any circumstances, must be an occasion of remorse to the person who had done it.

"Not so," said one; "of regret, perhaps, but not of remorse. I am acquainted with a man who, while out gunning, accidentally killed his best friend."

"O, but," said I, "I did not allude to accidents, of course."

"But an accident, it appears to me, might be the cause of more regret than an intentional homicide in several cases which I could mention. For instance, what do you think of the soldier in battle?"

"Or of the officer in pursuit of a criminal?" said another.

"Or of any man who is forced to take another's life in defence of his own?" put in a third.

"I give it up, gentlemen," said I. "I spoke without thinking."

"What do you think of a man who kills his own brother, intentionally as to the killing, but ignorant who the victim is until after the deed is done?" asked Captain Fletcher, who had, until now, said little or nothing on this subject.

"If his conscience is clear as to the act itself," replied Captain Fairchild, after considering a moment, "I can't see that the fact of the relationship need make any material difference—though the circumstances might require to be known, to decide upon any particular case."

"You shall hear my story, then," said Captain Fletcher, "though I never told it before

to any one. I killed my own brother, gentlemen; but my conscience is clear, though the feeling of regret is much increased by the knowledge of the brotherly tie. As for remorse, I don't feel any, I am sure, as I understand the word. And what makes my story the more strange, I thought, at the time I killed him, that he had been dead for years."

Having thus roused our curiosity up to a high pitch, he proceeded to gratify it; and I shall do the same by the reader, endeavoring to preserve his language as accurately as possible.

When I sailed as third mate in the *Portugal*, being then but twenty-two years old, my young brother, Hiram, was fourteen, and as graceless a scamp, I venture to say, as was to be found in our place or for miles roundabout. He was not only wayward, naturally, but our parents had made much of him as the Benjamin of their old age, and had ruined him by over-indulgence. He was bent on going to sea, and all they, as well as I could say to dissuade him, only served to fix him the more firmly in his purpose.

I was not surprised, therefore, when I received a letter from home, informing me that Hiram had shipped and gone to sea in the *Science*, which had sailed only about six months after our own departure. I thought, perhaps, it was all for the best; he would be no comfort to his parents if he remained at home, and a sea-voyage *might* be the making of him. It is so, in some cases, as I have observed.

Time passed on, and though we had several times heard indirect reports of the *Science*, we had never fallen in with her. We were on the third year of our voyage, when we went down among the Marshall Group to cruise, and soon after learned that she was on the same ground, having seen a barque which had spoken her a few days before. I hoped every time a sail was raised, that she

would prove to be the Science, that I might meet Hiram, trusting to find him much improved.

We had lowered for sperm-whales one afternoon, when the wind was light, and chased them several miles to windward before we struck one. We then made fast to the old bull, or "schoolmaster," as he is sometimes called, and, after a hard tussle, killed him, the ship's topgallantsails being just visible on the horizon. The captain's boat and mine were together, fast to him, the others having been left far behind, so that they were out of sight. "Mr. Fletcher," the old man said to me, when the whale was going in his last dying-flurry, "I shall have to leave you to-night to lie by this whale. Eighty barrels of oil is too rich a prize to lose without running some little risk. The weather looks promising, and I think I shall have a breeze to work the ship to you between now and morning. You can't do much at towing, but you can cut a hole and get all ready, and then lie still where you are. Set your light as soon as it is dark, and keep a lookout for mine. I'll try to raise a bonfire of some sort."

The captain's lantern-keg and water-keg were passed into my boat; and, in a few minutes, our whale having turned up, I and my boat's crew were left alone on the ocean, while our comrades were pulling with might and main towards the faint loom of the Portugal's mastheads, barely discernible in the distance.

It was sundown when the captain left me, and by the time I had cut a hole, arranged my line all right, and planted a waif in the whale's body, as a further chance of saving him in case I found it necessary to leave him, it was time to strike a light in my lantern. We made our suppers, and as there was nothing more to be done, the men stretched themselves about on the thwarts to catch such cat-naps as they might, while the boatsteerer and I took turns on watch.

But the ship was too distant for us to see a light on board, or anything short of a large fire, and nothing was likely to occur to break the lazy monotony of our situation. The gentle tossing movement of the light boat had nearly lulled me to sleep, as I reclined back on the stern sheets, listening to the ceaseless ripple and swash of the sea over the body of the whale. But a different sound suddenly broke the spell, and brought me erect, with all my faculties sharpened—a measured, jerking sound, as of oars in their rowlocks.

I could see nothing at first, but the sounds drew nearer and nearer, at each repetition, and soon I heard a voice say:

"Tisn't a ship! It's a boat with a light set."

I could now make out the dark moving object nearing us. She was not coming from our ship, but from the opposite quarter of the compass.

"Boat ahoy!" I roared.

"Halloo!" came back out of the blackness, and the thump of the oars ceased, but the boat still advanced with the impetus she had acquired, until she lay tossing, like ourselves, within easy talking distance.

"What ship are you from?" I asked.

"The Nelson of Sydney," was the answer, but not without a slight hesitation—just enough to excite our suspicion.

"Where is your vessel?"

"We don't know," answered a different voice. "We lowered for whales this morning and got lost. We thought you were a ship when we saw your light."

It was a boyish voice that said these words, and I knew it but too well. It was that of my brother Hiram! The flimsiness of his story was but too apparent from the fact that there were *eight* human forms in the boat. She might possibly have lowered for whales short-handed, but never with two men *more* than a crew. He had not, of course, recognized me, or he would not have made himself spokesman; at least, I think now that he would not. But *his* tone of speech was peculiar, and I could have sworn to it anywhere.

I understood well enough that they were deserters. The boat had, meanwhile, drifted close alongside of us, and I was now entirely satisfied of my brother's identity, if, indeed, I had wanted further evidence to confirm that of my ears.

"Hiram!" said I, reproachfully.

"My brother Richard!" he exclaimed, with as much vexation as surprise, I thought. "Where's your ship?"

"Some ten miles to leeward," I replied.

"Let's pull ahead and find her," said he, who had answered my first hail.

"Hiram!" said I, as they were tossing back their oars for a start. "Come with me! Come into my boat! Think of your father and mother!"

"O! bother your preaching! Pull ahead, boys!" again sang out the man who was steering.

"Hiram! Hiram!" I called aloud. "Listen to me!"

"I can't back out, now," my brother answered; "nor I don't want to, either. Good-by, Dick." And he piled his oar as lustily as any of the rest.

I could not bear to let him go thus. I seized my lantern, and lashed it by its lanyard to the waif-pole in the whale, cut my line with a single stroke of the boat-knife, and gave the order to pull ahead in pursuit.

It was useless, perhaps foolish, in me to do so, for I could not force him to come with me against his will, backed as he was by a stronger force than my own. Nor had we pulled many strokes before I was painfully conscious that I could never overtake him. My men did their best; but the boat of the *Science* was faster than ours. Well I knew that runaways always select the fastest boat they can get; and with two of her oars double-banked, the extra weight in her was more than balanced by the extra muscle. I continued in chase until I could but barely distinguish my lantern on the waif-pole. With a heavy heart I gave the order to return; found my way back to the whale, and again took up my sorrowful vigil.

I was well satisfied the deserters would not go near the Portugal; but, if they saw a ship's light would avoid it, for they were not yet in distress for want of anything; having, without doubt, left the *Science* during the previous night, and supplied themselves well with provisions. Ebon or Boston Island was some eighty miles westward from us, by my reckoning, and this must be their objective point.

It is not uncommon thing, as you all know, for men to desert from ships at sea, especially in low latitudes, and take their chance of finding land or being picked up by another vessel. But I could not dismiss the matter from my thoughts, now that the fate of my own brother was concerned. Even if he did not perish miserably in the boat, he could only land among swarms of treacherous savages, who would be quite as likely to put him to death as to relieve his wants.

The breeze freshened during the night, so that the ship walked to windward, and by noon the next day, we had the satisfaction of taking our valuable prize alongside. As I expected, the deserters had not been seen from the ship. After cutting the whale, we steered off in the direction we thought most likely to fall in with them. We ran down to Ebon and communicated with the natives. Two whites came off to us, but they were

evidently old "beach-combers," who had lived there for years; nor could we learn that any boat had been seen.

But nothing was easier than for them to have missed such an island, passing it too far off to be seen, when we considered their imperfect facilities and probable ignorance of navigation. We cruised in the neighborhood several days, and visited two or three other small islands that lay near our track, but we abandoned the search no wiser than we commenced it, giving them up for lost.

We spoke the *Science* soon afterwards, but her captain could throw no more light on the fate of his runaways. He also had spent much time in fruitless search. I learned and made a memorandum of the names of all Hiram's companions in the rash undertaking, hoping, if they had survived, and again scattered their fortunes, that I might, at some future day, meet with one of them.

But I made several voyages after this, and at various times cruised in that part of the Pacific, without learning anything further. I fully made up my mind that Hiram had perished, either by drowning or starvation, and ceased even to think of the chances of his being yet alive.

But when, in command of the *Shepherdess*, I cruised still further to the westward, and one day found myself becalmed near Wellington Island, one of the Caroline Group. We were soon surrounded by canoes, and a large number of natives were permitted to come on board. There were two white men among them; at least they had the features of white men, but they seemed to have become completely assimilated with the savages. They appeared disposed to speak only in the native tongue, though it was evident they understood English. In dress, as well as in ornamental tattooing, they were the same as all their companions.

Our suspicions of treachery were first aroused by a warning from one of my crew, a native of Ascension, who understood their dialect. He told me they were discussing a plot for our massacre, and that the two whites were at the head of it. Thus forewarned, we took precautions to meet the attack, if it should be made. I knew that if the leaders could be disposed of, there was little danger to be apprehended from the others. Soon I observed many of the canoes push off and lie at a distance from the ship, and all the women and children swam to them, while the men still loitered about.

This was a certain sign that treachery was intended, and that speedily. My faithful "Friday," as he was called, urged me, if I valued my life, to hesitate no longer, but to anticipate them by striking the first blow. He had selected the chief of highest rank as his own victim, and would be responsible for him, if the mate and myself would take care of the two whites.

I saw by the movements of the enemy that our peril was becoming imminent, and whatever was done must be done quickly. Seizing a moment when we had them all three favorably placed, I gave the signal, at the same moment taking aim at the taller of the two renegades. He fell dead instantly at the discharge of my pistol, and turning quickly, I saw that the mate had taken as good aim as myself, and his man had also dropped on the other side of the deck. Friday had cut the chief's head nearly off his shoulders with the blow of a spade, and the rest, struck with panic, were leaping into the sea on every side. In one minute our deck was clear, and the whole host of yelling heathens were making the best of their way towards the land.

As I stooped to examine the body of my victim, who was a tall muscular young man, heavily bearded and bronzed by a tropical sun, something in the cut of his features sent a chill to my heart. I said nothing, but, choking down my emotion that it might not be observed, I pushed back the hair from his forehead, and disclosed a little mole exactly where I had feared to find it. I turned his arm over, and there, encircled by rings and rude hieroglyphics which half hid them, were

two little capital letters, "H. F." indelibly stamped with India ink. I had pricked them in there myself, at my brother's boyish request, before I sailed in the Portugal, twelve years back!

The man whom the mate had shot lived long enough to add some more evidence, if more were needed. He told us that he and his comrade were the last survivors of eight who deserted from the Science. Four of them perished in the boat, and the remainder landed after having been twenty days at sea. Two had since been killed by the natives. He confessed with his last breath that he and his comrade had been concerned in cutting off a trading vessel, three years before, and that they intended to have taken the Shepherdess and put us all to death.

I kept my secret locked up in my own breast, but my officers and crew wondered that I insisted upon the ceremony of Christian burial for the two "beach-combers," and read the funeral-service myself before they were launched overboard. It was the least I could do for my misguided brother, and I felt the better for having done it.

Our aged parents have gone to their long rest, ignorant of what I have been telling for the first time to-night. Their last knowledge of the boy was from my account of our meeting in the darkness, on the night when I lay by the whale. I have given you the whole truth, gentlemen, and, as it is time for us to part, I must leave you to make your own reflections upon my story. I confess to having committed fratricide, and yet I can say that my conscience is entirely clear of wrong.

MISTAKING HER SPHERE.

BY NELL CLIFFORD.

THE warm sunlight of a rich September afternoon glinted among the waves and braids of golden hair that adorned the head of Minnie Wayne, touching it up with an added glory of coloring. The shapely head is bent and resting for support on two white well-made hands. We cannot see the earnest face with its luminous eyes, delicate mouth, and changeful hues, exquisite as the pink and white of sweet pea bloom. She has sat by that modest desk for the last hour, ever since she dismissed her pupils, debating in her own mind a new step which she has been urged to take.

Glenville, the hamlet where she resided, had its miniature Sorosis, not honored by so many noble and famous women as its mother Sorosis of Gotham; but still including many ladies of average talent both single and married. The disaffected, the ambitious, the lonely, the ugly, and now and then a fair young enthusiast like Minnie Wayne, were numbered among its members. In truth Glenville was a kind of paradise for people with ultra notions. Rights and wrongs were discussed here with a perfect abandon, delightful to reformers and agitators. Minnie was an orphan in humble circumstances, and

at the earnest request of her mother's old friend, had come to Glenville from the mountains of Vermont to occupy the position of teacher in its public school. It offered her pecuniary independence, and the urgent invitation was thankfully accepted. She had taught here for more than a year now, and had given general satisfaction. She had formed many acquaintances in Glenville, and among them was Royal Kent, who proved something nearer—an admirer, lover. They had been betrothed for some months now, and at the time of falling leaves she had promised to become his wife. But into her life disturbing forces had lately entered, centrifugal to their union, a stirring of ambitions in some sense foreign to her tender-hearted nature.

If Royal had an inkling of what was passing in her mind, he thought it best to make no sign, and allowed little differences to go by with a sparkling smile or as a joke, trusting to the power of his love and future ownership to set matters right. But he did not count upon a kind of martyr-like stubbornness of disposition that underlaid the gentleness of her character, and he was unaware of the strength of the outward influences that were brought to bear upon her enthusiastic and impressible nature.

Minnie was in the habit of lingering in the schoolroom after her pupils were dismissed, to write letters, or to refresh her memory with lessons for the morrow; and Royal had of late fallen into the habit of calling there to accompany her to her boarding-place, which was in some sort also her home. On the particular afternoon we have named, he went as usual, and entering quietly he was before her ere she knew it. With his six feet of altitude, his deep chest and broad shoulders, his fine head and clear searching eyes, he was a splendid specimen of manhood, a regular Western prince of pure blood that came of breathing pure air and drinking pure water. He raised her head.

"How do you do, Minnie?"

"My bodily health is good, thank you," a shade of reserve in her tones imperceptible to any except a lover's ears.

"O, you want fresh air and plenty of outdoor exercise to restore your spirits and put you in a glow mentally and physically. Come, put on your hat and lock your doors and we'll take an exhilarating walk to our home which you may like to look over," with a tender flashing light in his gray orbs. "I'll

be glad when all this tiresome business of taking care of other people's children is done with, and I have you all to myself—wont you be glad also?"

She allowed him to take her hand and lead her out into the yard and over the stile into his own broad meadows. He purposely chose the shaded path by the river that wound pleasantly along almost to the door of their prospective home, rather than the travelled highway, hoping thereby to soothe and cheer her. There was a hesitating, perplexed expression on her countenance, not altogether unmixed with pain.

"I am not certain," she replied, looking straight up in his face, and then as straight down.

"Not certain! wait till you have seen what I have to show, and you wont be so cold and indifferent. You are tired, child," apologizing for her to himself.

"I am not a child—I am a woman, with a woman's aspirations," the color wavering on her cheeks.

"O certainly, you are twenty I believe; and your aspirations are a pleasant home, an affectionate husband and blooming children."

"And you think these are always the aims and end of a woman's existence?" indignation in her manner and voice. "What of Anna Dickinson, and Lucy Stone, and Mrs. Stanton, then?"

"I'll wager Anna Dickinson's sweetest dreams and hopes of an earthly future are a husband she can love, and dear little ones to train and pet; but I am not discussing the woman question. Here we are at the threshold of Glen Beulah, our home, a far more interesting subject to me," he said.

It was a lovely cottage with verandas running around three sides, and commanding an exquisite view of meadow and river, with bluffs to vary what had else been almost too monotonously beautiful. He opened a door into an airy hall, then turned and passed his arm around her.

"Welcome, future mistress of Glen Beulah. How do you like it?" drawing her into the sitting-room and to the bow window that looked towards the village of Glenville.

"Like it! It is perfect, Royal. What a kitchen! roomy, pleasant, convenient—why, it will be a delight to work here. It is none of your scrippled affairs."

Royal watched her radiant face with delight.

"Then you know one little woman whose

sphere here will be large enough for her energies, queen of a home beyond whose charmed circle she will not care to stray, eh, Minnie?"

Her countenance suddenly fell.

"I did not say so, Royal. I did, however, for a moment forget the path of duty that lies before me. You must listen to me once soberly while I tell you something that I fear will come between us, separating us for all time. I have not told you before because you laugh at me and think me childish."

Royal knit his brows.

"I am serious and attentive. What is the dreadful something?"

"Duty will lead me outside the home circle."

"Of course. You will have church responsibilities, and then there are social obligations to fulfil."

"You willfully misunderstand me, Royal. I want a career."

"A career! and wont you have one with me?"

"Getting breakfast, dinner and supper, day after day, year in and year out, is far from being my idea of a career."

"But, my darling, we purpose to help each other heavenward besides—and do the holy duties of wife and mother count as nothing with you?"

"They are great and onerous, I do not gainsay it; but if I am called to do something else, I should not be excused from it because of these."

"Explain yourself."

"Reforms need pioneer workers, exponents. The question of female suffrage must be brought before the people, and I believe I am called to advocate it in public."

Royal swallowed an explosive.

"A lecturer! never, Minnie, I will not permit my wife to be that."

"You may not permit your wife; but what power have you to prevent me from becoming one? You cannot coerce my will."

"But Minnie, you are not fitted for the trials of such a vocation. There is such a thing as mistaking one's calling. You surely will not persist in this course?"

"I assuredly shall. If we are going to be at swords' points in this matter, it is better to separate. I refuse to become your wife. I must do my duty as I see it."

"Nonsense. You were not made for the public. You'll never accomplish anything as an orator. If this be the career you are long-

ing for, it will prove as unsatisfactory as 'dead sea apples,' to you." His voice was level, matter-of-fact, cutting.

"You have no appreciation of me. It is time we parted, full time."

"No appreciation! Barring this foolish notion, you are the dearest little woman in the world." His tones were full and sweet with tenderness now; but her pride was hurt, and she was willful.

"Still you will oppose me in this thing I intend to do?"

"I will; Anna Dickinson and Susan B. Anthony to the contrary, notwithstanding. Why? Because I love you and desire your best good and happiness."

"This being your declared position, I take the liberty you would in your lordly way deny me. I wish you good afternoon."

She turned abruptly, defiantly down the path leading to the road, and walked rapidly towards the residence of Mrs. Rand, looking neither to the right nor left. Her brain was in a tumult.

"He would set up his government over me, telling what is, and what is not my duty. I'll show him that I can reign over myself. Others as good as he and with far more liberal views, think me competent to fill the place I have marked out for myself."

Thus she talked to herself, but all the while an undercurrent of pain told her that she had thrown away the dearest prize of her life. She slept none that night, but wrestled with her sorrow, trying to master it. She worked herself into thinking that her time and influence must be given to the cause, at all events. Every great reform has its martyrs, though they may not all perish at the stake, she thought. Minnie Wayne is not the only one who has made grand mistakes in regard to sphere and duties. Men and women do it every day, and the blunders would be laughable if they were not also sad.

Royal, so summarily dismissed and liberated, was angry at first; but it softened into a pitying tenderness. He refused in his heart to consider their engagement broken, and resolved to watch over her welfare as he found opportunity, until he had occasion to believe that Minnie had ceased to love him. We shall find him acting in accordance with this resolution.

We have said there were powerful influences bearing upon Minnie. These were chiefly in the persons of Mrs. Foster and her brother Evan Curtis. To the honor of Mrs.

Foster, be it said, she did really entertain a warm affection for Minnie, and a fond, partial regard for her talents. She truly thought her a young lady of much promise and future availability. Mrs. Foster was a kind-hearted, but not a well-balanced character; visionary and impractical, but still possessing the magnetism of earnestness, and a wonderful fascination of manner that drew young persons of Minnie's stamp of mind to look upon her as little less than an oracle. Evan Curtis was altogether the reverse of his sister, except in the art of seductive flattery and power of fascination. He was loose in morals, but had the devil's unscrupulous faculty of transforming himself into "an angel of light," if it best served his purposes. His place of business and residence was Chicago, but he got in the way of running up to Glenville every fortnight or so; and after once meeting Minnie at his sister's the habit became chronic! Her beauty, innocence and freshness interested him; and he resolved to win her if he could. Her engagement to Royal was no secret, but it rather whetted his determination instead of changing it. He was master of delicate compliments; and well-timed words of encouragement always went straight to the mark. He professed a brother's interest in Minnie and her efforts; and, finally, she submitted the essays she read before the members of her club to his inspection and criticism. He also made himself acquainted with Royal Kent's peculiarities in a quiet way, because he was desirous of informing himself with what and whom he had to cope. Minnie kept no concealed meanings from him, for he was skilled in physiognomy, and it was not difficult for any to read so frank and natural a girl. Need we add that he did much to inflame her ambition? He correctly estimated that a rupture of her engagement would follow as a result of the schooling he and his sister were giving her. No one, however, could have been more sympathizing and tenderly fraternal than he, when she informed him what she had done. Now that she was her own again, she was urged by her joint advisers to make lecturing her life-work. Preliminary to her grand debut, she was to make trial speeches in adjoining school districts, in order to accustom herself to appearing before the public. Mrs. Foster advised this course, inasmuch as she really believed Minnie was called to the work, Evan, with the hope that it would widen the breach between her and Royal. Accordingly she came

before the people with a partial success, that he told her was in the highest degree encouraging for a tyro.

"You'll wake up and find yourself famous, some morning," said Mrs. Foster, giving her a motherly embrace.

A sickly smile was her reply.

Minnie's real appearance in public was made, however, in the town hall of a large village some weeks afterwards. Mrs. Foster and her brother accompanied her thither; but Mrs. Foster, being taken with a severe attack of sick headache on her arrival at the hotel, could go no further, and Minnie, without the shelter and support of her presence, was obliged to proceed to her appointment under cover of Evan Curtis's protection. This troubled her, and it was with a trembling frame she walked to the place assigned her, facing the sea of faces, upturned and scanning her every movement. She was the subject of a real stage fright, and felt so giddy that it was with the greatest difficulty she stood upon her feet, unable to articulate a word. Fortunately, her lecture was a written one; and after what seemed an age, she found her voice, whose tones, feeble at first, grew firmer towards the close.

It is unnecessary to follow her course of argument, and we do not purpose to do it. Suffice it to say the whole thing was a torture to her, and if she was at all emulous of martyrs, she had a grand chance for a long martyrdom in the life she had chosen. The presence of Royal Kent as a listener, also tended to unnerve her. Only too glad when her task was over, she waited in a small room adjoining the hall, while Mr. Curtis attended to some necessary business of the meeting. It communicated with a kind of vestibule. While resting, two male voices in conversation discussed herself and lecture.

"A very pretty essay for a school exhibition—nothing more," said one.

"Some good ideas, clothed in tolerable rhetoric, but she wasn't cut out for a speaker. Sweet little thing, how I pitied her! She acted very much as though she had been dragged there against her will."

Minnie felt herself blushing with mortification and chagrin at the freedom of their criticism; but listened anxiously for the reply.

"I shouldn't be surprised if she was. At any rate she has woefully mistaken her sphere. And under the auspices of Evan Curtis, one of the worst libertines of Chicago, too! Why,

I wouldn't trust a sister of mine to his care for a fortune—I should consider her reputation stained for all time."

A third voice interrupted him here.

"Do you speak truth? Do you know it to be fact what you affirm of Mr. Curtis?"

"I can take my oath on it if necessary, sir," surprise in the modulations of his tones.

"Excuse me, sir. I feel an interest in the young lady Mr. Curtis has in his charge, hence my abruptness in addressing you. Pardon me."

The third voice was Royal's.

"Well, young man, here is my card. I belong to the same banking-house as Mr. Curtis, and have spoken of him from personal knowledge. If the lady is a friend of yours, warn her of her danger."

Minnie was frightened now. If there was one thing she was proud of, it was a stainless name based on the foundation of a virtuous character. How to rid herself of Evan Curtis was now her one thought. Humiliating as it was, she determined to seek Royal's protection at once. It was meet she should be so humbled, for had she not deserved it? "And Roy acknowledges an interest in me yet," she thought, with a sudden thrill of joy.

She passed through the door separating her from Royal and found him alone.

"I overheard the whole, Mr. Kent, and I come to ask you if you will see me safely with Mrs. Foster and make one of our party home to-morrow?"

"Gladly, if I may have the pleasure."

He drew her arm within his own and walked silently by her side. Presently, tears went splashing over his hand to the walk.

"May I ask if you find your career satis-

factory, Minnie?" It was said so gently she could not take offence.

"No," she answered, "I've made a fool of myself," sobbing.

"Darling, are you willing to come back to me, and can you be contented with lowly home duties, and to reign queen of my heart?"

"You cannot desire it now?"

"I do, most earnestly."

"With all my faults and weaknesses?"

"Yes."

She put both hands in his.

"I haven't been so happy for weeks," she said.

You may be sure that Mrs. Foster was surprised at the addition of Royal to the party; but Minnie explained as simply, politely and directly as she could. Evan Curtis was in a rage; but Royal handed him the card of his fellow-clerk, and bade him inquire for the particulars of this change of him. Evan turned a shade more swarthy over the sudden light that had been thrown upon his private life, and shut his teeth tightly. The next morning he made a reasonable excuse for returning to Chicago, and was politely excused.

Minnie was soon afterwards married and duly installed as mistress of Glen Beulah. When a little Roy came to sing in the home nest a year later, she whispered to Royal:

"There is joy, and love, and work here for me—all I can do, and I enjoy doing it, as God meant I should. Anna Dickinson may be, doubtless is in her right place; but how I mistook my sphere once, Royal—what a goose I was!"

"A dear little goose," smiling.

\$10,000.—HOW MR. RAND SAVED IT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

Mr little story (began Mr. Rand) will illustrate the imprudence, not to say folly, with which men will often act when under the influence of some great controlling passion, such as the expectation of great gain. And it will also illustrate how men may redeem themselves from the consequences of such imprudence or folly by prompt and decided action.

The facts bring me back no great distance in my experience: only to the spring of 1865.

The great Pennsylvania oil fever was then at its height; fabulous stories were told and printed of men realizing hundreds of thousands in a day by the simplest speculation in lands, and many of my friends around me were converting their business into cash, and departing for the theatre of financial excitement. The fever soon overtook me, and I yielded to it. I was at the time the senior of two partners in a large and flourishing country retail store; I was prospering, and had

Just arrived at the point where I could begin to lay up money. I was thirty-five years old, with a dear good wife and two little children, whom I loved, as I still do, better than myself. My home was to me the most beautiful and attractive spot on earth, and a month before I had determined to go to the oil-regions, I could not have been persuaded that anything on earth in the shape of temptation could win me away from it. But in this case the tempter attacked me at the weakest point. "Go now," my fancy whispered to me, "while there is a chance; this golden harvest will not last long. Venture boldly; put in a few thousands and make a cool half million; it has been done more than once, and you are quite as likely as any one to do it again. When you have done this, your family as well as yourself will be above all the chances and risks of trade, independent for life. It is your highest duty to go."

I prevailed upon myself to think that this was so. I broached my plan to my wife and several of my best friends; they all opposed it. They reasoned that it was better for me to stay here, with a certainty of fair profits, than to go into oil speculation and risk all that I had. Very true in the abstract, I allowed; but I had got myself to thinking that I could not fail. No wild, crazy gambler or speculator ever expects to lose his money; they are continually hoping for good luck, and the hope amounts to an expectation. So with me. My interest in the business was worth fifteen thousand dollars easily; on a hurried sale it brought twelve, and in order to realize the cash in hand, I was compelled to reduce it to ten. These figures will show how insane upon the subject I had become; and yet, my condition was no worse than that of hundreds of others.

With a sad but hopeful farewell to my family and friends, I was off for the oil-regions. I had to pass through Buffalo on my way, and there I stopped over one train, to get my draft for ten thousand dollars exchanged for a bank certificate of deposit for the same amount. Then, with the certificate safely stowed away in the leather bill-book which I always carried in my inner breast-pocket, I went on to Venango.

I arrived at one of the new oil-settlements in the evening; and after camping down all night on the floor of a shanty, for lack of better accommodations, I sallied out the next morning on a prospecting tour. Whichever way my steps turned I saw a crowd, a tumult

of anxious, eager men like myself, hurrying about or gathered around some well where was flowing the precious green fluid. Nothing was talked of or thought of but oil, and everybody seemed watching for promising speculations. I went about all the day, observing the ways of the place, and toward night I turned my steps back to the shanty. Before I had reached it, my attention was attracted to a group of men who stood a few rods from the path, and I went out of my way to join them. I found that they were standing about the machinery of a new well, which was pumping a steady stream into a vat.

"Fifty barrels to-day!" exultingly exclaimed a dapper little fellow, with a huge mustache and an unmistakable city cut to his clothes. He was standing on the platform of the derrick, above the crowd, as he spoke, and seemed to be expatiating upon the well. "Fifty barrels since sunrise! Not a flowing well, to be sure; but the pump brings up the oil in a steady stream, and it's my opinion that it'll last as long as any well on the ground."

"It's doing splendidly," said another man; a tall dashing fellow, who was emphatically puffing a cigar.

"Them's the two owners of it," said a man at my elbow.

"Good for them," another remarked. "Their fortunes are as good as made."

I lingered around the place, listening to other observations that were made upon the well and its lucky owners, and finally returned to the shanty and lay down on my hard bed with a feeling that was something like envy. I dreamed all night of oil-wells, and awoke in the morning with a resolution that I would own an interest in one of them before dark.

As I passed the spot where I had stopped the night before, on my way along the productive lands, I walked over to the well again. The pumping was going on as before, and the oil came out in great streams into the tank. I watched it for a few moments, with that kind of fascination which the victims of the oil-mania generally felt, and was turning away with a sigh, when my shoulder was tapped by one of the proprietors, the little fellow who had talked so glibly the night before.

"A pretty good well, sir," he said. "I don't see any reason why it won't pump like this for years."

"I should be satisfied with it if I owned it," I said.

"Wouldn't you like to purchase a share of it?" he asked, rather coaxingly.

I looked at his face, with the thought that he was quizzing me; but he appeared to be perfectly serious. Seeing that I was in doubt as to his meaning, he pointed to a printed bill posted on the derrick, which I had not before seen, although it was in staring capitals. Without giving the exact contents of it, it will be sufficient to say that it offered for sale the one-half interest in this well for ten thousand dollars; the offer to stand for one week only.

"Are you in earnest about this?" I asked, feeling somewhat startled, and somewhat as if my chance had come.

"Perfectly in earnest, I'm sorry to say," he replied. "I've tried hard enough to avoid it, but I'm driven to it. It is my half that is offered, and offered for only a trifle over what I have expended here. In a few weeks more I could easily realize ten thousand dollars out of this oil; but I can't wait. My house and lot in Buffalo are to be sold on a mortgage in one week from to-day, and I can't bear to have them sacrificed, as I know they will be. The property is worth more than the sum I offer to sell out here for; but if I am not there it may sell for one-half of it. So you see I must sell this interest. It grinds me to do it, but for reasons that I can't speak of to a stranger; it is better, on the whole, for me to lose the fortune that is pouring out of this well than my homestead."

"Your partner might bring you out," I suggested.

"And glad enough would I be to do it," spoke up the tall man, coming just in time to hear my remark, "if I had the means. But I haven't. Like poor Fred, here, I've spent my last dollar in putting down this well and getting the machinery to run it. If it wasn't for the good prospect ahead, I believe my boarding-house keeper would have turned me out two weeks ago. But I'm better off than my partner; I've only to hold on and gather the gold that's coming in, while he must sell."

My mind was half made. I walked up to the spot where the oil was gushing out of the pipe at every stroke of the pump, and looked at it as if it were already my own. A small crowd had again gathered about, and such exclamations as "great thing," "lucky fellows," "here's a fortune, sure," greeted my ears.

"Do you think of purchasing about here?" one of the owners asked, following me up. I answered in the affirmative.

"Then here's your chance, sure as you're a living man!" the other enthusiastically cried. "I tell you, sir, there's no mistake about it—this is one of the most promising places on the creek, and you can pump out an independent fortune here in a few months. If I had the money, I'd not hesitate a minute; and as I haven't, all my interest in the sale is to help poor Fred out of his trouble. I rather like your looks, too, and I'd prefer you for a partner than some others who have been here looking at the well. If you've got the cash," and he looked hard at me, "you'd better buy."

"I have got the cash," I replied.

"Good! You're just the man for Fred; and if you take his offer it'll be like giving you fifty thousand dollars. Come up to the office, and let us talk it over; there are too many people about here."

I walked with them to the shanty that they occupied, and went in with them, almost persuaded at that moment to make the investment. Everything seemed straight and honest about the matter; I had seen the well and the oil, and there was no chance for deception about that, and the man's reasons for selling were perfectly satisfactory. In fact, I believe I began to have some pity for him on account of the hardship of the case, and to wish that I had a thousand or two more than he asked, to offer him. And then the fact that the other partner—Dick was the name that he answered to—was to remain and work his interest, was the best kind of a guarantee of good faith.

If I had any lingering doubts or fears on the subject when I entered the office, they shortly dispelled them. We sat down around the rough pine-table, littered over with papers. Fred produced a bottle of wine, Dick some excellent cigars, and they proceeded to entertain me. But no one need imagine that I became intoxicated; the wine was a light sparkling kind that merely exhilarated, and when we had finished it we sat and smoked, while Fred's tongue ran on describing the profitableness of the investment with all the glibness of a Bowery Cheap John. I was satisfied before he had talked ten minutes. In ten more I threw away the stump of my

"Show me your title," I said. "Satisfy me about your rights here, and I'll buy the one-half interest at the terms you offer."

They immediately produced a lease of the premises for one hundred years, which I examined, and which was undoubtedly correct. I had seen other leases made by the same proprietor, and I knew the signature.

"I don't mind telling you what that cost us," said Fred, with a laugh. "Just twenty-five dollars! We took it when there had been no oil found within half a mile of here, and got it cheap enough, as things have happened."

He asked my name, and in half a minute he had filled up a blank assignment on the back of the paper, and signed it, transferring to me his one-half interest in the well and lands for ten thousand dollars. He held it so I could read it, and I saw that it was sufficient. I took out my bill-book and produced the certificate.

"This is payable to my order," I said. "I don't know how you're to get the money. Who'll identify you?"

"Let me see," said Fred, and I laid the certificate on the table. "O, that's all right!" he exclaimed, as he read it. "I know the officers of that bank, and they'll pay me on your indorsement."

The other partner—my future partner—the tall dashing fellow, came and leaned over Fred's shoulder, and looked at the certificate. As he bent his face lower, I saw a most rascally sinister smile diffuse itself over the whole countenance, and my ear caught a word whispered with significant emphasis:

"Sold!"

Somehow, just at that momentous instant, I could not fix my thoughts on oil, and money-making, and the business before us at all. I thought of Emily and the children at home, and wondered whether it was better for them that I should part with this money so easily. I looked at the two men, with their flashy finger-rings and breastpins, and I did not feel half as much like making the bargain as I had a moment before.

"Just indorse it to me—Fred Brown."

His voice startled me from my abstraction; I looked up and saw that he had placed the certificate on the table with his finger upon it, and was holding out a pen to me.

"I've written the indorsement—'Pay to the order of Fred Brown,'" he said. "Just put your name under that. But Lord bless you, man—what's the matter? Your face is white, almost. You aint going crazy with your good luck, are you?"

They both laughed at this sally.

"No," I said, carelessly. "Just let me look at the face of that certificate again—so!" and with the words I slipped it from under his finger. My bill-book lay on the table; I quickly placed the certificate in it, folded it, and buttoned it up close again in my pocket.

The men fell back in blank astonishment, and both spoke together:

"What's that for?"

"What the devil d'ye mean, sir?"

"I've thought better of it," was my reply. "I've concluded not to buy. You may keep your assignment, or give it to some one else. The well may be a splendid investment—but I think, on the whole, I'll not take any stock in it."

They saw that I was in earnest, and two angrier men I never saw in my life. Fred—if that was his name—stood glaring at me with the expression of a hungry hyena balked of his prey; and Dick, the one who had avowed that he had no interest in the sale except to help his friend, came close up to me and shook his fist in my face.

"You can't come that game on us, my fine fellow!" he growled. "This trade is all done, and that paper is ours. Hand it over, or you'll smell *these*."

He shook his fist again. Now their conduct confirmed my suspicions. I was so rejoiced at my escape that I believe I could have engaged both of them in a fist-fight, if necessary. But there was no occasion for it.

"Lock the door, Fred," said the fellow who was menacing me. "We'll see about this here chap, pretty quick."

"Stop there!" I cried, producing a revolver, and cocking it, as Fred started for the door. "Lock that door, and I'll blow you through!"

He did stop, very suddenly. My attitude and weapon were what they had not expected.

"I believe you are two great scoundrels," I said. "Thank Heaven I have done nothing here yet to bind myself to you in any way; and I certainly shall not now." I arose to my feet, with the pistol in my hand. "Now, I am going to leave this shanty, and if any one offers to prevent me, it will be the worse for him. Look out there!"

Not a hand was raised; no violence whatever was offered. They stood quietly aside while I walked out; and I did not put up my pistol until I had put a safe distance between myself and them.

I went straight down to the well, and found a great commotion in the crowd gathered there. The pump was still working, but the

oil had stopped running. By this time I was pretty well excited; and mounting the platform, I secured the attention of the crowd, and gave them a brief account of my experience with the proprietors of this well. They listened with manifestations of anger, and when I had done, a dozen voices rose at once.

"Those fellows owe me more'n five hundred dollars, for work," one cried.

"And me two hundred for board."

"And me fifty for hoes hire," etc., etc., etc.

"Let's find the d—d rascals," some one suggested; and a rush was instantly made for the shanty. They were ten minutes too late; both the men had gone, leaving behind them the evidences of a precipitate flight. It was well for them that they were not found; their swindled creditors were angry enough to soak them in their own vat.

Some of these creditors attached the property that afternoon, and then the whole swindle was exposed. The man in charge of the well was one of the victims, and he did not hesitate to expose the fraud. As it now appeared, the well had not been put down more than thirty feet, and, of course, not a drop of oil had been reached. Four barrels of oil had been purchased, and brought on the ground in the night, and this was actually kept running through the pipe out of the spout, and back again from the barrel, by means of concealed pipes. Of course, the humbug was in hourly danger of detection, as the crowd was increasing and becoming more curious; and hence the haste of the two sharpers in pressing the negotiation.

I remained in this vicinity less than twenty-four hours after that. I began to see that I was hardly keen enough to cope with the rascals of the place, who were looking for just such men as myself. Perhaps I might have made a fortune if I had staid; but I did not feel like trying. Of course, I knew that such adventures as these were in a large minority; but I began to be sick of the place, and thought it best to retire with my money in my own pocket, while I could. I surprised and gratified my friends by my early return, and went back into business with the unpleasant thought that I had sacrificed about five thousand dollars in my haste to try the experiment of oil-speculation. Never mind; I have more than got it back again, and with it an experience which will, I trust, keep me clear of all such dangers in the future.

There is a brief sequel to this true story, that ought to be told. I visited Auburn State Prison, less than a year ago, and saw the convicts at work, clad in their parti-colored suits. One of them glanced up as we passed, and instantly dropped his eyes again. That glance was enough; spite of his close-cropped head and his showy costume, I recognized the person who has figured in these pages by the name of Dick. The warden told me that he was in for ten years, for forgery. Mr. Fred I have not heard from, but if he is not in that penitentiary he is in some other—or will be. And I don't think it wrong in me to hope that in their cases the governor will exercise the pardoning power very discreetly!

LABOR OMNIA VINCIT.

BY HENRY H. GOODRICH.

The farmer rises at early morn

And chirrup his team as he drives afield,

Preparing the land for his crops of corn

Which summer gives with a plenteous yield;

Enough for himself and many more—

The village squire, the priest and the judge,

Who eat of his garner's goodly store—

Yet toils he on, a patient drudge.

The workshop rings with the hammer's stroke

The artisan plies from morn till night,

As neath the cupola's sulphurous smoke

He forges away with main and might;

For there's wanted here, and wanted there,

Thousands of things that are soon to be
made—

And grimed are his face and his arms so bare,
As works he on and is poorly paid.

The miner delves in the hidden mine,

And brings to light its glittering ore—

Bright gold and silver and copper fine,

And iron and coal, a priceless store,

Which commerce may need, or the arts
require,

To speed the ship, the car, or the plough,
The loom, or the mill whose wheels never tire,

Yet toils he on with the sweat of his brow.

By the vessel's helm the sailor stands,
 As whistles the wind, and the billows roar,
 And guideth it free the treacherous sands,
 And the rocks that guard the sea-girt shore;
 Home wealth to bring from the fruitful isles,
 Silks, teas and spices from Farthest Ind,
 As he tracks the ocean thousands of miles,
 And braveth its dangers with careless mind.

By the hearth, the cradle, the bed of pain,
 The wife and mother devotedly stands,
 Without whose love 'twere seemingly vain
 That man should wrest, with his sturdy
 hands,
 From the main, the mine, the workshop, the soil,
 The wealth that refines and beautifies home;
 She shareth with him in his daily toil,
 His hopes and his fears, his sunshine and
 gloam.

O Labor! thy children are sturdy and brave,
 Inured to all hardship, privation and toll;
 Oft struggling with fate, despair and the grave,
 And oft by injustice robbed of their spoil!
 Of fortune how various! unequal in gain!
 Prosperity's smile, or adversity's scorn!
 Th'esteem of the world—its neglect or disdain,
 Yet manly of heart though their bosoms be
 torn!

Of heroes the noblest who conquer the earth,
 The spoils of the land and the sea are thine
 own;
 Primeval in age, and divine in thy birth,
 Thou suppliest the cot and enrichest the
 throne—
 All lands of the earth are thine empire's
 domain,
 And though kings may reign, and tyrants
 oppress,
 Without thee they wield but the sceptre in
 vain,
 And their power departs as they honor thee
 less.

The handmaid of arts, thy temples arise,
 And decades of centuries shall moulder
 away
 Ere, shapeless, their ruins shall baffle the wise,
 And lost is the glory that crowns them to-
 day!
 And what if to ruin they sink and decay?
 The seed of the old is the germ of the
 new;
 The dust of the past is the soil of to-day;
 The Present and Past to each other are
 true!

THE SMUGGLER'S LEAP.

BY FREDERIC HARDMAN.

"O, THERE's not in this wide world," I ex-
 claimed, quite unintentionally quoting Tom
 Moore; "there never has been, nor can ever
 be again, so charming a creature. No nymph,
 or sylph, or winged Ariel, or syren with song
 and mirror, was ever so fascinating, no daugh-
 ter of Eve so pretty and provoking!"

This apostrophe, which certainly appears,
 now that in cooler moments I recall it, rather
 rhapsodical, was not uttered *viva voce* or *sotto*
voce, seeing that its object, Miss Dora M'Der-
 mot, was riding along only three paces in
 front of me, whilst her brother walked by my
 side. It was a mere mental ejaculation, elic-
 ited by the surpassing perfections of the
 aforesaid Dora, who assuredly was the most
 charming girl I had ever beheld. But for the
 Pyrenean scenery around us, and the rough
 ill-conditioned mule, with its clumsy side-
 saddle of discolored leather, on which she
 was mounted, instead of the Spanish jennet
 or well-bred English palfrey that would best
 have suited so fair an equestrian, I could,

without any great exertion of fancy, have
 dreamed myself back to the days of the
 M'Gregor, and fancied that it was Di Vernon
 riding up the mountain-side, gayly chatting
 as she went with the handsome cavalier who
 walked by her stirrup, and who might have
 been Frank Osbaldistone, only that he was
 too manly-looking for Scott's somewhat ef-
 feminate hero. How beautifully moulded
 was the form which her dark-green habit set
 off to such advantage; how fairy-like the foot
 that pressed the clumsy stirrup; how slender
 the fingers that grasped the rein! She had
 discarded the heavy riding-hat and senseless
 bonnet, those graceless inventions of some
 cunning milliner, and had adopted a head-
 dress not unusual in the country in which
 she then was. This was a *beret* or flat cap,
 woven of snow-white wool, and surmounted
 by a crimson tassel spread out over the top.
 From beneath this elegant *coiffure* her dark
 eyes flashed and sparkled, whilst her luxuri-
 ant chestnut curls fell down over her neck,

the alabaster fairness of which made her white headdress look almost tawny.

Either because the air, although we were still in the month of September, was fresh upon the mountains, or else because she was pretty and a woman, and therefore not sorry to show herself to the best advantage, she had twisted round her waist a very long cashmere scarf, previously passing it over one shoulder in the manner of a sword-belt, the ends hanging down nearly to her stirrup; and this gave something peculiarly picturesque, almost fantastical, to her whole appearance.

Upon the second day of my arrival at the baths of St. Sauveur, in the Pyrenees, I had fallen in with my old friend and college chum, Jack M'Dermot, who was taking his sister the round of the French watering-places. Dora's health had been delicate, the faculty had recommended the excursion, and Jack, who doted upon his only sister, had dragged her away from the gayeties of London and brought her off to the Pyrenees. M'Dermot was an excellent fellow, neither a wit nor a Solomon, but a good-hearted dog who had been much liked at Trin. Coll., Dublin, where he had thought very little of his studies, and a good deal of his horses and dogs. An Irishman, to be sure, occasionally a slight touch of the brogue was perceptible in his talk; but from this his sister, who had been brought up in England, was entirely free. Jack had a snug estate of three thousand a year; Miss Dora had twenty thousand pounds from her mother. She had passed two seasons in London, and if she was not already married, it was because not one of the fifty aspirants to her hand had found favor in her bright eyes. Lively and high-spirited, with a slight turn for the satirical, she loved her independence, and was difficult to please.

I had been absent from England for nearly two years, on a continental tour, and although I had heard much of Miss M'Dermot, I had never seen her till her brother introduced me to her at St. Sauveur. I had not known her an hour, before I found myself in a fair way to add another to the list of the poor moths who had singed their wings at the perilous light of her beauty. When M'Dermot—learning that, like themselves, I was on a desultory sort of ramble, and had not marked out any particular route—offered me a seat in their carriage, and urged me to accompany them, instead of prudently flying

from the danger, I foolishly exposed myself to it, and lo! what might have been anticipated came to pass. Before I had been two days in Dora's society, my doom was sealed; I had ceased to belong to myself; I was her slave, the slave of her sunny smile and bright eyes—*talisman* more potent than any lamp or ring that djinn or fairy ever obeyed.

A fortnight had passed, and we were at B—. During that time, the spell that bound me had been each day gaining strength. As an intimate friend of her brother, I was already, with Dora, on the footing of an old acquaintance; she seemed well enough pleased with my society, and chatted with me willingly and familiarly; but in vain did I watch for some slight indication, a glance or an intonation whence to derive hope. None such were perceptible; nor could the most egregious coxcomb have fancied that they were. We once or twice fell in with other acquaintances of hers and her brother's and with them she had just the same frank friendly manner, as with me. I had not sufficient vanity, however, to expect a woman, especially one so much admired as Miss M'Dermot, to fall in love at first sight with my humble personality, and I patiently waited, trusting to time and assiduity to advance my cause. Things were in this state, when one morning, whilst taking an early walk to the springs, I ran up against an English friend, by name Walter Ashley. He was the son of a country gentleman of moderate fortune, at whose house I had more than once passed a week in the shooting season. Walter was an excellent fellow, and a perfect model of the class to which he belonged. By no means unpolished in his manners, he had yet a sort of plain frankness and *bonhomie*, which was peculiarly agreeable and prepossessing. He was not a university man, nor had he received an education of the highest order—spoke no language but his own with any degree of correctness—neither played the fiddle, painted pictures, nor wrote poetry. On the other hand, in all manly exercises he was a proficient; shot, rode, walked and danced to perfection; and the fresh originality and pleasant tone of his conversation redeemed any deficiency of reading or accomplishment.

In personal appearance he was a splendid fellow, nearly six feet in his boots, strongly, but, at the same time, symmetrically built; although his size of limb and width of shoulder rendered him, at six-and-twenty, rather

what is called a fine man, than a slender or elegant one. He had the true Anglo-Saxon physiognomy, blue eyes, and light-brown hair that waved, rather than curled, round his broad handsome forehead. And then, what a mustache the fellow had! (He was officer in a crack yeomanry corps.) Not one of the composite order, made up of pomatum and lampblack, such as may be seen sauntering down St. James's street on a spring afternoon, with incipient guardsmen behind them—but worthy of an Italian painter or Hungarian hussar; full, well-grown and glossy. Who was the idiot who first set afloat the notion that mustaches were unseemly? To nine faces out of ten, they are a most becoming addition, increasing physiognomical character, almost giving it where there is none; relieving the monotony of broad flat cheeks, and abridging the abomination of a long upper-lip. Uncleanly, you say? Not a bit of it, if judiciously trimmed and trained. What, sir! are they not at least as proper looking as those foxy thickets extending from jaw-bone to temple, which you yourself, each morning, take such pains to comb into shape?

Delighted to meet Ashley, I dragged him off to the hotel, to introduce him to M'Dermot and his sister. As a friend of mine they gave him a cordial welcome, and we passed that day and the following ones together. I soon, however, I must confess, began to repent a little having brought my handsome friend into the society of Dora. She seemed better pleased with him than I altogether liked; nor could I wonder at it. Walter Ashley was exactly the man to please a woman of Dora's character. She was of rather a romantic turn, and about him there was a dash of the chivalrous, well calculated to captivate her imagination. Although perfectly feminine, she was an excellent horsewoman, and an ardent admirer of feats of address and courage, and she had heard me tell her brother of Ashley's perfections in such matters. On his part, Ashley, like every one else who saw her, was evidently greatly struck with her beauty and fascination of manner. I cannot say that I was jealous; I had no right to be so, for Dora had never given me encouragement; but I certainly more than once regretted having introduced a third person into what—honest Jack M'Dermot, counting, of course, for nothing—had previously been a sort of *tete-a-tete* society. I began to fear that, thanks to myself, my occupation was gone and Ashley had got it.

It was the fifth day after our meeting with Walter, and we had started early in the morning upon an excursion to a neighboring lake, the scenery around which, we were told, was particularly wild and beautiful. It was situated on a piece of table-land on the top of a mountain, which we could see from the hotel window. The distance was barely ten miles, and the road being rough and precipitous, M'Dermot, Ashley and myself had chosen to walk rather than to risk our necks by riding the broken-kneed ponies that were offered to us. A sure-footed mule and indifferent side-saddle had been procured for Miss M'Dermot, and was attended by a wild-looking Bearnese boy, or gossoon, as her brother called him, a creature like a grass-hopper, all legs and arms, with a scared countenance, and long lank black hair hanging in irregular shreds about his face.

There is no season more agreeable in the Pyrenees than the month of September. People are very apt to expatiate on the delights of autumn, its mellow beauty, pensive charms, and such like. I confess that in a general way I like the youth of the year better than its decline, and prefer the bright green tints of spring, with the summer in prospective, to the melancholy autumn, its russet hues and falling leaves; its regrets for fine weather past, and anticipations of bad to come. But if there be any place where I should be tempted to reverse my judgment, it would be in Southern France, and especially its western and central portion. The clear cloudless sky, the moderate heat succeeding to the sultriness, often overpowering, of the summer months, the magnificent vineyards and merry vintage-time, the noble groves of chestnut, clothing the lower slopes of the mountains, the bright streams and flower-spangled meadows of Bearn and Languedoc, render no part of the year more delightful in those countries than the months of September and October.

As before mentioned, Dora rode a little in front, with Ashley beside her, pointing out the beauties of the wild scenery through which we passed, and occasionally laying a hand upon her bridle to guide the mule over some unusually rugged portion of the almost trackless mountain. M'Dermot and I were walking behind, a little puffed by the steepness of the ascent; our guide, whose name was Cadet, a name answered to by every second man one meets in that part of France, strode along beside us, like a pair of compasses

with leathern lungs. Presently the last named individual turned to me.

"*Ces messieurs veulent-ils voir le Saut de l'ou Contrabandiste?*" said he, in the barbarous dialect of the district, half French, half patois, with a small dash of Spanish.

"*Le Saut du Contrebandier*, the Smuggler's Leap—what is that?" asked Dora, who had overheard the question, turning round her graceful head, and dazzling us—me at least—by a sudden view of her lovely face, now glowing with exercise and the mountain air.

The smuggler's leap, so Cadet informed us, was a narrow cleft in the rock, of vast depth, and extending for a considerable distance across a flank of the mountain. It owed its name to the following incident: Some five years previously, a smuggler, known by the name of Juan le Negre, or Black Juan, had, for a considerable period, set the custom-house officers at defiance, and brought great discredit on them by his success in passing contraband goods from Spain. In vain did they lie in ambush and set snares for him; they could never come near him, or if they did it was when he was backed by such a force of the hardy desperadoes carrying on the same lawless traffic, that the douaniers were either forced to beat a retreat, or got fearfully mauled in the contest that ensued. One day, however, three of these green-coated guardians of the French revenue caught a sight of Juan alone and unarmed. They pursued him, and a rare race he led them, over cliff and crag, across rock and ravine, until at last they saw with exultation that he made right for the chasm in question, and there they made sure of securing him. It seemed as if he had forgotten the position of the cleft, and only remembered it when he got within a hundred yards or thereabouts, for then he slackened his pace. The douaniers gained on him, and expected him to desist from his flight, and surrender. What was their surprise and consternation when they saw him, on reaching the edge of the chasm, spring from the ground with lizard-like agility, and by one bold leap clear the yawning abyss. The douaniers uttered a shout of rage and disappointment, and two of them ceased running; but the third, a man of great activity and courage, and who had frequently sworn to earn the reward set on the head of Juan, dared the perilous jump. He fell short; his head was dashed against the opposite rock, and his horror-struck companions, gazing down into the dark depth

beneath, saw his body strike against the crags on its way to the bottom of the abyss. The smuggler escaped, and the spot where the tragical incident occurred was thenceforward known as "*Le Saut du Contrebandier*."

Before our guide had finished his narrative, we were unanimous in our wish to visit its scene, which we reached by the time he had brought the tale to a conclusion. It was certainly a most remarkable chasm, whose existence was only to be accounted for by reference to the volcanic agency of which abundant traces exist in Southern France. The whole side of the mountain was cracked and rent asunder, forming a narrow ravine of vast depth, in the manner of the famous Mexican *barrancas*. In some places might be traced a sort of correspondence on the opposite sides; a recess on one side into which a projection on the other would have nearly fitted, could some Antæus have closed the fissure. This, however, was only here and there; generally speaking, the rocky brink was worn by the action of time and water, and the rock composing it sloped slightly downwards. The chasm was of various width, but was narrowest at the spot at which we reached it, and really did not appear so very terrible a leap as Cadet made it out to be. On looking down, a confusion of bush-covered crags was visible; and now that the sun was high, a narrow stream was to be seen, flowing, like a line of silver, at the bottom—the ripple and rush of the water, repeated by the echoes of the ravine, ascending to our ears with a noise like that of a cataract. On a large fragment of rock, a few yards from the brink, was rudely carved a date, and below it two letters. They were the initials, so our guide informed us, of the unfortunate douanier who had there met his death.

We had remained for half a minute or so gazing down into the ravine, when Ashley, who was on the right of the party, broke silence.

"Pshaw!" said he, stepping back from the edge, "that's no leap. Why, I'll jump across it myself."

"For Heaven's sake!" cried Dora.

"Ashley!" I exclaimed, "don't be a fool!"

But it was too late. What mad impulse possessed him I cannot say; but certain I am, from my knowledge of his character, that it was no foolish bravado or schoolboy desire to show off, that seduced him to so wild a freak. The fact was, but for the depth be-

low, the leap did not look at all formidable; not above four or five feet, but in reality it was a deal wider. It was probably this deceitful appearance, and perhaps the feeling which Englishmen are apt to entertain, that for feats of strength and agility no men surpass them, that convinced Walter of the ease with which he could jump across. Before we could stop him, he took a short run and jumped.

A scream from Dora was echoed by an exclamation of horror from M'Dermot and myself. Ashley had cleared the chasm and alighted on the opposite edge, but it was shelving and slippery, and his feet slid from under him. For one moment it appeared as if he would instantly be dashed to pieces, but in falling he managed to catch the edge of the rock, which at that place formed an angle. There he hung by his hands, his whole body in the air, without a possibility of raising himself; for below the edge of the rock was smooth and receding, and even could he have reached it, he would have found no foothold. One desperate effort he made to grasp a stunted and leafless sapling that grew in a crevice at not more than a foot from the edge, but it failed, and nearly caused his instant destruction. Desisting from further effort, he hung motionless, his hands convulsively cramped to the ledge of rock, which afforded so difficult a hold, that his sustaining himself by it at all seemed a miracle, and could only be the result of uncommon muscular power. It was evident that no human strength could possibly maintain him for more than a minute or two in that position; below, was an abyss, a hundred or more feet deep—to all appearance his last hour was come.

M'Dermot and I stood aghast and helpless, gazing with open mouths and strained eyeballs at our unhappy friend. What could we do? Were we to dare the leap, which one far more active and vigorous than ourselves had unsuccessfully attempted? It would be courting destruction, without a chance of saving Ashley. But Dora put us to shame. One scream, and only one, she uttered, and then, gathering up her habit, she sprang unaided from her mule. Her cheek was pale as the whitest marble, but her presence of mind was unimpaired, and she seemed to gain courage and decision in the moment of peril.

"Your cravats, your handkerchiefs!" cried she, unfastening, as she spoke, her long cashmere scarf. Mechanically M'Dermot

and myself obeyed. With the speed of light and a woman's dexterity, she knotted together her scarf, a long silk cravat which I gave her, M'Dermot's handkerchief and mine, and securing—how, I know not—a stone at either extremity of the rope thus formed, she threw one end of it, with sure aim and steady hand, across the ravine and round the sapling already referred to. Then leaning forward to hold her back, she let go the other end. Ashley's hold was already growing feeble, his fingers were torn by the rock, the blood started from under his nails, and he turned his face towards us with a mute prayer for succor. At that moment the two ends of the shawl fell against him, and he instinctively grasped them. It was a moment of fearful suspense. Would the knots so hastily made resist the tension of his weight? They did so; he raised himself by strength of wrist. The sapling bent and bowed, but his hand was now close to it. He grasped it; another powerful effort of despair, and he lay exhausted and almost senseless upon the rocky brink. At the same moment, with a cry of joy, Dora fell fainting into her brother's arms.

Of that day's adventures little remains to tell. A walk of a mile brought Ashley to a place where a bridge, thrown over the ravine, enabled him to cross it. I omit his thanks to Dora, his apologies for the alarm he had caused her, and his admiring eulogy of her presence of mind. Her manner of receiving them, and the look she gave him when, on rejoining us, he took her hand, and with a natural and grateful courtesy that prevented the action from appearing theatrical or unusual, pressed it to his lips, were anything but gratifying to me, whatever they may have been to him. She seemed no way displeased at the freedom. I was most confoundedly, but that Walter did not seem to observe.

The incident that had occurred, and Dora's request, brought our excursion to an abrupt termination, and we returned homewards. It appeared as if this were doomed to be a day of disagreeables. On reaching the inn, I found a letter, which, thanks to my frequent change of place, and to the dilatoriness of continental post-offices, had been chasing me from town to town during the previous three weeks. It was from a lawyer, informing me of the death of a relative, and compelling me instantly to return to England to arrange some important business concerning

a disputed will. The sum at stake was too considerable for me to neglect the summons, and with the worst possible grace I prepared to depart. I made some violent attempts to induce Ashley to accompany me, talked myself hoarse about fox-hunting and pheasant-shooting, and other delights of the approaching season; but all in vain. His passion for field-sports seemed entirely cooled; he sneered at foxes, treated pheasants with contempt, and professed to be as much in love with the Pyrenees as I began to fear he was with Dora. There was nothing for it but to set out alone, which I accordingly did, having previously obtained from M'Dermot the plan of their route, and the name of the place where he and his sister thought of wintering. I was determined, so soon as I had settled my affairs, to return to the continent and propose for Dora.

Man proposes and God disposes, says the proverb. In my case, I am prepared to prove that the former part of the proverb lied abominably. Instead of a fortnight in London being, as I had too sanguinely hoped, sufficient for the settlement of the business that took me thither, I was detained several months, and compelled to make sundry journeys to the north of England. I wrote several times to M'Dermot, and had one letter from him, but no more. Jack was a notoriously bad correspondent, and I scarcely wondered at his silence.

Summer came—my lawsuit was decided, and sick to death of briefs and barristers, parchments and attorneys, I once more found myself my own master. An application to M'Dermot's London banker produced me his address. He was then in Switzerland, but was expected down the Rhine, and letters to Wiesbaden would find him. That was enough for me; my head and heart were still full of Dora M'Dermot; and two days after I had obtained information, the "Antwerpen" steamer deposited me on Belgian ground.

• "Mr. M'Dermot is stopping here?" I in-

quired of, or rather affirmed to, the head waiter at the Four Seasons hotel at Wiesbaden. If the fellow had told me he was not, I believe I should have knocked him down.

"He is, sir. You will find him in the Cursaal gardens with Madame *sa sœur*."

Off I started to the gardens. They were in full bloom and beauty, crowded with flowers, and *frauleins*, and foreigners of all nations. The little lake sparkled in the sunshine, and the waterfowl skimmed over it in all directions. But it's little I cared for such matters. I was looking for Dora, sweet Dora—Dora M'Dermot.

At the corner of a walk I met her brother.

"Jack!" I exclaimed, grasping his hand with the most vehement affection, "I'm delighted to see you."

"And I'm glad to see you, my boy," was the rejoinder. "I was wondering you did not answer my last letter, but I suppose you thought to join us sooner."

"Your last letter?" I exclaimed, "I have written three times since I heard from you."

"The devil you have!" cried Jack. "Do you mean to say you did not get the letter I wrote you from Paris a month ago, announcing—"

I did not hear another word, for just then, round a corner of the shrubbery, came Dora herself, more charming than ever, all grace, and smiles, and beauty. But I saw neither beauty, nor smiles, nor grace; all I saw was, that she was leaning on the arm of that provokingly handsome dog, Walter Ashley. For a moment I stood petrified, and then extending my hand:

"Miss M'Dermot?" I exclaimed.

She drew back a little, with a smile and a blush. Her companion stepped forward.

"My dear fellow," said he, "there is no such person. Allow me to introduce you to Mrs. Ashley."

If any of my friends wish to be presented to pretty girls with twenty thousand pounds, they had better apply elsewhere than to me. Since that day I have forsworn the practice.



A DEATH FOR A DEATH.

BY FREDERIC HOWE MARION.

LONG ago, when I was a child, I had my fortune told. The woman, brown, gipsyish and evil, peered into my face and said, "Shun blond-haired men; one of them will bring you much sorrow."

I laughed then. Afterwards I remembered.

I never could understand how I came to such good fortune as the possession of Lucie Pomfret's love. In no rash lover's rapture do I say that she was beautiful as an angel. I have never seen equalled the snow of her skin, the blue of her eyes, the pure gold of her hair.

She was the only daughter of one of the wealthiest men on 'change. The Pomfrets were not only wealthy, but naturally noble men and women, of the highest culture. Lucie's brother was my friend; I became their guest, and my darling became my promised wife.

Judge Pomfret promised me his daughter, and then we kept the secret amongst us. Lucie wished it so; she would not be Mrs. Vernon in perspective, she said, playfully, but with an earnest feeling beneath. I did not love her less that she clung as long as possible to the girlish life that had ever been blessed to and by her. We were not to be married for a year.

Much of the time I was absent from the city, but our meetings were only the sweeter for that. At these times Lucie was never shy of her affection. Her sunny, guileless eyes looked into mine with unwavering trust; she would kiss my lips and cheeks, and roll the curls of my black hair over her fingers, in open enjoyment of our relation to each other. I never thought of doubting her love for me, and yet—

Lucie's twentieth birthday was celebrated. She was to have a party, or floral festival. The family were at Rose Hill, their country seat. It was June weather. I read Lucie's little note with a pang of regret:

"DEAR:—Will you not come? I am twenty years old, you know, and we are to have dancing and a feast in the garden. My Princess of Nassau is budded, and the purple lamarques are all in blossom. We have a

pavilion on the lawn, and Vale has written an ode for the occasion which he declares very fine in idea, but very bad poetry. Please come.
LUCIE."

I could not go. I had never been busier, or my presence more needed on the spot. I wrote to Lucie and told her so.

But after the letter had gone, my partner said:

"Vernon, one of us must go east, and see Stone & Selden. I had rather you would go than I."

I jumped at the chance. This firm, with whom we dealt, were not fifty miles from Lucie's home. I could reach Rose Hill the very night of the festival and go on to—bury the next day. Circumstances favored me, after all.

I set off, greatly exhilarated. Western railroad travelling is not excessively diverting, and during those twenty-four hours I lived in a day-dream, dwelling on my happiness, past, present and to come. Yet so tedious is a night spent on the rail, that I should have welcomed daylight quite as heartily, I think, if I had not expected to meet my betrothed wife before another sunset. I reached New York at noon, and took the express for Oakville.

The way towards Rose Hill was pleasant. The silvery lake, the white villas among the graceful shade trees, the grouped cattle under the willows, the orchard glades, the banks of clover and buttercups, and the rose-rich, way-side gardens made a living panorama which delighted me. New England pastoral life was sweet after the mercantile activity of Chicago.

The sun was setting as I reached Oakville, the railroad station of Rose Hill. Not being expected, the carriage was not in waiting, and having seen my luggage locked safely in the baggage-room, I set off across the fields.

The lake glimmered like gold between the trees; warm pink shadows filled every nook of the forest. Down in the low meadows the frogs had commenced a shrill piping, and across the hills the redstart called for its mate as it flew nestward. The bland air was

full of the scent of new-mown hay. I inhaled eglantine, sweet clover, and bayberry that lay dying in the swaths.

At last I reached the road that skirted the village and led to Rose Hill. The swift light strokes of horse's feet made me turn my head to see who rode so gayly.

The horse was blooded and beautiful. The rider turned upon me a handsome and exultant blond face.

"A fine night, sir."

"It is," I said.

He passed, gayly—mockingly, it seemed to me. His horse's steel-bound feet glittered up the hill; a silken tassel swung over the man's blond curls, as he rode. Steed and rider disappeared over the hill.

I stopped to look at the white village which lay in the valley to my right. The gilded spire of the church caught the sun's last rays.

In the distance I could hear the herds-boy shouting to his cattle. The woods grew brown and still; a star peeped out; the dew fell, and the fragrance of the violets stole up. A nightingale called from a thicket of alders.

"Money!"

The word was not a request but a demand. A woman, bent, hideous, neglected, started up from the roadside into my path. To see such misery in so sweet a scene touched me with a deep sadness.

"Here is money, mother," I said. "You are old and feeble. Do not sit there on the damp grass; go to some decent lodging house."

"He called me *mother*!" cried the woman, with a mocking laugh, the shrillness of which revealed a nature wicked indeed. "This fellow, with his soft speech and white hands. Ha, ha! Do I look as if I was the mother of a brave lad? Do I look as if I ever dandled a child, and curled its bonny hair, and sung lullabies?"

She paused, her yellow face turned up in the twilight, her palsied head shaking, her deep-set eyes twinkling upon me maliciously.

"Your mother, perhaps, would take cold to sleep by the roadside. She has a warm bed, and rest, and shelter, while I sleep on the stones and snatch my food from the dogs—for what? Because I had a child who was beautiful!"

She shrieked out the last words like a malediction.

"See here!"

She suddenly thrust her hand into her bosom and drew forth a long fair curl, which

she held up in the moonlight. Her old arm shook so that it twisted and shimmered in the light.

"Her hair!—her bonny hair!" she cried, harshly. "Curses rest upon the hand that defiled that fair head—my curse, my blackest curse go with him!"

She thrust the curl into her bosom and hobbled suddenly away out of my sight. Lingered a moment with a breast full of compassion, I continued my way at last.

The hill before me was steep and long; I ascended slowly. The moonlight flooded the road. I could hear the faint and distant sound of music, I thought.

Sweeter and clearer came the bursts of melody. Then the colored lights shone through the trees, and I was close to the scene of festivity. Was my darling dancing as light-heartedly as if I were there?

An arch of illuminated roses said "Welcome" over the gate. The white dresses of the ladies gleamed among the shrubbery as I went up the avenue. Silvery calling voices and bursts of gay laughter resounded through the distant garden. The air was filled with the luxuriant sweets of roses and lilies.

I sank into a rustic chair under the avenue elms, wondering where I should find Lucie, and listening to the measured strains of the dance music. The startled birds twittered over my head; the fragrant air blew deliciously around me. I lingered.

"I was ardently in love, but thirty-six hours' travel by rail, and a three miles' walk will tell on the most devoted lover. Within five minutes' walk of Lucie, I sat still and rested. Yet I listened for the faint echoes of her distant laugh, whose gay sweetness I should have known amid a hundred.

The stately avenue was in pale shadow, but the lights of the gay vista flung a gleam down half its length. I sat in heavy shade and feasted my eyes upon the distant picture, with its moving figures and glowing colors, until out of the merry riot came two sedate and graceful figures, leaving the dancers and softly approaching me. They moved slowly; they were evidently in earnest conversation. At length, they stopped where the light dropped off near my feet. The lady's face was in shadow, but the glowing vista's rays touched the man's blond hair and beard, and showed him to be the rider who had passed me so exultantly.

"But I could not forget," said he, in a low appealing voice. "I have put thousands of

miles between us, yet I've come back to you."

"I regret it. It was best that we should not have met again."

The gentle tones were Lucie's. Like a living voice sounded the fortune-teller's warning in my ear, "A blond-haired man will bring you much sorrow."

"Have you so hard a heart, then? Are you indifferent that I love and worship you? Lucie, you were once kinder than this."

"You cannot forget me," said my Lucie, "because you still hope. Two years ago I told you that we must part. We have met twice, since then, and not by my will."

"And yet, last summer, I did not mean to come. I was riding to the town. My horse took the old familiar path; I was startled when I found myself at your gate. And you were not as cruel then as you are now."

"You took me by surprise as I was walking in the garden; I could not be rude."

"And I was unwelcome then, as now, and you hoped I would not come again?"

The music of that voice I cannot transcribe.

"O, this is all wrong!" cried my darling's tender voice. "Basil Grey, I do not love you—I never did—you must leave me."

"But you may, Lucie. Only let me try to teach you."

She shook her head—"No, no!" And then came the revelation of our engagement.

I saw the man's eyes glittering in his blanched face; I saw his resolute look.

"And do you think that I will give you up to him?" he asked. "No," softly laying his hand on her white arm, "I will kill you first."

She recoiled, looking into his fierce face with shocked unbelieving eyes.

"Do you think me as tame as that, to let another man take you off?" he asked. "My Saxon blood were sluggish, indeed."

The slender girl faltered before the spirits she had evoked. But even that Mephistophelean laugh was musical.

"What will you do?" she asked, her clear eyes on his face.

"Let me show you?"

With the words, he lifted her lightly from the ground, and pressing one hand over her mouth, bore her swiftly towards the gate.

I leapt to my feet, but a hand like iron dragged me back into my seat. Before I could gain my equilibrium, a figure, wild and strange, darted from my side, and leaping behind the man, seemed to strike him with her clenched hand upon the neck. But he stopped, groaned and reeled, and Lucie strug-

gled from his arms as he fell. Instantly the horrible old woman was over him, one knee planted upon his breast, her skinny fingers clenched in his soft blond hair.

"Die, like a dog!" she shrieked. "She might have died on the ground, the spot where she fell, dying—when she knew that she was betrayed—and hid from the scorn of men's eyes, as she died. She never cursed you, but by her beauty. I curse your dying moments! By these rags, I curse you—by these shaking hands—by this hollow bosom where she has lain! For years I have sought you, saying, 'It shall be a death for a death!' But now you are dying. I send you into another world laden with my maledictions!"

With a strange cry she slipped from the insensible body and lay upon the ground.

I put my clinging darling from my breast, and approached the bodies. The man's blond face was rigid in death. I lifted the old woman's gray head; a fine stream of blood was trickling from her parted lips.

I lifted her, laid her on the grass, seeing that she had burst a blood-vessel, and that no aid could avail to save her life. I wiped the blood from her lips, and took from one of her clenched hands a small sharp knife. Then I put back the gray hair from her face, and seeing by the look of her eyes that she recognized me, leant to hear her last words. A look of terrible appeal brightened those sunken orbs; she trembled with the effort to speak; the single word "Alice!" broke, gaspingly, from her, then, with unspeakable anguish, she lifted her haggard face to heaven and died.

Afterwards I heard a recital of her story. Her name was Jane Dale. She had been the mother of a large family, and was singularly devoted to her children. One by one, they had died, leaving her, at last, with only the youngest, a beautiful girl named Alice. Around this child her torn heartstrings clung. When Alice was sixteen, her beauty attracting the attention of Basil Grey, a wealthy man of pleasure, who was visiting in the vicinity of her home, he found means to accomplish her ruin. At her death, the miserable mother went mad, and, leaving her home, wandered about the country, treated kindly by the people, despite her occasional fits of violence, and seeming to have no aim but to find her child's destroyer. This she succeeded in doing to a deadly certainty.

Lucie became my wife. I tell her that I believe in gipsy fortune-telling.

SINGAPORE.

BY BISHOP KINGSLEY.

The climate is always warmer here than at any part of the year with us at home. There are two summers and two winters in each year at this place, as at all places situated on the equator. The middle of the summers, respectively, are the 20th of March and September, and the middle of the winters the 20th of June and December. The only difference, however, in these seasons, is a little variation in the heat. The climate is always moist and hot, and vegetation is always bursting with luxuriant growth.

The tropical scenery about Singapore, so far as vegetation is concerned, is beautiful beyond all power of language. Nothing short of the sight of it can convey any adequate conception. The cocoanut palm, with many other varieties of this beautiful tree, abound here. Here I first saw large India-rubber trees pouring out great quantities of milky sap, which hardens by exposure to the air. The nutmeg, the pineapple, as also the orange, the lemon, the lime, the banana, with a multitude of other tropical fruits, abound here. The trees are all of a kind never seen in the temperate zone, and they are covered with the verdure of perpetual spring. Great trees are covered with exquisitely beautiful flowers, and loaded with unknown fruit, some of it as large as our largest-sized watermelons. Such a wealth of vegetation can never be seen outside of the tropics, nor where the air is not always moist as well as hot. Here it rains much of the time during all the months of the year. Singular combinations, or what seems so to an inhabitant of the temperate zones, are continually meeting the eye here. A tree whose trunk, and shape, and bark, and branches all resemble the elm, has well defined pine-leaves. A kind of fruit which more resembles musk-melons than anything else grows on a tree whose appearance, all but the size, is almost exactly that of the plant bearing the castor-bean. All the trees are evergreen, and many of them have leaves of extraordinary beauty, ten times as large as leaves grow in temperate climates. Here the sensitive plant attains a size and perfection which I have not seen elsewhere, pro-

ducing a beautiful globular blossom, and shrinking from the touch like a timid child. The fan palm, so called from its resemblance to an expanded fan, is a tree of remarkable beauty. It must be remembered that no palm-tree has branches composed of wood, as with us at home. The leaves are joined to the trunk of the tree near the top by means of long stems. Some of these stems are as much as twelve or fifteen inches wide where they join on to the trunk, and have a length varying from five to twenty feet, according to the variety of the palm. In the fan palm, these stems and leaves, instead of coming out all round the tree, grow on the two opposite sides only, and thus spread out into a round symmetrical top of extraordinary beauty, and resembling, as before remarked, an expanded fan, with this difference, that the tree is twenty or thirty feet wide. There is another remarkable thing about this tree. The stem is so joined to the trunk of the tree, with a concave surface upward, that the whole, taken together, forms a reservoir of several gallons of pure water, completely protected and enfolded in these stems as they are joined to the trunk. By piercing this reservoir the cool refreshing beverage gushes forth.

At Singapore there is a class of natives who seem to be amphibious. No sooner does a vessel come into the harbor than these boys surround it, and are ready to dive for a dime thrown into the sea; and such is the celerity of their movements in the water that they will uniformly catch the piece of money before it reaches the bottom, though they are twenty or thirty feet from it when it strikes the water. For a dime they will dive under a ship drawing twenty-five feet of water, and do this when the tide is running most fearfully. They come round in canoes, entirely naked. They bale out the water, even when in motion, with their feet, and leap out and dive with as much facility as frogs. Shells, monkeys, pineapples, bread-fruits, parrots and cocoanuts are freely offered for sale by the natives, who are a degraded race and fast disappearing from the earth.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

IN SUSPENSE.

WE must now go back to Vernon, and inquire how Mrs. Raymond is getting on, while Harry is each day drifting further and further away from home.

Harry's first and only letter from the city has already been given. It brought comfort and a degree of hopefulness to his mother. She felt that she could bear her solitude better if Harry was doing well. A few years, and they might be together again, as he anticipated, perhaps living in New York. In the meantime, he must come home once a month at least. Then his letters would, no doubt, be frequent.

Two days passed, however, and no letter. She began to get anxious, but reflected that Harry probably had a great deal to do. Still it was not like him to neglect her. He was too thoughtful and considerate a boy for that.

Two days more passed, and still no letter. Mrs. Raymond now became very anxious. She had about made up her mind to go up to

the city herself, though she could ill spare the money needful for the trip, when she met Squire Turner, in the street, on the way home from the post-office.

"Good-morning, Mrs. Raymond," he said, graciously; "what do you hear from Harry? I am told he has gone to the city to seek his fortune."

Mrs. Raymond was glad to have some one to whom she could impart her anxiety.

"I am feeling very anxious about him," she said. "I received a letter from Harry four days ago, just after he reached New York, and I have heard nothing since."

"No doubt he is very busy," said the squire.

"He would not be too busy to write me a few lines. He would know that I should feel anxious," said Mrs. Raymond.

"Don't feel troubled, Mrs. Raymond. I know how it is with boys. They dislike writing letters. It was the way with me when I was a boy."

She shook her head.

"It isn't the way with Harry," she said.

"He knows too well how lonely I am without

him, and how much I depend upon hearing from him."

"Perhaps he has written, and the letter has miscarried. Letters often do. I have it happen frequently."

"It may be," said Mrs. Raymond, with momentary relief. "I wish I was sure of it. He is my only boy, Squire Turner. If anything should happen to him, it would break my heart."

Knowing full well the wicked plot he had contrived against this poor woman's peace and happiness, Squire Turner felt a momentary thrill of compunction at what he had done. But his innate selfishness soon conquered this feeling. He had too many reasons for wishing Harry away, to sympathize with his mother.

"Very likely you'll get a letter to-night," he said.

"If not, I shall go to the city to-morrow morning," said Mrs. Raymond. "I am afraid something has happened to Harry."

Here was a chance for Squire Turner to make what would be regarded as a friendly offer.

"Mrs. Raymond," he said, "it will be quite an undertaking for you to go to the city, not to mention the expense, which will, of course, be a consideration with you. I was thinking of going up myself one day next week, but as you are feeling anxious about Harry, I will change my plans, and go to-morrow. I will hunt up your son, and bring you home full particulars about him. I don't think, however, you need to feel anxious."

"O Squire Turner, will you indeed?" said the poor woman, gratefully. "You are very kind, and I shall feel it as a great favor."

"Certainly; it will give me great pleasure to oblige you. If you have anything to send up, I will carry it with pleasure."

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble, I will ask you to carry up a pair of stockings I have just footed for him. And will you tell him to be sure to change his stockings if he gets his feet wet?"

"I will with pleasure carry any message. But why not write a note and send by me?"

"I think I will, if you will be so kind as to carry it."

"O, don't mention it. I hope, Mrs. Raymond, you will regard me as a near friend. If you will write the letter in the course of the day, I will send James round after supper to get it."

"I am afraid it will be too much trouble for your son."

"Not at all, not at all," said Squire Turner, cordially.

Mrs. Raymond parted from the squire feeling more favorably disposed towards him than ever before. To confess the truth, he had never been much of a favorite of hers. His cold disagreeable manners, and his general reputation as a hard close-fisted man, had repelled not only her but people generally. But now he seemed wonderfully thawed out. He was actually genial and cordial, and the manner in which he had entered into her feelings about Harry, and his kind offer to go to the city on a day he had not intended, produced a strong impression upon her mind.

"I didn't think Squire Turner could be so kind," she said to herself. "I have done him injustice. He has a good heart, after all."

"James," said Squire Turner, at the supper-table that evening, "I want you to go over to Mrs. Raymond's, directly after supper."

"What for?" asked James.

"I am going to New York to-morrow morning, and have agreed to carry a letter and small parcel to her son Harry."

James turned up his nose.

"Why don't she come to the house, and bring it then?" he asked.

"I promised to send you."

"I don't want to be Mrs. Raymond's errand boy. Harry Raymond is a low upstart, and I shouldn't think you would be willing to carry bundles for him."

"That is my business," said Squire Turner, who, but for private reasons, might have shared his son's objections.

"I've got a headache," said James. "I don't feel like going out."

His father understood very well that this was not true. Still he had always been in the habit of humoring James in his whims, and now, instead of exerting his rightful authority as a parent to secure obedience, he condescended to conciliate him.

"If you have a headache," he said, "the fresh air may do you good. Go as quick as you can, and when you come back, I will give you a dollar."

This argument addressed to his son's selfishness prevailed. James had seen at the village store a new fishing-pole, which he desired to buy, and with the promised reward he could do so.

"Can't you give me the money now?" he

asked. "There's something I want to buy at the store on the way."

"You'll have to go there after you return," said the squire, who prudently saw that this was the best way of securing a prompt return.

James took his cap and started for the cottage of the Widow Raynond.

"The old man's getting mighty obliging," he muttered to himself, meaning, of course, his father by the not very respectful term used. "I should be too proud, if I were he, to carry bundles to that pauper, Harry Raynond. Anyhow, I get a dollar by the operation, and that's something."

Arrived at the cottage, James knocked sharply at the outer door. It was opened almost immediately by Mrs. Raymond herself.

"Good-evening, James," she said, politely. "Wont you walk in?"

"Can't stop," said James. "I'm in a great hurry. Have you got that note ready you wanted to send up to the city?"

"I'll get it in a moment. But you had better step in."

"No, I can't," said James, not taking the trouble to acknowledge the invitation. "I am in a great hurry."

Mrs. Raymond went back into her sitting-room, and speedily reappeared with the note and the pair of stockings wrapped in a brown paper.

"I'm sorry to trouble you with this parcel," she said. "Your father was so kind as to offer to carry it."

"Umph!" muttered James, ungraciously.

"I am much obliged to him, and to you also, for your trouble in coming round for it."

James did not deign a reply, but turning his back, marched off, feeling that he would rather have carried a bundle for any one than for Harry Raymond. If he could have known that at this very moment, the boy whom he hated so intensely was speeding away from America, doing the duties of a sailor boy, he would have felt compensated for the disagreeable nature of the favor he was so unwillingly doing.

Squire Turner went to the city the next day, as he proposed. He went round to the office in Nassua street, temporarily occupied by Lemuel Fairchild, the address having been communicated to him by Mrs. Raymond, though this was hardly necessary, as Hartley Brandon had apprised him by letter of the details of the plot which they had mutually arranged. Of course he found it locked, and the tenant gone. The great commission

house of Fairchild & Co. had mysteriously disappeared. In order to have something to report, he called at the next room.

"Can you tell me," he asked, "whether Mr. Fairchild still occupies the adjoining room?"

"No," was the reply; "he only occupied it for a week, and then left. I understand that he left without paying his rent."

"Indeed!" said Squire Turner; "that surprises me. I understood that he was at the head of a large and responsible business house."

The other laughed.

"If you had seen him, you would soon have corrected your mistake. He was a seedy adventurer; I don't believe he was worth twenty-five dollars in the world."

"Indeed!" repeated the squire; "I am concerned to hear this. The fact is, the son of one of my neighbors—a widow—came up to the city to enter his employ. One letter has been received from him, but no other. His mother is feeling very anxious. How long since they vacated the room?"

"I have not seen him for four or five days."

"Did you see anything of the boy?"

"Yes; I saw a boy here last Monday, and on Tuesday morning, but not since. Fairchild was here for a few minutes in the afternoon, but he, too, has been absent from that time."

"Really, this looks suspicious. What would you advise me to do?" asked Squire Turner, with an appearance of concern.

"Lay the matter before the police authorities. Most likely this Fairchild is a swindler, and they may know something about him. I know of nothing else to advise."

"Thank you. I believe I will follow your advice. Good-morning."

"Good-morning, sir."

Squire Turner decided in reality to follow his recommendation. Nothing was better adapted to clear him personally of any suspicions of having had a hand in Harry's abduction, in the improbable contingency of such suspicion being aroused. Besides this, he was founding a claim to Mrs. Raymond's gratitude, which might lead her hereafter to regard his suit with favor, in case he should find it politic to seek her in marriage. He accordingly called at the police headquarters, and laid the case before the authorities, taking care, however, not to be explicit, as he had no wish to have Fairchild actually arrested.

He also called at the office of a morning paper, and obtaining copies for the last three or four days read with satisfaction the record of the Sea Eagle's sailing.

"Now," he thought to himself, "the field is clear, and I can carry out my plans without interruption."

CHAPTER XXIII.

SEEKING FOR HARRY.

SQUIRE TURNER arrived in Vernon in time for a late supper. After partaking of it, he took his hat and cane and walked round to Mrs. Raymond's cottage. Seeing him from the window, she hastened to open the door, and gazed with a look of anxious inquiry into his face.

"Did you see Harry?" she asked, quickly, forgetting in her anxiety for her son even to bid the squire good-evening.

"No, Mrs. Raymond, but I will come in and tell you all about."

His face was grave, and his voice was sympathetic. The poor woman, her heart full of a terrible anxiety, haunted by undefined fears, led the way into the plain sitting-room, and then said, in a voice of entreaty, "Tell me quick, Squire Turner, has anything happened to my boy?"

"Let us hope not, Mrs. Raymond. I assure you, I know of no harm that has come to him, but—I could not find him."

"You forgot the number?" she inquired, eagerly.

"No, I remembered the number. Besides, it was on your letter and bundle. But I find that Mr. Fairchild has moved from his office on Nassua street."

"Has moved—where?"

"That I could not learn. It seems that the office was closed the day after your son's arrival in New York, that is, on Tuesday. I made inquiry of the occupant of the next office, but that was all he could tell me, except that he believed Mr. Fairchild had gone away without paying his rent."

Mrs. Raymond looked surprised.

"I don't understand it," she said. "Harry wrote that he was doing a large business. I thought the firm was one of the largest in New York."

"Let us hope that the information I received was incorrect," said the squire. "We will suppose that Mr. Fairchild found it necessary to move on account of the demands of an extensive business. The office on Nassua

street was a small one, and I should hardly suppose it would be adequate to his wants."

"But Harry said nothing about moving. Besides, if they did move, I should think he would have written me since."

"There is something in what you say," the squire answered. "In fact, I confess the affair has puzzled me. It is possible, however, as I suggested the other day, that he may have written, and the letter miscarried."

"Do you think anything has happened to Harry, Squire Turner?" asked Mrs. Raymond.

"I hope not."

"But you think it possible?"

"I don't know what could have happened."

"But it seems suspicious, Mr. Fairchild's moving away so quickly."

"Yes, that does look suspicious," admitted the squire. "In fact, I thought it best to lay the matter before the police authorities, so that if there is anything wrong, they may ferret it out."

"O, I wish Harry had never gone to the city," murmured Mrs. Raymond, sorrowfully.

"I was not in favor of it from the first. I tried to have him stay at home, but he was possessed to go to the city."

"It is natural, Mrs. Raymond, that a spirited boy should get tired of a small village like Vernon, and want to enter a larger field. It may turn out all right. Don't decide too hastily that anything has happened to him."

"I shall not sleep any to-night. Squire Turner, I think I must go up to the city to-morrow."

"I would not advise you to do so, Mrs. Raymond. You could do no good there. I have placed the matter in the hands of the police authorities, and whatever there is to be found out, they will ascertain and communicate to me."

"But it seems so hard to wait in suspense."

"That is true. I will tell you what I will do. I know your anxiety, and if nothing should be heard before next Tuesday, I will go up to the city again, and make what additional inquiries I can."

"Thank you, Squire Turner. You are truly kind. How can I ever repay you for your great kindness?"

"Don't mention it, Mrs. Raymond. I know you have no one to look out for you now, and it is a pleasure to me to feel that I am able to be of service."

The squire took his leave, pressing Mrs. Raymond's hand gently to indicate the sympathy which he felt for her.

"I believe I played my part pretty well," he said to himself, as he went out. "She will never suspect that I had anything to do with the abduction of her son. When the affair has blown over a little, I will go to Milwaukee, and see Robinson about the land warrant, and its probable value. If the affair can be compromised, so as to bring Mrs. Raymond ten thousand dollars, I will offer myself. That will be a pretty addition to my property. Besides, when her son gets home, and finds that I am his mother's husband, his mouth will be shut about that confounded fire. Maybe, he will fall overboard, and never come back. If that happens, I shan't shed many tears. He is an obstinate, impracticable boy, and I shall be rid of him."

Thus the squire soliloquized.

Meanwhile, three days passed. It was Monday evening. Again he called to see the widow, now, as it appeared, doubly bereft of husband and son.

"Have you had a letter, Mrs. Raymond?" he inquired.

"No," she answered, sorrowfully. "I hoped you might have heard something."

The squire shook his head.

"I wish I had any such news to give you," he said, "but I have heard nothing whatever."

"I am sure Harry is dead," said the poor mother, bursting into tears.

"No, no, I am sure he is not," said the squire, soothingly. "There are twenty ways of accounting for his silence, before adopting such an extreme view as this."

"I have hardly closed my eyes in sleep for the last three nights," said Mrs. Raymond, and her pale face and swollen eyes testified to the literal correctness of what she said.

"Don't worry too much," said the squire. "We shall hear of Harry yet. To-morrow I will go up to the city again. If it will be any satisfaction to you, I will invite you to accompany me."

"I will go," said the poor mother. "It will be better than staying at home. I shall feel that I am doing something to find my lost Harry. You are very kind to invite me."

"Don't mention it," said the squire. "I will call round in the morning, and carry you to the depot in my carriage."

"I will be ready."

The next day, therefore, Squire Turner, accompanied by Mrs. Raymond, went to New York. They went round to the office in Nassau street, but as may be expected, learn-

ed nothing in addition to the facts previously gathered. Next, they went to the office of the Superintendent of Police, but learned nothing definite, beyond this, that Lemuel Fairchild, instead of being a responsible business man, was a needy adventurer. He had disappeared from the city, and thus far the police had been unable to trace him. What intention he could have had in pretending to be a commission merchant, and above all, what could have induced him to send for Harry, was a mystery which it seemed difficult to explain. The superintendent promised to pursue his inquiries, and to endeavor to obtain information concerning Harry and his employer—both of whom had strangely disappeared. With this they were obliged to be content, unsatisfactory as it was.

With a heavy heart Mrs. Raymond made her homeward journey. Thus far she had thought only of the personal grief she had suffered in the loss of Harry. But another consideration very soon forced itself upon her mind. In losing Harry, she had lost her main support. How was she to sustain herself and little Katy? Already the small amount of ready money which her husband had left behind him was exhausted, and as yet she knew of no way of earning more. It was Squire Turner who first opened the subject to her.

"I have no doubt," he said, "that Harry will return after a while, and explain his absence in a satisfactory manner. But meanwhile, you will, of course, suffer inconvenience from the loss of his wages. Have you thought of any plan?"

"No," she answered, wearily. "I have no pleasure in living, now that my husband and son are gone."

"You must live for the sake of little Katy, and for the sake of Harry, who will return some day."

"Yes, Katy will need me, Harry I shall never see again."

"You think so now, but I am sure he will return. I have taken the liberty to form a plan for you, supposing that you were too much occupied by your grief to form any for yourself."

"You are very kind, Squire Turner."

"I will advance you a hundred dollars which can be added to the mortgage I hold on your place. With a part of it you can buy a sewing-machine, and take in work. I am needing a dozen shirts made, if you will undertake them."

Mrs. Raymond felt that this was a kind and wise plan, and so expressed herself. Accordingly, the sewing-machine was bought, and it was understood that Mrs. Raymond was ready to take in sewing. She obtained considerable employment, but not enough to pay all her expenses. Every month she found herself going behindhand, and getting more and more into debt to Squire Turner.

But we must leave her now, and follow the fortunes of our young hero.

CHAPTER XXIV.

SQUIRE TURNER'S LETTER.

THE affair of the caricature was suffered to pass without the punishment of the guilty party. Had not Harry found some one to clear him of the charge he would have fared badly from the captain's brutality, increased by his unfounded dislike. But in Jack Rodman the offence was passed over. Probably the captain suspected that the caricature had been drawn with the object of getting our hero into trouble, and that no insult was intended to himself.

It became evident to all on board that Harry was an object of dislike to the captain. Brandon never spoke to him except in a rough voice and with lowering looks, and would gladly have shown his dislike actively, but for the restraining presence of Mr. Weldon the supercargo, whose interest in our hero daily grew stronger.

As for Harry, he did his duty faithfully, as he had determined. His position was not to his liking, and he meant to escape from it whenever an opportunity offered, but until that time came he thought it best to give the captain no cause of complaint. He often wondered whether Captain Brandon had invited him on board with the intention of carrying him off to sea. On this point he could not satisfy himself, for, though it certainly looked like it, he could conceive of no motive which Brandon could have for so acting. He was, as he supposed, a total stranger to him until the day before the vessel sailed. He concluded, therefore, that his detention was only accidental, but that the captain didn't feel sufficient interest in him to send him on shore in time.

But a short time afterwards he made a discovery which threw a new and perplexing light upon his abduction. He was sent down into the cabin one day on an errand. While there he saw an open letter lying upon the

floor. Picking it up, with the intention of placing it on the table, he happened to see his own name about the middle of the page. In his surprise he let his eye travel over the remainder of the letter. A light flashed upon him as he read, and commencing at the beginning he made himself acquainted with the whole letter. Then because he did not dare to stay longer, he hurriedly thrust it into his pocket and went on deck.

That we may understand how far Harry was enlightened by its perusal, the letter is subjoined:

"HARTLEY BRANDON:—Your letter, detailing the steps which you have already taken, in order to carry out the plan which I mentioned to you, is received. I approve of all you have done. The most difficult part of the programme, getting the boy to the city, you have ingeniously provided for. The offer of a place in the city, with a salary of twelve dollars a week, will undoubtedly be very tempting to an ambitious boy like Harry Raymond. Now he is employed temporarily in the village store at six dollars a week, and that situation he must soon resign. He will undoubtedly swallow the bait, and when you have once got him to the city, you can easily devise means for getting him on board your vessel. By the way, I congratulate you on your unexpected accession to the post of captain. It will pay you better, and of course be more agreeable than that of mate. Besides it will give you full power over young Raymond. If he should show signs of insubordination, which is quite possible, for he is a high-spirited boy, have no mercy upon him. Let him feel your authority. Your voyage is fortunately a long one, and by the time you return he will probably be well tamed; if not it will be your fault.

"I do not know that I have anything more to add, except that of course you are never to mention my name to Raymond, or lead him in any way to suspect that there is any acquaintance between us. On this point I am very particular, and should I discover that you have broken your word, I should disown all knowledge of the transaction, and withhold the reward I promised. I enclose twenty-five dollars which you say you have promised to your confederate, Lemuel Fairchild."

This was the whole of the letter. It was not signed, from motives of prudence no doubt, for otherwise Squire Turner would

have placed himself in the power of Brandon. But Harry was not for a moment in doubt as to the name of the writer. He was familiar with the squire's handwriting, if there had not been internal evidence to show that it was written by him.

But the discovery was far from clearing up the mystery. Why should Squire Turner enter into a plot to kidnap him? Was it because Harry had been a witness of the fire, and by his testimony could prevent the squire from receiving his insurance money? This was possible. At any rate Harry could think of nothing else. Had he understood the further motives which prompted Squire Turner's action, he would have felt still more anxious than at present. Now he felt an eager wish to be at home, and confront the squire with the evidence he had obtained, as well as to prevent his obtaining money from the insurance company on false pretences, as he felt persuaded that he intended to do.

Our hero resolved to keep the letter he had accidentally discovered. It was not his, but its connection with him justified him, he thought, in retaining it. As he might be suspected of having it, he hid it away, not wishing to have it found upon him in the event of a search. But Captain Brandon did not appear to miss it. At any rate he made no inquiry after it, and very probably supposed that it was still in his possession.

Harry deliberated whether he should impart to any one the information he had obtained. Tom Patch was an honest fellow and a good friend, but he was an illiterate sailor, and though he could give sympathy, his advice would be of little service. Mr. Weldon, on the other hand, had not only shown himself a friend, but he was a gentleman of education and judgment. Harry felt that he would be a safe counsellor. Accordingly one day when a good opportunity offered, he related to the supercargo the discovery he had made, with enough of his home life to make the account intelligible.

The young man listened in surprise.

"This is a strange story, Harry," he said.

"Yes sir, it is strange," said our hero. "I could not have believed that Squire Turner would have treated me so meanly."

"Your having seen him set fire to his house makes it less strange. He could not draw the insurance money if you chose to interfere."

"I should have interfered," said Harry, promptly.

"You would have been right in doing so. It appears then that he was interested to the amount of two thousand dollars in getting you out of the way."

"Yes sir," said our hero, "but there is one thing I can't understand."

"What is that?"

"He must have known I would come back from the voyage, and that I should learn whether he had drawn the money. It would not be too late then to expose him."

"That is true," said the young man, thoughtfully. "Perhaps," he said, after a little thought, fixing his eyes seriously upon Harry, "he does not expect you to come back at all."

"What do you mean, Mr. Weldon?"

"I mean this; he has already shown himself capable of one crime—he may be capable of another. Evidently he has some secret understanding with the captain, and he may have given him secret instructions of which we are not aware."

"You don't think he would take my life?" said Harry, his brown cheek turning a little pale at the thought.

"I hope not. He might, however, leave you by design on some lonely island in the sea. At any rate it will be necessary to be on your guard. I am very glad you have told me of what you have found out. I will also be on the lookout, and if I find any danger menacing you I will let you know."

"Thank you, Mr. Weldon," said Harry, gratefully, "I am very glad to have so good a friend."

"You may depend on my friendship with confidence," said the supercargo, taking the boy's hand kindly. "I feel an interest in you, and no harm shall come to you if I can help it."

The suggestion of Mr. Weldon that possibly Squire Turner did not expect him to return was a startling one to our hero. He had lamented his necessary absence for a year or more from home, and oftentimes pictured to himself with pain the grief of his mother when she learned of his mysterious disappearance. He was afraid that she would suffer from narrow means while he was away. Still he knew that she could raise money on the house by a further mortgage, enough probably to carry her through two years, even if she did not earn anything during this period. It would be a great pity to have her little property so sacrificed, but Harry was hopeful, and meant when he returned to

make up to her for her losses. He would be home in eighteen months, as he judged from inquiries made of the sailors; at any rate in less than two years—and this thought had sustained him in his temporary separation. But now for the first time the thought came to him that he might be prevented from returning at all. Suppose it should prove true, as the supercargo suggested, that Captain Brandon should leave him on some lonely island in the ocean, there to starve, or to drag out a solitary and wretched existence, perhaps for years. This was terrible to think of, yet he had heard and read of such cases. He resolved not to be persuaded to land anywhere, except at the termination of the voyage, and thus avoid danger.

But, as often happens, the danger assumed a different shape from what he anticipated. To explain the evil which befell him, it is necessary to say that Jack Rodman had not forgiven our hero for the signal and public manner in which he had defeated him in the contest already recorded. He cherished a malignant hatred against Harry, and longed to do him some harm. He was bound to get even with him, so he said to himself. It was some time before an opportunity presented itself. But at length one came.

Harry was leaning over the side one evening, thinking over his position, when Jack Rodman's attention was drawn to him. He looked around him hurriedly. Nobody was looking. A terrible impulse seized him. He crept stealthily behind Harry, lifted him from

his feet, and in an instant threw him into the sea.

"Help!" exclaimed Harry, in loud, clear tones.

Tom Patch heard, and recognized the voice. Instantly he threw a plank overboard, calling out:

"Keep up, my lad, and we'll help you."

The captain was just coming out of the cabin. Tom ran up to him, and hurriedly announced that Harry had fallen overboard.

"If he's careless enough to fall overboard, let him take care of himself," said the captain, coolly.

"Wont you put out a boat?" asked Tom, anxiously.

The only answer was an oath, and a savage command to go about his business.

All the while valuable time was being lost. Harry was by this time some distance astern. He had succeeded in reaching the plank and was clinging to it.

"Poor lad!" said Tom Patch, brushing a tear from his eyes with his large and horny hand, and he breathed an anathema against the captain which I cannot record. "He's bound for Davy Jones's locker, as sure as my name's Tom."

There seemed little chance for our hero. With nothing but a plank between him and immediate destruction, alone in the vast ocean, without a particle of food or drink to sustain him, the question of "sink or swim" seemed little in doubt.

BERTINA'S BAZAR.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.

BERTINA NELSON lived in the town of Sunderland, a large village that was beginning to think of being a city, and she was one of the brightest girls there. The head of her class in day and Sunday school, the most skillful in grace-hoops, rope-jumping and skating, already pretty well along in music and drawing, though she was but fourteen years old, Bertina might well be satisfied with her progress. But besides these, she was a good-hearted girl, and not at all unwilling that others should receive some attention as well as herself.

One November, not many years ago, there was a great fire in Sunderland, and among

the houses burnt were several occupied by poor families. Everything they had was burnt, the fire taking in the night, and they only escaped with their lives.

This was rather a hard case, of course, for winter was coming on, and the weather was already getting pretty severe. People did what they could to help, or rather, did what they would, but still the families were suffering. They had not decent clothes to wear, or furniture, even the most necessary, and all they could do was to get something to keep them from starving.

Bertina thought it all over, and gradually a plan grew up in her mind. She would do

something for these people; and since her father was not rich enough to give her money for them, she would earn it herself. For about a week she pored over the matter, thinking of it day and night, before she told any one else. And by that time the plan was all fixed in her mind.

"What are you studying on, Tina?" her father asked, the very evening when she had got her mind made up.

"That's just what I was going to tell you this minute," she replied.

So he took her on his lap, though she was rather a big baby, and she told him the whole story. If you knew them, I should not have to tell you that she won her father's consent. For not only had Bertina a coaxing tongue, but her father had perfect faith in her ability to do whatever she might undertake.

That part of the business settled, there were the girls to stir up, and various other important affairs to arrange.

It would take too long to describe the whole preparations. The girls, a dozen or so, entered with heart and soul into the project, and began to practise songs and little plays, and to prepare articles for their tables. Then some of the boys volunteered to help, and were engaged as doorkeepers and in some other capacities. Then older folks, seeing the young ones so much in earnest, became interested, and offered to help. One lady promised them four bouquets out of her green-house, two others promised to furnish coffee for their refreshment table, and others joined. There grew to be quite a little excitement about Bertina Nelson's bazar. At length there remained only one difficulty, and that was a place in which to hold the bazar. This was indeed a difficulty, for it was to be so much larger an affair than they had planned for that the little play-house they had meant to have would never do.

In this emergency Bertina's energy and courage were put to the test. There was one place which was precisely what they wanted, a pretty little store with counters on each side which belonged to a rich cross old man whom everybody was afraid of. He never troubled himself to be civil to any one, and seemed to think of nothing but making money. The idea of applying to him for the use of that shop, which was not vacant, would never have entered any head but Bertina's. But she was so excited by her success so far that she did not know how to say fail. So one evening just after the rich

man had eaten his dinner, he was told that a little girl wanted to see him a minute, and would tell her business to no one else.

Mr. Craven went very crossly into his library where the little girl sat, her cheeks very red with excitement, and her eyes very bright, though she was trembling with fear now that she was in for it.

She got up as he entered, and made a very pretty salutation.

"Well, what is wanted?" asked the gentleman, in astonishment. He was not used to such visitors.

As soon as Bertina could command her voice she began. It wasn't easy, for besides the fright she went with, there was Mr. Craven staring steadily at her from under his shaggy brows, apparently too much astonished to speak. His astonishment gave her a chance to tell her whole story though; and her greatest fear had been lest he would shut her up at once and order her out of the house.

At last he found voice.

"And so you little shavers think I'm going to let you have the use of my store a day and two nights that you may burn it for me?" he exclaimed. "And you think I will listen to such nonsense? A parcel of silly children! What are your fathers and mothers about? Did they know that you were going to ask me?"

"Yes," Bertina said, trying to speak steadily. "They said it was no use, but I somehow thought it was."

"What made you think it was?" asked the gentleman, curiously.

"Because I didn't believe you are so cross as folks say you are," she replied, before she had time to think.

But he wasn't offended. He only laughed, and made her tell her story all over again.

Great was the astonishment of the girls and boys and elders, when Bertina came back from her visit and with shining eyes informed them that she was to have Mr. Craven's shop free with all the gas she wanted.

At length the evening came on which the bazar was to open. The doors were opened at seven o'clock, and in half an hour the place was filled, everybody paying ten cents for admittance. It was very pretty. The boys had got evergreen from the woods, and the empty shelves were covered with white cotton looped with green wreaths. The counters were strewn with pretty wares, all of which went by lottery, and in one corner was a re-

freshment table every article on which was given to them. Then, at the end of the shop, opposite the door, was a long, mysterious curtain. About half past eight this curtain rolled majestically up, with only three or four hitches, and a wonderful play was played by three boys and three girls, the applause being immense. Then two girls, Bertina and Jane Sedley, sang a duet very prettily, though their voices trembled. They were not used to singing in public, you see.

Punctually at nine o'clock the bazar closed, and the little performers went home exhausted, but satisfied.

But the grand success was on the second evening, for then, having tried before a voluntary audience, they ventured to invite company. Notes were sent to the ministers, Mr. Craven, and one or two other persons of note, asking the honor of their company, and stating the object of the entertainment; and in anticipation of their coming, armchairs were provided for them. Everybody else had to stand.

Of course the invited guests came, even Mr. Craven, and after partaking of a cup of coffee, and a sandwich, and a slice of cake, for which pay was refused, seated themselves in their armchairs, and the play began.

It went off admirably, except that the performers were terribly frightened, and could hardly speak at first. Then there was a song with a guitar accompaniment played by some one out of sight, then the duet of the night before, then a speech.

Now this speech was the most terrible part of the whole, for Bertina had to make it. She wrote it, a simple little speech explaining what they had tried to do, and thanking people for their help, and her mother corrected it for her, and heard her recite it. But it was one thing to recite before mother at home, and another to recite before that crowded room, with the row of awful gentlemen in front of her. When Bertina came

onto the stage she looked quite white, and when first she opened her mouth, not a sound came forth.

The audience applauded to give her courage, and again she tried. But her voice trembled and faltered, and finally, overcome with agitation she burst into tears. Again the audience applauded, and some one called out:

"Try again, dear!"

Bertina raised her face and wiped her eyes resolutely. Her cheeks glowed with mortification and determination, and she began to speak. The sound of her own voice gave her courage, and before she was half way through, she was quite at ease. When, at the end, she named Mr. Craven as one of their chief benefactors, she turned towards him with a beautiful smile.

So what began for her in mortification, ended in triumph. When she made her bow, there was a little tempest of applause, and she was called out onto the stage again and applauded.

Then one of the ministers got up and made a speech, complimenting the little girls on their energy and charity, and especially naming Bertina. Another minister followed him in the same strain, then a doctor, then who but Mr. Craven? And he made a very nice speech indeed.

Then at the last a big boy who had acted as treasurer, and who during the whole performance had been frantically counting cents and ten cent pieces, came out and announced that the bazar had cleared two hundred dollars. At that there was applause again, then everybody went home. And so ended Bertina's bazar.

But so did not end the good it did, or the truth it taught; for many a person who fancied that they could do no good because they were not rich and powerful, saw that with will and perseverance any one could do good.



LITTLE BELL.

BY MRS. H. L. REDLON.

"Early to bed and early to rise
Will make you healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

LITTLE BELL had heard this till she began to think seriously of it, so she astonished her mother very much one evening by coming before sunset to have her clothes unfastened, and that was all the assistance little Bell needed about undressing.

Soon as the tired little head lay on its pillow almost, Bell was asleep, for though she tried hard to keep awake and think of something, she could not keep the blue eyes open.

It was quite dusk when she awoke, but she knew it was morning, for she heard the farm fowls crowing in the yard, and she sprang out of bed as lightly as a kitten.

She slipped her clothes on, but could not button them behind, so off they came again in a twinkling, and putting them on wrong side before, she fastened them and ran out into the yard. The door was locked but she could turn the key, and when she got outside she looked around with a very satisfied expression on her chubby face.

"I am glad nobody is up to keep me at home," thought she. "Now, I'll go where I please, and I'll find something pretty, I know."

The east was growing red, and off little Bell started for the woods as fast as she could run. When she got near she stopped, and then went on slowly, but even her soft little feet on the ground had aroused and alarmed something there. A little squirrel put his head out from among the low branches of a tree, and looked earnestly at her.

"O, you pretty thing!" said little Bell. "I wish you would come down here and let me take you. I would not squeeze the breath out of you, but *just hold you easy.*"

The squirrel came a little lower down, and sat looking at her, with his graceful wide tail laid over against his back, and chattered a little.

"O, you pretty squirrel," said Bell; "I will come again and bring you some nuts. Now, good-by, squirrel," as the little fellow ran up the tree, and the tiny adventurer went on.

Sweet thin voices were whispering all around her as if the trees were talking together. Soon she came across something in her path, green and shining.

"Is it a rush?" she thought, stopping. Up looked two bright eyes at her, out went a red

forked tongue, and she knew it was a snake.

"O, you pretty, *pretty* thing," said Bell; "if mother had not told me never to touch a snake, I'd certainly put you in my pocket. How early you get up, and how handsome and bright you look! What do you eat, I wonder?"

But the snake was probably more afraid of Bell than she was of him, and still keeping up that wicked-looking head glided gracefully away.

"If my mother would let me, I would take you, you pretty, *pretty* thing."

Just as he went out of sight, she heard a little sound in the tree above her, and looking up she saw a bird sitting on her nest, and looking over the edge at her. Three little heads peeped out from under her wing.

"O birdies," said Bell, "how cunning you are! Why don't you get up? It is morning."

But the old bird covered them with her wing, and looked at the little girl with her pretty bright eyes, as if to ask her what she wanted.

"Good birdie, I won't hurt your young ones, but I do want to see them. Won't you let them fly a little?"

The old bird sang her song, and flew out upon a bough bending near, and the little birds—one—two—three—four—put up their heads and peeped over the edge of the nest at the little girl.

"Good birdie, I won't hurt them. How cunning they are! Now, good-by, and when I come again I'll bring them something."

So off she ran towards home.

"There comes the sun, all bleeding. I wonder if it will warm me; I'm cold."

She ran as fast as the little bare cold feet could go, and when she stepped into the warm kitchen where the breakfast was steaming on the table, she was in a fine glow.

"Why, Bell, where have you been?" asked her mother.

"In the woods," said Bell.

"Johnny has gone up stairs to call you. I thought you were asleep."

"O no, mother. I'm not going to lie in bed mornings any more. Everything looks pretty in the morning. Don't the breakfast look nice?"

Early to bed and early to rise
Will make you healthy, and wealthy, and wise."

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BUNS.—Two quarts of flour, one quart of warm milk, a quarter of a pound of butter, and half a teacupful of yeast; mix this into a dough, and set it to rise three or four hours. Beat up four eggs, half a pound of sugar, and one teacupful of currants; mix this into the dough, and set it to rise again two hours. When very light, make the dough into small buns; set them very close together in tin pans, and let them rise. When all of a sponge, brush the tops with a little milk and molasses mixed. Bake them in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes.

NAHANT BUNS.—Three cups of new milk, one cup of yeast, one of sugar, and flour enough to make a stiff batter. Rise this over night. In the morning, add one cup of butter, one cup of sugar, one nutmeg, one teaspoonful of saleratus, and add more flour until it is as stiff as for bread. Let it rise sufficiently; then cut it out, and let it stand rising while the oven is heating.

SOFT MOLASSES GINGERBREAD.—A pint of good West India molasses, and a quarter of a pound of butter; mix them together with a large spoon, and then add a large spoonful of soda; stir this into the molasses and butter till it froths. Add half cup of ginger, and stir in flour until it is as stiff as for pound cake. Bake it in a well-buttered tin pan half an hour.

COCOANUT CAKE.—One pound of cocoanut grated fine and dried; one pound of white sugar, and the whites of two eggs well beaten. Mix this together with a spoon; make up the cake in pear form; lay a sheet of white paper on a tin, set the cakes about two inches apart, and bake them about fifteen minutes. Watch them very closely, as they are apt to scorch.

LEMON CAKE.—One teacupful of butter and three of sugar; rub them to a cream, and stir into them the yolks of five eggs well beaten, one cup of milk, the juice and grated peel of one lemon, the whites of five eggs, and sift in as lightly as possible four cups of flour. Baked in shallow pans about half an hour.

CREAM CAKES.—One pound of flour, half a pound of butter, and one pint of boiling water; pour the water boiling hot on the butter, and put it over the fire. As soon as it begins to boil, stir in the flour; when cool, add nine eggs

well beaten. Bake them the same as in the next receipt.

Custards for the above.—Take a pint of rich cream, and add to it three eggs well beaten, and a little flour; sweeten and flavor to the taste, and put it on to boil. When the cakes are baked, open the crusts at the sides, and fill with the custard.

ANOTHER MODE.—*Crust.*—Three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter, one pint of water, and ten eggs. Boil the water and butter together; stir in the flour while it is boiling, and then let it cool. When cold, add the eggs well beaten.

Custard.—One pint of milk, four eggs, two cups of sugar, and half a cup of flour. Boil the milk, and while it is boiling add the sugar, eggs and flour, and flavor it with lemon. Drop the crust on tins, and bake them in a quick oven fifteen or twenty minutes. When they are done, open them at the sides, and put in as much custard as possible. It is a great improvement to the appearance of the crust to rub it over with the white of an egg before it is baked.

RAISED DOUGH CAKE.—Two pounds of raised dough, one pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, three eggs, a glass of brandy, a glass of wine, one and a half pound of fruit; spice to the taste. Bake two hours in a common-sized bread-pan.

A VELVET CREAM.—Half an ounce of isinglass dissolved in a cup and a half of white wine; the juice and rind of one lemon, and three quarters of a pound of loaf sugar. Simmer all this together until it is quite mixed, then strain it, and set it to get cool. Add a pint and a half of rich cream; stir it until it is quite cold; put it into moulds, and set it on the ice until it becomes as stiff as blanc mange.

CHARLOTTE RUSSE.—Dissolve one ounce of Russia isinglass in a cup of new milk; beat the yolks of twelve eggs and one pound of fine sugar together; whip to a froth half a pint of good cream, and beat to a froth the whites of twelve eggs. Strain the isinglass into the yolks; add the cream, then the whites, and beat it all together lightly. Flavor it with vanilla; set it on the ice to stiffen a little; line the mould with sponge cake; turn in the cream, and set it on the ice five or six hours.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

LANGUAGE AND SILENCE.—Language is the chief means of the expression of the mind. There is meaning in the glance of the eye and the gesture of the hand, and there is truth in the old proverb that "actions speak louder than words." Some of the sweetest and most precious confidences that earth ever knows are those which are shared in silence, when, with hushed reverence, we sit side by side, and the clasped hand or the speaking eye are the only vehicles for the thoughts or the feelings that could find no adequate expression in language. Especially when we approach the highest of all subjects, our relations with Divinity, is silence often more eloquent than words. The influence of religion on the heart cannot be measured by the frequency or fluency with which it is discussed by the lips. There are doubtless times when the heart is fired with a holy enthusiasm that longs to impart of its fervor to others, and its voice then is earnest and inspiring. But there is also a ready and fluent utterance of sacred things, that is in its very nature opposed to true worship, and which is often the loudest and most frequent where the devotion it stimulates has long since died away. The well-known sayings, "The heart is too full for utterance," and "The feelings are too deep for words," have in them a truth full of significance. Language seems to hold a middle ground in our lives, between the wants which ally us to the inferior creations and the aspirations that lead us heavenward. It is the instrument of all business and learning, and the mainspring of social life. It is the great means of influencing others and improving ourselves. But in the extremes of our nature it retires. Too refined to deal much with the grosser parts, and too weak to express the highest aspirations, it confesses its limits, and yields to the superior eloquence of silence.

WHAT ARE COMETS?—Professor Tait, in his last introductory lecture at the Edinburgh University, says: "There seems to be good grounds for imagining that a comet is a mere shower of stones (meteorites and fragments of iron). It is at least certain that such a shower would behave, in its revolution about the sun, very much as comets are seen to do; and that, as we have reason to believe is the case with comets, it would be drawn after a few revolutions, if it described a closed path, so as to

spread over the greater part of its orbit. If the earth, then, were at any time to intersect the orbit of the comet, it would pass through a stream of such stones, all moving approximately in parallel lines and with equal velocities. On entering the earth's atmosphere with the enormous relative velocity due to the revolution about the sun in differently sized orbits, described sometimes with a retrograde motion, these fragments of stone would, by the laws of perspective, describe paths all apparently diverging from one point in the heavens, and these paths would be rendered visible by the incandescence of the meteorites due to the friction of the air. Now this is exactly what we see, markedly in August and November, meteorites have been determined, and found to be identical with those of two known comets."

A BATH IN SCANDINAVIA.—"Having repaired to the Scandinavian bath house you find a room, and an old woman who receives you with a benignant smile; she is selected as your attendant, your female valet in fact. You enter the room, she shuts the door, and begins forthwith to help you undress; the operation is proceeded with until you are reduced to the state in which you were born. Your old woman and you look placidly at one another, and the second act of the comedy commences. In each room is a small bucket full of some dark looking liquid, more like paint than anything else I can think of; a sort of half-liquid, half-solid, sticky, yet soft, material, which is, in fact, a species of mud. It is found near the seashore, is collected and refined—particles of shells and so forth being carefully extracted—and is considered admirably efficacious for curing Swedish rheumatism. What this mud consists of I cannot truly say, but sulphur is certainly one of its ingredients. You then sit down; the old woman approaches you with the mud bucket, and sets to work energetically to plaster you over and rub you with the slimy paint. These old women, who have thorough practice, are said to possess a very delicate touch, and to rub in the most artistic and soothing way. After you have been rubbed and plastered a sufficient time, the aged female directs a douche upon your stomach, which routs the mud with great slaughter, and finally you get into a warm bath of sea-water, upon emerging from which you are again assisted in your toilet by your aged female attendant aforesaid."

FACTS AND FANCIES.

RETRENCHMENT EXTRAORDINARY.—The following story is told of a pretty well-known gentleman, formerly connected with the Pittsburgh press. This person was in the habit of taking a "wee drop" too much at times, and when in the resultant condition of exhilaration he was, as many are, inclined to a liberality and extravagance of expenditure to which his sober self was an utter stranger. While on one of his periodical benders, the fancy of our hero was struck with the beauty of a certain pair of vases of rare workmanship and exquisite finish. With the sentiment, "darn the expense" in his heart and on his lips, he bought these vases, at an immense price, and bore them home, and triumphantly called in his wife to admire them.

"Why, John," said she, the moment she set eyes on them, "what induced you to buy such costly ornaments as these? We can't afford to spend money this way. You will ruin us, you know you will;" and the poor lady raised her apron to her eyes and began to cry. The sight was too much for our printer.

"You are right, Mary," he said, "you are right, and I am wrong. I see it now. We can't afford these vases; it was extravagant in me to buy them. But don't cry; I'll fix it all right." So saying he let drive his fiat through the two beautiful vases, and, as their fragments rattled about the floor, he turned to his astonished and dismayed wife and said, "Now, Mary, we've got rid of those; I'll go and buy a couple of cheap ones, my darling."

PETRIFYING THE NOBLE SAVAGE.—An ingenious youth in Milford, Conn., has invented a new kind of whiskey.

When taken into the human body, it petrifies the imbibor in eleven hours—turns him into a stone statue!

The inventor offers to sell the secret to the government, and suggests that the whiskey might be the means of ending the Indian war in short order.

Give the noble red men their fill of this palatable beverage, and the plains will soon be covered with harmless cigar maker's figures.

This would kill the wooden Indian business, as well as the noble savages.

PEPPERING THE STRONG-MINDED.—A Woman's Rights meeting, in a New Hampshire town, has been compelled to abruptly adjourn

because of the sneezing occasioned by some Cayenne pepper which had been placed on the stove.

We have heard that Cayenne has been much in demand since then, and that various testimonials from grateful husbands are in the printer's hands, recommending Cayenne to unfortunate men whose wives insist upon having their rights.

No household should be without it.

It is not a dye.

The ingredients are purely vegetable.

Look at the wonderful cure in New Hampshire.

Send for circulars.

None genuine unless red.

A liberal discount to Boston.

WONDERFUL RESULTS FROM ADVERTISING.—A poor but honest couple in Florida lost their only child, a boy of several summers. Personal search proving useless, they advertised for him in the daily paper. That very afternoon an alligator crawled out of the swamp and died on the front doorstep. In his stomach were found a handful of red hair, some bone buttons, a glass alley, a brass-barrelled pistol, a Sunday school book, and a pair of check pants. The advertisement did it—at least so the editor says. It's of no use for any alligator that has committed a crime, to defy the power of a free press! The editor says he will fetch them right up out of the bottom of the Pacific Ocean if it is necessary.

MISTAKEN IDENTITY.—A gentleman residing in this part of the State is frequently assisted to his home by friends who meet him abroad in a state of bewilderment arising from that singular optical illusion known as "seeing double," usually accompanied by weakness and irresolution of the knee joints. It is his misfortune to have a neighbor so much resembling him in the peculiarities alluded to, as well as in personal appearance, that his friends took the wrong man to his house the other night. When the doorbell rang, he chanced to be in the entry trying vainly, with a lamp in his hand, to ascertain what made his front stairs so very spiral that he couldn't follow their windings without getting dizzy! He was very tired, and couldn't get to bed, his stairs acted so. So he gave it up and answered the bell in person. His double was immediately

helped in by his kind friends, who turned away as this neighborly office was performed, without looking up to see who had answered the bell. But they had not got far before they heard their friend calling to them, and looking back they saw him on his doorstep frantically gesticulating with his lamp, and calling to them:

"Here, you, (*hic*) you have made a (*hic*) a mistake! D— it, (*hic*) this isn't me!"

CURED.—Mr. Alexander Simpson, of Towaunda, is dead. He was bilious, Mr. Alexander Simpson was, and he saw the following paragraph from the pen of Doctor Hall:

"If a bilious man wants to get well, and is in no special hurry, all that he has to do is to lie down out of doors, between two broad boards, and stay there until he gets ravenously hungry."

Mr. Simpson followed this advice, and calmly fell asleep with a broad board on top of him. Under ordinary circumstances there would have been no trouble; but there was a Fat Men's Ball in the lager beer saloon next door that day, and the two champion fat men got over the fence, and sat down with a jerk on top of Mr. Alexander Simpson's upper board without knowing he was there. It squelched the breath out of him at the first blow. And the fat men, you understand, they sat and sat there, and discussed politics, and the Alabama claims, and the Legal Tender Act, and the

weather, and woman's rights, and the Harrison boiler, and metaphysics, and they kept on drinking glass after glass of beer, and getting heavier and heavier, until one of them happened to look under the board—and there was Alexander Simpson, as dead as Nebuchadnezzar, and mashed so thin that you could pass him in under a closed door without scraping his vest buttons! He does not suffer from bile now. But does anybody know where Doctor Hall lives? Because Mrs. Simpson is making inquiries, and she is anxious to snatch a few silver hairs from his brow, and to necessitate the purchase of a patent glass eye.

WONDERFUL LOVE LETTER.—The following specimen love letter was dropped in the streets by a young lady a few days ago. The writer has "got it badly" and no mistake:

"O My Dearest L— i will tri to ancer your Deer letter. O how my throbbin heart Does ake, to Embrace you onse agin. O you Darling Rosy Bud wont you marry me i heer the eko ancer i will. Don't let that ugly thing take you a Buggy Ridin agin. O how i felt the first time we tutcherd our lips together. O how my hole frame quivered but i must stopp or i will go crazy. O how we will divide the sorrows and joys and comforts of life. Ancer rite of from youre
* * *

When you strike a balance, expect that the blow will be returned.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one woman in her time plays many parts,
Her acts being seven ages.

At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.

And then the normal schoolgirl,
With books in patent strap,
And nicely crimped hair,
Under full sail, goes willingly to school.

And then the *loved* (supposed to be),
Sighing like furnace—and full of fear
Lest Smith may change his mind.

And then the soldier
Not in battle of arms,
But in the noble war of woman's rights,
Parchment in hand, and majestic mien,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even on the stand in Music Hall.

And then the matron
With fair plump face and generous apron
strings,
With eyes severe, and chignon of ancient
stamp,
Full of good rules and best recipes,
And so she plays her part.

The sixth age shifts;
'Tis now the lean and wrinkled dame,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
Her youthful dress well saved—
A world too wide for her shrunk form;
Her voice, though once so shrill,
Pipes now and whistles as she tells
Of what she used to do.

Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness,
And mere oblivion,
Sans teeth—sans eyes—sans waterfall—sans
everything.

THE SEVEN AGES OF WOMAN.

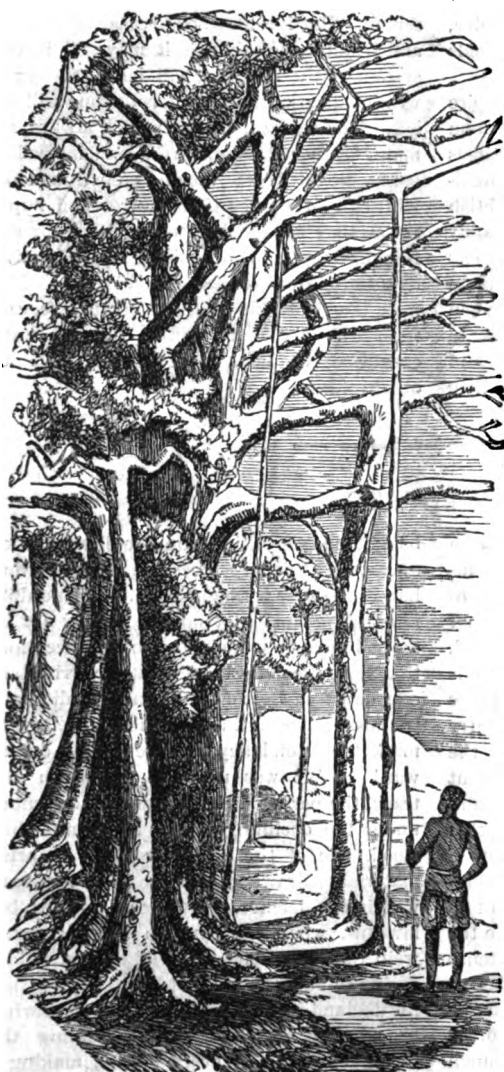
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BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

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THE BANYAN TREE.



THE BANYAN TREE.

This triumph of vegetation is found in the East Indies and is a marvel to all travellers from the north that look upon it. Each tree is in itself a grove. It lives to a very old age, and is constantly increasing from the outside, its habit being to send down limbs or suckers from its branches, that take root in the rich soil and form supports to the parent tree. Milton speaks of the banyan tree as

“Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bending twigs take root; and daughters grow
About the mother tree; a pillared shade,
High overarched, with echoing walls between.”

The main trunk grows to an enormous size. At Anjer Point, Isle of Java, is a banyan tree, supposed to be of great antiquity, large enough to shelter thousands of people, and is esteemed a great luxury as a resort by the natives. The dense shadow of a banyan, hardly evident in our illustration, prevents the growth of vegetation beneath the branches, and leaves the walk beneath free from any obstruction.

Among the Hindoos the banyan tree is their temple of worship, and the many idols receive there due devotion. Fetish oracles are always consulted at night beneath the shadows of the banyan, the bounds of which are held sacred against the approach of any foot but his who seeks the oracle. When the inquirer arrives he finds a large fire made upon the ground, and the presents which he has brought he places in the hands of the priests who are in attendance. Sometimes the

inquirer is told that he shall have the honor of giving them to the fetish himself. He is then directed to elevate his presents above his head, and to fix his eyes steadfastly upon the ground, for should he look up, the fetish, he is told, will inflict blindness upon him for his sacrilegious gaze. Who or what it is in the overhanging branches of the tree that receives the present, will be readily conjectured. The inquirer is then instructed to sit down and look into the fire without turning his head or speaking, and two or three priests walk round him in a circle, chanting some hymn to the fetish, and waiting to receive the inquirer's application. After a time the oracle gives a response, in a shrill small voice, intended to convey the idea that it proceeds from a supernatural source.

All feasible precautions are used to inspire the people with awe and fear, to deter them from visiting the sacred groves at such times from motives of mere curiosity. It is inculcated that, should an unbeliever in the fetish enter the enclosure, he would be immediately discovered, and summarily punished. The fate of one irreverent visitor is dwelt upon with great solemnity. It is stated that when he arrived, and sat down by the fire, a chain came down through the dense branches and dragged him up to the skies, where he is now

employed in drawing up water from the sea, which the fetishes send back to earth in answer to the applications made to them for rain!

It would need little help, for one at all imaginative, to people these woods with more spirits than the fetish priests ever dreamt of, and such tales as the preceding, in the ears of the superstitious, would need no special confirmation to keep them away. Light, however, thanks to missionary effort, but more to the British ministry of force, has changed materially the character of Fetishism, and our description is rather of the past, except in the far interior, where it is still observed. But it is destined to cease altogether, and Brahminism, though it may still be the system of the Hindoos, will be so tinctured with civilization that its form alone will be left. The banyan, however, will always remain, for more humane uses, and instead of being groves of sacrifice to monstrous idols with rites of superstitious horror and imposition, they will be breathing places for enfranchised people, or objects of admiration dissociated from wickedness and wrong. But little is written about the banyan tree, and from the missionary works that we have consulted, we have been scarcely able to obtain a hint.

THE POTATO.

The potato holds so prominent a place among the products of our country, and indeed of the world, that anything relating to it is matter of interest to the reader, whether agriculturally or commercially considered. As an article of commerce, the potato is nearly as prominent as wheat, and fortunes are made in speculation upon it, the country being traversed by runners forestalling the market, who establish depots in different places, at points convenient to rail or steamboat, that are drawn upon as consumption determines in the large cities. The potato is an essential article of food, and of so general and extensive use, that a vast amount is necessary to supply the demand. Hence the stock is constantly moving, and often intense excitement prevails among the speculators. The shrewdest win, of course, and it is amusing to listen to the various expedients resorted to to make a point. During the war much money was made by the bolder ones who

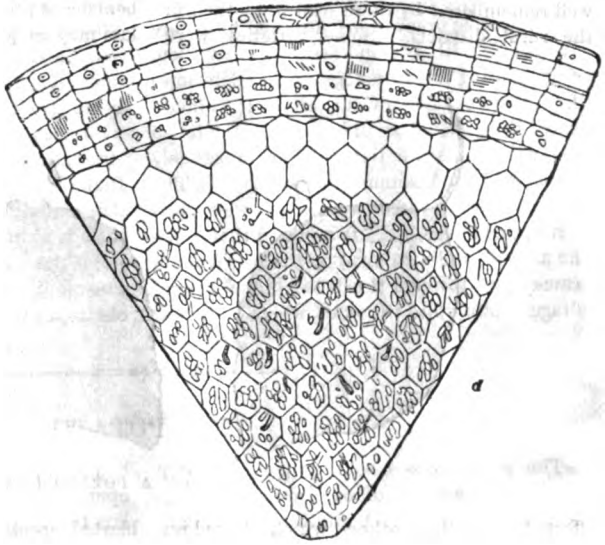
bought up everything, and one distinguished operator in this city made ten thousand dollars in the space of one month. An anecdote illustrating modes of operation may not be amiss here. It so happened, on one occasion, that several car loads of potatoes arrived at one depot in Boston, consigned to different parties. It was a time of doubt in the potato market, the tendency of prices being downward. Effort was made to sell upon the track, the parties unwilling to store any more under the declining value. As things thus stood, one of the dealers reduced his price materially, drawing custom from the rest, who in self-defence, put their prices down below his, when he, through another party, went round and bought up all the rest, boldly daring to bull the market, instantly putting his demand up to a point much beyond what he asked originally, and commanding the market by holding every bushel, making a small fortune by the shrewd operation.

It is commonly supposed that the potato originated in Peru, though the tuber now in use is said to have been carried to England, from Virginia, by Sir Walter Raleigh, in 1586. There are various evidences of its use as an article of food at a very early time, though it was shyly and suspiciously adopted. Science has done much for improvement in this tuber, and the descriptions most popular are the result of patient experiment in culture. It does not require a very old man to name changes in varieties. There were the Mohawk, Long Red, Ladies' Finger, Bluenose, White Chenango, etc., now obsolete or known only in remote localities, the principal and favorite varieties at this present time being the Jackson White, Peach-blow, and the Black Chenango, unpopular from its color, but excellent. The Early Rose was a recent variety, presenting, it is said, rare claims, one of which was the high price demanded for seed, but all speak well of it. There are many kinds of potato known, each presenting some peculiar merit. These varieties belong to our own country; there are, of course, as many in other lands, where it is a staple, cultivated as an article of human food or for cattle, and scientific experiments are constantly being made with it. These are indigenous to the foreign soil and cannot reproduce themselves here.

The good varieties are all secured by saving the seed, but when once procured their propagation can only be continued by the eyes. Instances are on record where out of three hundred varieties not one was like the original, and only three of the number worth perpetuating. In order to procure the seeds for sowing, the potato-ball should be gathered when it is perfectly ripe and dried, and then the seed should be rubbed out by the hand. They should be kept in some dry place till the next spring, and then sown in shallow boxes in a good pulverized soil. When four or five inches high the young plants should be carefully transplanted into properly prepared beds, allowing six inches space for each plant, keeping the bed clear of weeds. At

the end of the season small tubers will be found on the roots of each plant, which must be kept dry for planting next spring, and at the close of the second year of patient waiting the result may be seen. It will thus be noted how long it may require to produce even one good variety.

In thus speaking of the potato, we are prepared to illustrate the disease to which it has been constantly liable since 1845, when the Potato Rot, commencing in Germany, and rapidly spreading, carried dismay to so many hearts in this country and in Europe, especially in Ireland, where it was the main dependence of the peasantry, in that potato-fed country. In 1789 a severe and early frost

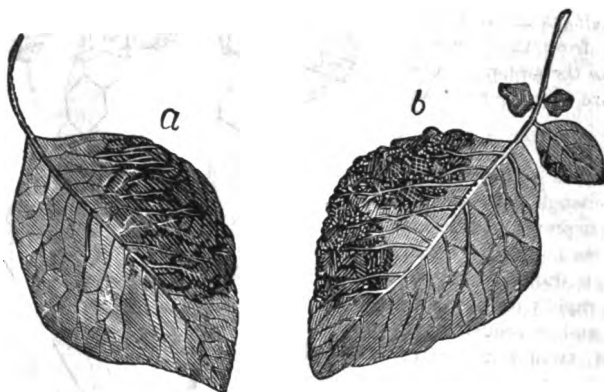


1. A MAGNIFIED VIEW OF A SLICE OF RIPE POTATO.

destroyed the tubers in the ground and caused great suffering and famine; in 1822 the rotting of the potatoes after harvesting produced the same effects. In 1831 famine and pestilence succeeded the failure of the crops in the western counties resulting from an inexplicable disease to which the name of "taint" was given. This disease reappeared in 1838 with like result. Between this and 1845, the potato was affected in a variety of forms, taking the name of mildew, murrain, rot and pestilence, that baffled the inquiries of scientific men and of practical agriculturists. The rot of '45 began seriously in the autumn, but the next year a single week's time was sufficient to destroy an entire crop. Passing over the potato field the tops gave an

appearance of complete destruction, while an effluvia was emitted of a very offensive character. One account of this rot imputes its origin to the island of St. Helena in 1840. The disease was most erratic in its course. From midsummer, 1845, when it made its appearance in East Germany, it spread in a few weeks over all the western part of the continent, even to the coast of Portugal, missing, however, the northwest of Spain, and not advancing so far as the Mediterranean. It reached England in August, extending at once to Ireland, and was stopped on the north only by the Highlands. Half the crop of Europe was destroyed and a famine was feared. It reached this country the same season, and the anxiety that prevailed will be well remembered by those who were then in the rural districts. Some varieties were

100,000 bushels of potatoes yearly, and Poland, in Maine, has long given largely to commerce in the same direction. Of its farinacious qualities it is stated that in Glasgow experiments were made upon some prisoners to whom it was given as an article of diet. Ten young men and boys were fed on boiled potatoes—two pounds for breakfast, three for dinner and one for supper. There was a gain on an average of nearly three and one half pounds. The healthiness of the Irish children is well known, and there are found those who live on potatoes exclusively, who have more energy and better muscle than the beef-eaters. The value of the potato, therefore, is well established, but it is only as we see it here represented that it possesses these beneficent properties; and the severity of its loss may be predicated on the diseased and



2. BLOTCHES ON A POTATO LEAF.

affected more than others, which started an investigation that led to an explanation of the causes of the disease and their remedies, and to our own scientists the world is indebted for the most light upon the subject.

Our illustrations present the appearance of the stem and the root under the progress of the disease, compared with a section of the potato in a sound and healthy state, as in Fig. 1. The potato is composed of a myriad of minute cells, or sacs, containing the farinacious matter, or starch, that gives the tuber its peculiar value as food, and its commercial value. The destruction of a crop of potatoes is a great drawback to the starch business, of which this affords the material, in a great degree. The average yield of starch is said to be from eight to twelve pounds from one bushel of potatoes. In Stowe, Vermont, is a large starch factory that consumes about

blasted specimen also presented in Fig. 4.

Sometime since Rev. W. T. Wylie offered a prize of \$100 for the best essay on the potato, which prize has been awarded to D. H. Compton, and the essay published, for sale by Crosby & Dainrell, of this city, in which the subject has been treated exhaustively. We select the following from its pages:

"The final or culminating cause of the disease known as the 'potato rot' is *Botrytis (peronospora) infestans*. (Fig. 5.) This may be induced by many and various predisposing causes, such as feebleness of constitution of the variety planted, rendering them an easy prey to the disease; by planting on low, moist land, or on land highly enriched by nitrogenous manures, causing a morbid growth which invites the disease; also by insects or their larvæ puncturing or eating off the leaves or vines. But by far the most widespread

and most common cause of the disease is sudden changes of atmospheric temperature, particularly when accompanied by rain. Drought, though quite protracted and severe, unless accompanied by strong drying winds, and followed by sudden and great reduction of temperature, seldom affects the potato seriously. It is not uncommon in the Northern States, during the months of August and September, for strong westerly winds to prevail for many days in succession. These winds, coming from the great American desert, are almost wholly devoid of moisture, and their aridity is often such that vegetation withers before them as at the touch of fire. Evaporation is increased in a prodigiously rapid ratio with the velocity of wind. The effects of the excessive exhalation from the leaves of plants exposed to the sweep of such drying winds are at once seriously apparent.

"When these winds finally cease, the atmosphere has a low relative humidity, not enough moisture remains in the air to prevent radiation; the heat absorbed by the earth through the day is, during the bright, cloudless night, rapidly radiated and lost in space, and a reduction in temperature of twenty to thirty degrees is the consequence.

"In the first place, the potato vines suffer by excessive exhalation; in the second, by sudden reduction of temperature, and, though not frozen, their functions are much deranged, and their vitality greatly enfeebled. To use a common expression, the plant 'has caught a violent cold that has settled on the lungs.'

"The leaves (Fig. 2), which are the lungs of plants, now fail to perform their functions properly. The points of many of the leaves turn brown, curl up, and die.

"The ascending sap, not being fully elaborated by the diseased leaves, oozes out through the skin of the stalk in a thick, viscous state, and the plant to all appearance is in a state of consumption. (Fig. 3.)

"At this stage the ever-present minute spores of the *Botrytis infestans* eagerly pounce on the sickly plant, fastening themselves on its most diseased parts. The *Botry-*

tis infestans is a cryptogamous plant, and is included in the Mucidinous family (moulds.) It is a vegetable parasite preying upon the living potato plant, like lice or other animal parasites upon the animal species.

"At first this mould forms webby, creeping filaments, known in botanical language as



3. A DISEASED STEM.

mycelium. These rootlike fibres then branch out, sending out straight or decumbent articulated stems. The beadlike joints fill up successively with seeds or spores, which are discharged at the proper time to multiply the species.

"Under favorable conditions of warmth and moisture, the mycelium spreads very rapidly. Spore are soon formed and matured,

to be carried to plants not yet infected. Rains also wash the seminal dust down the plant, causing it to fasten and grow on the vine near the ground. The roots of the parasite penetrate and split up the stalk even to the medullary canal.

"These roots exude a poisonous substance, which is carried by the elaborated descending sap down to the tubers, and as the largest tubers require the largest amount of elaborated sap for their development, they will, consequently, receive the greatest quantity of the vitiating principle, and will, on digging, be found a mass of rottenness, when the smaller ones are often but slightly affected. The *Botrytis infestans* cannot gain a lodg-

to be a peculiar form of oxygen, is exhaled from every part of the green surface of plants in health, and effectually repels the attacks of mildew; but it is found that when the atmosphere is very dry, or, on the other hand, very humid, plants cease to evolve ozone, and are therefore unprotected. Winds from the ocean are strongly ozonic, and it is ascertained that plants growing on soil to which salt has been applied evolve more ozone than others. Hence the benefit derived from the use of salt on potato lands."

A remedy for rot the writer suggests, is plaster, which he has tried effectually. It is to be applied the moment signs of the disease are apparent, and continued until the trouble has disappeared. The plaster will give the plants a green and fresh appearance, and produce an effect that will be a sufficient voucher of healthfulness, that will be rewarded by added strength and health to the plants. Another writer has used superphosphate with success. He says:

"Last spring I planted my potatoes on newly broken ground in an old field which had been manured but very little for many years; so I thought I would try the experiment with the superphosphate, this time with proper care. I used Bradley's and put a great spoonful into each hill, leaving a certain number of hills without the phosphate; and at



4. PROGRESS OF THE POTATO DISEASE.

harvest I found both by weight and by measure, that it had paid me just thirty per cent on the whole cost of using it. But this is not all. My neighbors say their potatoes are rotting badly in the cellar. Mine are not. I never had them keep better. And I do not know how to account for this, unless it be owing to the effects of the phosphate. This I do know; my potatoes were all ripe and dug before the great rains came in the fall, which was not the case with those that rot and where the phosphate was not used. With what little experience I have had with this fertilizer, I should not feel safe in trying to raise potatoes on wornout land without using it, until I find something that is equally cheap and good for that purpose."

mant on vines that are truly healthy and vigorous, high authority to the contrary.

"Healthy varieties, growing in a sheltered situation on dry, new soil, to which no nitrogenous manures have been applied, cannot be infected, though brushed with other vines covered with the fungus. Different varieties, and sometimes different members of the same variety, are not always alike affected by the disease, though growing in the same hill.

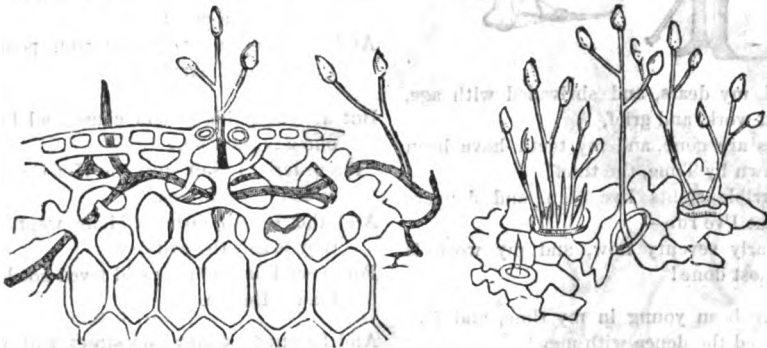
"As will be noticed, the potato disease is rather an effect than a cause, and appears to have been designed to prevent members enfeebled by an accident or otherwise from propagating their species by putting such members out of existence. Ozone, supposed

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We give the following account of a late experiment upon the potato, regarding which we are not prepared to decide, but any hint is worthy of attention, when coming from a proper source:

"Several experiments were made by M. H. Gilliodts of the Administrative Council of France, to test the influence of flowering upon the yield of potatoes, the results of which have been so significant and conclusive, that he has come to the determination to 'hold up an excellent practice, the suppression of the floral organs in the potato.' He concludes that the buds should be removed as soon as possible, in order to prevent the fixing of the nourishing principles necessary to the complete formation of the floral organs, and that the removal should be done by hand rather than with any sickle or other sharp

inches deep. Where land is free from stone and sod, the covering may be well and rapidly done with a light plow. Immediately after planting, sprinkle over and around each hill a large handful of unleached wood-ashes and salt—a half bushel of fine salt mixed with a barrel of ashes is about the right proportion. If ashes cannot be obtained, as is sometimes the case, apply instead about the same quantity of lime slacked in brine as strong as salt will make it. The potato from its peculiar organization has a hungering and thirsting after potash. Wood-ashes exactly meet its wants in this direction. Lime indirectly supplies potash by liberating what was before inert in the soil. Salt in small quantities induces vigorous, healthy growth. To obtain the best results, the ashes or lime should be covered with about half an inch of soil. This



5. PARASITES AT WORK.

implement, as the latter would be liable to injure the vines or tops of the potato."

The modes of cultivating the potato are about as numerous as the cultivators, and we suppose it is impossible to lay down any rule beyond a few general principles; the intelligent farmer understands the necessity of right seed and right soil, and watching and judging from year to year the results of his particular mode. We give Mr. Compton's mode as best favoring our views:

"Prepare the ground by thorough plowing, making it decidedly mellow. Mark it out four feet apart each way, if to be planted in hills, by plowing broad, flat-bottomed furrows about three inches deep. At the crossings drop three pieces of potato, cut, as directed, in sections of two or three eyes each. Place the pieces so as to represent the points of a triangle, each piece being about a foot distant from each of the other two. If the cut side is put down, it is better; cover about two

plan of manuring in the hill is recommended only in cases where the fertilizers named are in limited supply, and it is desirable to make the most of them. Maximum crops have been obtained by using the fertilizers named in the manner described; but where they can be obtained at low prices, it is certainly advisable, and requires less labor, to apply all three, ashes, lime and salt, broadcast in bountiful quantities, and harrow it in before the ground is marked out for planting."

Changing seed is very advantageous, and is recommended by all scientific cultivators. The soundest and best potatoes should be selected for seed, as from the perfection of the seed the health and vigor of the plants is likely to ensue. But this matter, also, with cultivation, is to be left to the intelligent farmer who reads and thinks and watches and adapts all of his operations to the contingencies and circumstances of the case, as they, like the potatoes, come up.

A ROMANCE OF THE SEA.

THE BUMBOAT WOMAN'S STORY.



I'm old, my dears, and shrivelled with age,
and work, and grief,
My eyes are gone, and my teeth have been
drawn by Time, the thief!
For terrible sights I've seen, and dangers
great I've run—
I'm nearly seventy now, and my work is
almost done!

Ah! I've been young in my time, and I've
played the deuce with men!
I'm speaking of ten years past—I was barely
sixty then; •
My cheeks were mellow and soft, and my
eyes were large and sweet,
Poll Pineapple's eyes were the standing toast
of the Union Fleet!

A bumboat woman was I, and I faithfully
served the ships
With apples, and cakes, and fowls, and beer,
and one cent dips—
And beef for the generous mess, where the
officers dine at nights,
And fine fresh peppermint drops for the rol-
licking midshipmites.

Of all the kind commanders who anchored in
Portsmouth Bay,
By far the sweetest of all was kind Lieuten-
ant Belaye.

Lieutenant Belaye commanded the gunboat
Hot Cross Bun;
She was seven and thirty feet in length, and
she carried a gun.

With the laudable view of enhancing his
country's naval pride,
When people inquired her size, Lieutenant
Belaye replied,
"O, my ship, my ship is the first of the Hun-
dred and Seventy-ones!"
Which meant her tonnage, but people im-
agined it meant her guns.

Whenever I went on board he would beckon
me down below,
"Come down, Little Buttercup, come" (for
he loved to call me so),
And he'd tell of the fights at sea in which
he'd taken a part;
And so Lieutenant Belaye won poor Poll
Pineapple's heart!

But at length his orders came, and he said
one day, said he,
"I'm ordered to sail with the Hot Cross Bun
to the German Sea."
And the Portsmouth maidens wept, when
they learnt the evil day,
For every Portsmouth maid loved good Lieuten-
ant Belaye.

And I went to a back back street, with plenty
of cheap cheap shops,
And I bought an oldskin hat, and a second-
hand suit of slops.
And I went to Lieutenant Belaye (and he
never suspected me!),
And I entered myself as a chap as wanted to
go to sea.



We sailed that afternoon at the mystic hour
of one,
Remarkably nice young men were the crew,
of the Hot Cross Bun.

I'm sorry to say that I've heard that sailors
sometimes swear,
But I never yet heard a *Bun* say anything
wrong, I declare.

When Jack tars meet, they meet with a
"messmate, ho! What cheer?"
But here on the Hot Cross Bun, it was, "How
do you do, my dear?"

When Jack tars growl, I believe they growl
with a big big D—,
But the strongest oath of the Hot Cross Buns
was a mild "Dear me!"

Yet, though they were all well-bred, you
could scarcely call them slick,
Whenever a sea was on, they were all ex-
tremely sick.

And whenever the weather was calm, and
the wind was light and fair,
They spent more time than a sailor
should, on his back back hair.

They certainly shivered and shook
when ordered aloft to run,
And they screamed when Lieutenant
Belaye discharged his only gun.
And as he was proud of his gun—such
pride is hardly wrong—
The lieutenant was blazing away at
intervals all day long.

They all agreed very well, though at
times you heard it said,
That Bill had a way of his own, of mak-
ing his lips look red;
That Joe looked quite his age, or somebody
might declare
That Barnacle's long pigtail was never his
own own hair.

Belaye would admit that his men were of no
great use to him,
"But then," he would say, "there is little to
do on a gunboat trim.
I can hand, and reef, and steer, and fire my
big gun, too;
And it is such a treat to sail with a gentle
well-bred crew."

I saw him every day! How the happy mo-
ments sped!

Reef topsails! Make all taut! There's dirty
weather ahead!

(I do not mean that tempests threatened the
Hot Cross Bun,

In *that* case, I don't know whatever we
should have done!)

After a fortnight's cruise, we put into port
one day,

And off on leave for a week went kind Lieu-
tenant Belaye;

And after a long long week had passed (and
it seemed like a life),

Lieutenant Belaye returned to his ship with
a fair young wife!

He up, and he says, says he, "O crew of the
Hot Cross Bun,

Here is the wife of my heart, for the church
has made us one!"

And as he uttered the word, the crew went
out of their wits,

And all fell down in so many separate faint-
ing fits.

And then their hair came down, or off, as the
case might be,



And lo! the rest of the crew were simple
girls, like me,

Who had all fled from their homes in a sail-
or's blue array,

To follow the shifting fate of kind Lieutenant
Belaye.

It's strange to think that *I* should ever have
loved young men,

But I'm speaking of ten years past—I was
barely sixty then,

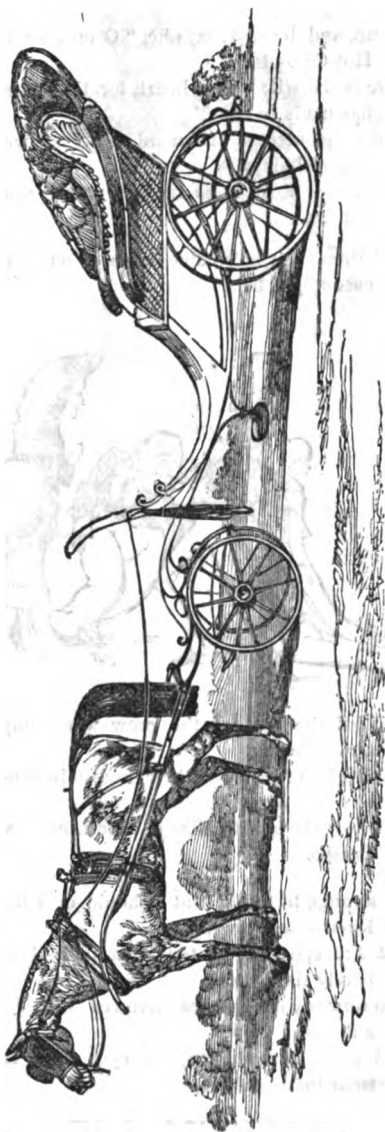
And now my cheeks are furrowed, with grief
and age, I trow!

And poor Poll Pineapple's eyes have lost
their lustre now!

Jerrold said one day he would make a pun
upon anything his friends would put to him.
A friend asked him whether he could pun
upon the signs of the zodiac; to which he
promptly replied, "By Gemini, I Cancer."

QUEEN VICTORIA'S PHAETON.

This beautiful light pony carriage of the queen is not seen now as it was in the old time when Prince Albert was the companion of her drives, and sustained her by his coun-



sels. When the good prince died, it was a sad day for the queen, and she has since mourned, in almost monastic seclusion, for the companionship she has lost. So much has this been the fact that the English people

have found fault, and looked upon her absence as a slight of their superior claims to those of the deceased prince, but still she mourns, ~~maugre~~ *maugre* their complaint, and will never probably take the conspicuous position she formerly did, to the delight of fashionable modists and dealers in court haberdashery. But she appears at Balmoral and Windsor—the two extremes of her kingdom—and the phaeton still appears occasionally bearing the solitary queen from place to place. Such a carriage might well incite instantly to a drive, so elegant is it and graceful, were the possessor any one but a queen mourning for her mate. The carriage weighs scarcely three hundred pounds. The height of the fore wheels is only eighteen inches, and of the hind wheels thirty inches. The phaeton is cane body, of the George IV. style, with movable head. The fore part is iron, but very light and elegant, and beautifully painted. It was selected by the queen for her own use, and was intended for a small Shetland pony. The tires of the wheels are wide, to prevent the cutting up of the lawns and grounds over which it may be driven. The workmanship is very fine, the only royal insignia about it being a small crown painted on the back. Nothing could be better adapted for ease and comfort, and it was a pleasure to the queen to take her younger children in the carriage and drive them in the park at Windsor Castle, forming a beautiful domestic picture for all the mothers of England to admire, who said "God bless our noble queen!" in song and spirit wherever she appeared. The mausoleum at Frogmore intervenes between that time and the present, the children have left her and become parents themselves, and the pony phaeton is but a reminder to the poor queen of departed joys. There are those of her children, besides, who have not pleased the queen by following the example set them by their noble and princely father, and everything has combined to make her widowhood one of peculiar desolation, but her country has her heart, and the happiness of the world her wish. Her sympathy is broad and deep, the rich and the poor having equal place in her regard. And this is what the picture of her pony carriage conjures up. A rumor comes that another occupant of the pony phaeton will soon be seen in a Prince of Schleswig.

THE TOWN AND PORT OF SYRA.



SYRA FROM THE NORTH.

The island of Syra is one of the most interesting of the Greek Archipelago; it is about ten miles long and nearly seven broad. The coast is bold and rugged, with numerous indentations, and that on the east, in which is situated the port of Syra, as seen in our illus-

tration on page 217, is an excellent harbor, affording protection for the commerce of the world, or such portions of it as choose to visit the port. The capital, Syra, lying upon the hillside overlooking the port, is near the site of the ancient Syra, and during the

Greek war for independence it became the centre of Greek commerce, and increased from four thousand to its present populous status, comprising some forty thousand inhabitants. The convenience and excellence of its port and its central situation render it desirable as a commercial depot, and it has much foreign trade, steamers from all parts of Europe being in constant communication with it. It is also the seat of the Protestant Missions in the Levant. The interior of the island is intersected by hills and narrow valleys, and though in some parts almost sterile, partly from a deficiency of water, is generally covered with a soil of great fertility, producing in abundance wheat, barley, cotton, wine and figs. The climate is cooler and more humid than that of the surrounding islands, and has the reputation of being very salubrious. The town consists of a number of tolerably spacious streets and well-built houses.

It was feared, during the threatened war between Greece and Turkey, on account of the sympathy of the latter with the Cretans, that Syra would be the theatre of violence. A Greek armed vessel, going with men and munitions to aid the Cretans, was interrupted by the Turkish blockade, and compelled to run into Syra, after firing upon the Turkish admiral. The Turk was prevented from following her into port and inflicting vengeance on the Syrans, by the remonstrances of the foreign consuls resident there. This presents another of those facts, so creditable to the Turks, illustrating their disposition to preserve peace with foreign nations. They would have been justified in dealing summarily with them, but their object was the suppression of the Cretan rebellion, and they for the moment overlooked the offence, though it threatened violence for a time, the Greeks refusing to give up the vessel when demanded by the Turkish authorities.

Harry Harewood Leech, in his recent "*Letters of a Sentimental Idler*," has a chapter upon Syra:

"Came in sight this morning of Syra, the great emporium of the *Ægean* Sea. A mountain came up out of the haunches of the water, as a nymph reposes on the sand after her bath—beautiful, pure, elegant, worthy of this sculptured earth. . . . The Queen of the *Cyclades* resembles very much *Algiers*. At the foot of a warm-toned mountain, earth of sienna, or burning topaz, apply a triangle of dazzling brightness, of which the base is plunged in the sea, and the point occupied

by a church, and you will have the most exact idea of Syra. It is positively uniquely beautiful, and retains many of the ancient characteristics. Built of a rosy-white stone that sparkles crystal-like in the sun, its walls rise high, terrace on terrace, to the conical summit crowned by the church of St. George. . . . When we went ashore, we walked lazily about the streets, staring at the shops, eating oranges, drinking sherbets, and asking all the questions of our obliging guides that raw strangers will ask to the end of time. . . . The quay is lined with shops of all sorts—fishmongers, butchers, confectioners and tobacco merchants mingle in a sensible fraternity, and the streets are crowded with sailors in all costumes, and from nearly every country, who mix with the curious travellers from every land.

"At first we traversed modern Syra, mounting on wide steps, from narrow street to street, on these staircases, which commenced almost at the border of the sea. The women hastily seek their dwellings as we approach, and the seclusion of the harem seems already to have commenced for them. The men everywhere attend the shops, buy and sell, and carry provisions. When we approached, by a constant ascension, the ancient Syra, we found the streets paved like the bed of a torrent, and the eager traveller, pushing forward, often sent the loose stones down on my feet and legs; so between dodging the balls and satisfying my curiosity by peeps into half-open doorways, I had plenty of occupation; and really it was curious to see the meagre hags cooking unknown meats by a brilliant fire in the shadows; and the men near by, with physiognomies of brigands in melodramas, who quitted their *naryiles* to regard our little company with no very gracious air. The route now became so narrow that we ascended by vaulted passages and staircases in ruins, almost on all fours. The houses are built one upon another, in a fashion that the sill of the higher may be the terrace of the lower, and the route seems to be fitter for goats than men, its chief merit being, I suppose, that eagles can reach it more easily than human beings, and, really, ancient Syra is a charming site for nests of birds of prey.

"Homer sang of Syra, 'Fertile in flocks in wine, in corn.' Here was born Pherycles (the instructor of Pythagoras), one of the Greek philosophers who first maintained the doctrine of the soul's immortality."

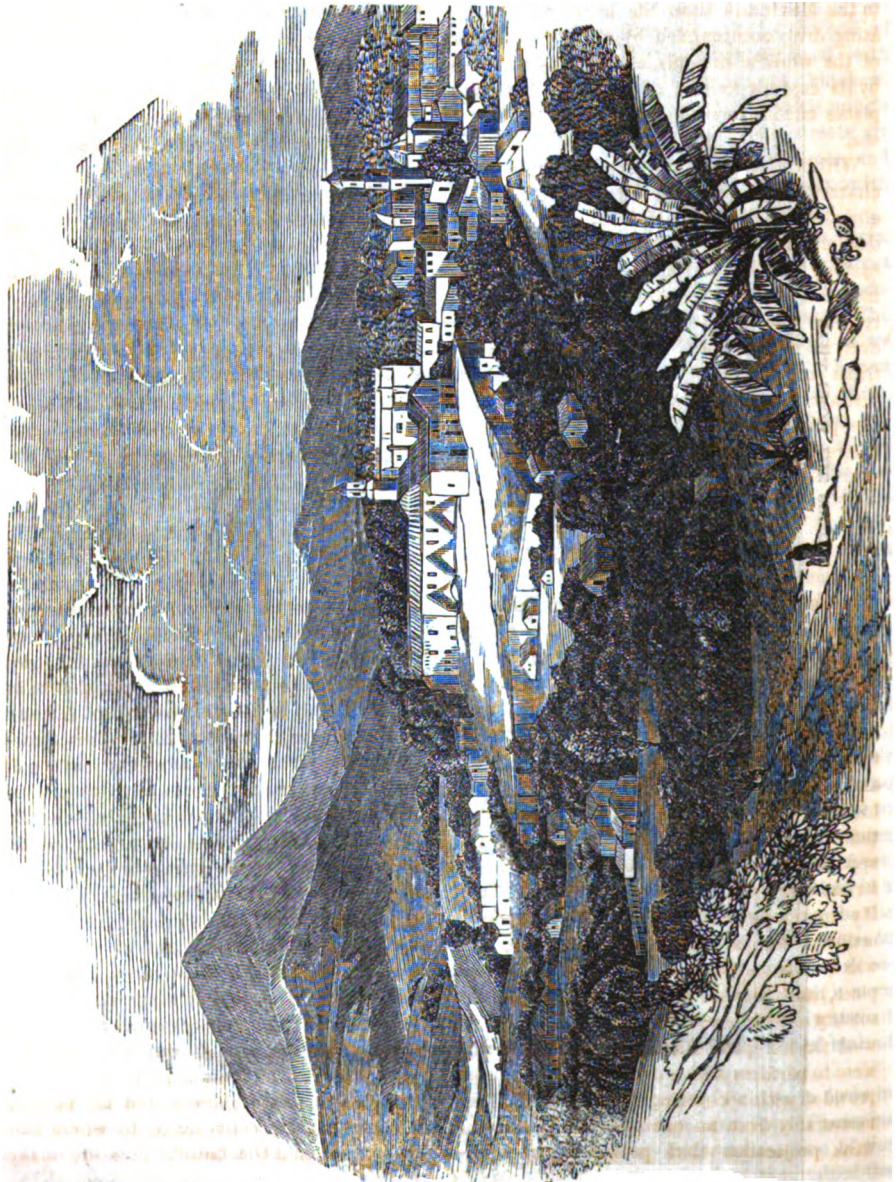
SYRA FROM THE SOUTH.



The most of the rich merchants of Syra made their fortunes during the war of Greek independence, by an expedient revealing the highest mercantile shrewdness. Their vessels under Turkish flags captured ships which came from Europe, bringing gold and arms to Greece; then under Greek flags they

resold these arms and provisions to their brothers of the Morea. As to the money gained thus they loaned it (always with good guarantees and at excellent rates) to the cause of independence, thus reconciling their habits of usury and piracy with their Hellenic duties.

THE CITY OF JALAPA, MEXICO.



We present a view of the pleasant city of Jalapa, on the road from Vera Cruz to Mexico, about sixty miles W. N. W. of the latter place. It is situated on the side of a mountain, at an elevation of 4335 feet above the level of the sea. It enjoys an equable and agreeable climate, and is a fine resort for invalids, not, however, because the jalap plant, known to medical science, grows so abundantly there, receiving its name from the location. Jalapa was taken by the U. S. troops in the Mexican war, which was a worse cup to the Mexicans than the bitter and nauseating drug commended by them to the lips of the world's invalids, and it was admired by its captors as one of the most beautiful places encountered in that march from the sea.

Within the compass of a few miles the characteristics of tropical and temperate climates are singularly blended. Built on the declivity of a range of mountains that slope easterly to the gulf, the heat of the valleys is modified by the cool airs from the elevated regions, causing an agreeable temperature even in midsummer. Thus while below the fruits and vegetation of the tropics abound, just above, almost in juxtaposition, are found the productions of more northern climes. There is but a step betwixt the maple and

the cactus. Vegetation is luxuriantly prolific around Jalapa, the cactuses growing to an immense size, and the plant that the place gives name to growing wild, forming a pretty feature in the scene. It is of the family of *Convolvulus*, a climber, with annual stems and tuberous perennial roots, bearing a large lilac-purple trumpet-shaped flower. This plant forms a large part of the commerce of Jalapa, of which the export formerly amounted to more than 200,000 pounds annually. The trade, however, has declined within a few years, in this and everything else, and Jalapa is simply a beautiful and quiet city of some 10,000 inhabitants.

Its general appearance is pleasing, but the streets are steep and crooked. There is a large Franciscan convent, and a church that is said to have been founded by Cortes. In the neighborhood there are several cotton factories controlled by American and English capitalists, in which Indian girls are employed. Cotton being a product that is cultivated with great ease in Jalapa, it might suggest a business for which adjacent streams offer facilities, but indolence in Mexico is the bane of all enterprise. The Mexican normal principle is hostility to work. It is a country abounding with natural advantages, which are entirely overlooked by the caballeros.

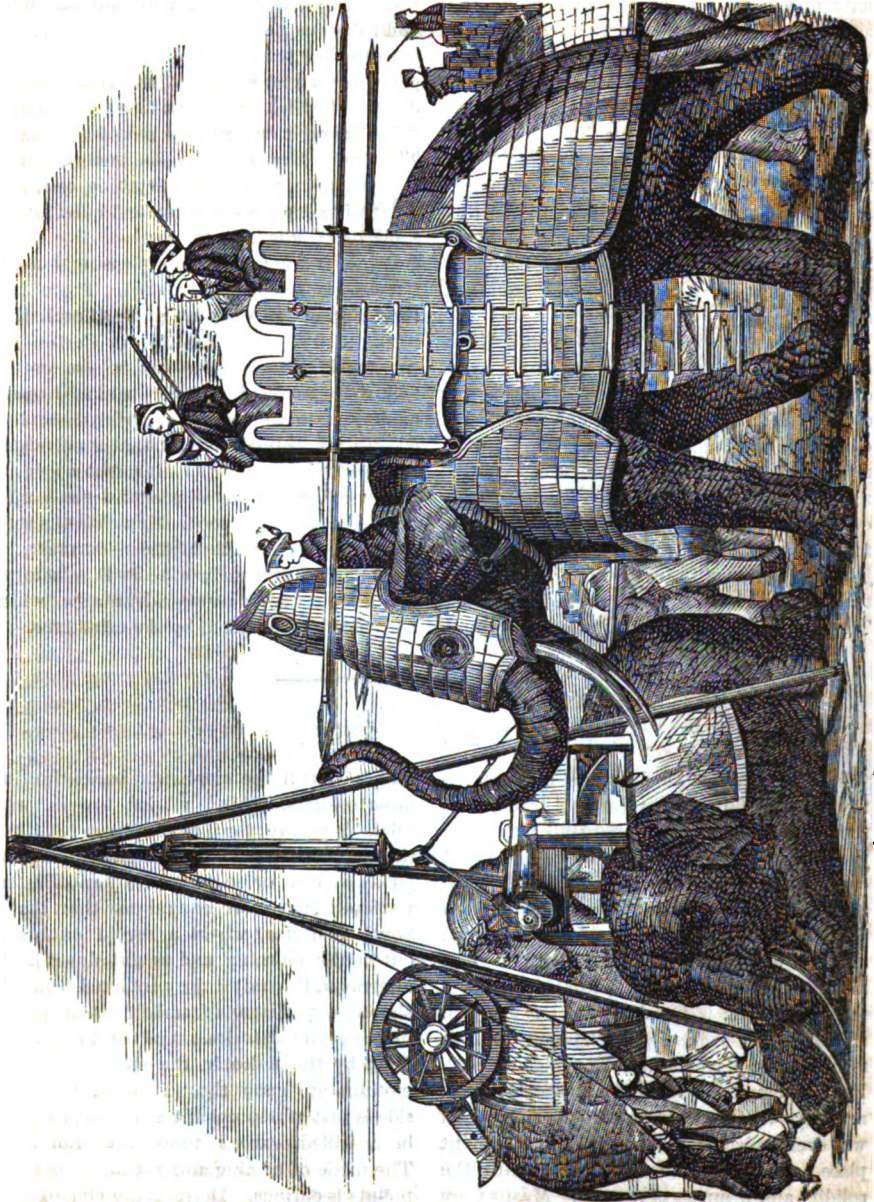
WAR ELEPHANTS.

In these iron-plated days, full of improvements in warfare, with means of transportation at command, that afford all facility in the hour of need, we would look with almost contempt on the means that in the East yet are employed on warlike occasions, though the railroad, even there, has become a fact, and the elephant been relieved of much of his burden as an engine of war. The adage that every back is fitted for its burden, well applies to the back of the elephant, that, in former wars, played a most conspicuous part. He was employed for the transportation of artillery, troops, implements of siege, and was even in battle made to take a prominent place, and moved to the charge with the solidity and firmness of a castle. Means were used for his protection, and the ones that were to perform active duty in the fray, were provided with a covering that shielded them measurably from an enemy's javelins or the weak projectiles that preceded the mine

bullet. Upon the elephants' backs the Burmese soldiers, behind mailed towers, were tolerably secure; for if anybody was hit it was the elephant, and he didn't mind, clad in his jacket of iron or seasoned leather. Eastern warfare is not more sanguinary than that of South America, where a revolution breaks out in the morning and is put down in the afternoon, the only injury inflicted being the shooting, perhaps, of unbelligerent parties in the second stories, attracted to the windows by the noise in the streets. But the motions are gone through with, and some side is just as triumphant as if everybody had been killed, except those who ran away. The mode of arming and manning these elephants is curious. Derricks are employed for hoisting the canopy of war upon the animal's back, as he kneels to receive it, and guns are mounted thereon, not for fighting, perhaps, but for conveyance to where they are wanted, and the faithful creature makes

no resistance. The artillery may be fired from their backs, however, with perhaps better results than attended those fired from the backs of the donkey out West, of which we read: Attacked by the Indians in the

soldiers, who learned the reason afterwards from one of their captives, that they could stand a volley or two of grape shot, but when it came to firing whole jackasses at them, they thought it was time to leave! A body



mountains, a small swivel on the back of a donkey was discharged at them, the concussion of which sent the animal rolling rapidly down hill, towards the enemy, whereupon they took flight, much to the surprise of the

of elephants, *en train* for war, must be an imposing sight, which, however, we, or our readers, may never see, as the inroad of civil engineering affects that of war, and Burmah will take its place in the progressive march.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

PART THIRD.

CHAPTER VII.

FOR several days Theo had been slightly ill. The fair little face drooped oftener against his mother's shoulder, and the blue veins in the snowy temples showed with greater distinctness. But the indisposition was considered but slight, and it was not thought necessary to call in a physician. Mr. Huntington was more than ever immersed in business at this time, and though he would not admit it to himself, was not quite as hopeful and sure of his prosperity, financially, as he had generally been. The season was a particularly dull one for trade, and somehow his affairs had got unusually complicated, since he had taken a partner in the business, though no blame could be attached to Mr. Gates, who had taken even more than his share of the care and interest of the firm upon himself. He was away at this time selling goods and making collections on outstanding debts upon previous consignments, which the agents had neglected or were unable to collect. These goods had been sent mostly to Pennsylvania—Williamsport and Reading—and to Princeton, New Jersey. Mr. Gates was absent nearly two weeks at these places, returning one evening quite unexpectedly, and walking in upon Mr. Huntington rather abruptly as he sat at his desk in the little office up one flight, back in the great carriage manufactory. The gentlemen shook hands, and Mr. Gates sank into a chair—an easy-chair, nicely stuffed and covered with green plush had found its way up the narrow stairs into the office, since Mr. Gates's advent—with a little scarcely perceptible air of disappointment, or dissatisfaction, at something.

"Well?" said Mr. Huntington, pushing back the papers and sitting bolt upright on his stool.

"Have you placed full confidence in Copley, Mr. Huntington?" asked Gates, leisurely removing his rubbers, and brushing some spatters of mud from his coat-sleeve.

"I have. I have trusted him more than any man who has ever sold goods for me; why do you ask?" Mr. Huntington said, with an effort to appear indifferent.

"O, it is probably all right then. But when the fellow told me of three or four failures of parties he had trusted with some of your best carriages, and the consequent loss—dead loss—on them, I, not knowing the man, was not sure he was perfectly honest. I am glad you consider him reliable, and so we will pocket the loss as philosophically as we can."

"How much is it?" asked Huntington, quickly.

"Well, about twelve hundred on the carriages, and about eight hundred and fifty on other miscellaneous debts. I succeeded in getting several hundred which he considered doubtful, however, which is a thread of brightness, at least. I have also sold out the last consignment in a lump, to be taken to the South. I made some reduction in price, judging it better policy to do so than to hold them with the risk of having them on our hands another season. I hope you will approve of what I have done."

Mr. Huntington's eyes were upon the floor, and so he did not see the odd, inexplicable expression on his partner's face; very probably he would not have noticed it if they had not been, not being particularly observant in fine shades of expression.

"I wish you had discharged Copley altogether," he said, after a little pause. "I don't think there will many more carriages go to Williamsport, and in fact to Reading either, for that matter. Why not ship our goods direct to the South, and save the profits these middle men make, for ourselves? we need it enough, Heaven knows!" wheeling abruptly about on his stool and drawing a pile of papers before him.

"Then I have done right. I hardly dared mention the responsibility I had taken upon myself," Gates said, in a tone of great apparent relief. "I have discharged Copley and settled the business all up in Pennsylvania. This was one reason I sold those last carriages at the sacrifice I mentioned, I wished the business closed there. I think if you could have gone there yourself a year ago it would have been five thousand dollars in your pocket. But it is no use to lament what is beyond our

power to remedy. Here is the money—fourteen thousand and seventy-seven dollars—see that it is all right, and then I believe I will go out to Chestnut Villa, this railroad riding tires me unmercifully.”

Mr. Huntington counted the money, declared it what his partner had stated, and deposited it in the safe for the night, it being past banking hours, and the Arcadia Bank was not perhaps any safer place of deposit than his own strong safe, with a watchman always on duty about the building.

When Mr. Gates went out he met Dick Mallory the watchman, just outside the lower door.

“Ah Dick, good-evening, my good fellow,” he said, cordially. Mr. Gates had a faculty for appearing cordial.

“Glad to see you back, sir,” said Dick, inwardly gratified that Mr. Gates should condescend to shake hands with him so warmly; Mr. Huntington never did it in his life.

“A chill raw night for your business,” shivering as the east wind blew the mist and fine storm in his face.

“Yes sir; but I don’t mind it, I am used to it,” was the cheerful answer.

“If I didn’t know you were a strictly temperate fellow, Dick, I think I’d give you about two table-spoonfuls of brandy and cayenne that is left in my flask. I rode all last night and changed cars twice, and once had to wait near an hour at a miserable little station not large enough for the women and children, and consequently got chilled through and had quite a respectable ague. I rather think it’s a difficulty indigenous to the locality, for the station master said, with a sort of brisk alacrity, that he would give me something that would fix me. Wasn’t it warm, though! But it helped me to get better immediately. There was one other change, and not knowing how long we might have to wait through accident or mismanagement, I accepted his proposition, and took enough for another dose in the little half-pint flask which he had it in. But the connection was perfect next time, and here it is now,” taking it from his breast pocket. “I’ve no further use for it, and you may need it before morning, if this sort of thing continues. If you don’t want it toss it in the river, or anywhere you like. Good-night to you, Mallory, and pleasant dreams!” he added, with a light laugh, as he turned and walked away.

Grace had gone out to visit a young lady friend, and Mrs. Huntington and Theo were

alone in the little back parlor, Theo cosily established on a sofa drawn up in front of the grate in which sparkled and flashed one of the brightest and cheeriest of wood fires imaginable. Suddenly the door opened and Mr. Gates stood framed in the doorway. They had never met, save the next morning at breakfast, since the evening of the discussions mentioned in the last chapter. It did not seem probable, though, that so irrelevant a matter could be long remembered by either, and it could not therefore have been that which sent the blood so suddenly from Amy Huntington’s face. The woman was probably nervous, and easily startled at sudden disturbances, like the majority of her sex.

“This is delightful, Mrs. Huntington,” he said, coming forward and taking the hand she mechanically extended. “Do you know I fancy you must be the happiest woman in the world, without a need, an anxiety or a regret.”

He was holding her hand and looking curiously in her face as he said this, a faint mocking smile in his dark handsome eyes.

“I am glad you are so wise as to see it, Mr. Gates,” she answered, quietly. “I have, however, been a little anxious about Theo these few days past, but he is better now,” caressing the little hand that was reached out towards her.

“Ah? Mr. Huntington did not mention it. He is so chary of speaking of these things which lie the nearest his heart—his wife and children. He keeps up an appearance of interest and devotion to ‘business,’ on purpose to deceive people as to where his treasure really is. You are a fortunate woman in having such a husband, my dear madam.”

“Thank you,” she responded, coldly.

“O, it’s nothing to thank me for—at least it never has been, so far,” he answered, with a faint accent on the last words. “It is, though, really a matter for thankfulness when one has a husband whose ‘heart safely trusts in her,’ like the woman mentioned in the Scriptures—the virtuous woman, I believe it was?” looking up questioningly in her face.

“Have you made a successful trip, Mr. Gates?” she asked, without noticing his last remark or question.

Curiously enough, he suddenly changed color and dropped his eyes.

“Well, I am sorry to say matters were not just as your husband expected,” he said, with a little appearance of reluctance to

disturb her with unfavorable business news. "He is not quite as rich as he believed himself to be, but a man in his circumstances does not mind a little loss of a thousand or two. By the way, my dear Mrs. Huntington, I have a little matter I was wishing to mention to you, and I may find no more favorable opportunity than the present. Are you quite sure Theo is better?" he asked, interrupting himself, and bending over the boy with a tender appearance of anxiety. "I don't like to see him look as he does now, he reminds me so much of the little child I was speaking of the other evening—Verdier's child, you remember."

"Did—did he die?" she asked, faintly.

"I heard that he did; mourned himself to death for his mother, some said. Others said it was the lack of care he received; there were so many to be looked after in a place like that, it wouldn't be reasonable to expect a child to get the care and attention he would from his mother—such for instance as you give your child."

"Such a place as *what*?" she asked, with sudden sharpness.

"Why, the asylum where they carried him, of course; didn't I say that Verdier cleared out after his wife deserted him? Poor fellow! I have no doubt he was nearly distracted, and so forgot his duty to his child. Rather an unpleasant affair all round, especially the death of the child, who was, at least, innocent. Can you explain how it is that the innocent so invariably suffer with the guilty? As, for instance, you or I commit a wrong or an error—not that we are more liable to do so than others—but just for the sake of illustration—and all whom we love, or who love us, are immediately involved in our disgrace and shame. It hardly seems justice, does it?" he asked, with the air of a man trying to solve some intricate providential problem, but with a curious mocking light in his eyes that more than half denied his sincerity of interest.

"No, I do not think it is justice," she answered, more emphatically than she had yet spoken, and a trifle bitterly, besides. "This terrible and inexorable law has dragged down scores of innocent ones to destruction and misery; not from any fault of theirs, not from any wrong intent, or wish, or desire. No, it is not justice!"

She rose from her chair and walked once or twice across the room excitedly, her face colorless and her eyes flashing. Edmund

Gates watched her covertly from under his lowered lids, but he made no appearance of noticing her excitement. When she came and sat down he said quietly:

"Now, before we wander off upon further discussions, I think I had better speak of the matter I mentioned just now. It is rather a difficult and delicate matter to broach, and perhaps I should go to Mr. Huntington, but I had a fancy that your influence might have more weight in the matter. Simply, then, I love your daughter, and wish to marry her. I have not the vanity to suppose her very deeply in love with me, but I think you could *persuade* her to receive me favorably. This is why I have come to you. I think I can safely count on your cooperation. I do not think you will choose *the alternative*."

There was one little swift glance into the handsome smiling, mocking eyes, and Amy Huntington answered in a low unsteady voice:

"I—I will speak to her—I will do all I can."

The conference had closed just in time, for Mr. Huntington's step already sounded in the hall. Mr. Gates rose up to go.

"Remember—these are my *only* terms," he said, as he passed by her to the dining-room door, through which he disappeared just as Mr. Huntington came in from the hall.

It was nearly ten o'clock when Grace Huntington got home, but she found her mother waiting for her in the back parlor. She was quite alone, and—perhaps it was weariness, perhaps anxiety for Theo, perhaps the weird flickering firelight flashing across her face—looked so wan, and old, and O, so desolate and hopeless, that Grace instinctively recalled the vision she had seen in the mirror that June evening almost six months ago.

"You should not have sat up for me, dear mother," she said, coming up and touching her forehead with her red smiling lips. "I've had a magnificent time; there were lots of nice people there—or perhaps I should say 'the beauty and elite of Arcadia were well represented.' That certainly sounds more elegant, besides being original! There was a Mr. Ingraham there—a cousin of the Morleys—who knows father very intimately, he says. I don't know as it is etiquette, but I gave him a very warm invitation to call—he's a splendid man, mother, I know you'll like him."

"Yes dear, I presume so," she answered, absently. The truth was she had a very

vague idea of what Grace had been saying since she came into the room. "Grace," she said, with an abruptness that made that young lady start so violently that she dropped a pretty shell bracelet she had just slipped from her wrist, breaking it into three pieces against the marble of the table.

"Never mind it now," Mrs. Huntington said, as Grace stooped to pick the pieces from the carpet where they had fallen, "I want to talk to you a moment, my daughter. Mr. Gates has this evening informed me that he loves you and wishes you to become his wife. You could not do anything which would add so much to my whole future happiness as to accept his offer, Grace."

"Mother, Mr. Gates can never be anything to me more than the merest friend; not that even, if he persists in persecuting me in this way," she interrupted, hastily.

"Do not answer yet, take time to think of it," she said, in a pleading voice. "I know he may seem odd to you, but you will soon cease to mind that. He is fine looking and—"

"Mother, I am engaged to Fred Montgomery; need there be anything more said on this unpleasant subject?" she interrupted, in a faintly impatient tone.

"Engaged to Frederic Montgomery?"

"Certainly; is there anything so very dreadful in that—at least for you? You couldn't expect me to marry into a more 'perfectly unexceptionable' family, surely; and as for the gentleman himself, is he not the model of elegance, and good-breeding, and—and deportment?" smiling faintly, and just a little wearily.

"But do you love him, my child?" she asked, anxiously, the strong mother-love for the moment overcoming every other feeling, and making her child's happiness the one thought of her heart.

"O, don't let us talk sentiment at this hour of the night, my darling mother," Grace replied, with a little rippling laugh. "I trust I am Christian enough to love even my enemies—with mental reservation—and my neighbor as myself. How is Theo this evening?" her voice suddenly softening, and losing its indifferent tone.

"Nearly well, I think. He has slept nearly all the evening, and hardly roused when his father carried him up to bed. Grace, once more; is it quite too late for you to consider Mr. Gates's proposal?" she asked, rising and coming to her daughter's side.

"There has never been a time when it was

not too late," she replied, haughtily. "I did not know before that you were such a zealous partisan of his. I am sorry to disappoint you—very! Good-night. Don't let my love affairs keep you awake, they never do me—in fact, they are the least of all my troubles under the sun;" and with a bow and a cool smile she gathered up her long train of rustling silk and ran lightly up to her room.

The hands of the pretty marble-and-bronze clock on the mantel pointed to twelve, and still Amy Huntington sat in a low chair, before the blackened and dying embers in the grate, her hands crossed nervously in her lap, and a look of terrible apprehension and despair in her white weary face.

CHAPTER VIII.

A HEAVY northeast wind and rain was drenching the streets, and making the earth literally "a vale of tears," when Richard Huntington and his partner drove down to their place of business. It was quite early, and the streets looked desolate, and gloomy, and wretched, as only country streets can under a drenching autumnal rain. The dead leaves were swept into long sombre whorls, and the few late asters by the roadside, which had withstood the frosts, lay crashed, and broken, and dismembered, their blue eyes half closed as if in death.

The employees of the establishment had nearly all arrived, and the busy sounds of labor and the hum of voices gave cheerfulness and life to the general desolation which ruled out of doors.

"A fire in the office, Tom," Mr. Huntington said, looking into one of the rooms on the lower floor, where most of the labor of the establishment was done.

"Yes sir," responded the boy, and almost immediately appeared behind him on the stairs with a hod of coal.

"We shall have to start the furnaces Monday, I think, Gates; it will be more economical than these separate fires, now that it is getting so late in the season," Mr. Huntington said, as they stood waiting for the boy to kindle the fire.

"Yes, it will be better, I think," Gates responded, adding, after the boy had gone out, "I suppose, as it is pay day to-morrow, we shall want some of that money. Perhaps we had better find out just how much, and deposit the rest this morning. Money is a little

too tight just now to run any risks of losing what we have at our command."

"I have kept more or less money here every day and night of the years that I have carried on the business, and I never lost a penny yet," Huntington said, with the air of a man who does not wish to be disputed.

"And for that matter, probably never will," was the response. "But you will admit, I suppose, that it will be more *profitable* to invest what we do not wish to use?"

"I certainly propose to do so immediately the pay roll is made up. We will attend to it at once. Here is the key to the safe; bring the trunk here; it contains some twelve hundred dollars, besides the fourteen thousand and fifty you brought yesterday."

Mr. Gates took the key and went towards the safe.

"My God, Huntington!" he exclaimed, excitedly, "look here."

Mr. Huntington was at his side instantly, and together the two men bent down and examined the safe. The outer lock had been most adroitly picked; the inner compartment, which contained the money, very cleverly and artistically blown open, the heavy iron door hanging against the masonry of the outer compartment, which was partially blown away on the inside.

Mr. Huntington reached in mechanically and took out the trunk. It was nearly half full of bonds, notes, deeds, etc.; but the money, both packages, was gone.

"There must be no time lost," Gates exclaimed, springing to his feet; "if only I had left the money at the bank!"

"Banks are robbed sometimes, perhaps you know," Huntington said, shortly, his face cold and stern. "I'd like the pleasure of shooting the scoundrel who did this, however."

Immediately measures were taken to ferret out the perpetrator of this daring burglary. Dick Mallory had been in the building all night, and had not seen or heard anything but the wind and rain.

"Probably if there had been an earthquake he would have thought it the effects of the wind," Mr. Huntington said, angrily, inly determining to discharge him forthwith. One thing seemed particularly strange. The office door had been locked by Mr. Huntington himself on the previous evening. There was but one key to that lock, which was a peculiar one, and that key had not been out of his possession a moment, as he was entirely

positive. There was no appearance of any one's having entered by the windows, which closed with strong springs, and were besides fifteen feet from the ground, over a soft, clayey lawn, which would have immediately revealed any demonstrations in that direction.

The usual detective measures were taken, Dick Mallory discharged—"for inattention to duty—" and the partners waited with what grace they could, the success of their efforts, Mr. Gates the more hopeful of the two, as he had been the more active and vigorous in the inauguration of measures for the recovery of the money. Somehow Mr. Huntington had seemed rather disheartened and depressed by the affair, than indignant, as would naturally be supposed from his temperament he would have been. Did the great carriage manufacturing business show signs of tottering to ruin?

It was the evening of the third day after the robbery that Grace sat alone, reading, in the back parlor, when Mr. Gates came quietly in. She rose immediately, and was on the point of leaving the room, when he said, very politely:

"If you would give me your attention a moment, Miss Huntington, I should feel obliged."

She sat down facing him, and looked steadily in his face with a cool questioning gaze. It would have disconcerted some men, but Mr. Gates merely looked amused.

"I suppose," he said, coming and standing directly before her, and looking with a sort of bold admiration into her face, "that a man of my years is supposed to have outlived sentiment, as, if he asks a woman to be his wife, he does it in common prosaic language, going into no unnecessary raptures about 'angels,' and the like. I should hate terribly to do anything contrary to the received opinion, besides I have my doubts about your being an angel—quite! But you are what suits me better; a proud, spirited and," stepping a little nearer and leaning over her, "gloriously handsome woman, and I love you—and will you marry me?"

"I will not!" she replied, in a tone that was as sharp and clear and cold as ice.

"I think you had better, Miss Huntington," he said, without evident embarrassment or emotion.

"Mr. Gates, are you aware you are impertinent?" she asked, haughtily, the magnificent eyes flashing and darkening.

"No, am I? I really think you *had* better.

Am I to blame for saying so? I believe your mother agrees with me, notwithstanding Mr. Montgomery's manifold attractions and prior claim."

"Mr. Gates," she said, rising, "may I request that you will bring this interview to an end as quickly as possible? I shall marry Mr. Montgomery, agreeable to my promise—"

"Excuse me for doubting a lady's word," he interrupted.

"And if I should not, I would sooner throw myself into the Mohawk than be *your* wife, sir!" she retorted.

A slow flush crept into his white cheek, showing plainly through the dark heavy beard, but he gave no other sign of discomposure.

"Perhaps you will not believe me," he said, quietly and suavely, "but it is nevertheless true that I am less sorry for myself, than for you, for," his voice growing suddenly fierce and passionate, "I do love you, Grace Huntington, and for that love's sake I was willing to forego something which is said to be as sweet—revenge! Your answer is final, is it, Miss Huntington?"

"It is—utterly and irrevocably final, Mr. Gates. I hope you will not put me to the trouble to repeat it again. I am heartily tired of your persecutions, and I can think of nothing that can be harder or more difficult to endure than your 'love,' as you call it."

"Possibly you may find something harder even than that," the slow sullen red rising to his temples. "If you ever should, remember you had the chance to avert it offered you, and you scorned it. Good-evening, Miss Huntington."

"Good-evening, Mr. Gates," she replied, coldly.

"I have been a fool to be won from my purpose—the purpose which brought me here—the desire and purpose of twenty years—by the handsome face of a girl!" Gates said angrily, to himself when he had gained his own room. "Well, that folly is pretty effectually laid, I trust. I think I will see what virtue there is in stones now, like the farmer in the fable."

Mrs. Amy Huntington was brushing out her magnificent hair before the elegant swinging mirror over the marble-topped dressing-table in her chamber. Theo had gone out for a drive with Grace; the air was so clear and bright and soft they hoped it might bring a little warmth into the pale face. The house was very quiet and still, and a sort of dreamy

languor brooded over the hills and valleys, and over the river rolling leisurely below, enveloped in a faint silvery mist, with shafts of gold here and there where the sunshine touched it.

Into this languorous atmosphere of sweetness and silence the sharp ring of a boot-heel on the gravel smote with distinctness. Mrs. Huntington dropped her brush and leaned over the table and looked out. She saw her husband just disappearing round the corner of the house, and almost instantly heard him coming through the long hall below. He paused at the drawing-room door an instant, and she thought she heard him speak; then he came hastily up the stairs. He came in, turned suddenly and bolted the door, and then came and stood before her. She knew then that her hour was come! Twenty years of love, and tenderness, and devotion were swept away like stubble before the fierce anger that burned in his heart at that moment.

"Amy," how sharp and hard his voice was! "tell me truly, before God, did you ever hear that pitiable story which Gates told the other evening about some people whom he called 'Verdier'?"

"Richard, he did not tell it as it was—not all," she cried, cowering away from him.

"You *do* know the story then! You were that miserable woman—you, with your professions of devotion—"

"O Richard, my husband, hear me," she interrupted, putting out her hands pleadingly.

"Your husband!" he said, slowly, with scornful emphasis. "Are you quite sure, madam, that *he* is dead yet? I understand it is by no means certain."

"But, Richard, he was not—"

"Silence, woman!" he interrupted, fiercely.

"I will not listen to any of your miserable subterfuges. Do you think that I would believe a word you might say, if you took the most solemn oaths under heaven? I tell you, no! I utterly despise and detest you. I—"

"O Richard! have you no mercy?" she cried, catching at his arm. "O Richard, I love you so!"

He pushed her away, but she clung to him, falling on her knees, her long silken hair falling over her shoulders to the floor.

"O Richard, for the love of heaven, hear me," she implored, lifting her pallid face to his.

"Amy Clive—Verdier, or whatever your alias may be—I wish to be distinctly under-

CHAPTER IX.

WEST INGRAHAM, Esq. was a brilliant and promising young lawyer who had already, at twenty-eight, attained an enviable popularity. His father had been a judge at five and thirty, and five years thereafter had died from the effects of being thrown from his horse. West was just sixteen, then, a brave, resolute, ambitious lad, already determined to follow his father's profession. Judge Ingraham, like very many professional men, left his family nearly penniless. His wife was a delicate, helpless sort of a woman—belonging to the "ivy" family, so highly lauded and admired by mankind, or, that portion of them who go into raptures over pretty, clinging, dependent women, who have not the ambition nor ability to keep themselves from being thrown down and trodden under foot, if the "oak" happens to fall, or be cut down—and, of course, being this sort of woman, was little help to her boy in his efforts to reach the goal he had set for himself, and which, I am happy to say, he never permitted himself for one single hour to lose sight of or consider unattainable.

Well, he was, as I said, twenty-eight, now; a man of integrity as well as talents, eloquent in his life as in his language, and ambitious for goodness as well as greatness. His mother had been dead a year, but the faithful old servant who had been in the family since his boyhood still remained with him, the two keeping house very comfortably and cosily together, Aunt Mollie's only desire being that "Mr. West would bring home a wife to brighten up the house," to which he gallantly replied that he "was quite sure he could never find one half as bright, and nice, and handsome as auntie."

West Ingraham, Esq. had not forgotten the cordial unconventional invitation to visit Chestnut Villa, neither had he forgotten the beautiful inviter—if such a word is allowable—and had it not been for the robbery, and the consequent trouble and excitement it must inevitably have brought to them all, he would have sooner availed himself of it. But it was nearly a week, now, and he had but two days longer to stay, and so he decided to go that evening. I cannot believe that a glimpse of a bright glowing face, which flashed a brief smile upon him from a passing carriage window, making him for an instant forget even the brightness of the sunshine, had anything to do with his decision.

It is something altogether marvellous, the

stood, once for all," he said, in that hard inflexible tone which had neither love, nor pity, nor mercy in it, "from this hour I utterly repudiate and cast you off. You are no wife of mine—why should I keep you here? You have proved that a woman can keep a secret,—when she has her own shame to conceal by it. A woman whose reputation is at stake would naturally be expected to play a strong deep game. I congratulate you upon your success and cleverness, but the play is ended."

"O Richard, you will not send me away from you—from my children?" she gasped, her lips white as death.

"I shall take immediate steps for a separation, madam. I shall *not* take measures for a divorce, as the probability is that you are not my wife."

"I am, I am," she sobbed. "O, if only you would let me tell you how it was—how *he* deceived me, and—"

"You are a very clever actress," he said, scornfully. "If you are ever in doubt about an occupation, I would suggest you try that—provided marrying for a living fails you."

The white face drooped on the clasped hands, and for a moment a dead oppressive silence reigned in the room. It was broken by Mr. Huntington's saying, in a cold impassive voice:

"There need be no explanation made to the public of the cause of this separation. You can say you are going to travel; one falsehood more added to twenty years of an *acted* lie, will not probably trouble you greatly. You can make your preparations as soon as possible, always remembering the sooner you take yourself out of my sight the better I shall be pleased. The disgrace is bitter enough without being reminded of it by your presence. Of course, I shall furnish you with funds, though not to live quite as luxuriantly, perhaps, as you would like, and which seems to have been your ruling ambition throughout."

"Richard, you were not a rich man when I nursed you in that little farmhouse, so long ago. O Richard! for the sake of those old days, have mercy," she cried, starting up.

A sudden wave of dull red surged up to the roots of the heavy iron-gray hair of Richard Huntington. But whatever may have been the cause of so unusual a phenomenon, it was *not* a sign of softening or relenting. The grave was not more cruel or inexorable, nor the nether millstone harder than his heart at that moment.

power a human being possesses of hiding himself—his real self, his heart—out of sight. He may be in the most bitter travail of soul and yet his face be smiling, his voice steady and his speech light. The mask shuts in the man, and shuts out the world alike. It is astonishing how little we know of even our daily associates or most intimate friends. We are surprised sometimes at some act they perform or some thought they express. We had never imagined such a thing was in them.

When West Ingraham was ushered into the pleasant drawing-room at Chestnut Villa, and introduced by Grace to the handsome stately woman whom with a little smile of pride she called "my mother," how utterly impossible was it for him to suspect the despairing anguish of soul the fair pale face and quiet manner so completely concealed.

If he fancied, which he probably did not, that Mr. Huntington was a trifle less social than usual, he very naturally would attribute it to the financial trouble that had befallen him.

I have, however, a very strong conviction that Mr. West Ingraham did not enter into a very deep study of but *one* face there, and that one person's vivacity and captivating manners made him far less observant of others than on ordinary occasions. Let no one fancy by this that he conversed much with Grace, for he did not; indeed, she said very little at all; very likely that was the reason he remembered all she did say. A hint, by the way to heavy talkers who think to impress themselves on others by their "much speaking."

Very naturally the conversation turned on the affair of the burglary, and Mr. Ingraham related some instances of similar thefts in his knowledge, some of which had very curious and entirely unexpected denouements.

"The darkest and most unaccountable affair with which I have had to do personally is one in which I am at this time engaged," he said, after relating a case in which the wife of a man had taken the money that was lost, using his keys, which she took from his person while he was sleeping. "There is not to this case," he continued, "anything apparently complicated, and yet it nonplussed some of the wisest judicial heads in the region where it occurred, a dozen years ago.

"I have a passion for these intricate cases that seem to shut the door squarely in one's face. There is something exhilarating to me

in a pursuit that continually eludes and perplexes. I remembered of reading up the case at the time, and of wishing I was qualified to undertake it. Well, after twelve years, I have done so. I have taken it rather as a pastime, though, than as an ordinary work. After this lapse of time it does not seem very probable that I shall meet with much success, but this very improbability and uncertainty is my greatest incentive, for fame and gain, the common inspiration to labor, are both lacking in this case from the two facts that the affair has ceased to attract interest, and that the parties are poor.

"The chief circumstance in the case is as follows: An eccentric, odd sort of a man, named Gordon, made a sale of some property valued at seventeen thousand dollars, to one Lovell, who gave him a draft on a certain city bank for that amount. He kept it in his possession, it seems, several weeks, and finally gave it to a broker, or rather sent it to him by his manservant, to get cashed for him, as he wished some money to invest in a business in another State where his nephew, whom he intended making his heir, was struggling to establish himself with a small capital against the heavy odds of old influential and wealthy firms. The man stoutly averred that he took the draft to Mr. Deming the broker, who as stoutly averred that he never saw or heard of such a draft, in which statement his partner, also a clerk, fully sustained him, they being in the office at the time the draft was said to have been sent. As it happened, another draft from Lovell, payable to another party, was in their hands at the same time. This they had a memorandum of, as was their custom with all business transactions, but Gordon's was not there, and they declared it had never been received. But, strangely enough, the cashier of the bank in question said it was brought to him that forenoon by Deming & Co.'s young man, and he had paid him the money, Mr. Lovell himself having been in the bank the previous day and spoken to them about it, supposing it had already been presented.

"This, you must understand, did not come out for nearly two weeks, as Mr. Gordon was ill during that time, and supposing the money in the hands of his friend Deming, rested perfectly easy about it. It would be time enough to take it when he got able enough to go to his nephew. Before that time, however, a despatch came to him with the intelligence that his nephew was dead, his death

being the result of one of those terrible machinery accidents that so frequently occur. He had left a wife and daughter, and Mr. Gordon resolved to go to them immediately, and take the business his nephew had so suddenly dropped, and put his capital into it, and finally give both the benefit of it and the capital itself into the hands of his nephew's wife, for herself and child.

"Mr. Gordon had been, as I said, ill for nearly two weeks, and he had to be taken in a carriage, very carefully, for there was a difficulty about his heart which made violent motion extremely painful to him. Then came the denouement about the money. The excitement of the affair aggravated Mr. Gordon's disease terribly, making him altogether unfit for any action in the matter. Mr. Deming, however, whose business integrity was involved, took the most active measures to discover the culprit, for some one must have the money, since the bank had paid it. But here the testimony of the young man to whom the cashier said he paid it came in, corroborated by a gentleman who, being in Deming's office that morning, had accompanied him to the bank on some business of his own, and had stood by while young Alvord presented the checks and received the money, and he positively affirmed that no such draft as Gordon's was presented, while both Deming and his partner as positively affirmed that they had given no such draft into his hands for presentation. Just here matters were interrupted by the death of Mr. Gordon, hastened greatly, if not entirely caused by the excitement consequent upon losing, at his time in life—he was nearly seventy—nearly every dollar he was worth in the world. He left, among his papers, a will giving everything he was worth to his nephew—the will, of course, having been written previous to his nephew's death. The widow of the nephew now took up the case, but after expending nearly every penny of the small property left by her husband, she was forced to abandon it, leaving it in almost precisely the condition she found it. The bank, represented by the cashier, had the draft to substantiate their statement that they had paid the money. Deming & Co. had equally strong proof that they had never presented it. Darrell, the manservant of Mr. Gordon, stubbornly insisted that he carried the draft as directed, though he didn't then know what it was. If any one inclined to the belief that Darrell presented it himself,

that supposition was nullified by the positive assertion of the bank officers that Darrell was not in the bank that day, nor, in fact, ever to their knowledge, and if he had been they should not have paid so large a sum into his hands, he being considered rather a vagabondish, irresponsible sort of a fellow, whom Mr. Gordon had picked up because he could get his services at a bargain—a very important item with him. The theory at last settled upon was that Darrell must have lost the envelop containing the draft, and some one picked it up and presented it. This was met by the cashier's positive assertion that no stranger presented a check, and besides, the bank didn't pay out money to strangers. Thus the matter rested, and Charles Lester's widow—for it was your neighbor, Mrs. Miriam Lester, who was to inherit the money—went quietly and bravely to work to support herself and daughter. I am aware that it looks like rather a quixotic undertaking, for me to think of discovering anything new at this late day, but, as I said, I have taken it up as a sort of pastime, hoping, nevertheless, very earnestly, that some good may come of it, if nothing more than the punishment of the guilty party. Perhaps I might say, *en passant*, that I have a very strong faith in the inevitableness of punishment. I believe in the strongest and most literal definition of the declaration that the 'Lord will by no means clear the guilty.' Years of steady success—years even of upright living and repentance may come between, but some day his sin will find him out and he will suffer his just deserts. No more; I do not consider it a hard or revengeful law, but simply the just and equitable working of the divine law of compensation—of cause and effect."

"But you leave no place for forgiveness, for pity, for consideration of temptation, and deception of others which led him to it, maybe," Mrs. Huntington said, in a low voice, without lifting her eyes.

"I believe the laws of cause and effect are immutable. Pity and forgiveness may exist and be actively at work at the same time that the punishment descends. Fire will burn, and sin will receive its recompense, as well. But even while the punishment is most severe the heart may be lightest if repentance has earned forgiveness, the forgiveness which softens, and strengthens, and uplifts the soul, which takes away the love of sin, rather than grants it a weak exemption

from punishment," Mr. Ingraham said, earnestly, his fine face lighting up.

"I would give a year of my life to hear him make a plea, one that his heart and conscience were in," Grace thought, with a sudden strange glow at her heart.

"I believe in making people suffer for their crimes and deceptions," Mr. Huntington said, sternly, with a glance at his wife, which no one else saw but herself.

The conversation here took a lighter turn for a half hour, and then Mr. Ingraham took his leave, with a curious feeling of reluctance and regret for which he was quite at a loss to account. But as he walked slowly toward his Cousin Morley's, there rose, phoenix-like from the ashes of his perplexity, a beautiful picture which brought a faint glow to his pulses to remember. It was a beautiful girl, with a faint smile on her proud face and in her glorious eyes. A superb form, just suiting the matchless face, from which fell away rich folds of shimmering lilac silk, and the background an elegantly upholstered room, with rich warm shades of maroon in the carpet, bringing into strong contrast the heavy gilt-framed pictures which adorned the walls. When West Ingraham returned to New York, he took the picture with him, little dreaming what a different setting it would have when next he looked upon it.

Sometime the next forenoon, Grace came suddenly into her mother's dressing-room, and found her on her knees before an open trunk, in which lay a few articles of wearing apparel, while more were on the chair and table.

"Mother! What does this mean?" she cried, in surprise.

"I—I am going away," she said, faintly, leaning low over the trunk.

"Going away!"

"Yes, to—to travel," a faint tinge of color creeping to her face.

Grace came and knelt beside the trunk, and took both her mother's hands firmly in hers. Her lips had grown suddenly firm and white, and her eyes had a dull yellow fire flaming steadily in them.

"Mother, you must tell me the meaning of this," she said, quietly and firmly. "I know that you would not leave home in November to travel merely. Father would not—"

"It is your father's wish that I go, Grace," she interrupted, in a faltering tone which she tried to keep steady. "You must not blame him too severely for casting me off—

for he has done that—for he believes me wicked and base, and he has always been so sternly upright himself that he has no patience with any who are not as blameless."

"But *you*, mother?" Grace cried, her voice sharp and quick.

"Do you remember the story *he* told one night about a woman who left her husband and child—"

"You mean Gates?" she asked, hotly; "the *gentleman* partner of my father! And this is what he meant, is it? Mother, I will not believe you did wrongly unless you tell me yourself that you did," she said, gravely.

"I *did* leave my child—that was wrong; I left Luke Venner, and because I was driven to it, because I could not stay and respect myself—because, he said, I was not his wife!" She bowed her head suddenly, her face crimson with shame at the thought, and the confession of what she had been, to her proud, high-spirited daughter.

Grace did not speak, but she leaned over and kissed the half-hidden face, tightening the clasp of the trembling hands, as she did so. Then she rose up softly and left the room. She must have time to think at this terrible crisis, which had come so suddenly into their lives. For two hours Grace Huntington was locked in her chamber. What fearful battles she fought with herself in that time no one can ever know, but the look that was on her face when she at length came out told something of the struggle that had been going on. A pride as haughty and firm as hers does not yield at the first blow.

When they rose from the dinner-table, Grace came round and laid her hand on her father's arm.

"I want to see you in the east wing," she said, in a low quiet voice; "come now, if you please," turning and walking leisurely out.

I have an impression that Mr. Huntington suspected what his daughter had to say, for an annoyed look crossed his face, followed by a frown; but he complied with her request, nevertheless.

She was standing by the window when he opened the door, but she came forward at once to the middle of the room and stopped, leaning lightly against the back of a claret velvet easy-chair. How white and statuesque she looked with her slender hands just crossed on the rich-colored velvet, and how steadily her great black eyes burned and glowed!

"Father," she said, in a low even voice, "what is this about mother's going away?"

Do you think of all the disgrace it is going to bring upon us—all of us?"

"The disgrace of keeping her here would be greater to me," he responded, quickly.

"But no one need know; she might at least live in the house, if you cannot forgive her."

"If she stays here, I shall leave; that is all," was the cold reply. "I will not be obliged to sleep under the same roof, and see her face every day. A low adventurer, who, disappointed in marrying a fortune the first time, leaves her husband and child and goes prowling about the country in search of another victim. How do I know but she had two or three husbands before she married me? I presume she did, and that they are all living now."

"Father! She is my mother."

"Thank you; I am not likely to forget it—to forget that I have *two* illegitimate children," he answered, scornfully.

"You have no right to say this thing!" she cried, a blush flaming in her face. "My mother is pure and honorable, and if she was deceived by this Venner, it was her misfortune, not her fault."

"Deceived! Grace Huntington, do you think I am so utterly simple as to believe any of the stories she may choose to fabricate to justify herself, now that her hypocrisy has been revealed? I tell you, no!"

"And you are going to turn her out into the world *alone*? take away everything out of her life—home, husband and children, love—"

"It is not half she deserves," he interrupted, bitterly.

"O father, listen to me—to me, if you will not to her! Think how tenderly she has

loved you all these years. Think of all you have been to each other through these years—more than twenty—of all the joy, and pain, and care you have shared, of your children—the dead and the living—and how much worse than orphaned this terrible step will make them. O my father!"—the white hands clasping themselves in a wild passion of entreaty—"let your heart speak; cast off this stubborn will and pride; it has lost you your eldest born already; forgive what there may be to be forgiven. Out of her great love for you, and the fear of losing it, she has kept this secret. O my father, revoke this stern sentence—"

"Grace Huntington, I would not forgive her if all the angels in heaven plead for her!" he said, a slow sullen red burning itself faintly through his cheek. "I tell you once for all, she *shall* go."

"Then I shall go with her. You shall not take all from her—I will share my mother's fortunes, sir!"

She stood haughtily erect, now, her eyes flashing with angry defiance. All look of pleading, and entreaty, and pain, was gone out of her face, and something of Richard Huntington's own sternness looked back at him from the coldly-beautiful face of his daughter.

"You are your own mistress; choose to suit yourself," he replied, indifferently, turning to go out.

Grace had *not* a mild temper, and now it rushed up in a bitter overwhelming wave.

"Father," she said, her voice low and clear as a bugle note, "some day *you* may need help and pity—some day you may plead for mercy; remember in that hour that you *never gave it*, and ask for it if you dare!"



UNDER THE APPLE TREE.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

I sit, at the sunset hour,
In the shade of the apple tree,
And think of the time when my brown-
haired love
Sat under its boughs with me;
In the sunny month of May,
When the earth was gay with bloom,
And all day long the breezes blew,
Laden with rich perfume.

Under the tree that drooped
Over the old farm-gate,
I waited oft, with quickened pulse,
For my merry, winsome Kate;
The breezes kissed your cheeks,
Lifted your silken curls,
And from the fragrant branches whirled
A shower of misty pearls.

Each passing thought I read
Reflected in your eyes,
So blue, I often thought they stole
Their hue from summer skies;
Some rare old song you sung
With cadence sweet and clear,
And the robins hushed their blithesome notes
In the apple boughs, to hear.

Our favorite books were read
Within this charming nook,
But our eyes oft wandered from the page,
And met, with telltale look;
And when the autumn came,
I sat with my bonny lass
Where the red-cheeked apples fell and shone
Like fire in the yellow grass.

'Twas here, when we had watched
The calm bright day decline,
In the starlight sweet were breathed the
words
That bound your soul to mine.
Through all my heart has sung
A glad and grateful tune,
For the love of a fond and faithful wife
Is Heaven's richest boon.

I do not mourn to think
That your youth has passed away,
That your eye has lost its brilliant light,
And your chestnut locks are grey;
For you seem as lovely now,
And your smile as dear to me,
As when we sat in those sweet old days
Under the apple tree!

A PRECIOUS ROGUE.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

I HAVE always fought shy of telling any of my professional experiences, for several reasons. In the first place, it would fill a reasonable lifetime to relate all the non-professional scrapes I have seen and been engaged in; in the second place, one cannot tell "the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth," anywhere but in court; and I may have been afraid of a libel.

But here is a little adventure which I will risk in print.

I went into my office one morning last month, prepared for anything rather than business. The swans had returned to the South, and I had spent the greater part of the night before in admiring their new fall plumage, and in exchanging confidences with them regarding our summer doings. In

other, and, I suppose, more sensible language, I had been to the first party of the season, and the champagne had been a little too much for me.

The Vandorfs own four vineyards in California; and when you take wine at their table you may be sure that you are not drinking any abomination brewed in Congress, State, or any other street, out of wild cherries, molasses, logwood, and whatever other trash they make their "imported" wines of.

The consciousness of this had prevented my being inexorable when my host or the ladies had nodded at me, holding up, at the same time, one of those slender green bubbles, full of Pacific sunshine.

The result had been an outrageous headache, and a strong inclination to lie all day

with my feet higher than my crown, and a soda-fountain fizzling near by.

It was just after vacation, and the dockets in all the courts were of unprecedented length. Of course, since I didn't want them, my clients came pouring in before I had hung my hat up. I made short work of them. I had an important case on hand which engrossed all my attention, and they must wait. The important case was myself, who was, if I may speak grammatically, at this time an objective case. The twentieth rueful customer dismissed, I called my office-boy, and sent a line by him to the clerks of both civil and criminal courts: "Bring up forty cases before you call any of mine."

Then I stretched myself on a sofa in my private office, shut my eyes, and wished that I had the mauling of the man who first squeezed grapes. While I lay there, in imagination beating the wretch to the color and consistence of a bunch of black Hamburgs, there came a soft tap at my inner door. Opening my eyes, I beheld a lady standing there, and looking at me with a face full of appeal.

The "Confound you!" that was just at my teeth was swallowed in haste.

"I'm sorry to disturb you," said a sweet faltering voice, and the lady's broad lids drooped over her pathetic violet eyes, and she made the most ravishing little courtesy.

I invited her in, explained my headache, and placed myself at her service.

She didn't sit down, she melted into a chair, and sat there a moment silent, the sunless crape of her deep mourning flowing about her till her smooth, pallid, lovely face reminded one of the evening-star seen through a rift in a black cloud. Then she told her story, which I condense. It took her an hour to tell it.

She, Mrs. Salome, had been unceremoniously dismissed from the house where she had been boarding, without due notice, and in an insulting manner. She had not been given time to find a new boarding-place, when suddenly she found her trunks sent to a storehouse, and the door of the boarding-house locked against her.

I asked what reasons Mrs. Cary, the woman she boarded with, gave for sending her away.

"She refused to give any reason," my visitor faltered, tears shining through her thick drooping lashes. "I suspected that my husband had circulated some disagreeable reports about me."

"Your husband?"

Her husband, it seemed, was a brute. She had married him when she was a mere child, before she knew what she wanted, and after a year or two of misery, had found herself obliged to leave him. Companionship with such a man was degrading. Since then he had tried to injure her, to find some charge against her. She supposed that he wanted a divorce, but did not know.

"I was put to great inconvenience and to expense," the lady said, "and I think I ought to have restitution. Was it not illegal for them to put me out in that way?"

The reader can imagine my feelings. Illegal? Of course it was! It must forever be illegal to do anything contrary to the wishes of such a lovely creature. Who or what was this abominable Mrs. Cary, that she should dare to lock her door in such a face as I saw before me? What a vile wretch must that husband be who could "circulate reports" about the fairest and most modest of her sex? I was instantly convinced that between those two unprincipled brutes, the boarding-house woman and the discarded husband, there must be a plot to destroy this innocent and unprotected loveliness.

Reader, allow me to inform you at the onset, without any further ceremony or circumlocution, that I was an ass on that occasion. Don Quixote could not have drawn his sword with less hesitation, than I fired up with on listening to this fair lady's woes. Confound the headache! Who cares for it? I was up and doing. I went here and there, and got people to swear that Mrs. Salome was a miracle of virtue, and dignity, and piety, and what not. I rushed off to a most respectable woman, poor old Mrs. Ganby, with whom I used to board years ago, and got her to give up one of her pleasantest chambers to my client. I got myself ready at all points, and smuggled my case in in the place of one which I had meant to try first. The names of the litigants in both cases were similar, and I had only to tell the clerk that he had made a mistake in the spelling.

To be sure, I had some few headflaws in my course; but what did that signify? Merely that we are on the earth, and not in heaven. And did I not know how censorious and suspicious the world is? Of course I did. What was it to the point that some of the persons whom I asked to testify for Mrs. Salome raised their eyebrows, and said they were afraid they might damage my case?

What did I care that old Dobs said she tried to captivate his son, a youngster five years younger than herself, or that Ma'am Boggs said the "critter" boarded with her once, and did various little naughty things which I scorn to name? What could I expect of such *canaille* but barking and snapping? I was a little annoyed at Mrs. Ganby, I own, when I found her so cool about taking the lonely creature, and asking so many questions about her.

"I did think that you would be glad to assist any one who is traduced," I said, reproachfully.

"But, my dear boy," said the good soul (she always calls me "dear boy"), "I like to know if the person is traduced or traducing. All is not gold that glitters. Besides, I am a poor woman with house rent to pay, and a respectable name to keep up, and I like to see my way. I want to know if this beautiful unfortunate can pay her board. I can't afford to give it to her."

"I'll answer for that!" I said, hastily. "If Mrs. Salome doesn't pay you, I will. And if she misbehaves, you can turn her out of doors."

Of course the good soul gave in; and my lady was forthwith installed in her new quarters. "Ganby has but to see her, and be her friend at once," I thought, and fully expected to be overwhelmed with praises of my new friend by my old one the next time I went there. I wasn't, though. Mrs. Ganby merely primmed up her mouth, and said she had nothing to say *against* Mrs. Salome *yet*; with an emphasis on the two words, as though she would intimate that she had nothing to say *for* her now, and might at some future time have something to say *against* her. Women are so confoundedly bitter and prejudiced.

Well, my case came on and passed. I may as well own that I lost it. Perhaps I hurried it up too much, and my "cloud of witnesses," which were meant to discharge him and thunder on the defendant's party, rather obscured my own side of the house. No matter what it was. My fair client, though she evidently took his honor's heart by storm, had to submit to the contumely that had been put upon her, and go out of the court-room unrighted. Not that alone. The defendant's counsel had evidently got hold of a great many little stories, and though now I see he used them sparingly, I then thought him a base villain, and a maligner of innocence.

"I didn't want to hurt the pretty creature, Arnold," he protested to me. "I only brought in such little things as were necessary to clear my client. Why, I had a dozen other witnesses who could have pulled her into pieces and chewed her up, as the dogs did Jezebel. But I only gave little pats, to save my own."

It was all no use for him to talk: I turned my back on Stokes, and didn't speak to him for six months.

I don't like to repeat their slanders, but the Cary woman did seem to prove that she had given her boarder a month's notice, and could get rid of her only by force. She did seem to prove that Mrs. Salome sat up very late at night with one of the gentleman boarders, and was in the habit of receiving attentions from others, which a woman with a husband, even a discarded one, is not generally allowed. She certainly proved that Mrs. Salome was out so much to theatre and operas that some one was disturbed from slumber five nights out of a week to let her in, and that she was very careless about paying her washing bill. But, I repeat, what did all that signify? Merely that my lovely client had a trusting disposition, that she liked music and histrionic display, and that she was sometimes a little forgetful of Mrs. O'Dowd and her interesting family.

Mrs. Ganby looked more glum than ever when I went there the evening after the trial, and still more glum yet when Mrs. Salome asked me to come to her room, instead of meeting me in the parlor.

"I did not feel able to go down," sighed the sweet creature, wiping her eyes. "I could not bear to display my feelings before those people."

How lovely she was! Her fine form arrayed in a belted wrapper which flowed in loose graceful folds about her, her shining hair half slipping out of its coils, her blue eyes humid and tender! I was ready to do battle with any number of enemies, for her sake. And, of course, since I had failed to win her case, I must try to console her for that.

We had a long and confidential interview, at which was a great deal of weeping and sighing. Mrs. Salome went over all the stories that had been brought up in court about her, and explained them all, covering herself with glory in each one, and proving clearly that her enemies were a vile pack of slanderers. But to see how she forgave them! Having told how vile they were, she clasped her fair hands, and vowed that, notwithstanding

ing all the injuries they had heaped upon her, she wouldn't, on any account, harm a hair of all their heads. It never occurred to me till about five years afterwards, to think that this heavenly forgiveness was rather inconsistent with the blackening she had just given them, and that such piety should have begun to work before she had given me the worst possible opinion of about a score of persons.

But, when do we think of such things, or require consistency in those who please us?

When I left my fair client that night, pretty late, she accompanied me to the door, gave me her hand to hold as long as I pleased, and drooped her head nearly on my shoulder while she faltered out her gratitude for all I had done for her.

It was enchanting.

But for all that, I did not go to Ganby's very soon again. I did not like to trust myself in the society of that sweet and trusting woman, since I had not made up my mind to marry her. I admired, I adored, I was ready to fight for her; but I was not sure that I was quite ready to marry her—yet. I wanted time to think of it, as the ladies say. And if I trusted myself in her charming society, there was danger that I should commit myself, without taking time to think of anything. I found it would be easy to commit myself to Mrs. Salome—she was such a trusting creature.

One other reason why I did not go up was, because I couldn't, being out of town on business for nearly a fortnight. When I came back, wonderful changes had taken place at Ganby's. The good old soul had received a sudden summons to go out West, to a son who had lost his wife, and had sold out her establishment, boarders and all, to a Mrs. Bates, a sharp driving widow, who got the business at a bargain. The only woman in the house besides Mrs. Salome didn't like Mrs. Bates, and left when she came. The gentlemen, chiefly young clerks and book-keepers, stayed.

"I like Mrs. Bates very much," Mrs. Salome said, when I went up to see her. "She is far more agreeable than Ganby."

I still kept my prudence; but I couldn't help taking the lady out to the theatre and opera, once in a while. She was so fond of going, and spoke of it so frankly. And certainly she was very much admired.

"Who was that beautiful woman I saw with you at the opera last night?" asked Mrs.

Superfine Clarence, one morning when I went to ask news of Ned her son, then making the grand tour.

"Mrs. Salome," I answered, "a client of mine."

Her countenance changed instantly. "Not Bertha Salome?" she cried out, turning very red, and drawing her dress away from me as if I had been poison.

"I believe her name is Bertha," I said, feeling myself color slightly and grow uneasy.

"And you come here to see me?" the lady cried, starting tragically out of her chair. "You come to talk to me, after going about in public with that woman?"

"My dear Mrs. Clarence, I don't in the least know what you mean," I said. "Pray explain. My acquaintance with the lady is slight, and was at first purely professional. Then she boarded with a friend of mine. I know nothing against her."

Mrs. Clarence looked at me doubtfully, then sank into her chair again. She knew me, and I had always told her the truth.

"You pretend to say that you know nothing against that creature!" she exclaimed. "Where did you pick her up? Where can you have been, never to have heard anything?"

I immediately told the lady the whole story of my acquaintance with Mrs. Salome, leaving out all I could that was disagreeable, and presenting my client in as lovely and respectable a light as possible.

"You great baby, you have been taken in," she said, with a bitter laugh, when I had ended. "She is injured innocence, is she? She is a sweet woman, is she? She is modest and trusting? ha! ha!"

And Mrs. Clarence laughed in scorn, and then flounced out of her chair and into it again, crying, "You men are fools! I have no patience with you!"

"Do tell me!" I said, beginning to feel a little flat; for Mrs. Clarence knows what she is about, and is a woman of sense; not one likely to fly out for nothing.

"You don't deserve it," she said, shortly; "but I will tell you. I dare say you won't believe a word. Ned wouldn't. Wait till I tell Betty not to let any one else in."

While the lady went to see that we should not be interrupted, I began to think on that text "Ned wouldn't;" and to recollect a story of Ned Clarence, a lad of twenty, who got into the hands of a woman of thirty, and came out rather the worse for wear, his pocket fairly picked. The fellow had fought

his family on account of the charmer, who, I recollected, was a married woman; and he had vowed that if she would get divorced, he would marry her. His mother boxed his ears, and had hysterics, and his father threatened to horsewhip him; but to no effect. Finally Clarence senior went to see if he couldn't buy the woman off, and induce her to let his son go, and succeeded so well that not only was Ned frantic, but his mother also. And it had taken no little generalship on the part of his wife to rescue him from the web into which he had fallen while striving to extricate his son.

"It cannot be the same one!" I said, to Mrs. Clarence when she came back.

"Then you know the story?" she said. "Of course it's the same one! I wonder I hadn't known her, for I have heard her described, and seen a photograph of her. My husband had one in his breast-pocket," she said, bitterly.

Then she told me the whole story of which I have given the reader the outlines, and a precious story it was. But I'm not going to tell it again.

I went to my office and entertained myself with swearing at women in general, and Mrs. Salome in particular, and ended by swearing at myself. I *had* been a fool. Hadn't I seen enough of the world to know there was something out of the way when I saw one of those sweet abused females who at thirty-five or thereabouts are as innocent and trustful as babies? When evening came, I went up to Mrs. Bates. I am not naturally harsh with women, but I was feeling so savage at having made a spectacle of myself with that woman, that I wanted to see how she would take a little hint.

"Are you going up, sir?" smirked the servant-girl, seeing me hesitate in the entry.

"Is there any one in the parlor?" I asked, scowling at her.

"Yes sir. The young men are there, and Mrs. Bates. They are playing euchre."

I turned my back on her and walked up stairs, wondering what she was grinning at, and knocked at Mrs. Salome's door. Presently she opened it herself, but appeared confused at sight of me, and instead of asking me in, stepped out into the entry, and drew the door to after her. "I will go down stairs," she said.

But through a crack of the door I had seen a gentleman sitting on the sofa, and that gentleman was Mr. Superfine Clarence.

"You needn't go down," I said. "Pray don't trouble yourself, or neglect Mr. Clarence. I have but a word to say. Mrs. Clarence wishes to call and see Mrs. Bates to-morrow, and she may ask for you. That is all."

Her face flamed up, her eyes flashed out, but she said not a word; and I went down and left her standing there.

"How many times has Mr. Clarence been here, Betty?" I asked the girl, who was still in the entry.

"This is the first time," she said. "Mrs. Salome sent out a note to him this morning, and he came to-night."

I said no more, but went home. I was willing to give her till the next day to get out of the house without being sent out.

I heard and saw no more till the next evening, when a note was brought me from Mrs. Bates, requesting me to go up and see her that evening if possible.

I went up at once, and was taken by the lady of the house into her private sitting-room.

"I suppose it is all right," she said, with a troubled face. "But I'm a poor woman, and can't afford to lose. Mrs. Salome went away to-day to New York, without giving me any notice, and she owed three months' board. She said that you would pay it."

No matter what I said. It wasn't pretty. I suppose I swore a little.

"Mrs. Ganby told me you were her guaranty," she said. "I didn't care about keeping her, and shouldn't but for that."

"Good gracious!" I exclaimed. "I was guaranty, the greater fool I! when I first brought her here, for a week or so. I never dreamed of being any longer. I supposed she paid regularly. It's your own fault if you let anything run on so. Why in thunder should I pay her board?"

"Aren't you engaged to her?" demanded the landlady.

I'm afraid I swore again; but I managed to say that the woman had a husband.

The poor thing began to wring her hands. "Nearly one hundred and fifty dollars gone at once. Why, she wanted me to wait because she and you were going to be married, and would then both of you board here. She said she was spending all her money now in getting her outfit. She said she was divorced from her husband."

"She wasn't," I said.

"And what in the world were you coming to my house to see her for, then?" demanded

Mrs. Bates, excited by her loss, and wanting a scapegoat.

"I thought her a proper, agreeable woman who had been wronged by society," I replied, quite frankly. "And being an infernal fool, I came to pay my respects, and give her the pleasure of a little congenial society."

Mrs. Bates eyed me suspiciously, and with growing wrath.

"How do I know who or what you are?" she cried, standing up. "I believe you are no better than you should be. You're a

cheat, and a rascal. Get out of my house, and to-morrow I'll send you an officer that'll see what you are."

Reader, I made my way out of that house, expecting every moment to be caught by the hair. I didn't stop running till I got home and into my room. Then I stood one minute to collect my wits, and see where I was, then I burst into a roar of laughter. The tragedy and anger were lost in the ludicrousness.

I have not heard of Mrs. Salome since then.

TRUMPED!

BY FRANK H. ANGIER.

TOWARDS the close of one September, Charley Dunham sent word to me to come down into Mapperley Wood and have some shooting. The governor, Dunham pere, he said, had gone away on business and was not expected home for five or six weeks, so that there was nobody in occupancy of the stately halls of Mapperley House except the younger members of the family and the servants. Mapperley Wood was unusually full of game that fall, and Charley thought that the absence of his father and mother and consequent unlimited license in respect to all matters both indoors and out, offered inducements too unusual to be resisted.

"Besides," wrote Charley, "a fellow named Hatfield is here, courting sister May. She got acquainted with him at the seaside last summer, and they are going to be married about Christmas. He's a curious chap, and I want you to give me your opinion of him."

I had already had some experience of the hospitality of Mapperley House, and I was nothing loth to accept Charley's invitation. The blue eyes of his sister May were well worth going a long way to look at, and as I had myself felt the force of their marvellous power to a very alarming degree before then, I had some curiosity to see the man who was to be made happy for life in their light. So on the day following the receipt of Charley Dunham's letter, I packed up a carpet bag took the morning train for Daybrook, the nearest station to Mapperley House, which was some five miles distant from the town, and whose grand old turrets could be seen towering above the trees long before the train came to a stop.

Charley met me at the depot with a gig, and for the first two miles of the drive home could talk of nothing but dogs and shooting. When he had in some degree spent himself, I ventured to ask him about May.

"O, she's happy as a queen," said Charley. "To tell the truth, she seems a great deal jollier about it than Hatfield does. He's a glum sort of chap. I don't like him much."

"And they are really going to be married?" I said, inquiringly.

"Bless you! Yes. That was all settled long ago. May has got half her wedding things made up already. The governor don't think the engagement is long enough, but he used to know Hatfield's father, and whatever May wants she usually gets, you know."

"Yes," said I, "I suppose so;" and relapsed into silence again, while Charley changed the subject and began on the shooting topic once more.

When we reached the house I was introduced at once to Hatfield, who was standing on the steps with May, awaiting our arrival. He was a soft-voiced, pleasant-looking man, not over twenty-five, and with that easy air of aristocratic nonchalance which is ever captivating to the feminine heart. At the first glance I knew him for a "lady killer" in the better sense of the term. Though displaying nothing of vulgar conceit, he was conscious of his power, and I saw that no circumstance, however awkward, would ever cause him to lose his self-possession. It was no wonder that May had been caught at last.

I shook hands as cordially as a man who was unable to feel otherwise than a little jealous of him could, and having saluted May

Dunham, we all went into the house together. At lunch I sat opposite my new acquaintance and was able to observe him more closely. Despite his pleasant face and a sly and merry twinkle in his eyes, there was a look which came at times across his features, that gave me an uncomfortable feeling of distrust.

"Do you know," I said, to Charley, when we were alone that afternoon, "there is something in Hatfield's mind which he wouldn't care to talk about to either of us?"

"Think so?" asked Charley. "He appears to me to have some trouble weighing upon him, but I never have thought much about it."

"Something's the matter," I said. "Doesn't May know what it is?"

"Can't say," said Charley, looking at me very much as if he thought I was manifesting considerable solicitude about other people's affairs. "I can't say, I'm sure."

I took Charley's implied hint and did not revert to the subject again. We commenced our work of destruction in Mapperley Wood early the following morning, and a week afterwards the table at Mapperley House groaned beneath the weight of partridges and quails which we provided for it. Hatfield accompanied us very frequently, but he was a poor shot, and did not seem to manifest any particular interest in the sport. Two hours in the morning were usually enough for him, and then he would shoulder his gun and march home to read Tennyson or Longfellow to May and leave Charley and me to carry on the war alone. I think one reason of his indifference to gunning lay in his antipathy to Charley's huge mastiff Crusoe, who, although worthless in hunting, always accompanied us, keeping a respectable distance in the rear, in full consciousness that he never was made for a game dog and that Leopard and Spot, Charley's setters, understood the business in hand a great deal better than he did. He was a magnificent fellow, however, and lord of all the manor grounds, and in consideration of his faithful services as sentinel during the night, Charley never refused to take him with us on our excursions by day. The feeling between himself and Hatfield was quite mutual, for the latter never ventured near the dog but Crusoe would show his teeth and growl at him most suspiciously.

One morning Charley and I unbushed a flock of partridges, and when they settled again the dogs were unable to find them. In our endeavors to discover the lost birds we be-

came widely separated, and at last, towards twelve o'clock, tired with the morning's work, I resolved to return to the house. As I approached the grounds of the mansion I heard voices in the shrubbery, one of which I recognized as Hatfield's, and so stopped to listen whether the other were not Charley's. The persons of the speakers were hidden from me by the thick growth of evergreen beyond the walk, but I could hear every word of their conversation quite distinctly.

"I tell you," said Hatfield, "that I must have more money."

"And I say," returned the other, whom I instantly perceived was not Charley, but a stranger, "that I have advanced all I am going to on this cursed nonsense. I don't see any likelihood of getting a return for my investment."

"I've done all that I agreed to do," said Hatfield.

"You promised to marry the girl," said the other.

"Well, I am engaged to be married to her."

"But you have fallen in love with her, too."

"What of that?"

"Much. If you have got spoony in the matter, there is very little chance of my getting my money back. When we struck this bargain, Daniel Hatfield, it was to be purely a business arrangement. I was to furnish the money and set you up in good style. You were to do the work and marry the girl. When we got possession of her property, we were to divide the profits. Now you've broken faith and got sweet on her, and you know, as well as I do, that if you marry her, not one cent of her money shall I ever set eyes on."

"Tom Burns," said Hatfield, "I told you when I was in such trouble six months ago, that if you would pay off my debts and advance me enough to live on until next year, I would undertake to marry a rich girl, and that you should be paid for your investment at least four fold out of my future wife's estate. To this you agreed, and the result of our bargain was that I sought the acquaintance of May Dunham. I tell you fairly that although I owe to you all my opportunities of knowing her, yet I have bitterly cursed the day when that miserable contract was made. For I have found in May Dunham a true-hearted, noble, generous girl, Thomas Burns—well worthy the earnest love of a more honest man than I, and I have hated and despised myself for the wretched part I

am playing in this matter. But I promise that you shall be well paid for these advances. May Dunham will be worth a million on her father's death, and her marriage settlement will not be less than a quarter of that sum. And if you hold to your bargain as I have so far held to mine, you must let me have another installment at once."

"I have a better plan than that in my head," returned the other. "Walk down towards the town with me while I explain it to you. This shrubbery is a dangerous place to discuss a secret like ours."

I parted the branches with my hand and looked through at them as they moved away. The stranger was a thick-set, red-haired man with heavy, animal jaws, and carried in his hand a stout stick. The couple walked slowly down the lane towards the road, the stranger gesticulating in an explanatory manner, while Hatfield ever and anon interrupted him with a graceful movement of his arm, as though deprecating what his companion was saying.

Here was a conspiracy in good earnest. I leaned back against the fence considerably astonished and not a little bewildered as to what I ought to do. My first impulse was to go straightway to May and reveal to her all that I had heard. Then the afterthought came to me that even if I were to do so, I should not be believed. May's confidence in her lover was unlimited. I should never be able to shake it by any bare statement of facts unsupported by other evidence. Therefore I resolved for the present at least, to keep my accidental knowledge of Hatfield's plans to myself. He seemed to be not so much a villain as a weak fellow who had got himself first into pecuniary difficulties and afterwards into bad company. Perhaps he would confess the whole affair himself to May before the wedding, and in the sincere hope that he would do so, I resolved to keep quiet at present and say nothing about it.

A day or two after this, while we were all at breakfast, there came a letter in the morning post, addressed to Charley.

"That looks remarkably like the governor's handwriting," said Charley, looking at it and breaking the seal. "What's up now, I wonder?"

He dived at once into the contents, and in a moment pushed away his plate with a movement of annoyance.

"He's coming home day after to-morrow," he said. "Bother! Why couldn't he stay his time out?"

May looked at him out of her tender blue eyes reproachfully.

"That isn't the worst of it either," continued Charley, not heeding her. "He's going to bring company with him—old Mr. Pedroncelli and his wife."

"Mr. Pedroncelli?" exclaimed May.

"Yes. We'll all have to toe the mark while he's here, confound him. Coming events cast their shadows before. Here's a postscript about the family plate."

"What about the family plate?" asked May.

"He says it must be got home and rubbed up in honor of our distinguished visitor, who is of very aristocratic family and used to considerable splendor in all his surroundings. He says we must fix up the north chamber as handsomely as possible. I see we are to have a regular old martinet with us. Good-by to the shooting and all the other fun."

May turned to me to explain that the family service of plate, which was very old, massive and valuable, was usually kept at the bank in Daybrook for safety, and never used except upon what her father considered state occasions, when it was brought to the house and cleaned up for service.

Hatfield remarked that it would be well to be sure of the genuineness of the letter before taking the plate from the banker's.

"There's no doubt about the letter," said Charley, tossing it to me. "Do you think there is?"

"I should say not," I replied. "That is certainly Mr. Dunham's signature."

And so also said May.

The necessary orders were accordingly given to the banker and on the following day the plate came home. It was a most elegant service and consisted of a great many pieces, so many, in fact, that the three housemaids were kept busy throughout the whole day in scouring it up and getting it ready for use. At night it was arranged upon the various tiers of the great oak sideboard in the long dining-room and covered up with a green cloth. The north chamber was cleaned and fitted up, and we all retired to rest that evening in considerable curiosity as to what sort of visitor the morrow would bring to us, and in not a little disappointment at the sudden termination of our sport.

The room assigned to me during my stay was in the east gable of the house and almost directly over the dining-hall. I mention this in order that the events of that night, which

have never since passed from my memory, may be thoroughly understood. The family retired to rest at about the usual hour, but I was unable to sleep. The nervousness induced by the expected arrival of the dreadful Pedroncelli, kept me tossing from one side of the bed to the other, and in vain I endeavored to court the drowsy god. All efforts to obtain sleep were fruitless. The dog Crusoe, too, seemed unusually wakeful. He came beneath my window at intervals of five or ten minutes and vented his uneasiness in a series of low howls, so lugubrious that I jumped out of bed at last, and opening the window, reproved him sharply. He went away reluctantly, but soon came back, whining piteously and scratching the pillars of the piazza below with his nails. The night was intensely dark, and occasional violent gusts of wind, rattling the shutters, betokened rain. I attributed the dog's nervousness to the approaching storm, and finally, unable to endure his noise any longer, went down stairs into the front hall and let him in. No sooner had I opened the door than he bolted past me like a shot and disappeared. Fastening the door again I called to him softly, but could not ascertain whither he had vanished. The door leading to the dining-room was slightly ajar, and putting my head through the opening, I called again. Still no response. The entire house was silent as death. Supposing that the dog had been frightened at the wind and had sought a place of safety under the stairs or somewhere else, I gave up the search and returned to my room, laughing at Charley's faith in the courage of his mastiff.

Toward midnight I must have dropped asleep, for it was not long after that when I awoke with a sudden start and a vague sensation of terror. It seemed to me that a terrible crash had rung through the house, so loud and fearful that the very foundation of the earth had been shaken. Yet I lay quietly in my bed and apparently nothing extraordinary had happened. I felt about me in the darkness to see if the bedclothes had been disturbed. Everything was in its proper place. I arose and threw open the shutters. The night was still intensely dark and the west was echoing with the low mutterings of distant thunder.

"I have been dreaming," I thought, "and the wind has frightened me."

Once more I returned to bed and this time did not awake until the daylight, cold and gray, came struggling through the window.

I had not finished my morning toilet before I heard a piercing scream in the hall below, and a hurried scampering up stairs. I opened the door and looked out into the hall. One of the housemaids met me with a face blanched to an ashy white, and fell fainting at my feet. Then Charley came dashing after her, flushed with intense excitement.

"Come down stairs," he cried. "For God's sake keep this thing from May."

"What do you mean?" I said, standing still upon the threshold in amazement.

He made no reply, but taking me hurriedly by the arm, led me down the stairs. Pushing open the door with his foot he pointed to a dark object lying at the further end of the dining-room. The floor and walls of the apartment were half covered with blood, and a little red and sickening stream was flowing silently across the carpet and trickling beneath the door. Crusoe the mastiff, his jaws reeking with blood, stood in the centre of the room growling fiercely, while the elegant service of plate was scattered about in dire confusion, some of the salvers and pitchers battered and bruised, and tinged, like everything else, with the dreadful hue of blood.

I went with Charley across the room and looked at the dark object in the corner. With a cry of horror I started back, for the face of the corpse was turned towards me, and the face was that of Daniel Hatfield.

"We have the dog to thank for this," said Charley. "See how his teeth have torn the villain's throat from ear to ear!"

We hardly knew how to relate the dreadful news to May, but we mustered courage at last and told her all. Poor thing! It stunned and bewildered her at first, but time brought healing to the cruel wound, and when I had told her of what I had heard in the shrubbery, she thanked God for her fearful escape. We could not quite condemn Hatfield as the real villain, for he had doubtless yielded to the importunities of Burns, and consented to connive at the robbery for the sake of giving the latter some security for the money he had loaned him. The letter from Charley's father had been a forgery from first to last, and a clever ruse to get the plate into the house. It would have been an easy matter then to secure it, had the dog remained outside as usual. But Fate had ordered otherwise. The man Burns made his escape in time and we never heard anything of him again. The two had played a desperate card, but it was Crusoe who held the trumps.

THE RIVAL BRAVES.

BY JOHN M. THURSTON.

Far up the sides of the rock-bound bluff,
Where the sheer descent to the waves below
Is swept save but by the mournful winds
As they whirl in wild gusts to and fro,
There stands a towering massive pine
Whose dead limbs stretch to the nearing sky,
Where an eagle bold from his eyrie there
Looks careless down on the passer-by.

Long, long ago, ere the white man's tread
Had woke the echo in wood or glen,
When the fleet deer bounded adown the steep,
And the fierce wolf crouched in his loathsome den,
A tribe of red men pitched their camp
On the grassy bank of the dark deep tide,
And the peaceful smoke of the lodge fires rose
In eddying clouds up the mountain side.

The old chief sat at his wigwam door,
His proud head decked with the eagle crest,
The record of many a dauntless deed
Scarred deeply over his dusky breast,
His dark eye lighted with love and pride,
Now watching the form of his daughter fair,
Now turning full on the tall young braves
Who both came wooing the maiden there.

"Bravest of braves, you are both strong chiefs,
Ye both have proved your valiant might,
When the shout of your war-cry waked the air
And your enemy's lodge-fires lit the night.
Do ye see where the peak of yon leafless pine
Waves lone and bleak in the sunset gleam,
Where yon kingly eagle whirls and swoops
Above the rush of the turbid stream?

"Whoever shall bring, in his strong right arm,
Yon eagle's nest to my wigwam side,
Shall gain the prize that ye both now seek,
Your chieftain's daughter for his bride.
Do ye dread the test? My daughter waits
For the eagle's nest at the open door;
Bring, bring her the gift she alone shall take,
Or quit the camp and return no more."

Up, up the face of the rock-bound bluff
They speed with desperate earnest might,
Their feet cling fast to each creviced nook,
Their eyes gleam wild in the fading light.
They are almost there; now, God be praised,
Their strong hands clutch at the dizzy edge,
Where the grand old pine tree gnarls and twists
Its roots in the narrow topmost ledge.

They draw them up o'er the awful brink,
And one is safe, but the other's hand
Has grasped at a treacherous loosened root—
His weight has severed the feeble strand!
He totters, he reels, and the sky o'erhead,
With its pitying blue, looks down in prayer
On the ashen lips of the sinking brave,
And the rude devotion trembling there.

With a last wild struggle, a frenzied cry,
He faints, he sinks, he falls—but then
His last despairing clasp has found
A hold that brings to him life again;
And, with the strength of a soul redeemed,
His dark eye flashing triumphant light,
Far up on the top of that lonely ledge
He draws his form to its regal height.

Ah! what is it now that sends the blood
In hot quick jets to his dusky cheeks?
His rival wresting the hard-earned nest
From out of the old pine's scraggy peak!
Like the lightning leaps from the thunder cloud
When Jehovah's bolts are madly riven,
When the storm king sits on his awful throne
And hurls defiance back to heaven—

His maddened spirit floods his soul
With the seething fires of vengeance dread,
His strong bow caught from its sheath behind,
His arrow drawn to its sharp carved head;
And just as the favored suitor waves
The precious prize through the evening air,
A twang below and a shriek above,
Then only the lone tree waving there!

For a stalwart form and the eagle's nest
Went whirling down to the rushing flood,
Where they plunged in the seething, ruthless tide,
Leaving no trace but a tinge of blood.
Then the murderer turned, but his time was short,
For the grand old eagle swooping low,
As he leaned far out o'er the dizzy brink
Watching the fate of his rival below,

With a scream that rang, in his startled ears,
In his guilty heart like a knell of doom,
Has struck him full on his upturned crest
And hurled him down through the gathering gloom!
While the stars look out with their feeble light
On the lovely maid by the wigwam door—
On the eyrie gone, the dark stream stained,
And the proud old eagle sailing o'er.



CATCHING A TARTAR.

A TRADITION OF SWEDEN.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

WHETHER the following tradition gave rise to the well-known saying of "Catching a Tartar," I am not prepared to say; but it is very likely, for the circumstances fit the popular phrase aptly.

Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, surnamed, on account of his warlike propensities, by his admirers, the "Lion of the North," and by his detractors, with equal justice perhaps, the "Madman of the North," accidentally encountered, at the chateau Gortz, a young creature from the banks of the Volga—a niece of Baron Gortz. So powerful was the impression she at once made upon the hitherto impregnable heart of the hero, so completely was he spellbound in her charms, that he seemed to lose all recollection of other matters, even of the disastrous battle of Pultowa.

The name of this enchantress was the Princess Ikla—for she was a princess, her mother, the baron's sister, having married the Hetman of the Tartars. Being left an orphan at an early age she had taken up her residence with Baron Gortz in Stralsund.

The baron was a bit of a historian—or thought he was—and was then engaged in writing a history of the king, who called upon him often to revise and correct the work. Besides the baron was one of the crown councillors and was often entrusted with important business of the state.

Charles the Twelfth had that desire, which seems inherent in the breast of greatness—he wished to be loved for himself alone, without any regard to his state and grandeur; consequently he had himself presented to Ikla under the simple title of Count D'Offen, and in that name he paid his court to the erratic princess; for her Tartar blood made her disregard many of the conventionalities of life, though her uncle often declared that she had the blood of the Gortzes full in her veins, and was no more a Tartar than he was—and there was not much of the Kahnuck about him.

Baron Gortz was highly delighted at the prospect of becoming the uncle of the king; but that delight was tempered by a wholesome dread of his prospective nephew-in-law.

For, stripping off the dazzling veil of his military glory, we must acknowledge that the "Lion of the North" was an unmitigated tyrant, and ruled his subjects in a very arbitrary manner.

Baron Gortz had proof of this, one day, when he received a letter from the king. It contained these words:

"Baron de Gortz, information has reached me that the Captain of Hulans, Gustavus Reinold, who was condemned to death for neglect of orders at the battle of Pultowa, but who escaped before the execution of his sentence, has been seen in Stralsund. Write instantly to the governor; tell him I hold him responsible for the apprehension of this traitor. Within five minutes of his being taken and identified, let him be shot. And the person in whose house he shall be found shall be forthwith shot. CHARLES."

This letter troubled the good old baron sorely, for his niece had made him promise to intercede for this identical young officer. He broke into a cold perspiration when he reflected that if he did so the probability was that he should get himself shot for his pains. He wished fondly in his heart that the king and Ikla were married, because then he should be his uncle, and he could never think of shooting one of the royal family.

He wrote the order to the governor, and sent it by a servant, who informed him that an officer of the police wished to speak with him. Wondering at this he hastened to the hall below. On his return, he found Ikla, a petite, dark-haired, dark-eyed gipsy of a woman, gazing listlessly from the large bay window into the street below. She noticed that he was in a state of perturbation.

"What is the matter?" she asked.

"I want to put you on your guard," he exclaimed, breathlessly. "The police have sent to say they have reason to believe that a young man is concealed somewhere in my chateau."

"I know it," answered Ikla, coolly. "I concealed him."

"You!" exclaimed the astonished baron. "Who is he?"

"Gustavus Reinold."

The baron uttered a dismal groan.

"Ikla, you have murdered me!" he cried; and sank feebly into a chair.

"Not so bad as that, I hope," she replied, smilingly.

"I tell you that whoever harbors the traitor is to be shot!" exclaimed the frightened baron, irately.

"You know well that Gustavus is no traitor."

"What signifies that? If the king orders it, he must be shot—and so must I!" And the baron groaned again. "What made you take so fatal an interest in this wretched young man?"

"His misfortunes," replied Ikla. "He is innocent; I know it, and my dear mother, your sister, knew it also. Forced by a cruel and unjust sentence to fly his country, he found refuge and safety in ours."

"Then why the deuce did he leave it?"

"To follow me when you sent for me. Finding the pursuit so hot, I thought the best asylum for him was your chateau."

"I am much obliged to you for the preference," answered the baron, dolefully.

At this moment a servant entered the room and announced:

"Count D'Olfen."

The baron's visage brightened with a hopeful idea.

"There is but one chance for us all," he exclaimed, "marry the count, and then—" He checked himself abruptly.

"If it depends on that, our chance is small," she returned, roguishly; "but listen to me—obey me, and all will yet be well. I intend to play a desperate game—but if I win, I shall save a life of far more value than my own."

She held a rapid conference with the baron, and though he listened to her at first with astonishment and alarm, she finally won him over to her purpose and he promised to assist her, though it was with fear and trembling; but he had pretty well made up his mind by this time that he should be shot any way, and he thought it did not make much difference for what.

He withdrew, and Charles the Twelfth, as Count D'Olfen, entered the room. He wore the uniform of his favorite regiment; a light blue coat trimmed with gold, and the corners of the skirts turned back; buff leather breeches; high boots of black leather, to which a formidable pair of spurs was attached;

a three-cornered black hat; a black stock; buff gauntlets, and a heavy sword. He looked more like a warrior equipped for the field, than a lover seeking his lady's bower.

He felt like a timid schoolboy in the presence of this piquant beauty, who had stormed the outworks of his heart and penetrated to the very citadel. Would any one believe that he was Charles the Twelfth? He began to doubt it himself. Nations trembled at his name, yet he—I will not say trembled—but felt very much like a fool in the presence of a simple girl. He felt that this would never do. Though she did not know who he was, he must remember that *he* did.

In her turn Ikla also had her reflections.

"He seeks a Tartar," she thought, "he shall find one."

"What, count," she exclaimed, "in regiments? How devoted you must be to the king."

"Well, I am," he admitted; "but I came here, as well as I can recollect, to tell you how devoted I am to *you*; only I confess myself awkward in these matters. I never cared for a woman till I saw you."

"Why, count, you must be the very counterpart of the king," cried Ikla, coquettishly. "They say he *hates* women."

"He does no such thing," replied Charles, quickly.

"How do you know?" she asked, archly.

"I think I know him."

"You might as well say you think you know yourself."

"How?" he cried, suspiciously.

"Which no man does."

"O! I know *you*, at all events. I know what a taking, striking, bewitching little creature you are; above all, I knew how I love you! I am a plain blunt soldier, and like to know the worst that can happen to me. Do you love me?"

"Is that the worst that can happen to you?" she asked, demurely.

"Ikla, I generally get the best of it at blows, but I own you beat me at words. I shall simply return to the charge—do you love me?"

"I must have proof of your love before I answer that."

"What proof?"

"Would you grant any little whim of mine?"

"Certainly I would."

"Don't make any rash promises."

"I swear it!"

Ikla laughed gleefully, went into an adjoining room, and brought forward an antique costume, such as had been worn by the dames of fifty years ago.

"I have the greatest desire to see how you would look dressed as my grandmother," she cried.

The king was appalled.

"Death and the dev—" he began.

"O fie! no swearing in a lady's presence," she said, checking him. "But I am glad I have discovered what your love amounts to."

He expostulated with her, and ended, as common mortals do, in submitting to a woman's will. This love is a powerful master. She dressed him in the stiff petticoat, and heavy brocade dress, and tied the high starched cap tightly under his chin.

"Fangh!" he cried, in disgust, "this dress makes me smell like a musk-rat."

"You don't like perfumes, then?"

"No—yes—one, gunpowder! I'm like Charles the Twelfth, and there's no perfume for me but gunpowder!"

"O, I wish I were his wife!" exclaimed Ikla, fervently.

He regarded her in pleased surprise.

"What! are you in love with the king?"

"O dear, no! Only one might be inclined to sacrifice one's self for the good of one's country."

Charles smiled grimly.

"You are vastly condescending," he replied; "and pray what else would you do for the good of your country?"

"I would soften his character. I would tame this lion, and he should soon be as much beloved as he already is admired and feared."

"And how is this marvel to be accomplished?" inquired Charles, so much interested that he forgot the ridiculous figure he cut in the old woman's clothes.

"Sit down; and let me tell you. There now, you must fancy yourself Charles the Twelfth."

"Well, I do," he answered, with a significant smile.

"Consider me the queen," she continued, and drew up her chair beside him.

"Go on," he cried, rather pleased with the conceit.

"I should devote my life to obtaining and securing his entire confidence."

"We will suppose you have it."

"Then I should use it to make him submit, on all fitting occasions, to my sovereign

will. I would teach him the true value of his noblest prerogative."

"Which is—"

"Mercy!"

"Come, come, Charles the Twelfth is severe, I know, but he is just."

"Not always. Witness the case of Captain Reinold."

Charles started and glanced at her suspiciously.

"What do you know of that culprit?" he cried.

"His sentence is unjust," she answered, firmly, "and therefore a fit object for the interference of the queen." She arose, went to the table and took a paper from it. "Now, if I were queen, I would approach the king, as I do you, with this paper in my hand." She walked up to him with dignity. "I would say to him, Sire, your honor and your glory both require that you should put your name to this—sign."

He took the paper from her in surprise and looked at it.

"A pardon for Captain Reinold!" he exclaimed, and his brow darkened angrily. "Indeed! then, my dear little friend, if I were Charles the Twelfth, *this* would be my answer."

He tore up the paper. Nothing discomposed she immediately drew another paper from her pocket.

"Then," she said, and knelt at his feet pleadingly as she spoke, "King of Sweden, your eyes are blinded, not by justice, but by anger. When Captain Reinold was intrusted with that order, he found the battle of Pultowa irretrievably lost; if he had delivered it, he would only have caused a massacre of the Swedish prisoners by the remorseless Russians. For this reason *alone* he did *not* deliver it, and thus incurred your majesty's displeasure."

"I desire to know the reason of the extraordinary interest you take in this young man?" he asked, curiously, and she thought by his tone that he was jealous.

"You shall know, count," she answered, "when you have promised to obtain his pardon from the king."

"I will make no such promise," cried Charles, sternly.

A timid knocking at the door disturbed them. Ikla would have opened it, but Charles, aware of the ridiculous manner in which he was dressed, restrained her. Then the voice of the baron was heard, in very

tremulous accents, declaring that the royal council was assembled and awaited the presence of the count. Charles, in dismay, begged Ikla to remove the dress, for he found it impossible to do so, but she only laughed at his predicament.

"Wretched girl!" he exclaimed, angrily; "you force me to declare myself—I am the king!"

But she only laughed the louder.

"Sire," she answered, with a mocking courtesy, "I have known it from the first. Sign the pardon, therefore, or I will at once admit the council, and let them see how you look in my grandmother's clothes."

The king was obliged to acknowledge himself fairly vanquished. He signed the pardon and Ikla freed him from the obnoxious garments. Then she admitted her uncle, and informed the king that he was all the council there was assembled, and reassured the poor baron, who looked half frightened to death for the share he had taken in this little plot.

"Baron de Gortz," said Charles, "for certain reasons I have pardoned Captain

Reinold. Let this pardon be sent to him at once."

Ikla took the pardon.

"There is no occasion to send it, sire," she said, archly. "I can deliver it myself. Gustavus is concealed in this chateau."

"Gustavus again!" cried the king, sharply.

"Is this man your lover?"

"He is—and would have been my husband."

"Then you have deceived me every way."

"No, sire; you deceived yourself. Had I been ambitious, I might have sealed your ruin; as it is, I have saved Sweden from a queen who would not have been worthy of her, and restored to her a king who is."

He was determined she should not beat him every way.

"Ikla," he exclaimed, "I will restore Reinold to favor and make him a colonel; and as I still have my doubts about him, marry him. No doubt you will teach him to obey orders in future; and may he not find—"

"What?"

"That he has caught a Tartar!"

THE INDIA SHAWL.

BY M. T. CALDOR.

I HAD been entrusted with a lady's shopping errand, the execution of which led me through the fashionable promenade street of one of our Atlantic cities into quarters I rarely visit—one of the dry goods palaces, where glowing velvets, glistening silks or gossamer laces, displayed on every side, dazzle and intoxicate the eye, until once beneath the spell, I no longer marvelled that the dainty pearl porte-monnaies of our lady friends need such frequent and generous replenishing.

Feeling awkward and frightened amid the crowd of sweeping flounces and waving feathers, to say nothing of the bright eyes and curious glances of the fair purchasers about me, I sought out the senior partner of the firm, an old acquaintance of mine, and put into his hand the tiny bit of silk my careful Aunt Cynthia had so many times charged me to match, in just such a shade, and exactly that thickness, and precisely so many yards, begging him to extricate me from my dilemma.

He laughed a little at my woful face, but

not heartily, and I saw some very important conversation was going on amid the group of partners and clerks in the office, and begged him not to let me hinder him, if he was otherwise engaged.

"O, it is of no consequence, only a little talk we were having," he began, politely, and then suddenly pausing, he threw off the distant second-nature manner of the gentlemanly merchant, and slipped amusingly into his natural self. "I say, C., you are somewhat famous for your detective skill. I remember it now. Here's a case for you. We were keeping it private, but I should like to see what you can make of it."

He paused to call a clerk and despatch him with the shred of silk on my Aunt Cynthia's errand, and then drawing aside a couple of chairs, motioned me to take a seat. I did so, and he proceeded.

"We have been treated to quite a little scene this morning. About eleven o'clock a very handsome coach drove up to the entrance of the store, and the footman assisted

out a lady so elegantly dressed that half the clerks in the front of the store left their counters to get a peep at her. When she came in, she threw up a thread-lace veil, worth the price of an ordinary lady's whole costume, and revealed a face, D., the junior partner, declares lovely enough for an houri, and asked for our cashmere India shawls. Of course she was waited upon in the most polite manner—leave D. alone for that! When a lady's pretty, he is extremely obliging; but wealth and beauty united can command any amount of obsequiousness. She selected an \$800 camel's hair shawl, took out a splendidly-chased gold porte-monnaie filled up with rolls of bills, D. judged from his furtive glance, and tendered him a one thousand dollar note. D. received it with his prettiest bow, and came, according to our positive rule, to the office to ascertain if it was genuine. We were quite busy just then, and it was some time before its worth was decidedly established; but it was good, and D. carried back the two hundred dollars change. He found the lady angrily snapping the gold-clasped porte-monnaie, her splendid black eyes flashing as one might imagine of the daughters of Nox and Acheron.

"You have detained me unwarrantably," she said sharply to poor D. "Why have you kept me waiting?"

"I beg your pardon, madam, it took some time to examine the detective list and ascertain if the note was correct."

"You should have seen her eyes blaze then. D. said he dared not trust a second look, lest his own should be annihilated."

"Note correct?" gasped she. "How dare you insinuate so vile a slander! Do you think me a person capable of passing a spurious bill? Because my true position is unknown, am I to be thus insufferably treated? Hark you, sirrah—your shop suffers for this. Not a purchase, the value of a son, will I make again. Bring back my money and take your shawl. I'll have nothing to do with it!"

"Poor D. was in an agony of distress, believing her, at the very least, some great ladyship, whose violent anger and haughtiness arose from her ignorance of republican customs, and terrified at losing so grand and magnificent a customer, he apologized, and pleaded, and almost went down on his knees, but her ladyship was inflexible, and with a sigh, D. came back for the note, and haughtily the queenly woman swept out from the

store, D. still following and explaining. He was served rightly for his obsequiousness.

"I am extremely sorry—not for the world would I have injured your feelings, madam. I was only following a rule of the store," he pleaded, for the fortieth time.

"Suddenly she turned around, and said, more mildly, 'Perhaps I should make allowance for the customs of this strange country. At all events, I won't punish myself for your fault. The shawl is the only one I have found that pleased me. There, bring it out to me!' And she threw towards him the bank note, and sank back languidly upon the velvet cushions of the carriage."

"D. hurried in for the change and the shawl, determined she should have no fault to find with his nimbleness this time, and placing them on the carriage seat, closed the door, and bowed humbly, with a becoming sense of her great importance."

"'There,' said he, coming into the office with the note and laying it on the desk, 'I flatter myself not many men could have managed that affair so nicely. I appeased her anger, and she took the shawl, so we have secured an excellent customer.'"

"Samson had taken up the note. 'Zounds and Blitzen, D., it's a forgery!'"

"It was true. She had exchanged notes. The genuine one was still lying in her gold porte-monnaie, and D. had received a counterfeit. It was almost worth the money for the rest of us to see D.'s face. He is a little important and conceited about his business tact, but I don't think we shall hear much about it after this affair. He was so used up he had to go home, and I don't think we shall see him again to-day."

I laughed more heartily than he. "Cleverly done," said I, when the merchant had finished his narrative. "Depend upon it, her ladyship has served an apprenticeship at the trade, and come off mistress of the art."

"But can you help us? Do you think there is a chance for recovering the shawl or the thief?"

"Never try, never win. You should try and trace the coach. Can D. identify it?"

"That's the worst of it. Every one was so taken up with the beautiful face and the glittering porte-monnaie, that not a soul can tell anything about the coach."

"Well, if you obtain any clue, let me know it, and I'll see what can be discovered through it. Here comes my package. Good-morning!"

When I reached my office, I found my

cousin Richard Ellis, one of our most fashionable jewellers, waiting there.

"Hang me if you haven't been out shopping, you sly old bachelor!" said he, half-laughing half-scolding, in reply to my greeting, and glancing at the bundle in my hand. "I've been waiting here an abominable long while, staring at the cobwebs and yawning over the directories. I have a job for you, and must talk fast now to make up for lost time. We have met with quite a little loss, but the most aggravating is the way we were fooled out of it. Yesterday morning a richly dressed lady, of the most charming manners and extraordinary beauty, drove to the store, and descending from her coach, came in, inquiring for a set of diamonds. I went forward myself to attend her, and displayed our choicest sets, which she examined carefully, chatting in the meantime in a way that, without ostentation or pretence, convinced me she was a person of great wealth and importance. She alluded to one set, remarking that it looked like the work of an old employee of hers in Paris, and actually named the very man from whose shop I had imported them.

"I was not an exile then," she murmured, softly, apparently forgetful of my presence, a shade of grief stealing over her fine eyes.

"My respectful sympathy was at once aroused, and I even produced a choice set I had laid by for an especial customer, a splendid pattern in diamonds and sapphires. It struck her fancy immediately, and she purchased it for five hundred dollars, in pay for which she gave me a one thousand dollar note. (What are you laughing at?) I glanced at the bank note list, saw it was all right, and went to my safe for the five hundred dollars due her. Just then a footman came in and said something to her, which I did not hear. With a sweet smile of apology, she came toward me.

"I beg your pardon," said she, "I am summoned to an appointment, and it is possible I may need that money. Bring the jewels to the — House," naming the first hotel in the city, "and I will pay you then for them. Ask for Madame Cheval, at 8 o'clock this afternoon."

"Of course I was ready to accede to the proposition. I returned her the note, and escorted her to the coach door. At 8 o'clock, married man that I am, I was dolt enough to take the jewels myself to the hotel, instead of sending a clerk. I wanted another peep at

Madame Cheval's charming face. I was shown into a splendid private parlor of the hotel, and found there the lady, even more elegantly attired than before. She received the case with a smile, remarking carelessly, 'I might have paid you then, as I did not use the money,' and handed me the note.

"I returned her five hundred dollars, and remained a few moments talking about Parisian *bijouterie*, with which she seemed unusually familiar, and then made my adieu with the most profound respect and admiration. C., the witch, the mixer cheated me! Madame Cheval was a humbug, and this morning I found out my note was a miserable counterfeit! I hurried to the hotel, but nothing could they tell me, except that such a lady had hired a private parlor for three hours, paid for it with a bill since pronounced counterfeit, and left for parts unknown. Now, was there ever another such stupid fellow cheated in the way I have been?"

"Yes," answered I, laughing till my chair shook beneath me, "go and see poor D. I think you'll each enjoy a social confab to-night. Well done, Madame Cheval, I shall really enjoy hunting up such a talented artiste!"

The city flooded with counterfeits that week. The "beautiful richly dressed lady" had been in all directions, carrying away invariably the hearts of the shopmen and a roll of genuine bills for change. She had done a flourishing business during the three days we traced her about the city, but for all that, our investigations went no further. Not another sign or trace could we obtain, although half a dozen expert detectives were put upon the watch. So we were obliged to wait quietly, expecting to hear of startling frauds of the same nature from other cities, and thus once more be on the track; the bird had flown. But weeks came and went, and no light broke upon us, till at length we had given up all hopes of success.

June was fast speeding away to make way for ardent July, when I received a letter from my niece, Alice Shaw, urging me to join a choice party on a three weeks' visit to Newport. I will give the closing portion of the letter, just to save me the trouble of describing the sweet, gentle, and yet madcap daughter of my eldest sister:

"Now, Uncle Maurice, you know how much you need a change from that dusty gloomy office, and you know that you are constantly filling up that large pocket-book of

yours, with no white finger to take anything out to pay for 'aiks and gewgaws' (you see I know how you men are always talking!), and I assure you, we shall all be perfectly delighted to have you for a convenient beau (old bachelor uncles are exceedingly convenient at all seasons of the year!), so, of course, since I have laid my sovereign commands upon you, you will immediately enclose me a reply, thanking me for the opportunity, and accepting my offer at once. As for the party, it will consist of Bell Richardson and her brother Charlie, Nellie Barrett and that demure cousin Will, Jack, and Mary, and Lizzie Vose, and with them a Lady Waldegrave, just imported from Europe, with whom Mary became acquainted on board the British steamer. The most lovely creature, Mary writes me, that ever was seen, so perhaps you'll have a chance yourself at the novelty of falling in love. O, with the rest, I forgot to mention Gerald Wayne; also Miss Alice Shaw, and her dear, obliging old bachelor uncle, Maurice C—. Shan't we have a cosy party?"

The letter was written just in Allie's rattle-pate style. Forgot to mention Gerald Wayne! The witch! when she forgets Gerald's handsome face, or prettily sounding name, I shall forget the use of pen and ink. Haven't the family all considered them as betrothed these six months?

I was rather blue and worn out just then. A brief snatch back at youthful pleasures, amid a group of youthful buoyant hearts, would be delightful and invigorating. I decided at once to make one of the party. Accordingly, I was on board the Newport boat, punctually, when it swung off from the wharf at New York, and descended to the ladies' cabin to find Allie, according to agreement. Two gay blue eyes were dancng a shower of welcoming glances towards me, at the moment I swung open the door, and a pair of tiny hands, daintily enclosed in lavender-colored gloves, caught mine enthusiastically.

"O, you dearest of old bachelors, I knew you would come! Now you shall be petted and caressed till you forget all about those musty folios and intricate law cases. But not a word must you breathe about returning until I am ready. Remember, if you get unruly, I shall have the printed placard, 'For Sale,' fastened to your back, and bid you off, for some romantic philanthropic maiden lady to convert from heathenism!"

"I will try the petting first, if you please, Allie. Where are your friends?"

"Out on the promenade deck. Come and see them."

And in a moment more I was in the midst of a general introduction. They were all, with the exception of Gerald Wayne, strangers to me. Every face was smiling, and youthful, and happy. It was reviving for me, fresh from the cankerous, perplexing cares of life, to gaze at them, although some were neither graceful nor beautiful. Every face smiling? No; there was one—I started when I beheld it, and hardly returned the salutation collectedly, when the magic name was pronounced, and the regal head bowed carelessly in greeting me. Lady Waldegrave's face was turned towards the water, with a wistful touching sadness, that a thousand fold enhanced its loveliness. Alice was a sweet pretty girl, the darling of her home now, and sometime to be the angel of another; Bell Richardson, as her name declared, a coquettish belle; Mary and Lizzie Vose passable, commonplace girls, owing a great deal of their attractions to their stylish dress and sprightly manners, while Nellie Barrett was unmistakably, unpretendingly plain. From out these, this Lady Waldegrave shone like the evening-star amid the fainter orbs of night, a peerless magnificent woman. Descriptions are tedious, nevertheless I must give a few hints, that one may dimly picture this cynosure of all eyes on deck.

A tall slender figure swaying to and fro with willowy grace, clad in robes of exceeding richness, yet of the most subdued hue, a small head set rather haughtily upon gracefully sloping shoulders, thick wavy braids of jetty silkiness, parting away from a forehead smooth and fair, as if never a grief had rippled over the heart within, eyes large, lustrous, soft, tender and sad. Everything bewitching, melting, grieving, was expressed in those magnificent eyes. Never before or since have I seen orbs whose witching light could so enthral and dazzle. A small mouth of vivid crimson, sweet and childlike in repose, arch and playful when parted to disclose the pearly line within, and features artistically small and delicate. Such is a poor glimpse of Lady Waldegrave. No wonder scarcely a gentleman on the deck could turn his eyes from the enchanting picture. Yet she sat bending her gaze wistfully upon the sparkling water, as if entirely unconscious of the admiration she excited. I wondered

if my little Allie had no misgiving when she saw how Gerald Wayne lingered by the stranger's side, and congratulated myself that I was a dry, musty old bachelor, supposed to be without a heart to lose.

We remained on deck until late into the moonlight night, and then separated reluctantly. Before morning we were safely landed on the shore, and once in Newport, found lodgings already secured for our whole party, through Gerald's thoughtfulness. Then followed rare days, that almost reminded me of my youthful Utopian dreams of happiness. Pleasant strolls in the dewy morning, rare frolics in the tumbling surf, romantic drives in the still twilight dew upon the shell-strewn beach, and silent walks under the solemn starlight, with the eternal anthem of the sea sounding in our ears. I enjoyed it with a keen relish I had never thought to know again, and so I thought did all, until I detected an increasing pallor on Allie's cheek, and an occasional quiver of her unusually silent lip.

So I looked around me for the cause, and once aroused, I wondered at my previous blindness. It was tacitly admitted by all our party to be nothing unusual to see every stranger, the moment he received an introduction, offer to Lady Waldegrave's rare loveliness the homage of undisguised admiration; but Gerald Wayne was bestowing something more. Heart, life and soul were poured out in the passionate glances that followed her slightest movement; and now that my vigilance was awake, I fancied I could detect on her part an evident effort to please and attract him more than any other. I wondered a little at it. Gerald was a fine fellow, and in possession of a handsome property, but I had never thought his talents remarkable. Certainly he did not seem to me such a man as a woman of Lady Waldegrave's position and attractions would consent to marry, even if she condescended at all to accept an untitled American. Lady Waldegrave and Gerald entirely absorbed in a game of chess, where the graceful movements of the ivory white arms, clasped by their heavy bracelets of gold, and shaded by a mist of floating lace, were a study of beauty in themselves, and I turned to Mary Vose, who was sitting by me trifling with her crochet needle and a web of crimson silk, saying, in a subdued voice:

"Who is this Lady Waldegrave?"

"*Et tu, Brute!*" replied she, laughing light-

ly; "so you are going over likewise to the victorious side? Heigho! what's to become of the rest of us? I think I'll have a placard, to save me the trouble of answering so many times that one important question. Lady Waldegrave is an English woman, a widow, who came over to America to see the country, and search out a long absent friend. I think it must be Mr. Wayne—she gives him attention enough."

"She came in the steamer with you, Allie said, I believe?"

"Yes, from Halifax. She remained there over one steamer to search out any trace of the mysterious friend in those quarters. We became exceedingly interested in her, and invited her to go home with us, which she did, and will remain with us until her expected friends arrive from England, to join her on the tour through the States."

I had not been very attentive to Mary's remarks. I was watching poor Allie's strenuous efforts to answer Jack Vose coherently, and at the same time catch all the meaning smiles and significant gestures exchanged between the chess-players. I even saw the tear that was dashed so stealthily from the silken eyelash; and while I gazed, I was making a daring resolution.

Still more inquiringly my eyes turned to Lady Waldegrave. There was a look of ennui on her face; Gerald was not deep, not intellectual enough to chain her interest, after all. I gave furtive glances at the mirror reflecting the sofa, and Mary's bright busy figure and my dull quiet form. I might have looked worse than I did. A little more "fixing up" about my dress, considerable more effort to please and entertain, and who knows but I might rival Gerald? oust him from his position as favorite, and show him the folly of his infatuation, so that, knowing the diamond beyond his reach, he might gratefully accept the pearl lying at his feet? I had the advantage of a large experience with the world, and a keen insight into character. It was worth trying. So ran my thoughts. And I did try.

As soon as the unsocial game of chess was over, I took a portfolio of engravings, and quietly enconced myself in the chair by Lady Waldegrave's side, left vacant a moment by Gerald's leaving the room. I was amused to see his injured look, when he returned and found her listening, with evident interest, to the story I was relating belonging to the engraving she held in her

hand. I kept on quietly, although he stood behind me waiting for me to rise. Fortunately I chanced upon the right subject. I was telling her of my visit, a long time before, to a little Sicilian town, looking out upon the blue Mediterranean, and under the red eye of Vesuvius. I saw her eye kindle and her bosom heave, as I went on describing my admiration for its scenery. Then a tear gathered like a diamond drop on the black iris of her eye, and the beautiful face flushed with the glow of some long-repressed emotion.

"Again—tell it again!" she murmured, dreamily, as I paused; "of those pleasant walks by the sea of seas—my dear old Mediterranean!"

I looked up in surprise.

"Then you have visited the town yourself? It is a familiar scene I have been describing?"

She hesitated a moment, then in the soft melodious tones only a native can use, answered, lingering fondly over the words, as if they had long been silent and forgotten:

"*Chi tace confessa!*" And in a moment she added, sadly, "It is the town where I was born."

"Indeed! I was told you were English."

"True; one is English whose parents are born and reside in England, but my heart has its country with my old Italian birth-place."

From that time I had a claim on her notice when I chose, and Gerald grew morose and threatening towards me, and little Allie occasionally laid her soft cheek against mine, in the old childish way, expressing thereby a mute but most eloquent vote of thanks.

However, the scales were evenly balanced. If I could command her interest and attention, and hold her spellbound by the efforts of my intellect and superior tact, Gerald's handsome face and youthful enthusiasm obtained smiles far more captivating, since they were freely bestowed, and not won away from her by a superior will. Moreover, Gerald was thoroughly in earnest, and as for myself, I think she detected my lack of sincerity. She had a wonderful genius, and a quick keen intellect, and must have divined, intuitively, how little heart was in my efforts to please her. Nevertheless, to tell the truth, it was getting rather dangerous for me. I grew more and more fascinated with her beauty, and interested in a character, at one time so open and ingenuous, and at another so complex, and shrouded, and full of mystery.

Sometimes I would grow startled, and believe I had come to love her madly, and then I would shrink away from her, with a shiver of horror and aversion, unaccountable even to myself. One day, as our party were setting out for the beach, we discovered a tall stout man, with shaggy black whiskers and a fierce mustache, loitering about our boarding-house.

"There's that Whiskerando," said Bell, lightly laughing. "Which of us has he fallen in love with, that he haunts our path so frequently?"

The question was not debatable in my mind, for I saw his bold black eyes fixed steadily on Lady Waldegrave, and was confident that a telegraphic signal, or dumb language of the fingers, accompanied the gaze. At all events, she grew deadly pale, and pleading a headache, excused herself from the party and returned to her room.

Two hours after, as accident would have it, whom should I meet on a sequestered by-road, where I was riding on horseback, but this same Whiskerando, as Bell aptly christened him, riding in a chaise, with a closely-veiled lady by his side, and on the fair hand resting upon the side of the chaise glittered a diamond and ruby ring I had noticed a hundred times on Lady Waldegrave's slender fingers. "Perhaps she has found her friend," said I, and gave no more thought to it. Yet that evening she was unusually sad and depressed. One other circumstance made that evening remarkable. We were sitting upon the rocks in the moonlight, at full tide, with the rolling waves at our very feet.

"Take care, Allie," said I, as my niece bent forward toying with the waves, and allowing the briny waters to gurggle through her fingers, "take care—who knows but the Sea King may reach up and clasp your hand, and bear you away before our eyes?"

A soft sigh was my answer, and the words, "It were no great matter. My hand is not worth much."

"Not worth much!" said I, drawing her to my side and spreading out on my palm the rosy dripping fingers. "I wish all the hands in this wave-washed town to-night were as clean and pure as my little Allie's, stained by no deed of guilt or shame."

"Here's another like it," said Gerald, touching reverentially the soft hand lying on the rock, blazing, even in the moonlight, with the gems that circled it.

Lady Waldegrave raised the hand he touch-

ed and looked at it askance, as one might do with a treacherous, dangerous serpent, and then I saw it clasp its fellow with a woful despairing gesture that alarmed me.

Quiet Nellie Barrett was the next to speak, with a solemn thrilling cadence in her pure soprano voice. "Yes, on such a night as this, with the enduring sky, and the mighty eternal sea before us, it is well to remember stainless hands and unburdened hearts. How terribly such a scene must jar upon a guilty conscience! The very waves would shriek aloud the hidden crime, and the stars point down like accusing fingers from above."

The quiet homely face of the speaker had caught the highest beauty, the gleam from within, and we all gazed in respectful sympathy. Was I the only one that saw Lady Waldegrave's eyes turn with a terrified glare upon the heaving sea and the sparkling sky?

"How sombre you are all becoming!" she said. "Pray, Mr. Wayne, let us take a stroll to shake off the shadows."

I do not think the shadows were shaken off, for in the middle of the night I heard Lady Waldegrave's maid at the landlady's door, adjoining mine, asking for an opiate, as her ladyship could not sleep.

The last week of our stay arrived, the chief event of which was a great ball at the — House, for which extensive preparations had been made. Of course our party were all to be present at the distinguished assembly. Just as we left the tea-table that evening, I saw Gerald Wayne present an elegant bouquet of white camellia buds to Lady Waldegrave, and caught her low reply, "You shall have my answer to-night."

My pride was considerably piqued at this. For Allie's sake and Gerald's own future peace of mind, I had hoped to prevent any declaration on his part. There could be little doubt as to the nature of the question, and now I was not so sure of the kind of answer it would receive. So I had thrown myself before the cannon's mouth to little purpose. My own sensations were difficult to analyze. I felt angry, aggrieved, scornful and reckless, all at once, despising myself, and singularly enough, feeling a lofty contempt for their foolishness.

But all feelings were merged in an exultant sort of pride, when our party entered the fairylike ballroom, and I caught the low murmur of admiration that greeted the appearance of the ladies. Alice and Bell, in their gossamer robes of tulle and lace, were

charming, and the personal appearance of all the others advanced several degrees nearer perfection by the becoming toilet and brilliant lights. But Lady Waldegrave—what pen shall describe her, as a spontaneous burst of delight greeted her appearance?

The queenly form was robed in glistening amber satin, softened by flounces of aerial lace, and looped up by what seemed flakes of sparkling light, so vivid were the rays of diamonds and sapphires glittering here and there, around the snowy arms and swan-like throat, and collecting in a tangled spray, like the flash of a summer fountain, amid the masses of ebony hair. She complained of chilliness, and Gerald flew to the drawing-room for her shawl. I heard a whispered comment behind me, as the superb folds of the India shawl were laid gently around the ivory shoulders.

"A real camel's hair. It must have cost seven or eight hundred dollars; and those jewels are genuine diamonds and sapphires. I should think she ought to be a ladyship indeed!" So said a gossip behind me to her neighbor.

The words were like the stroke of a magician's wand, only, instead of creating splendid visions, it dashed aside a living, breathing embodiment of grace and beauty, and left—a whited wall—a foul, revolting, loathsome sin.

"Camel's hair shawl! Diamond and sapphire jewelry! Ladyship! Aha, Gerald Wayne and Lady Waldegrave, enjoy the dance while yet you may!"

And yet the discovery shocked and pained me. I gazed upon the radiant vision. I had almost loved that woman. Heavens, what a superb actress she was! I did not wish it to be my hand that should dash her down to infamy and disgrace. Such a face—such an angel's aspect! I gasped; and so scheming, and traitorous, and wicked within! Now I could comprehend the nameless antipathy that had chilled my warmest admiration. A hand on my shoulder startled me. I turned round to confront Richard Ellis's excited face. I knew what was coming before he spoke.

"How are you, C.! I didn't know you were down here. Came with my wife yesterday. But look here, here's a pretty go! Do you see that lovely creature in the amber satin, over yonder?"

"Yes," I groaned.

"Well, do you see my diamond and sapphire jewelry? It is the very identical beauty who cheated so many of us at home. That

bracelet I had already marked, and if the initials G. L. W. are underneath a thin scroll of gold I fastened over them to hide them from any purchaser, then there is evidence enough to send that splendid creature to prison for the best of her days. What shall I do? get an officer at once?"

I was too unhappy and perplexed myself to know what was best; but glancing again at the brilliant couple, I saw poor Allie's drooping figure beyond them, the soft blue eyes following wistfully Gerald's animated face, and the sight braced and strengthened me. Very quietly we found a proper officer, and stationed him within call, and then waited till the evening's festivities should close. Once I saw Lady Waldegrave waltzing with that tall dark stranger, and from her pallid cheek and his scowling brow, I judged that the relation between them was scarcely pleasant or agreeable. The moment he released her she passed to the dining-room, and fearing to lose sight of her, I followed.

"You have found an acquaintance," said I, nodding towards her late partner. "Is it the friend you were in search of?"

She bent over the bouquet of camellia buds, and answered in a voice so hoarse with pain that I did not recognize it:

"Friend! friend! rather the *fend*, who is killing me, body and soul!" And then, laughing hysterically, she added, "What have I said? I am half crazed with excitement, and wretchedly faint. Find me a glass of wine."

I brought it, and she drank eagerly to the last drop. The color came back to her lips and cheeks, and smiling and gay again she returned to the dancers. Later, when wrapped in the fatal cashmere she emerged from the dressing-room to take the carriage home, I stepped between her and Gerald's proffered arm, so pale myself that she started and faltered, "What has happened?"

I drew her arm in mine, notwithstanding Gerald's angry frown, and begging the rest of the party to proceed quietly to the carriages, said a gentleman was waiting to see Lady Waldegrave, and that I would attend her to his presence. Supposing it, at once, to be the mysterious friend she was seeking, they made no troublesome inquiries, and departed peaceably.

I led her at once to the private room where Mr. Ellis and the officers were waiting. She glanced from them back to me, and her clasp on my arm made me writhe

with pain. Twice her shivering lips motioned for the words, without any audible sound, then she gasped, rather than spoke, "What does this mean?"

I touched the shawl and the glittering jewels significantly. No words were needed. White, rigid and despairing, she sank into the nearest chair. For ten minutes there was utter silence; then she asked, "What will you do with me?"

"She must remain here to-night," interrupted Ellis, "but to-morrow we shall take her to New York."

"But the punishment—the penalty?" said she, turning those wild eyes appealingly to me.

"I cannot tell. If everything is confessed and restored, it may be light."

She caught at the hope eagerly.

"Will you help me? There is a great deal I can tell—of an organized plan pursued in Vienna, Paris and London, and to be detected here in America! He said I was too bold."

I thought I heard a rattling at the door, and unlocking it, I looked out into the corridor. It was only the black whiskered man pacing to and fro, with his cigar. I returned to the waiting group, made a few arrangements with Ellis for her personal comfort, and approaching the trembling, frightened woman, said, simply, "Good-night!" She stared wildly, caught my hand in hers, and looking up into my face, said, piteously:

"Why do you shrink so from my touch? Think charitably of me, if you can. I have been controlled by an iron hand, educated to this life from my very childhood. But lately my soul has been aroused, and my heart revolted from the wicked task. I might have been safe now. I was warned a week ago to leave Newport, but my mad love for you kept me here. I tried to win you by exciting your jealousy. This very night Gerald Wayne laid his hand and fortune at my feet, and I refused them, for your sake. It is hard to be scorned and loathed by you—ay, even brought to shameful discovery through your means. Too late for hope now! The die is cast—and how have I loved you all the while?"

I felt my rectitude and manliness giving way beneath the appalling gaze of those lustrous and soul-stirring eyes, and tearing my hand away from her frantic grasp, hurried home, without daring to trust myself to another look. Restless and miserable, with a

sad consciousness of something terrible brooding over me, I tossed to and fro upon my bed, for what was left of the far-spent night. At length, just after the sun rose, I fell into an uneasy sleep, from which I was aroused by a hand on my forehead. Springing up, I met Richard Ellis's glance of horror.

"She is dead—she has poisoned herself!" he said.

"Just Heaven!" I cried. And in a moment more we were hurrying back to the hotel.

It was too true. No words can paint my feelings, as I entered the room where lay the stiff, rigid, distorted form of her who had glided among the dancers but yester night, the admired and envied, the observed of all observers.

"Who has seen her since I left?" demanded I.

"No one except a stout black whiskered man, who came to the door, saying she was a relation of his, and he would like to speak with her a moment," answered Ellis. "He didn't seem to be at all aware that she was a prisoner, and I thought there was no harm in it. We were in the room, and he only stayed a moment or two. I didn't hear what they said, they talked so low. We left a little while after."

I went immediately in search of him, but he was not to be found. He had left in the

night. I believed then, and I shall always believe, that Lady Waldegrave, or rather Beatrice Romani, for that was her true name, was poisoned by that man mixing a powder with the wine in the glass standing on the table, knowing, doubtless, her habit of depending upon such stimulants. I was confident she had the power of exposing his criminality, since some one must have prepared the counterfeit notes which she had so often and successfully passed; and probably her death was the only way to silence the accusations, and save his proceedings from exposure. Still nothing certain was ever ascertained. A sinful mystery had accompanied her life, a wicked mystery shrouded her death.

Gerald Wayne was the only one of our company to whom I confided the circumstances accident had revealed to me. The others were too much overcome with consternation and horror, at the news of her sudden death, to trouble me with inquiries.

Six weeks ago my little Alice became the wife of Gerald Wayne, a wiser and better man for that perilous passionate experience, I trust. And as for me—why, I am here in my office, a lonely, forlorn old bachelor still, who goes regularly the first Sunday of every month to hang a wreath of evergreen upon a broad black slab, in that quiet churchyard, the only one that bears the single name—"Beatrice."

A DREAM.

BY BRITOMARTE.

Only a dream of the slumber world,

Only a wave on the night's dark stream;
But if every dream were half so sweet,
I would that life were all a dream!

I heard, in my dream, his tender voice,

As he softly whispered my humble name;
And he spoke, in my dream, sweet words to
me, [frame.

That, waking, his proud lips ne'er will

O, tender and soft was the clasp of his hand,
And 'twas love, dear love, in his eye that
shone;

And I felt his kiss on my burning brow,

And I heard him call me "his own, his
own!"

He pillowed my head on his manly breast,

And clasped my form with his strong right
arm,

And, folded close to that noble heart,

I felt I was safe from hurt or harm.

I woke from the dream, the beautiful dream—

I woke, to think, with a weary sigh,
Of a waking dream that was just as fair,
And its hopes were just as fast to fly.



THE VERY ECCENTRIC MR. McFLATHER.

BY N. P. DARLING.

It is now nearly five months since I first went to board with the Widow Blozzom, No. 210 Blank street. Doctor Jagers had one front room up the first flight, and I took the other, with a small bedroom leading out of it, and I furnished them myself, and the doctor did the same. We were the widow's only boarders—she had never kept but two—and we paid a good round sum, and lived well and quietly, too, and that was what we wanted. Besides, there was something about the widow, or her arrangements, that made one forget he was in a boarding-house, made one feel perfectly at home, and at liberty to enjoy himself in his own way. And there was no fashionable young lady boarder, practising on the piano in the parlor, while the sentimental tailor played on a cracked clarionet in the attic. No, there was not even an amorous cat about the premises to sing madrigals to his lady love at night's bewitching noon, and, better than all, the widow showed no disposition to fall in love with her boarders, which was the more singular from the fact that she had already been married twice, and was even now a young and charming woman, eminently qualified to make home happy, and a husband blessed.

"There is one thing that you must beware of," said the widow, as she showed me to my room on the day of my arrival at her house.

"And what is that, pray?"

"Of falling in love with the young lady opposite. I've never had a boarder yet that did not lose his heart to her. Even Doctor Jagers has—"

"Now, Mrs. Blozzom, be careful," said the doctor, as he followed us into the room, "and don't make the case worse than it is."

"But you said that you admired her," said the widow, with a roguish smile.

"Yes, and how could I help admiring her face, it's so very handsome? But I might not admire the woman, if I had the good fortune to be acquainted with her. See, there she is, Mr. Jojinx. Judge for yourself if she is not beautiful."

I looked across the street, and there at one of the front windows of the house directly opposite, sat a most beautiful woman. Hers was really a charming face. I should think that it was just about as

"Lovely as the sun's first ray,
When it breaks the clouds of an April day."

She was a *blonde*—that is, to all appearance. Young ladies have become so addicted to bleaching, pearl-powdering, etc., that I don't generally feel inclined to stake much, if anything, on their complexions; but I think that this lady was naturally a *blonde*; and she seemed to be of medium size, and was dressed richly and in good taste.

"Well?" queried the doctor.

"'Tis a very beautiful picture," I replied.

"Yes, just such a picture as I like to look at."

"Well, and who is the young lady?" I asked.

"O, bless you," cried Mrs. Blozzom, "that's what we don't know. That is what makes her more charming still. We suppose that she is Mr. McFlather's daughter, but she may be his wife."

"And who is Mr. McFlather?"

"The gentleman who owns the house."

"He's rather eccentric, I fancy," said the doctor, "though I don't really know anything about him. No one in this vicinity claims to be acquainted with him, or his family, which seems to be quite large, although none of them, except Mr. McFlather and the young lady whom we take to be his daughter, are ever seen outside the house. He is probably a man of property, as he certainly isn't engaged in any kind of business, and he isn't a man to live on air. There is a hint of roast beef and plum pudding about his person, and his jolly red nose reflects the color of generous wines, I fancy."

"But their servants—"

"They only have one, an old woman, who knows better than to tell tales out of school, even if there was anything to tell, of which we are not sure, although I should like to know whether the young lady is Mr. McFlather's wife or daughter."

"Snodgrass tried to find that out, I believe," the doctor observed, with a smile.

"O yes," returned the widow. "Poor Mr. Snodgrass, he was dreadfully in love with the young lady. He occupied this room of yours, Mr. Jojinx, and he tried in all manner of ways to make Mr. McFlather's acquaintance. I told him that he'd better find out whether

the lady was married or not, before he wasted any more affection upon her. Mr. Snodgrass snatched his hat when I said this, and ran out into the street—it was in the evening, and the gas had just been lighted in the parlor over the way, and the lady was sitting just where she is now—and the first person that he encountered was the old woman, their maid of all work. Mr. Snodgrass slipped some money into her hand, and then asked her if the beautiful lady at the window was Mr. McFlather's wife. 'Wife!' cried the old woman, 'wife! why, that's his grandmother!' And then she laughed in the young man's face, and ran into the house."

"The old lady is probably insane, or foolish," said the doctor.

"Well, then I won't trouble her; and as to the young lady, why, I hope she won't compel me to love her; and meantime, I can sit and admire her beautiful face as much as I choose, just the same as the doctor does."

"Only be sure and keep heart whole, just as I do," said he, turning to leave the room.

"We don't know positively that you have kept so," remarked Mrs. Blozzom, following him out of the door, and closing it behind her.

Well, whether he had or not, for the first two weeks afterwards I never heard him mention the name of McFlather, and if he was really smitten with the young lady's charms, as the widow would have made me believe, he kept it to himself, and "let concealment like a worm" the bud, prey on his damask cheek."

Meantime I saw nothing of Mr. McFlather. To be sure, I was generally at my place of business during the day (I'm with Muggs & Bluggs, commission merchants), and did not return until evening. Consequently there was little chance of my meeting him.

I confess that I was somewhat interested in the young lady. The mystery that surrounded her would have made her interesting, even if she had not been handsome. But I always was interested in pretty women, and this one was more than pretty.

And so it was quite natural that in returning from the office one evening (it was rather late, and the McFlathers' parlor was illuminated), that I should cross the street from Mrs. Blozzom's for the purpose of getting a nearer view of the woman who nearly drove poor Snodgrass crazy, though probably quite unconscious herself of the ruin she was working in a fellow creature's breast.

As there was no one on the street but myself, and I knew that I could be seen from within, I advanced boldly across the street and stopped directly in front of the window. I could see that there were several persons in the room. One, an old gentleman, with a long white beard sat near the young lady, and seemed to be looking at her, though he was not talking, for I noticed that his lips did not move. Beyond him was an old lady, and her eyes were fixed upon the old gentleman, but still she did not speak. Seated at the table in the centre of the room, was a young man, apparently about thirty years of age, engaged in reading from a large volume which lay on the table before him, but he must have been reading to himself for his lips did not move. On the opposite side of the table from the young man, sat another woman, probably about forty-five years of age, whom I took to be the mother of the young lady at the window, as I thought I could detect a family resemblance between them. She was reading also, but evidently to herself.

Having thus taken a survey of every person in the room, I once more turned my attention to the young lady at the window. I gazed enraptured upon that beautiful countenance. There was something inexpressibly sweet about it. Its expression was angelic, and as I gazed I ceased to wonder at the infatuation of poor Snodgrass. It reminded me of the faces I have seen in my dreams (after partaking of a hearty supper!)

"A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,
Like to a lighted alabaster vase,"

as Byron says, in describing one of his heroines. (I quote from memory. I never owned but one copy of the poet's works, and that has been *stowed away*.) I could feast my eyes on that beautiful countenance forever, it seemed to me. I was entranced. I forgot where I was—everything, but—

"That's my grandmother."

The charm was dissolved. I turned suddenly, and found a spherically formed gentleman, with a nose as red as Bardolph's, standing beside me. I felt a strong inclination to run. It isn't pleasant to be caught playing Peeping Tom, but when you are fairly caught, the best way is to put on a bold face, and march off, with colors flying. Besides, it was none of this globular gentleman's business what I had been doing, or at least I thought so, and therefore I touched my hat and said:

"What did you observe, my dear sir?"

"I said that that was my grandmother."

"O ho! Then you are—" (I never felt so weak in the joints of my lower limbs in all my life) "you are Mr. McFlather?"

"I am. And you are—"

"My name is Jojinx, Wellington Jojinx, at your service," taking off my hat and bowing low.

"It is, eh? Well, Mr. Jojinx, allow me to inform you that it is infernally impolite to stand gaping into a gentleman's parlor window." And without another word, he waddled up the steps, and went into the house, leaving me completely overwhelmed with confusion. As soon as I could recover the use of my limbs I dashed across the street, and throwing open Mrs. Blozzom's door, I rushed up stairs to my room, where I flung myself into a chair, and tried to collect my faculties sufficiently to remember what had passed.

"His grandmother! Why he must be insane, as well as the old woman that lives with him; and I shouldn't wonder if the lady whom he persists in his grandmother, was insane also," I remarked, confidentially, to Jojinx.

I was forcibly reminded of those beautiful but touching lines from Mother Goose, commencing:

"There was a mad man, and he had a mad wife," etc.

I don't remember them all, but I recollect that the whole family were infected, and even the horse was as mad as his master.

What if all those people whom I had seen in Mr. McFlather's parlor were a set of wild lunatics, who with "method in their madness" had banded themselves together for mutual protection? The thought itself was maddening; but upon rising and going to the window, one glance at that sweet face was sufficient to assure me that whatever Mr. McFlather and the antique lady of the kitchen were, she, at least, was "all my fancy painted her," as the unfortunate young gentleman whose heart was fractured, remarked when speaking of the beautiful Miss Alice Gray.

While I sat by my window, looking across the street, I saw Mr. McFlather enter the parlor opposite. He crossed the room to where the young lady sat, and bending down, appeared to be talking with her. Then he approached the window, and closed the

shutters. Well, he might have done that before and saved me the heartache; but perhaps he wasn't aware what a dangerous beauty his *grandmother* was.

For several days after the inside shutters at Mr. McFlather's parlor windows remained closed. Doctor Jagers remarked it, and spoke of it one morning while we were at breakfast.

"Perhaps the family are out of town," observed Mrs. Blozzom.

"No, I saw Mr. McFlather last night, and the beautiful young lady was with him," said the doctor.

I didn't tell them of my encountering the McFlather. I wasn't proud of having made that gentleman's acquaintance in the manner that I had, and so I kept it to myself.

"For a wonder," said the widow, "Mr. Jojinx seems to take but little interest in this rather mysterious family."

"I don't know that," returned the doctor. "Mr. Jojinx is a very quiet young man, but I fear that his heart is soft, and I shall not be surprised if he breaks out like poor Snodgrass before long."

"There's many a true word spoken in jest, doctor," I returned, laughing; "but when I really fall in love, it won't be with a woman whom I have only seen through plate glass. But I leave town to-day, to spend a fortnight in the country, among the rustic beauties of the town of Bonham."

"Well, if I make Mr. McFlather's acquaintance while you are away, I shall be happy to introduce you, upon your return," said the doctor.

And so we parted. The doctor went down to his office, and I went to the railroad station, intending to take the first train out to Bonham.

I walked into the depot, stepped up to the office, bought my ticket, turned around and confronted Mr. McFlather.

"Eh, Mr. Jojinx?"

"Ah, good-morning, sir," said I; "going out of town?"

"No sir," he replied, and then turning to the ticket agent, I heard him say, "one for Bonham."

I slipped aside, not feeling at all at my ease in Mr. McFlather's company, remembering how he had caught me only a few evenings before. But what should he tell me that he was not going out of town for, and at the same time ask for a ticket for Bonham? "It must be for some member of his family—

perhaps his daughter, wife or grandmother, whoever that young lady is. I'll go into the car and wait," thought I. "If it is the young lady, perhaps I may have an opportunity to make her acquaintance."

It was as I had hoped. Every seat in the car, except one, was taken, and I hastened to secure it.

Presently I saw Mr. McFlather come out of the ladies' room, and O, roses of Eden! she was hanging on his arm. He came as far as the gate with her, then stopped, and kissing her, bade her good-by, and she came into the car alone.

This was my opportunity, but I let her satisfy herself first, that there was no seat unoccupied, and then I arose and offered her the vacant place beside me.

She accepted it with thanks, and a smile that would have melted butter. She only had three large bundles and one handbox with her, and while we were disposing of these, I aired two or three of my best jokes, and then we bumped our heads together, and her "switch" got mixed up with my mustache while we were stowing the handbox under the seat. Well, she laughed at my jokes, and anointed my forehead with cologne water, a small bottle of which she carried in her reticule, and arranged her switch, and gave me a little comb to straighten out my mustache, and by this time we were excellent friends, and she said that she felt just as though she had known me a year.

"But for all that," said I, "you don't know me so well as I do you, Miss McFlather."

"Why, how did you know my name?"

"O, I've seen you several times. You are going out to Bonham now, and I am too."

"O, you live there then, and you've seen me at my aunt's?"

"No. I have seen you at your own home, in the city."

"But I don't think I ever saw you Mr.—"

"Jojinx."

"I'm but very little acquainted in the city, Mr. Jojinx. You are acquainted with my father, perhaps."

"I have met him," I replied.

"You know, then, he is rather peculiar."

"Yes."

"He's very eccentric indeed."

"I should think so. I was passing your house one evening, and I saw you sitting at the window, and just then your father stepped up behind me, and said he, 'That is my grandmother!'"

"And was it me?" she asked, smiling.

"Why, of course it was."

"O, he's a funny man; but you'll think I'm a strange young lady to be telling you all about my father before I've known you half an hour, and so I'm going to ask you who you are going to see in Bonham."

"I'm going out to Uncle Ben's, and I'm going to stay a fortnight, and during that time I shall try to see you every day."

"I thank you very much for your information, Mr. Jojinx, but perhaps it would be worth more to me if I knew who your Uncle Ben was. Probably he is known by some other name in Bonham, or is he uncle to everybody in town?" said she, with a roguish smile.

"O, I beg your pardon," I returned. "The Uncle Ben that I refer to, is known in Bonham as Mr. Benjamin Banger, and he has a daughter about your own age."

"Nellie Banger. O, I'm well acquainted with her; and you are her cousin?"

"Yes."

"Well, then I think I shall like you pretty well, Mr. Jojinx."

"And you'll allow me to call and see you, when you get to Bonham?"

"Yes, if you bring Nellie with you."

"Not otherwise?"

"No, for Aunt Craddle has a horror of young men from the city."

And so I promised to bring Nellie with me; and during the rest of the ride to Bonham, I endeavored to make myself as agreeable as possible, and the time passed away so swiftly, that when we arrived at our journey's end, we both remarked that we had never travelled half so fast before.

I should like to linger with you over the memory of those two weeks which I spent in Bonham. I don't think I was ever happier for fourteen days in succession. There was something about the society of Miss McFlather, or Almira, as I soon learned to call her, that was very exhilarating to me. Was it love? I rather think it was.

The last day of my stay was the happiest of all, because on that day, in answer to a question that I had been revolving in my mind for two weeks, Almira answered "yes."

Yes, she loved me, but when I asked her if she would be my own, she referred me to papa.

"O, he never'll give his consent, my dear," said I.

"But I'll make him. He's rather queer,

and I know he would rather not have me marry, but I can coax him. I shall stay here a week or two longer, but I'll write to you every day, Wellington, and you must be sure and write to me as often, because if you don't, I shall certainly be jealous of the widow Blozzom, and perhaps I'll marry Doctor Jagers to spite you."

"But I don't think your father likes me, Almira."

"O, but he will when I tell him how much I love you," and she gave me a kiss directly under my mustache; "but you had better not say anything to him about this until I come. He'll be furious enough any way."

And this is the way I became Almira McFlather's accepted lover. I haven't entered into particulars. I haven't told you of the strolls by moonlight, the rides by daylight, and our courting in Aunt Craddle's parlor by very dim lamplight. I haven't told you these things, because I thought it just as well to leave them to your imagination, which I know is lively. You can picture it all to your mind's eye, if you will only please to remember that I do my courting just like other people, except that I condense it more, as I have proved by the fact that I performed all my wooing in two weeks, which, although not "the best time on record," is very fair, considering my "training."

I returned to the city, and for two weeks I was in constant communication with my Almira. In the last letter that she wrote me, she said that she should be at home in a day or two, but I must not call upon her until she let me know that she was ready to receive me.

"Father is such a funny man," she wrote, "that he never allows any one to enter the house except his own family; and you can't expect to be admitted, until I have coaxed him to give his consent to our union."

"Well," thought I, "if that is what she calls being a funny man, I should prefer a more serious gentleman for a father-in-law."

One, two, three days I waited for a word from my beloved, but none came, and whether she had returned to the city or not, I had no means of knowing.

The fourth morning dawned. I felt too miserable to go down to the office, and I determined to remain in my room, and wait for an opportunity to speak with the old woman, who might be able to give me some information concerning my love.

Hour after hour passed away, and I was

still at my post, watching the house. At last, just as the clock struck eleven, some one opened the shutters in Mr. McFlather's parlor, and behold, sitting there by the window where I had first seen her, was the idol of my heart.

"That is the signal," I cried. "But hold! Mr. McFlather is just coming out of the house. I will wait until he is gone."

I waited until he was out of sight, and then taking my hat I rushed down stairs, and was going out of the front door when I encountered Mrs. Blozzom in the hall.

"Why, I thought you were sick this morning, Mr. Jojinx?" said she.

"O, I'm better now—quite recovered, in fact," and I threw open the door and walked out, to find Doctor Jagers just coming up the steps.

"Bless me!" cried the doctor, "I was just coming up to give you some powders."

"I'm quite well, I thank you—quite well," and I ran across the street.

"Why, he's worse than Snodgrass," I heard the doctor say, as I opened Mr. McFlather's door and went in. "He's going to storm the castle!"

It was only a step from the hall door into the parlor. There was no one to hinder my progress, not even the mad old woman. I opened the parlor door and sprang to Almira's side. I threw my arms around her, and pressed my burning lips to her marble brow.

"O Almira, my darling, my darling!—Bless me, *how cold your nose is!*" And I started back in alarm.

"Ha, ha, ha! Hanged if that Jojinx isn't making love to my grandmother, Almira."

"O Wellington, Wellington!" and the real Almira rushed into my arms.

"Blucher, I should think," growled McFlather, coming forward. "I say, Mr. Jojinx, I'd like to have you explain yourself. If you think you're going to make love to all my female relations—"

"O, but father, I *do* love him so," cried Almira, turning from me to throw her arms around her father's neck.

"But dang it, he's been making love to my grandmother, my dear."

"But he didn't know who it was, and you know we look very much alike." And then she went on to tell him what a very nice young man I was, and how very much she loved me, and how that she never could be happy without me, until at last the old gentleman became resigned.

"Well, well," said he, "what are you going to do with this nice young man?"

"I want to marry him," she answered, with a tear in one eye and a smile in the other.

"Well, then I suppose I shall have to let you, my dear;" and he gave her a kiss.

"And now Mr. McFlather, if you will be kind enough to explain to me why you call this statue your grandmother, it will gratify me very much," said I, after we had shaken hands.

"Why, as you are coming into the family, I've no objections to letting you into the secret. You may have read in some of the papers, lately, that a certain person—I think his name isn't given—living in Grenoble, in France, has invented a liquid, the peculiar properties of which are to turn any substance that is placed in it into stone, after a certain time."

"Yes, I remember reading that."

"Well, you will be surprised when I inform you that my great-grandfather invented a liquid similar to this, although vastly superior, nearly one hundred and fifty years ago, and it has been used in our family ever since!"

"Good heavens! and you intend to petrify

me, if I marry into your family, I suppose?" said I.

"Unless you outlive me. In that case you will petrify me," replied Mr. McFlather. "You will notice that this is really a superior article, Mr. Jojinx, when compared with the Frenchman's. You see that the face retains its natural color and the eye its expression. If you wish to be *handed down* to posterity, this is really a fine opening for a young man."

I shuddered, but just then Almira laid her hand on my arm. I clasped her to my breast.

"Petrify me thus!" I cried.

"No, we'll have a wedding first," said Almira.

And we did; and Mrs. Blozzom was there, and so was Doctor Jagers, besides all the relatives of both families; and we had a very pleasant time, which was enjoyed by all, not even excepting the eccentric Mr. McFlather, who was so much pleased with the charming Mrs. Blozzom, that I am afraid he will offer her his heart and hand before I can finish this story, if I do not draw it to a close immediately. And so, kind reader, adieu.

WHO BURNT THE VULCAN!

OLD CAPTAIN HATHAWAY'S STORY.

BY W. H. MACY.

WHEN lying in the port of Callao, Peru, being then in charge of the Vulcan, my first command, I had occasion to ship two or three men to fill vacancies in my crew. Among them was an Italian, a tall, stalwart young fellow, with swarthy countenance and heavy black hair which he wore long, on his shoulders. His features were rather handsome, but the expression not pleasing, as he had a restless, roving eye, and a way of parting his lips and showing his teeth when he smiled, which I never liked. But he spoke English fluently, and was evidently a man of intelligence, and a prime seaman, as indicated in those little signs by which one sailor knows another, and which go to make up what is meant by the expressive phrase, "the cut of his jib." I had little hesitation about shipping him; and, having filled our quota, we sailed in high spirits, for a cruise off the Galapagos Islands.

Our usual success followed us; we found sperm whales plenty, and within two months after leaving Callao we had taken five hundred barrels of oil, which made us up to two thousand; I had found occasion to observe, during this time, that Leonardo, the Italian, was a man likely to make trouble among a ship's company. His temper was sullen and vindictive; and, although, as I had supposed, an able seaman, he did not do his duty willingly, and seemed to chafe under any show of even reasonable and wholesome authority.

He was midship-oarsman of the waist, or second mate's boat. One day, we came on board from a chase of whales, and the boat-steerer, a fine young man named Lawrence, called upon him to give him a lift with a heavy tub of line. This, being in one of his surly humors, he refused to do, and gave an insolent reply, which Lawrence, of course, resented. A few sharp words ensued, when

the Italian drew a knife and stabbed the young man in the side. He was immediately seized by the officers; and, as I came on deck, they were bringing the prisoner aft, while others were gathered about poor Lawrence.

I took in the whole story at a glance, and, simply saying to the mate, "put him in irons, Mr. Daggett, and keep him secure," I turned my attention to the wounded man. I was soon satisfied that, with care, his life was not in danger. The vital organs were not injured, and I found means to stop the severe hemorrhage. With my mind lightened of a heavy load, I next considered what was to be done with Leonardo.

Following the promptings of my feelings at the time, I could almost have shot him on the spot, taking the law into my own hands. Had we been near port, I should, of course, have delivered him up for trial, or to be sent home. But, convinced that Lawrence's life was in no danger, I did not feel justified in breaking up the cruise. We were doing well, and if we could remain two or three months more on the cruising ground, our voyage would be made. There was no help for it; Leonardo must be kept in confinement, and the voyage must go on; though I was by this affair, deprived of the services of two able men at a time when every one was much needed.

I did not tell the Italian my real opinion about Lawrence's wound, but rather gave him to understand that it was serious, and his life in great peril. Little he seemed to care about it, either way. He offered no resistance when the handcuffs were put on; but went down into the run, as ordered, with that diabolical open smile on his face, saying not a word. I could not, however, keep him always in close confinement, in a tropical climate; so he was allowed to come on deck in the day time, still with his irons on, and at night was sent below again, the scuttle being pushed a little way off, to give him fresh air.

A few days after this affair, we took a whale; and while boiling, we spoke the barque *Persia*. Captain West came on board to pass the evening, and we stood along on a wind in company. The *Persia's* boat was veered astern of our ship, and the breeze being moderate, she towed very comfortably. We walked the quarter deck together long after the watch was set, and I observed that most of the men forward were also on deck, "gamming" with the strange boat's crew.

At about nine o'clock some one rushed aft with the report that the forecabin was full of smoke. This had been perceived for some time, but had been supposed to originate in some way from the tryworks, though the fires were drawing well, and the smoke driving off the lee quarter, as it should do, when close-hauled. But it had now become so dense that they gave the alarm.

I ran forward and jerked off one of the fore hatches; but the moment it was lifted, the smoke and flame rushed out to such a degree as to drive me back. A main hatch was moved with a similar result; and I ordered everything tightly closed, the fires in the arches to be drawn and extinguished, and axes brought for cutting holes in the deck. It appeared that the fire was under the tryworks; and I know that my first impression was that it had caught from that source; probably from letting the water dry up in the "caboose-pen."

This, it may be necessary to explain, is the space under the brickwork, between it and the deck, which is always to be kept full of water while the fires are in operation; and it is the duty of the officer of the watch to see that the water is replenished now and then, as it simmers away and evaporates from the great heat above.

We cut through the deck and began pouring down water, but a few minutes' work showed us that this was useless, and it was abandoned. In the mean time the boats were lowered and veered astern, as we feared the flames might burst out suddenly amidships, when it would be too late to do it. The fire worked rapidly aft under the deck, and the cabin was so filled with smoke that it was at some risk of life that we managed to secure a few valuables. We felt no anxiety for our ultimate safety, as we had good boats, fair weather, and a consort under our lee.

A light had been set at the gaff, which was understood by the mate of the *Persia* as a signal for the "gam" to close, and he backed his maintop-sail and also set his light for us to run down, knowing nothing, as yet, of the state of affairs on board the *Vulcan*. It soon became painfully evident to us all that nothing could save the ship. I ordered every one aft and put the helm up. As she swung off before the wind, the flame and smoke drove forward, which gave us some relief and enabled us to make our arrangements more deliberately.

Until now Captain West and his crew had

been so busily employed in assisting our efforts, that no one had found time to look over the taffrail at the boat towing astern. His boatsteerer now reported no boat to be found. We ran to the stern to find his report true; the *Persia's* boat was gone! The warp was towing; we hauled it in, and found nearly the whole length of it, showing that it must have been cut or parted within a foot or two of the boat's stem. But we had no time for conjectures.

I glanced about me to see if my crew were all safe. Lawrence had been helped up from below, and was among us, but no one knew anything about the Italian. I threw open the skylight and peered down into the cabin. The smoke was not so dense now that the wind blew from aft; and, at intervals, I could make out that the run-scuttle was just as I had left it, open a little at one end to allow of ventilation; but no one could have come up without pushing it back more. Leonardo was not with us, at all events; and, if still below, he could not be alive.

It was too late to make any attempt to save him; and, as I closed the skylight, a glance forward showed me the tryworks settling down, the carlines having burned away under the deck. In a moment more the massive brickwork inclined to starboard, reeled and fell through with a crash; and, as the fire caught the deluge of oil from the pots, a column of flame and smoke shot heavenward, roaring and seething, masthead high.

We were at this moment within a quarter of a mile of the *Persia's* stern. The conflagration, lighting up sea and sky, showed her crew swarming on the rail and in the rigging, all transfixed with amazement and horror at sight of this pyramid of flame moving down upon them. Whatever was to be done must be done quickly; the foremast, with its sails and hamper, was already in flames, and the heat was becoming so intense that it could no longer be endured.

The men went to their places in the boats without confusion, while I took the wheel myself, determined to be the last man to leave her. When Mr. Daggett hailed to report all safe and waiting only for me, I put the wheel to starboard and gave her a sheer to pass well clear of the *Persia*.

"Is Lawrence all right?" I asked.

"Ay, ay, sir?" answered the young man for himself.

"Has anybody seen Leonardo?"

"No sir."

I jumped on the taffrail and slid down by a rope into one of the boats. "Shove out and out oars!" And we fell rapidly astern out of range of the intense heat and smoke.

I sat down by the side of my friend West, and now, for the first time, found leisure to consider my loss, and to realize the terrible blow to my worldly prospects. The *Vulcan* and her two thousand barrels of sperm oil were totally lost, and I had not a dollar insured. Insurance was not, then, so general as now, and I had always been willing to trust to the good luck which had heretofore attended me. I thought of my young wife to whom I had been united shortly before sailing; of the high hopes of rich reward which had cheered and sustained my labors for more than two years, only to find my hard earnings all swept away in an hour; and, for the moment, felt broken in spirit.

But this was but momentary. Youth and health are never despondent long, if the conscience be clear; and by the time we arrived on board the *Per-ia*, I was able to look with some degree of composure upon the magnificent sight presented by my burning ship off the quarter. We continued to watch her, till, one by one, her masts fell into the ruins, and her hull, wrapped in the devouring element, was gradually reduced to a charred and smouldering mass. A few casks of oil, which had floated out, were picked up next morning; but this was all that was available of the late stout vessel and her valuable cargo.

Meanwhile, we were all made as comfortable, for the time being, as the crowded state of the *Persia* would admit. We discussed now, at our leisure, the history of the fire and its probable origin. I expressed an opinion that it was caused by the water being suffered to run too low in the box under the brickwork. This brought out Mr. Hunter, the second mate, who was positive he had it filled with water not an hour before the fire was discovered; that he had personally overseen the job, and satisfied himself that it was full. In this he was fully confirmed by the two men whom he named, who had handled the buckets and put the water in.

"Besides," said Mr. Hunter, "if the fire had begun there, it would have burnt out at once through the opening of the box; there would have been, it seems to me, no chance for a doubt about the matter; whereas, you know, it was raging for some time under the deck, with no escape or vent."

This was true; and it completely changed

my first crude opinion. I at once said as much, acquitting the second officer entirely of all shadow of blame on the score of negligence. But no lights had been used under deck since the night before, except in the forecabin and cabin; while the fire had originated amidships. I found both the chief officers of the opinion that the prisoner in the run knew more about it than any one else, and that he had escaped in Captain West's boat. The warp had been carefully saved and brought on board. It measured nearly seven fathoms, showing that only a foot or two had been lost; but the end was unlaid and so much fagged by the action of the sea in towing, that it was impossible to tell, from its appearance, whether it had parted or been cut. One thing was certain, if it was cut, the man who cut it must have been in the boat.

"Well," said I, after we had discussed the matter in all its bearings, "it's not likely that the mystery will ever be cleared up any further than it is now. The Italian has either been smothered in the run, or he has gone adrift in the Persia's boat. In the latter case, he will be likely to land on one of the islands under our lee; but it would be like hunting for a needle in a haystack to look after him. Besides, it's of little consequence to us now what was the *cause* of the fire. Its *effect* is, that we have lost our all, and must begin the world anew. Still, I must admit it would be some satisfaction to know, positively, whether it was incendiary or accidental."

I remained with my friend West until his arrival at Talcahuano, where I shipped as mate of a vessel for the run home. I found my family all right, my owners well satisfied with my conduct and ready to start me again with another ship. I found also that an eccentric uncle had died during my absence, leaving me heir to a comfortable old house, and some little personal property, on condition that I added his name to my own. As I thought my mother's name as good as my father's, I had no objection to bearing them both; and, after the usual forms of petition, I became Paul Covell Hathaway. It will be seen that it was important in the sequel of my story.

I made several voyages after this with a fair share of success; but no further light was shed upon the Vulcan mystery. I learned that the Persia's boat had been picked up in good condition by another ship, about eighty miles to leeward of my position at the time of

her loss. Everything was found in its place, and the natural presumption was, that she had struck adrift and gone off "on her own hook." The short piece of warp attached to her bow was fagged and soaked out like the other. It might either have been cut or parted.

It was not until during my last voyage to sea, in 1849, that the veil was lifted from the mystery of the destruction of my old ship, and the crime of the incendiary met with its retribution.

I was then in charge of the fine ship Ringdove, bound on the Japan ground, and was running down the north side of the Caroline group, intending to make a port at Guane, one of the Ladrões. Two canoes came off to us from the island of Ponapi, or Ascension, in each of which was one white man, with several natives. I had visited this island before, though anchoring on the southwest side, and I knew these white "beach-combers" to be, for the most part, a set of graceless scoundrels.

The man who first jumped on board introduced himself as a Frenchman, gave his name as La Roque, and asked if I spoke French, to which I replied in the negative. I understood it very well, but felt justified in keeping this advantage of him. In this way, I found that he could speak English well enough. He was a tall man, of forty or more years, with black hair cut close to his head, and a thick bushy beard, turning to gray, which served to conceal his features. The other white man soon joined us, a little diminutive fellow, who hailed from the same nation, and I had no doubt of the fact, for every wrinkle in his nose was French. They conversed in that language with each other, but when addressing me, spoke English, in which accomplishment Pierre or La Roque was far ahead of his little companion, Alexandre, or Aleck, as he gave his name to me. Something about the former seemed strangely to bring up old memories, but I could not recall where or when I had ever met him before. I even thought of my Italian friend of the Vulcan, but I could not make him look like this man. Besides, Leonardo was no Frenchman, and I had never, to my recollection, heard him make use of that language.

The two men persuaded me to go in and anchor in the bay where they resided, and I decided to do so; for I had a large stock of tobacco, prints, and other articles of traffic, such as are wanted at this island. So we

roused up the chain cables, Pierre La Roque installed himself as pilot with little Monsieur Alexandre for his lieutenant, and within an hour the Ringdove was riding at her anchor in Boytick Harbor on the northwest side of Ascension.

This haven is very small, scarcely affording room for half a dozen vessels, and the channel of exit and entrance is very narrow. La Roque showed himself an excellent pilot, and handled the ship with the skill of a practised seaman. Of course, he acted as my interpreter and "trading-master" during my stay; and, for the most part, he and Alexandre boarded and lodged on board, and made themselves quite at home in my cabin. They always conversed in the French language, paying no regard to my presence. I had, in my youth, made several voyages to the French West Indies, and had also, in the course of my wanderings, served two seasons in a French right whaler; but I pretended utter ignorance of what was being said in my hearing, and had given a hint to Mr. Bennett the mate to keep his own counsel as to my knowledge of that tongue.

I had all my water and stores on board, and the ship about ready for sea, when one evening I sat at the cabin table on one side, while my two beach-combers on the other side had just lighted their pipes and settled themselves for a comfortable chat.

"Alexandre," said La Roque, suddenly, to his little comrade, "we must take this ship."

I had some difficulty to repress a sudden start, but I recovered myself instantly. I pretended to be intently engaged in reading, and eating a banana which I plucked from a bunch on the transom at my side.

The little Frenchman merely sucked the harder at his pipe and looked coolly to his Mentor for instructions. He was evidently one of those fellows who will "take suggestion as the cat laps milk."

"You see," continued Pierre, "she has lots of plunder such as we want; and, if we take her, you and I will be the richest white men on the island. There's not much tobacco or cloth among us now, for most of the stock from the 'Fawn' has been used up. I say, that was a lively time we had in the weather harbor, picking the bones of that English barque—eh, Alexandre?"

"Yes, yes," assented the little one. "And if you say so, I suppose this one's bones must be picked, too. You've more influence with the old Nanakin than any one else, and I

think you understand putting up a job of this kind more coolly than anybody I ever knew. You must have led a hard life in your day, Pierre."

"Well—so, so," returned the other. "I've had my share of adventures. I have had a hand in a few piracies, have slit some throats and wrecked some vessels in my day—and I once burned a ship at sea, Aleck, a ship that I belonged to, burnt myself out of her, and ran away by the light of the fire!"

"Good!" grunted his pupil. "Where was that, Pierre?"

"Off the Galapagos Islands."

My breath came hot and thick. I rallied all my powers of self-control, and so far succeeded as to bite into another banana with a fair affectation of indifference, while I turned another leaf of the book in which I feigned to be so much interested. Leonardo, my cut-throat Italian, was before me! I knew now, where I had seen that restless eye, and that peculiar parting of the lips in the act of smiling. But he had since lost nearly all his teeth, which fact, with his closely cut hair and heavy beard, had very much altered his appearance. And this man did not know me! Fifteen years of hard service, and more yet, my change of name, had done the business, and saved me from recognition.

"How was it? Tell us all about it," said the little villain, with a glance of admiration at his superior.

"Well, she was an American ship. I don't care to tell her name," said Pierre. (He had no need to tell *one* of his auditors.) "The skipper was a young man, and built very much like our unconscious friend, the captain, here. Indeed, when I look at his shoulders from behind, I always seem to see that young Captain Covell before me.

"I had been three months in the ship, which was a long time for me to be in one craft, and I was spoiling for an adventure of some sort. One day a young fellow, a petty officer, called me to lend him a hand; I did not feel in the humor, and told him I would not do it. He flared up and put on airs, and I inserted my knife under his ribs. I don't know yet, whether he lived or died; but I'm afraid the incision was rather deeper than I meant it to be. Well, they took me aft, and put on me a pair of those large old-fashioned shackle-irons, to confine me as they thought. I was laughing in my sleeve at them, for I knew I could work them off, ay, and on, too, when I should be ready."

Here the scoundrel looked admiringly at his small flexible hands. I dared not glance at him now, for fear of losing my self-command.

"They put me down in the run and kept me there nights, letting me up days for an airing. You may be sure I chafed at confinement, and determined to get my freedom at any cost. A chance was soon offered; we got a whale, and when nearly through trying out, we spoke a barque, and the captain came aboard and veered his boat astern by the warp. I was on deck then and took note of things. I made up my mind to fire the ship that night."

"I had fireworks in my pocket, for I was allowed to smoke when I liked while above deck, I knew that the blubber-room had been cleaned out that afternoon, and that one of the lower deck hatches was left partly off, while the upper ones were closed. At dark I was driven into my cell as usual, and the captains went on deck to spin yarns and smoke; in short, they went about their business and I about mine.

"I lost no time in slipping my hands out of the shackles, and crept through to the main hatchway. I had explored the road before and knew the feeling of every cask in her, abaft the mainmast. The hatch being off, I could pass up between decks without noise. I made my way into the sailroom, knowing where to put my hand on a large bag of tarred oakum, and some rolls of old canvas, which I lugged forward until about under the tryworks. I also found enough greasy wood to start a good bonfire, and keep it going, too.

"I arranged all my combustibles, and fired the piles in three or four places, to make a sure thing of it. When I lit the oakum the flame and smoke spread so quickly that I had enough to do to escape being suffocated; but, as I dropped into the lower hold I managed to pull on the hatch, which kept the smoke out of my quarters for the present. I went back to my old station in the run, and waited until the alarm was raised, and I heard the two captains run forward to look for the fire. I knew then that the coast was clear, and everybody's attention was occupied. So I jumped up into the cabin, placed the scuttle just as I found it, leaped on the transom and dropped out at the stern-window, pulled myself into the barque's boat, cut the warp, and the ship kept on her fiery course, leaving me alone on the Pacific!"

I had preserved my outward appearance of indifference and listened to this detail of the destruction of my ship. But I must still keep cool and not betray by any sign that I understood a word; for if they intended to take the Ringdove from me, I might learn their plans, so as to counterplot a little.

"Well," said Aleck, "did she burn up?"

"O yes. I made a sure job of that. All hands were saved and taken on board the barque, while I lay quietly by at a proper distance and saw the whole performance. When all was quiet I set the boat's sail and ran to leeward. I knew there must be land not far off, and the next day I landed on one of the islands. I set the boat adrift, taking nothing out of her, for I knew she would be picked up, and no one could know but that she had struck adrift while towing. I lived three days on turtle's flesh and some bread that I had brought with me. An English whaler touched there, and I got a passage down to the Marquesas, representing that I had got astray on the island and lost my shipmates, while hunting terrapins."

"*Mon Dieu!* that was well done!" said little Alexandre. "But have you never seen that young captain since?"

"No, never. I would like to cut his throat if I had the chance," answered Pierre.

I felt obliged to him for his kind intentions, but dared not express my gratitude, even by a look.

"But now," asked the little one, "how do you mean to manage this ship?"

"I mean to mismanage her, so as to run her on the outer end of the reef. I shall take her out through the narrow part of the passage, and then put her on the rocks, as if accidentally. You must have the canoes ready behind this point of rocks, here. You will go ashore and see the old Nanakin, and get the tribe mustered, for she will get under way to-morrow, just before night. As soon as you see the ship bring up, or hear my signal (you know what that is), you will bring all the fleet as fast as possible. Our innocent friend, here, will suppose you are coming to his assistance to get him off the reef. After that all is plain sailing. We must take out the plunder and burn her. We don't want the ship for anything."

"But what do you propose to do with the crew?"

"Dead men tell no tales," said the Italian, sententiously.

I could hardly restrain a shudder at the

coolness of the villain, but I knew that I had him now "on the hip," and could spoil his plan, as well as mete out to him just retribution for his malicious destruction of my ship and cargo, fifteen years before. I found an opportunity to confer with Mr. Bennett, and also with the other officers; enjoining upon them all, by no sign or movement, to betray their knowledge until the proper moment.

To get to sea through the narrow channel in the reef, it was necessary to carry out a kedge to windward, hook it down firmly in the coral, take up the lower anchor and heave ahead on the kedge, until the ship's cutwater was almost rubbing the rocks on the weather side of the bay. We were then to make all sail, hanging by the kedge, swing the headyards briskly, slipping the hawser at the same moment, and cast her head right into the passage, meeting her in time with the helm.

Monsieur La Roque, or Leonardo, showed himself a thorough seaman in performing this somewhat delicate operation. It was well for me that I was to have the benefit of his pilotage through the intricate part of the channel; after which, as may be supposed, I meant to take her into my own hands. Had he purposed to capture the ship inside, I should have had no alternative but to fight to the death, and take my chance of getting her out myself, if I succeeded in repulsing the savages. The calculating villain knew how we would fight if attacked while our ship was afloat; but if he put her on the reef and wrecked her, we could then be decoyed on shore and murdered at leisure.

He took the wheel himself, gave the word when ready to slip the hawser and swing the yards, and performed all his evolutions in beautiful style. The Ringdove obeyed her helm like a thing of life, as she shot into the narrow channel, while Leonardo controlled her movements with such a delicate touch that I could not help admiring his skill, even while I knew he meant to cut all our throats the same night. I knew, too, that the flotilla of canoes, manned and armed to the teeth, were then lying in ambush within a few hundred yards of us, but concealed by a projecting point.

Already we had passed the critical part of the passage, and the reef began to trend to the southward, affording more searoom. The decisive moment had come, and I signed to the officers to be ready. I saw Leonardo's eyes snap, as he suddenly hove the wheel up.

"Captain," said he, "there's a sunken reef makes out here on the weather-bow. I shall have to throw her off a point or two."

Mr. Bennett and the second mate were at that moment behind the Italian, pretending to be doing something with the spanker-boom guy. At a movement of my hand they seized him from behind, and jerked him backward, while I caught the wheel myself and brought her head back to the proper course. Leonardo struggled powerfully with the two officers, whose object was to secure and bind him without noise or confusion. But, by superhuman effort, he threw them both off and jumped to the rail, while I shouted "Kill him!" for I saw that there was no help for it. He had already drawn a pistol and was in the act of cocking it, when a lance, thrown by the third mate, passed through his body; but not before he had put his fingers to his mouth and sounded a peculiar shrill whistle, which was answered instantly by a movement of the leading canoes, starting out from behind the rocky point.

"We will have his partner," said I, "and then we shall have done enough."

I did not fear their attack, now that I had searoom and a good working breeze. Seeing that we were well clear of the reef, I gave the order to back the maintopsail and to remain at the braces, ready to fill again at the word. My Italian had fallen to the deck with the lance still in his body, and no one had offered to pull it out. His life was fast ebbing, but I can never forget the infernal expression of his face, as his eyes rested on me.

"Captain," said he, in a voice hoarse with agony and baffled rage, "you understand French?"

"Like a native, *Leonardo*," I answered. "And, moreover, though my name is Hathaway, now, fifteen years ago it was—*Covell*."

He closed his eyes, gasping out a bitter oath; his spirit was going fast. By this time the leading canoes were coming up with us, and I counted twenty-five which had made their appearance from behind the point, all filled with armed men. As I had anticipated, the foremost one bore the little Frenchman and the old Nanakin of the tribe. They approached within hail, but not seeing their masterspirit, who was now in the agonies of death on deck, they rested on their paddles for a parley. They were evidently puzzled, not knowing what to make of the aspect of affairs. Alexandre, becoming impatient, stood up in the canoe and hailed:

"Where are you, Pierre?"

"Go look for him!" I answered, *in his own tongue*, as I brought my rifle to a sight. Before he could stoop the bullet had passed through his brain. "Brace full the main-yard!" I shouted, as the body of Leonardo, *alias* Pierre La Roque, was launched overboard among the horror-stricken savages; and the Ringdove, under the impulse of fresh

trades, flew on her course towards the Japan whaling grounds.

I had no desire to work any revenge upon the islanders. We had punished the two scoundrels who had so coolly plotted the destruction of all our lives; we had visited just retribution upon the pirate and the incendiary; and had cleared up the mystery of the *burning of the Vulcan*.

BABY.

BY EBEN E. REXFORD.

Our baby died at the sunset;
He folded his little hands,
And his face grew bright with a glory
That it caught from heavenly lands.

"Our darling!" Paul whispered, dropping
Great tears on the poor pale face,
That was full of a strange new beauty,
If not of its old bright grace.

Our little one opened his blue eyes,
For one moment, and *but* for one;

Then his eyelids fell together,
And his earthly life was done!

Some day I shall close my eyelids
In that long and dreamless sleep
God giveth to all his children,
And I shall not wake to weep.

I shall wake to the life that's endless,
And a sense of perfect rest,
At the kiss of the blue-eyed darling
That has vanished from my breast.

THE STORY OF A KISS.

BY ESTHER SERLE KENNETH.

"WELL, mother, I'm off!"

It was in the beginning of the war. The young cadet, with his new title of lieutenant, had just five minutes in which to bid his family adieu.

It was a luxurious room, full of purple lights. A saintlike old lady sat in a cushioned armchair—two young beauties stood in the glow of the tinted panes—a child of seven hung on the arm of her mother's chair. Their young hero, the son, the brother, the lover, was about to leave them.

"Good-by, sister Madge. Don't trade off your heart until you see your old brother again. Mary, good-by; pray for me, my darling," in a lover tone. "Angel—where is Angeliqne?"

The child bounded into her brother's arms.

"Be a good girl, and get some red cheeks before I come home," kissing her delicate face.

"Lionel," whispered the child, "who is that in the hall?"

Lieutenant Fay glanced through the door.

"That is my orderly, pet."

"Has he got any sisters?"

"I guess not."

"Is he going to the war with you, Lionel?"

"Of course."

The child slipped from her brother's arms. The young man turned and bowed at his mother's knee:

"Mother, your blessing."

Meanwhile little Angel, as she was called, had gone softly into the hall. Young Stayner stood waiting orders from his lieutenant. He was a boy of nineteen, with a rather handsome but gloomy and dark face. He stood looking sullenly through the open hall door into the morning sunshine.

Sullenly, and yet there was a faint quiver about the young mouth, a secret yearning in the young heart. From where he stood he could hear the tender farewells going on within. There was no one to bid him good-by ere he went into the fiery furnace of war. He was a waif.

Little Angel came noiselessly into the hall.

She climbed into a chair behind Stayner, put her two soft arms around his neck, and kissed his cheek.

"Good-by," she said. "I hope you'll come home safe from the war."

The boy started faintly. A great sob came up in his throat.

"Good-by, little Angel," he said, chokingly. He looked at her a moment with glistening eyes, and she looked gravely back at him. Then he went out at the hall door. Lieutenant Fay came hurriedly after. They were gone.

The days of the war went on. The men worked, and the women waited and wept. Waited and wept, and dreaded, alternately, the days of silence and the days on which news came from the distant army.

The Hollys were very quiet in those days. The three women there lived tender and almost silent lives. They loved each other better for the fear upon them. When they looked into each other's eyes, their hearts swelled, and sudden tears blotted out the familiar face. He was very dear, this young soldier.

But for a long time there came good news from their hero. He was safe, happy, had been promoted. This is an extract from one of his letters:

"I hope you are all well at home and don't fret about me. I always was a lucky fellow. Here I am, fat, ragged and saucy, promoted to the rank of colonel at last advice. Tomorrow I may be brigadier general. Nothing more possible. Tell Madge her captain (sly little minx! she may well be demure at home, with such a dashing lover here,) fights gloriously. We are more than brothers-in-arms; we are brothers in heart.

"Not but what I've been in some danger, mother dear! I should not be half a soldier if I did not insist upon that. And that reminds me—do you remember my orderly, Stayner? He saved my life ten days back. Let me tell you.

"In the first place, he wanted to go into the ranks, and I let him go. A lucky thing for me! When we took the mountain I was telling you of, we had a pretty hot time of it! The shot was pouring into us like pepper, and I had to cheer my men right through the thickest of it to the pass. Our standard-bearer was just ahead of us—Martin, you know, of our town—when the staff snapped like a pipstem in his hands, and he went

rolling into the gully without his head. (Pray don't tell his wife this!) I threw myself off my horse and sprang for the colors, for they had fallen to the ground at the foot of a path, and I hadn't time to look up, you know, or I should have seen that the foe had just turned the muzzle of a thumping big cannon to sweep this path. I'd just taken two steps and stooped down, when I heard one of my men shout, 'my God, colonel!' and just as I glanced up to see a puff of blue smoke on the brink of the cliff, some one clutched me and away we rolled, headlong, down the side of the precipice into the water. Stayner pulled me out. He'd come after me right in the face of that charge which stretched five men stone dead, behind us. Pretty rough work, wasn't it? Stayner broke an arm in that tussle, and went to the hospital. He's a fine fellow, and a prime soldier—and I believe is bound to make a good thing of army life.

"Write as often as you can. God keep me for my Mary's sake! Kiss little Angel for me."

The child Angelique, taller and even fairer than when she had parted from her brother, stood by and heard the letter read. Read once, twice, thrice. Then she bent forward:

"Mamma."

"What, darling?"

"May I have brother Lionel's letter?"

"What for?"

"To keep. I will take very good care of it."

The frail woman smiled upon the child of her old age, and gave her the sheet. Angel folded it closely in her soft hands, and went away.

"I'm glad I kissed him," she murmured, that night, as she put the letter carefully beneath her pillow. "I'm glad I kissed Mr. Stayner."

"Angelique will come out at sixteen. She is mature enough," said Mrs. Warneford, decisively.

Mrs. Warneford had been Madge Fay. She had married her captain, who had come home covered with glory.

But the brother, the mother's darling, Mary's lover, had never come back from the wars. His bright head lay low in Southern soil. The blow had been too much for the delicate mother. She went to seek her son in the mysterious land where he had gone. The grief bore heavily upon Angelique's young life, heavier than her sister knew. She

trusted to the elasticity of youth to soon throw off the sorrow under which the young girl bent like a reed. But Angelique won a depth of experience and a gravity of manner which remained permanently with her, and made her sister say, "she is mature enough to come out at sixteen."

The Warnefords were very wealthy and very gay. Mrs. Madge was proud of her sister's beauty, and arrangements were made to render the birthday party very brilliant.

Angelique was quietly dressing in her little white chamber, when her sister hurriedly entered.

"See here, Angel—a note from the governor, and he asks leave to bring a distinguished friend who is his guest. I wonder who it is."

Two hours later Angelique was standing, the centre of a group of new and admiring acquaintances, when Governor Reed brought up and introduced to her General Stayner.

The name was only a faint memory to the girl, but the dark handsome eyes, flashing with animation, had a familiar look. She murmured a few polite words of greeting, but her gentle eyes grew absent and pained. The officer's glittering shoulder bands recalled the low and lonely southern grave.

"Little Angel," said General Stayner, "I have come safely back from the war, as you hoped I might do."

She knew him then. The blood came red

to her soft cheek. He gave her his arm. They went out at the long French window upon the lawn, where the hollies stood like sentinels, and the fireflies sparkled in the grasses.

"Safely and gloriously back," said Angelique. "O, if Colonel had only come so!"

She was heavenly beautiful in the moonlight.

"Little Angel," said General Stayner, "I wish to tell you something. All that I am I owe to the kiss you gave me years ago."

She looked puzzled.

"You remember?"

"Yes," she said, after a moment. "But that is very strange."

"My child, you do not know how miserable I was. No one loved me. I was a friendless, reckless boy. The innocent caress you gave me when my heart was at its sorest, aroused within me a new life. From that hour I resolved to be worthy the love of a good woman. I have won honor, but I have done better than that—I have kept a stainless record. From the time you kissed me, Angel, my life has known neither vice nor disorder. I think I am worthy of love. Angel, can you give me yours?"

One moment she hesitated, but there are moments in which one lives years. Very quietly Angel put her soft arms about General Stayner's neck, and this, her second kiss, was that of their betrothal.

AN EVENING WITH A DETECTIVE.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE ALIBI.

IF there is anything more calculated to sharpen a man's wits, and keep him continually on the lookout than the detective's business, I don't know what it can be. A few years of the life that we in this peculiar business have to lead makes it a man's second nature to be watchful without seeming to be so at all, and to take notice of what is going on even when not engaged on any particular "lay," as the rogues say. I have two little stories to tell which will illustrate this.

One Sunday, about ten years ago, I found myself at Carlisle, a flourishing town on the Blank and Blank Railroad. I was considerably acquainted there, and had been there pretty often on business; but my being there at this time was the result of an accident

merely. I had been three hundred miles west of this, trying in vain to find a clue to the whereabouts of an absconding defaulter; and coming back to take a fresh start, I found that a flood had submerged the track for several miles east of Carlisle, and that there would be no getting away till Monday, at the least. So I made a virtue of necessity, and telegraphing my detention and its cause to my family, I went up town.

After dinner at the hotel, I dropped in at the office of the district attorney, with whom I was well acquainted. I found him arranging the details of a number of criminal cases which were to be tried at the court which began the following Monday.

"Anything of importance?" I asked, rather carelessly.

"One, at least," he replied. "Joe Slifer, a notorious scoundrel, is to be tried for highway robbery. The victim was dragged out of his buggy on a lonely road, beaten insensible, and robbed of a thousand dollars. He identifies Slifer positively as one of the ruffians."

"What's the defence?"

"I can't imagine. I don't think there is any, in reality."

"Maybe he'll prove an alibi," I jocosely suggested. He shook his head.

"They'll hardly try that," he said. "The facts are too clear."

After some more unimportant conversation with him, I returned to the hotel, where I spent the remainder of the day.

The next day was Sunday. I awoke quite early, and found the promise of a beautiful summer day so good that I dressed myself and sallied out for a walk. Nobody was stirring yet about the hotel, and the streets were perfectly still. I walked around several squares, and returned to the hotel, meeting only one person on the way.

That person was standing in the doorway of a basement saloon as I passed. I looked down casually, and saw him standing there in his shirt-sleeves. His hair was tumbled, and he was gaping, as if just awakened. I did not discover that he was doing anything particular there; I thought afterward that it was quite likely that he had been left in a drunken sleep on the floor or on a bench in the bar the night before, and that waking up at this early hour, he had taken the wrong door in seeking for his lodgings, and had come out of doors instead of going to bed. My look at him was merely a side glance, but that was enough to photograph his face in my mind. It was a thin, bilious face, perfectly smooth, with a long nose, much twisted to one side, and a red scar over the left eye. I marked it instantly as the face of a rascal. How I could do that, I can't explain; our business learns us to read faces as most men read books, and the glance that I had at that face told me that the man was a lawless fellow. His actions confirmed the opinion. Sleepy as he looked and acted, no sooner did he see me passing than he dove back through the door and slammed it to.

I instantly understood him. "A scamp, on some 'lay' or other, and don't want to be seen," was my thought. And I walked on with his photograph in my mind, but ceased to think anything of him or of the circumstance before I reached the hotel.

The day passed; and bright and early Monday morning I took my satchel and went down to the depot. But it was to no purpose; the office was closed, and a placard on the wall informed the public that the ~~mad~~ would not be opened before Tuesday.

I went back to the hotel, too much out of sorts to enjoy my breakfast. I did not understand, till the day was some hours older, that I was needed more here at Carlisle than anywhere else, just then.

I went from the breakfast-table into the reading-room, and after I had read an hour, I heard one man say to another:

"Let's go over to the courthouse; they're trying Joe Slifer." They went out; and remembering my little talk with the district attorney, my curiosity was excited, and I followed them.

When I entered the courtroom, the victim of the robbery was on the stand. He was a plain simple old man, and gave his evidence with apparent truthfulness. He testified that he was stopped about sunset, some months before, while passing from Carlisle to his home with one thousand dollars that he had drawn that afternoon from the bank. It was a lonely spot, and there was no house within half a mile of it. He was jogging leisurely along, when a light wagon drawn by two horses dashed up beside his buggy, and three of the four men in it jumped out, while the fourth held the reins. They were all masked. One of them seized his horse by the bit and stopped him, the second snatched the lines from his hands, and the third climbed half into the buggy, and taking him by the arms, demanded his money. He said that he instantly shouted as loud as he could; when the ruffian dealt him a savage blow with a slung shot which knocked him senseless; and when he came to himself again both robbers and money were gone.

He recognized only one of the four; the man that struck him. As he drew back to give the blow his mask dropped, and revealed the face of Joe Slifer, the prisoner at the bar. He knew it—he was perfectly positive of it—and all the ingenuity of the cross-examination could not weaken or shake his evidence upon this important point.

No other witness was called for the prosecution; none seemed necessary. The prisoner's lawyer got up and made a plausible statement to the jury that the complainant was mistaken about recognising Joe Slifer on the occasion referred to; that Slifer was not

there at all, but that he was at Norcott, fifty miles north of Carlisle at the very hour of that robbery, and that he should prove it by at least two good witnesses. He sat down and called out, "Caleb Wye," and everybody leaned forward expectantly.

The witness came forward with a slow, limping gait, leaning on a cane. He was apparently a man of middle age, and was dressed in a suit of sober black, with a white choker about his neck. His hair was silver gray; and as he mounted the stand, and leaning on his cane, turned his eyes placidly to the prisoner's counsel, he presented an appearance that would attract attention and respect anywhere.

I saw him; and though I did not betray any surprise, I know that my heart gave a tremendous thump. For I saw the bilious, thin face, the crooked nose, and the scarred forehead of the dodger whom I had seen twenty-four hours before in the doorway of the saloon. With this difference, however, the hair of that man was almost black, while this man's was silver gray.

I edged my chair quietly up beside that of the district attorney, and while the man was testifying I managed to whisper in the officer's ear without attracting the attention of the witness. The latter testified that he was a dealer in ready-made clothing at Norcott, and one of the firm of Wye & Pleasants. That on the day testified to as the day of the robbery, both he and his partner were at their store at Norcott, and there was an unusual call for goods. Joe Slifer was then in town; they knew him well, and had often employed him to help in the store. On this particular day they sent for him; he came immediately; and he remained at the store, waiting on customers, from two o'clock to eight, without once leaving it. Mr. Pleasants was in court, and he would testify to the same facts.

The first question of the district attorney made the fellow start and shiver.

"Are you in disguise, sir?"

"Wh—what?" stammered the man.

"Have you a silver-gray wig over your dark hair?"

The man looked amazed and then frightened, but said nothing; and before he could recover his self-possession, the district attorney had stepped forward and removed the wig, revealing a smoothly-brushed head of dark brown hair!

"What does this mean?" he asked, sternly.

"Only a fancy," was the sulky answer. "I've worn that wig for years."

"Have you, indeed? Did you wear it all day yesterday?"

"Yes sir," was the confident response.

"Where?"

"At Norcott, to be sure."

"All day?"

"Certainly. I was there the whole day."

"When did you arrive here at Carlisle?"

"At seven-twenty this morning."

The district attorney gave me a triumphant wink; and when he stated to the court that he desired this witness to be detained till the close of the trial, the sheriff was directed to take charge of him. Mr. Caleb Wye came down from the stand with his wig in his hand, and took a seat by the sheriff, looking decidedly more bilious than I had yet seen him appear.

Mr. Pleasants was now loudly called for by the defence; but no one came forward. The unexpected reception that the last witness had met probably chilled the ardor of his confederate, and he wisely chose to keep himself in the background. This then was all of the defence; and my evidence at once blew it to the winds. I looked directly at Mr. Wye (so called), while I was telling the jury when, where, and under what circumstances I had seen him the previous day, and I saw him tremble like an aspen-leaf. The jury convicted the prisoner without leaving their seats, and the witness was locked up for further consideration.

I left Carlisle the next morning, and heard nothing more of this affair for several weeks. Then a letter from the district attorney, thanking me for the assistance I had rendered him, conveyed more details.

"The witness Wye," he wrote, "whose real name is Nicholas Bray, was indicted for perjury. A very slight investigation showed me that we could prove that he had no right to the name of Wye, that neither he nor any man by the name of Pleasants ever kept store in Norcott, and that neither of them was known there at all. This, with your evidence, would have been sufficient to convict him; and understanding it as well as anybody, he concluded to save trouble and plead guilty. So he and Slifer are both in the penitentiary, and will stay there for a term of years.

"But do you know what I think of this gang? I think that both Wye, alias Bray, and Pleasants, alias somebody else, who was doubtless in the courthouse during the trial.

were both present at the robbery, and took part in it. Don't you?"

It was a shrewd guess, and, I am inclined to think, a correct one. So intricate and powerful are the combinations of rogues; and yet, how they sometimes betray themselves by a trifle!

THE EXPRESS ROBBERS.

THE most trivial incidents will often lead to the detection of criminals, as was illustrated in the case of the great Express Robbery of a quarter of a million that startled the country last summer. There were a good many detectives employed in ferreting out the guilty parties, and some of the newspapers gave some of them a great deal more credit than they did me; but I care little for that. Between you and me, I was the first man that got a clue to the robbers, and that was really what overhauled them in the end, after a three months' chase all over the United States, with no end of telegraphing and secret working.

That clue came by chance, as is very often the case. I was at the depot, waiting for a train that was to bring a man who had some important business for me. There was quite a crowd at the station, and during the ten minutes that I had to wait, I walked up and down the platform. There wasn't the least reason that I then knew of for me to keep an eye out for anything or anybody; but the sequel will show that the ruling passion was as strong with me as ever.

The lightning express for the east was to leave just as the train that I was waiting for came in. As I neared the end of the depot in my walk, I saw three men pass out and to the left of the doorway, together. I walked straight out after them, and saw them standing close together, talking fast and eagerly. I gave a loud "hem!" to make them look up, which they all did, at once, and I saw their faces. It is unnecessary for me to describe them; I marked each of them at a glance, and saw that they were fellows who lived by their wits. When they saw me, they hastily withdrew along the side of the building, and I passed into the depot again and resumed my walk.

I had walked across the platform once, and when I turned to go back, I saw one of the

three men whom I had just left approaching me. Another of the three passed between us, so close to the first that he could have touched him with his outstretched hand; and although they looked directly into each other's face there was no nod, no word, no sign or expression of recognition. I saw the three within the next five minutes, each man by himself, and meeting continually as they mixed with the crowd, but never betraying in any way that they were aught but entire strangers to each other.

All this would seem strange to any one; but I understood it at once as the extra precaution of accomplished rascals, and I concluded that some deep and important game was afoot. As the whistle of the approaching train sounded, the bell of the departing one struck, and the conductor shouted "all aboard!" and watching now in earnest to see what became of these men, I saw them take the outgoing train from the side *opposite* the platform, each one entering a separate car.

This was at five o'clock in the afternoon. The robbery was committed about one o'clock the next morning, in the express car of this train, and the fact was discovered about day-break. Before a word was in print about it, I was summoned by telegram to the headquarters of the company, where I met a dozen more detectives that evening.

Of course, the officer who telegraphed to me did not suspect that I was in possession of any knowledge on the subject; but when I sat down at that first secret anxious conference, and described the men whom I had noticed at the depot at —, and their actions, one of the detectives present who lived at a place a hundred miles away from the line, instantly recognized the description as that of three burglars well known to the police of his town.

Some months afterwards the last of the three was captured by the aid of this clue, and with him the greater part of the money. They had worn masks or blackened their faces, for the robbery, and taken every precaution against detection; and it was remarkable, though not at all unusual in this kind of business, that their detection and capture, as well as the recovery of most of the money, should result from their meeting a total stranger at a distant city, eight hours before the robbery.

A CHORAL SERVICE.

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

In a wide temple, open to the sun,
A round of walls with galleries overrun,
I saw a host of choristers in white,
Ranged like great quiring angels, height on height,
Who, from their lofty station, mid the gloom
Of overhanging flowers, in sculptured bloom,
Outpoured such floods of infinite sweet sound
That all the founts of music seemed unbound
And in quick golden currents eddying round!
Each held against his breast some harp or lute
Which he o'ersang with many a nobler note;
Or through the trumpet poured melodious breath,
Or made the flute speak what the spirit saith;
While from huge organs mellow thunders broke,
And unto this intent the music spoke:

Glory to the First and the Last!
Praise to the Eternal Light of Lights!
Magnify him for his mercies past,
Laud him in the depths and in the heights!
Let all the orbs that roll
Shout as a single soul,
Let all the forests shake
Their tressy heads and softest music make,
And every silver rill
Its path with praises fill,
And the great oceans roll
His name through sun and storm from pole to pole!
For he is good, for he is great,
He keeps on high his kingly state,
He can destroy and recreate!
Adore him ye who see his face,
And we will answer, in our place,
Who only see his sunswept sky
And hear his winds and waters cry,
And feel him faintly in the breast,
And sleep and on his bosom rest!
The music fluttered up and down,
Now touched the temple's marble floor,
Now smote its arched and pillared crown,
And now was heard no more.
And then in nobler strains outbrake
And to diviner purpose spake.
While I, a mortal, stood to hear,
And all my soul grew heavenly clear,
From my uplifted spirit dropped
The sorrows of mortality,
And every gate of care was stopped
By that prevalling harmony.
It compassed all the mysteries
Of man, and all he does and is;

His agonies that end in rest,
 His prayers that reach his Father's breast,
 His spiral path through doubt and sin
 To those kind arms that take him in
 And sweetly all his being win.
 And then those singers passed above
 The scenes of mortal life and love,
 And breathed the unimagined bliss
 Of seraphs in their palaces!
 While thus they sang, their faces shone
 As if they had been shone upon
 By light of neither moon nor sun,
 Light from the New Jerusalem's
 High golden wall and plinth of gems!
 Adown their robes the splendor rolled,
 It fired their instruments of gold,
 And flushed the temple's snowy floor,
 And then I saw and heard no more,
 For they were dream musicians every one,
 And with my morning sleep their songs and souls were gone!

FROM OVER SEA.

BY MISS AMANDA M. HALE.

It was a dream of mine, from my childhood, that my life's blessing or it may be bane, would come to me from over this immeasurable, lonely, purple sea that sang and surged forever before my eyes, forever restless, forever changeable, as richly charged with splendid, exuberant vitality as the young eager heart which beat in my own bosom, and had its seasons of burning passion, and rosy exultation, and wild despair.

And this was why in my early desolation and loneliness I stole away so often from the great house and the uncongenial fireside, and sought out strange eyries among the rocks, and hiding there, let the summer days go by, and fed my dreams by the splendors of the sea and sky, and the music of the waves.

And so in this old fashion I grew up to womanhood, and one day my aunt said in her chilly dignified way:

"You are eighteen now, Vivia, and too old to spend your time idling on the shore as you have done."

She made a pause and I was silent. I knew my frigid, correct, unloving aunt disapproved of me, but I was indifferent. What had she ever done to make my life beautiful to me? After a minute's pause she said, still more sharply:

"This mustn't last much longer—not long after Max comes home."

"Max?"

She did not heed me.

"You will have to entertain him till Lucia comes, I suppose, but then I shall get you a situation somewhere. You know you have no fortune!"

Know it? Had she not told me a hundred times or more, thus taunting me with my obligation to her? So I was going to work for myself. That pleased me. Meanwhile I escaped from my aunt's surveillance as soon as I could, and stole away to one of my favorite haunts to dream about this new life that was coming, and this unknown cousin Max, about whose figure I had woven a world of romances, whom I fancied a paladin of the nineteenth century, and wondered at and worshipped, while in my innocent girlish heart I wished that Heaven had made me such a man as he. For I knew that Max was to marry Lucia Trenholme—at least, my aunt meant that he should, and who ever ventured to controvert her desires?

I sat and watched the white gulls flying overhead and the golden splendor of the sky fade out into misty gray, and never felt the change that was coming over the world till the slow solemn note of the sea dwelt on my ear—and not that alone, but also a weird, mysterious undertone, a wild eerie sob that was always heard at the cliffs before a storm.

"Round Island crying for a storm," the old sea-fairy people.

This cry—like a human creature in desperate plight—always chilled me with a foreboding sense of coming woe, and I got up hastily, and turning, saw a tall knightly figure between me and the light.

"Ah! It is you then, and not a shadow or a wraith, to dissolve in a twinkling. I half expected to see you vanish before my eyes. Do you know I was sent in search of you? A long chase you have led me!" And the fair brow wrinkled up sternly, and did its best to belie the smiling mouth and the luminous eyes.

"I am very sorry," I said, demurely. "But perhaps you were not sent in search of me."

He glanced over me hurriedly, and then smiled as if reassured.

"Are you a mortal maiden?"

"I believe so!"

"And do they call you Vivia Grey?"

"Yea."

"Then I am your cousin Max!" and he reached out his firm white hand to me.

I clasped it and looked up to see what this cousin might be like, half afraid and wholly pleased.

"Well, what do you think of me?" he said, gayly.

"I like you very much."

"Thank you. And I like you more than very much. Come!"

I took a step forward and looked up at the sky as I did so. It was a ghastly spectacle—great clouds of a dull ashen gray sweeping up to the zenith, and below, close to the horizon, a long bar of sullen smouldering red. And through all the thunder of the surf, I heard that weird cry.

"Why do you shiver?" asked Max. I told him as I clung trembling to his arm.

"I remember!" he said. "I used to hear the story in my childhood. But what harm can come to you?"

What indeed? A lonely girl, with no kin far or near, no soul to weep when the mould should cover her, no one to mourn though she broke her heart. I put this desolating thought into words.

Max looked down at me.

"Poor little girl!" he said, in a tone of infinite softness. But the beautiful magnetic eyes said something kinder than that. Is not love possible at first sight? Can it not spring up full grown in an hour?

Strange that in that moment I never

thought of Lucia! Afterwards she came to me, a black shadow between my love and me, from the sight of which I shut my eyes and went on dreaming.

The weeks of that golden, delicious summer passed, each an exquisite pearl, bound into a rosary of delight. We told them off one by one in a delirium of joy and love.

At last my aunt looked upon us with uneasy eyes. She bestirred herself.

One night the drawing-room was filled with the twilight and me only. I was waiting for Max—we were to walk together that night as usual. I heard his step in the room adjoining, and half rose, but my aunt's cold clear voice stayed me.

"Max, Lucia Trenholme is coming to-night. I wish you to drive over for her."

"Lucia coming!"

It was the ghost of his voice. I knew he felt the stab as I did. I stole out, made my way down to the rocks, and wandered absently about there, saying over and over again those words.

Lucia coming! It was all over then, this dream of bliss, and delight, and infinite holy peace. Back to your solitude, poor heart! There is no love for you, no hope, nothing glad and sweet, nor the hope of anything.

I did not weep. My heart lay too heavy in my bosom for the sweet relief of tears. I pitied myself with a tender compassion. So miserable, and only eighteen! So long before life could come to an end!

The night darkened. At last a chill roused me. I rose to cross back to my home. My home! How cruel the words. But peering through the gloom my heart suddenly stood still with terror. Only a great foaming waste of water, before and behind, a dim white line of foam, and afar off and inaccessible as heaven the white walls of the house.

Cut off by the tide! The cry rose to my lips, but it was only a whisper. I had ventured too far in my misery. Nay, not only was my return barred, but by-and-by the very rock on which I stood would be submerged.

"I did not know death was to come so soon," I said, piteously. After all, life is dear. When the blood is warm at one's heart, when the impulses are fresh and the affections vivid, it is hard to die—to go down into the coldness and darkness of the grave.

There was no help—none unless they should miss me at the house. If Max should think of me? Was that likely? No! While he was charmed by his new love, the cold

cruel sea would bear me away from his sight forever!

A stupor fell upon me gradually. The slow minutes passed. By-and-by I seemed to hear sounds, as if in a confused dream, then I seemed to slip away, away on an illimitable sea.

When I returned to myself I was in my own bed, and my aunt was bending over me, an unwonied expression of interest in her face.

"You're coming round, ain't you, my dear?" she said, in a tone of greater kindness than she had ever used before.

"What has happened?" I asked, faintly.

"You were cut off by the tide, child," said my aunt. "It was a most imprudent thing to go so far out. If Max hadn't missed you and insisted on going for you, you would surely have been swept away."

I did not heed this much. The tones of the piano reached my ear.

"Is that Lucia playing?" I said.

"Yes. She is a most lovely girl. But why do I talk of that? You are to take this powder and go to sleep."

I took the powder, but I did not go to sleep. Before morning I was delirious—praying, sobbing, begging to be taken away from the cold cruel waves, beseeching Max not to go away.

So my nurse told me when after a long illness I came back to myself, the fever spent, and wasted to a skeleton.

How much of my secret I betrayed I shall never know. There was a curious expression in my aunt's face, and many times I caught her watching me in an odd furtive manner.

"Why doesn't Max come to see me?" I asked, one day.

She smiled.

"Max is very much occupied with Lucia."

"But he might come for a minute," I said.

She smiled again significantly, and I turned my face to the wall to hide the tears. I was too ill, too weak to reason. Only his neglect wounded me deeply.

I had a slow, weary convalescence. The autumn wore away, and the pallid snows, the short sunless days of winter came, and at last I sat up. Lucia danced in and out occasionally, never to stay long because "Max is sure to want me," she would say. A superb vivacious blonde, splendid in beauty and exuberant life. I looked at the poor wasted skeleton face in the glass, and at the thin bony hands, and contrasted them with her.

No wonder he should love her. I fell into a state of apathy at last, and it was then that Max came.

I was cold to him, perhaps, and yet I did not mean it. I was just stupid with my sorrow, and he had hurt me cruelly. Max looked at me, a certain wistful tenderness in his face. If we could have been undisturbed! But Lucia came in, said I must not be excited, and drew him away.

He never came again. Once I spoke of it.

"Never mind, Vivia," said my aunt. "One must excuse much to a man in love."

Weeks passed, and one day my aunt came into my room her face alight.

"I have some good news, my dear."

"I know it," I said, coldly. "Max is engaged to Lucia. I congratulate you."

"You may well do so. It is a splendid match. In a week he accompanies her home, and they are to be married in a few weeks."

That week passed. On its last day the little colored maid of all work crept shyly into my chamber, and with great secrecy gave me a little note.

"For de Lord's sake, Miss Vivia, write de answer quick 'fore missis catches me."

I read—"My dear Vivia! I cannot go away without seeing you. May I come to you to-night?"

Hot angry tears flowed as I read. To come to me so, after such long neglect! I took my pencil and wrote the single word "No" on the note and sent her back.

They went away the next day. In a week or two more I crept down stairs. Spring came but no Max. Presently aunt was sent for to the wedding. I think for three months afterwards she talked every day of the magnificence of the trousseau, and the position and wealth of the Trenholmes.

They went immediately abroad. Lucia wrote chatty letters and Max brief ones. All at once a blank of a month fell and my aunt was tortured by fear. Then there came a letter with broad black lines around it.

"Open it, child. O, if my boy should be dead! O, if I should be punished so!" Her face was gray and old. She rocked back and forth in agony. I ran over the sheet.

"Aunt, Lucia is dead," I whispered, tremulously.

"Dead!"

"Lucia—Lucia, aunt! Poor Lucia!"

She laughed—a strange unnatural sound it was at which my blood curdled.

"O aunt, don't, pray don't! Think of

Max. Great Heaven, how Max will suffer!"

God forgive me! I think I envied that poor dead girl because he would weep for her.

"Max can get another wife, but I have no other son," said my aunt, with something between a laugh and a sob. She grew hysterical after that, and I had to sit by her all night.

"Max will come home now," said all our friends. But not so. When letters came they announced his intention to remain abroad yet.

That was a strange, sad winter. About the middle of it my aunt was taken suddenly ill and died. It was a fearful shock to every one.

Her lawyer wrote to Max, and I added a letter giving the particulars and a word or two of formal condolence. I got a ceremonious epistle of thanks in return, and an intimation also that I might still consider Cliff House my home. Bitter as it was I stayed. I was not strong, and indeed I had no other resource.

How shall I write the history of the monotonous two years that followed? Best leave it unsaid, and forget how they burned their mark upon my life.

"Miss Vivian," said the housekeeper, one day, "I do wish you'd look over that desk of Mrs. Selwyn's, and save the papers that are of any worth, and let me burn the rest. It's getting an ill odor standing so long."

I undertook the task with reluctance. The desk had been examined by the lawyers for business documents, and there was nothing in it but old letters from Max to his mother. I read them over, and became absorbed in the reading. They showed me him as I knew him, fresh, winning, tender and true. As I returned one to its envelop a bit of folded paper slipped out. It was in his hand, and as I read it over I was only conscious of that fact. And yet it was a passionate declaration of his love for me—fervent and tender, too, like himself. A flash of a lover's jealousy also. "What did it mean that he might not see me? Was his mother right? Was it true that I was indifferent to him? Perhaps I fancied that he cared for Lucia. But he had told his mother that he cared to win no woman's love but mine. Would I send him one sweet word? If I grudged him the comfort he craved, then he should be certain my heart was set against him."

I sat like one dumb while these words burned themselves into my brain.

He had loved me then! He had not played at love-making for a summer pastime. He was my noble, chivalric Max—mine—I laid this happy thought to my heart. I brooded

over it that night, and the next day I wrote to Max, only sending him the little note and telling him it had just come into my hands.

I was not lonely now nor wretched. That love was company enough. But presently I began to wonder if he would come. There was nothing between us now, and though our way to happiness lay over graves we had wronged no one. And I hungered so to see his face once more.

A month passed, and then came a night when the wind howled and keened about the house like a host of lost spirits, and through it all was the wail of measureless woe, the ominous forerunner of storm and sorrow which I remembered had belonged to that first meeting with Max.

I got restless towards night, and I wrapped myself in my water-proof cloak and went out. Groups of people were gathered about on the beach, pale anxious women most of them, whose husbands were out in the little coasting vessels. No rain had fallen, but the sky was dun and angry, and the cannonade of the breakers was incessant and awful.

"It is going to be a fearful storm, is it not?" I said, speaking very loud to one of the men.

"I'm sure of it, ma'am! The island hasn't cried so since the gale twenty years ago when the Bella Donna came ashore."

I turned away sick at heart. I knew that story. The Bella Donna was from Spain—a beautiful, noble ship which went down in sight of the shore with its precious burden of human life. Was there any Bella Donna abroad for me, carrying my life and my hopes?

I wandered about till midnight; then I had a great fire made in the drawing-room and sat by it a long time. At last I fell off into a disturbed sleep, in which I was tormented by dreams of a ship going to pieces and Max stretching out imploring hands to me in vain.

Finally at some slight noise I started up broad awake. The dim gray day had come, and there stood Mrs. Dennett, the housekeeper, in my room. She was singularly pale and wan—or was it the sickly dull light?

In an instant I was broad awake.

"Dennett, what is it?"

"The storm has made awful work in the night, Miss Vivian," she said, solemnly.

I devoured her face with my eyes, reading my woe there.

"Dennett, Dennett! For the dear love of God don't tell me Max was in it!" I shrieked.

She began to sob.

"Poor Mr. Max! Don't look so, Miss Vivia! It's God's will—and he looks O so peaceful—as if he knew he was at home once more!"

I gazed at her stonily an instant, then I went by her mechanically and made my way to the lower hall.

Something lay there sheltered by a piece of

sailcloth, which one of the men stepped up and reverently removed.

O my lover, my noble, and beautiful, and true! That I should kiss you and you should not mind it, that I should weep and break my heart over you and you should lie passive and still! Beautiful precious gift brought to me over the sea.

THE GAME OF TWENTY QUESTIONS.

ONE person thinks of an article or subject, another then endeavors to find out what the thought is; and this is done by asking questions, as to its nature and qualities.

A third person is usually selected as umpire, who is made acquainted with the subject fixed on, and whose duty it is to see that all the answers shall be fair. These answers are not to be such as will be calculated to mislead; although, it will be observed that the wider they are from the mark, the more difficult will the guessing be rendered. Twenty questions and three guesses are allowed. We give two illustrations of the nature and method of the game.

We will suppose the person has thought of an article, and the question thus begins:

"Does it belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom?"

"Composed of vegetable material."

"Is it an article of food?"

"No."

"Is it a manufactured article?"

"It was."

"Then it does not now exist?"

"No."

"Did it belong to ancient or modern times?"

"Very ancient."

"Do you allude to any particular thing or class?"

"To one particular thing."

"Was it useful or merely ornamental?"

"Useful."

"Was it an article of dress?"

"No."

"Was it soft or hard?"

"Hard."

"Was it a piece of furniture?"

"No."

"Was it stationery?"

"No."

"Was it used as a conveyance?"

"Yes."

"By air, earth or water?"

"Water."

"Was it used for a special purpose?"

"It was."

"Was it made before the flood?"

"Yes."

"Then it must be Noah's Ark."

"You are right—and guessed it with fifteen questions."

Then another person declares that he has a thought and desires to be questioned by one or more of the party, which can be one if they all agree to it; one then commences with:

"Does it belong to the animal, vegetable or mineral kingdom?"

"Vegetable."

"Is it used for the table?"

"No."

"Is it in its natural or prepared state?"

"Prepared."

"Does it pass through more than one process before it is finished?"

"Yes, several."

"Is it useful or ornamental?"

"Useful—but sometimes ornamental."

"Is it used in this country?"

"Yes."

"Where can the original article be found?"

"In India and the United States."

"Is it cotton?"

"Cotton is the original article."

"Is it an article of dress?"

"No."

"Is it one particular thing, or the class that you think of?"

"Class."

"Do they vary in size?"

"Yes."

"Does one consist of several parts?"

"Yes."

"Do they require any sewing?"

"Yes, a little."

"Have they covers?"

"Yes."

"Is it books?"

"It is, and you gave but fourteen questions."

SYL'S TALENT.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

THE fields were turning brown, the pitiless wind was stripping the trees of their gay dresses, one melancholy robin piped plaintively from the tall elm tree at the foot of the garden. The whole world was putting on sackcloth and ashes, it seemed to Syl, as she stood at the garden gate bidding Stephen Lawrence good-by.

"It will only be for a little while," he said, looking tenderly down into the tear-brimmed eyes. "Before you begin to think of spring, I shall come back—come back to claim my wife! Syl, darling, be true to me, whatever they say, whatever happens?"

"I will," answered Syl.

"I will," she murmured, over and over again to herself, watching him until the turn in the road hid him from her sight, "whatever happens, whatever they say!"

"They" meant her mother and Aunt Jane; Aunt Jane, especially. The sitting-room door was ajar, and Syl heard her voice as she went into the house.

"You have been very imprudent to allow her to go with him so much, Susan," she said. "I never had any opinion of these city young men, that come along as sure as the summer does, to turn all the girls' heads, and artists are always as poor as church mice, everybody knows. As for the notion he has got into Sylvia's head that she has a wonderful talent for drawing, it is all sheer nonsense, of course. She's got no money to pay to learn, and if she had, and could be a great artist, she couldn't make so much money as she'll have when she is Derrick Hurst's wife, without the trouble of earning it. For my part, I am very glad that dreadful smooth-spoken Mr. Stephen Lawrence is going away, and I hope Sylvia has got a little common sense left, and won't insist upon writing to him. We must get her safely married to Derrick Hurst before Christmas! But I am sure I don't know where her wedding outfit is to come from. O, that we should have come to such poverty!"

Syl didn't care to hear any more. She stole softly up stairs to her room, and shut the door to put out the sound of the voices down stairs that it made her almost frantic to hear. It was not that she cared so much for what Aunt Jane said, for she was always

sure to have something to worry and complain about; the slightest thing would do. Syl remembered wondering, when she was a very little girl, what Aunt Jane would do when she got to heaven, where there would be nothing to fret about. And that was before she had any real trouble. Now she wore widow's weeds, and there were traces of suffering in her face. Six years before her husband had gone to California to seek his fortune. He was successful even beyond his expectations, and in a year started for home with money enough, so he wrote, to make them all independent for life. But he never reached home. He was seen at Allston, a town only ten miles distant, on a stormy winter night, and he was never seen again. He seemed to drop out of existence completely, then, leaving not the shadow of a trace behind; while at home they waited and watched for him in vain. The road from Allston was long and lonely, to be sure, and he was a careless man, and might have boasted of the money he was carrying home, but robbers were very uncommon there, and nobody had seen any strangers about. His disappearance created a great excitement for a time, and then was forgotten, as such things are, except by his wife and sister—Syl's mother—who waited and watched, and caught their breath at the sound of every footstep, in the long dreary nights and days, and grew sick at heart as the suspense settled down into a certainty that he would never come; and yet, not quite a certainty, for even now a sudden knock at the door, or a letter in an unknown handwriting, would make their hearts thrill.

So, remembering Aunt Jane's trouble, Syl tried to be patient with her continual complaints and her interference with all her affairs. But she did think she might be allowed to marry without her consent. Aunt Jane had a horror of poverty, and so had Syl's mother, and poverty was knocking loudly at their door. Syl's father had died when she was a baby, leaving his wife and child little beside the farm they lived on; and, wanting shrewd brains to take care of it, that little had dwindled rapidly away. Of late, the harvest had proved a failure every year, the farm was mortgaged at first,

then passed entirely out of their hands, and Aunt Jane declared they should all go to the poorhouse unless Syl married Derrick Hurst. Her mother said less, but Syl knew that her heart was as firmly set upon her marrying Derrick Hurst, as Aunt Jane's was. Before Stephen Lawrence came, she had thought that she might some day do as they wished, if there were really no other way to keep them from starving, but now, not for worlds! not if they all had to beg their bread, she said to herself, every time she heard his name mentioned.* She had never liked Derrick Hurst. She remembered him as a surly, ill-natured boy when they went to school together; she had always preferred any one of the other boys for a cavalier, and been annoyed and indignant when the girls teased her about him, for he always insisted upon drawing her on his sled, and brought her apples and candy, and made himself her devoted slave. He had never been a favorite in the village, until of late his evident prosperity and wealth had made him popular. When his father died, seven or eight years before, they had been poor, everybody said; the farm on which they lived, three miles out of the village, was all "running down," and the house going to decay; and for two or three years afterwards Derrick had seemed to have no ambition to make things better. But all at once there was a change. Derrick went away to the city, and stayed nearly a year, and made money in fortunate speculations, people said. At any rate, the farm soon began to hold its own with the best farms in the country; and it was no wonder, the old farmers said, considering the money that was spent on it. The house was repaired, too, but now that was not fine enough for Derrick. His new house in the village was almost done—a stately mansion, with a French roof, and bay windows, and all modern appurtenances, finer than anybody in Densboro' had ever dreamed of having.

And of this fair mansion Syl was invited to be mistress. A lucky girl, everybody said. There wasn't another girl in Densboro' who wouldn't jump at the chance, even if there were some who would consider Derrick an incumbrance. One couldn't expect to have such a position in life without some drawbacks. And Derrick was a fine fellow, with the dress and manners of a gentleman, and, if the Hursts had been a rather worthless drinking set, the Derricks, his ancestors on his mother's side, were the first people in

the country. Of course, Syl had only been flirting with that artist from the city to tease Derrick; she was always a bit of a coquette. She would never be such a fool as to refuse Derrick.

Syl had refused Mr. Derrick Hurst, but he did not seem able to realize, any more than the rest of the village people, that she could be in earnest in declining such a position in life as he offered her, or else, as his face indicated, he was not the one to take no for an answer, not the one to accept defeat while there was a shadow of a chance of victory. And he said to himself, now, that he had more than the shadow of a chance of victory, with Aunt Jane and Syl's mother on his side, and their farm in his hands.

Syl walked her chamber floor, that afternoon, and considered what she should do. "Get her married to Derrick Hurst before Christmas, indeed!" Aunt Jane would see! And they would not go to the poorhouse, either. For had not Stephen Lawrence declared that she had wonderful talent, and, with the instruction he had given her, might paint pictures that would sell, might become, in time, a famous artist? Already Syl fancied herself presenting the deed of the farm to her mother on her own wedding day—the day when she should be married to Stephen Lawrence, with scarcely a remonstrance even from Aunt Jane. For when she should be a millionaire, by her own labors, who would presume to dictate to her? And so Syl reared her stately castle, and its foundations, in the talent that she felt and knew she possessed, looked so solid, that she would have laughed at anybody who called it a castle in the air.

"It seems to me you were out a good while," said Aunt Jane, when she went down stairs. "Mr. Hurst was up here to see you. I guess he'll come again this evening. I suppose you know that the rent is due, and there's no way that I know of to pay it. It isn't very pleasant to be dependent on anybody that you treat as you do Derrick Hurst."

"We are not going to be dependent on Derrick Hurst. I have a way to pay the rent, and I don't think he will have to wait for it more than a month, at the most."

Aunt Jane opened her eyes wide.

"O, you expect to earn the money by the exercise of your *talent*, I suppose?" she said, scornfully.

"Yes," said Syl, with provoking coolness.

"Well," said Aunt Jane, after a pause,

making a feint of wiping her eyes with her handkerchief, "if John had only lived, your mother and I shouldn't be obliged to depend upon a silly heartless chit of a girl like you. Talent, fiddlestick!" she cried, removing her handkerchief as her wrath began to rise again, "I'd rather have common sense enough to see which side my bread was buttered on, than all the talent in the world!"

Syl withdrew from the contest then, for, however long it might last, Aunt Jane was always sure to have the last word.

Derrick Hurst made his appearance that evening, with his black brows a little unbent from their usual frown; now that the coast was clear he was sure of winning.

But the reception Syl gave him was anything but promising. "We shall ask you to wait only a little while longer for your rent, Mr. Hurst," she said, with something of a grand air, and a tone that said, "of course, you could have come here only on business!"

"Rent! don't talk to me of rent!" he said, impatiently. "You know I am glad and happy to have you live here as long as—until you come to live in my new house, with me, Syl!"

The angry blood mounted to Syl's forehead, and her eyes flashed. "That will never be!" she said, and left him for her mother and Aunt Jane to entertain, while she went to her own room, and tried to forget her anger in the delights of carmine and cobalt.

While Mr. Derrick Hurst, taking his homeward way, said to himself, with an exclamation which he would not have cared to have Syl hear:

"It will be! it shall be! and soon, too!"

Syl's first picture was soon finished, for she put her whole soul into it, and worked night and day. She sent it to an art dealer in the nearest large city, and waited in anxious suspense to learn its fate, on which all her hopes depended. Stephen Lawrence had asked her to send it to him to sell, but she knew that if he were unable to sell it he would buy it himself to save her from disappointment, and let her think she had been successful. So she determined to win her way without help. It seemed an age to her before she heard from her picture. Then a brief discouraging letter came. Her picture was bold and somewhat original, but showed an unskilled hand. By years of study and practice she might win success, but now the market was crowded with pictures like hers, which could find no sale.

So Syl's castle crumbled, before her eyes, utterly into ruins, soon, for Stephen Lawrence's letters suddenly ceased. Syl was sure at first that he must be ill or dead, and kept on writing to him, in vain. Aunt Jane and her mother were loud in proclaiming that they had known, all the time, he was only flirting with Syl; he was poor, and, of course, was on the lookout for a rich wife; there were girls enough who could be fooled into marrying him, by his handsome face and his soft speeches.

It was long before Syl doubted him; she conjured up a thousand things, probable and improbable, that might have prevented his writing. She never quite lost faith in him. But what was she to do? Her "mither pressed her sair," as in the old song; disappointment and suspense had made her pale and ill, and the village people began now to shake their heads, and say that Syl Shepard *was* in love with that artist, after all, and was pining away on his account, and Syl was proud, and that was hard to bear; and, more than all, they were dependent on Derrick Hurst for shelter; by-and-by what would keep them from starving, now that her talent had failed her?

So it came to pass that Derrick Hurst went home one night triumphant, leaving his betrothal ring on Syl's finger. The new house was finished and ready for its mistress, and the wedding was arranged to take place in the last of January. Aunt Jane, and Syl's mother, and Derrick had arranged it, and Syl did not even hint at a delay. She feigned an interest in her wedding preparations, and tried her best to be cheerful, even gay, for Syl was not one to wear her heart upon her sleeve. She knew that she could never forget Stephen Lawrence, and that happy summer past, but she banished all thought of them, as much as possible, from her mind. But she could not give up her painting, though that recalled her teacher continually to her; it was her one consolation; the only way in which she could forget her sorrow, for a moment.

It was only three weeks before the wedding day. There was to be a ball at Allston, and, after repeated urging from Derrick, Syl had consented to go. She was the prettiest girl in Densboro', and Derrick liked to display his conquest. To Syl, now, such gayeties were torture, and she was glad enough to find it a stormy day when she awoke.

"La," said Aunt Jane, "the storm wont

hurt you! You may be sure that Derrick wont mind it, for he is determined to show you to the Allston folks."

And Derrick didn't mind, though the storm raged still more fiercely, as it drew towards night. Syl had been strangely nervous and excited all day. She felt a presentiment of something going to happen, whether good or ill she could not tell. And, though she laughed at her own folly, she could not rid herself of it. She was gay without an effort, and Aunt Jane and her mother agreed with Derrick Hurst that she had never looked so well in her life. She wore a white muslin dress, caught up with cherry ribbons over a cherry silk petticoat that had been Aunt Jane's, in the days of her youthful gayeties, and the ribbons were not so bright as her cheeks. Even the long dreary ride through the storm to Allston, with Derrick Hurst beside her, could not take away her spirits. When they passed the Hurst farm, which was out on the road to Allston, the great lonely old house made Syl shudder. There were pine trees around it, and they made such a lonesome moaning as the wind swept through them! She felt a thrill of thankfulness that that was not to be her home. Derrick's mother was to live there still, after he was married and gone to his new house. She was very old, and never went outside the door. There were stories about that she had lost her mind, or was insane; nobody knew exactly what was the matter, for nobody except Derrick and his aunt had seen her for years. The aunt, his father's sister, was to live with her still; she was a stern, hard-featured old woman, who never had lived and never would live in any house where she could not be mistress. Syl had only seen her once or twice—the Hursts had always lived in a solitary way, having very little to do with the village people—but from that slight acquaintance she had decided she could readily excuse her from living with her.

Syl was the gayest of the gay at the ball, but it was only because of a nervous restlessness that had nothing to do with happiness.

The storm had increased with every hour after nightfall, and when they set out on their return it raged fearfully; the rain and sleet drove into the carriage so that Syl was drenched, the darkness was intense, and the horse stopped entirely every now and then, unable to struggle against the furious wind.

"We may be able to get as far as my house," Derrick said. "You cannot possibly

get home to-night. Aunt Joanna will take care of you, and give you some dry clothing."

At any other time the thought of passing the night in that house, that had always looked so dreary and ghostly to her, would have been insupportable to Syl, but now in the storm and darkness the light that streamed from its window looked cheery and inviting. Still, if it had been possible, she would have preferred to go home, and she was sure Derrick would have preferred to have her, for he always seemed averse to having her enter his house.

But Aunt Joanna made an effort to relax her grim features into a smile, as she greeted her, and bustled about, with quite a show of hospitality, to get her some hot tea and dry clothing. But when she ushered her into the room where she was to sleep, Syl's heart almost failed her. It was a great desolate room on the ground floor, with a damp uninhabitable feeling, and looking as if nobody had entered it for years. The dust lay thick on the clumsy old-fashioned furniture, and the spiders had festooned their webs over the windows. Miss Joanna made some half-muttered apology for the uninviting aspect of the room; they so seldom had company that she had fallen into the habit of neglecting the rooms which they did not use. Even the wood fire, burning in the open fireplace, did not take away anything of the dreary, uncanny look of the apartment. The shadows of the firelight took ghostly shapes on the walls; outside the wind moaned and wailed through the pines like a human voice.

Sleep would not come at Syl's bidding. She lay and listened to the wind, and watched the wavering shadows on the wall that now were ghastly distorted faces, and now ghostly beckoning hands, while the night wore slowly away. How could it be so long, she wondered, ten was almost gone when she left the ballroom in the Allston Hotel? Suddenly she heard slow soft footfalls in the hall, then the door of her room swung noiselessly open. Syl was not sure whether she was awake or dreaming when she saw the figure that entered—a little old woman, with a yellow wrinkled face, and white hair falling around it. As she came before the fire, so that its light fell on her face, Syl recognized her. It was Derrick's mother. She had seen her often in childhood, but she had changed fearfully since then. If she had seen her anywhere else she would not have known her, Syl said to herself.

She went up to the bed and looked keenly, yet with a sort of terror in her face, at Syl. The blood grew cold in Syl's veins, she had no strength to move or cry out.

"It isn't him nor his ghost," the old woman murmured. "You needn't be afraid; they wouldn't kill a young girl like you. But there has been blood spilled in this house—in this very room!" Her voice sank to a tragic whisper on the last words, and then she moaned and wrung her hands, and paced up and down the room.

Syl felt as if some horrible nightmare were upon her. And yet she knew it was reality; she was alone with this mad woman, and with no power to call for help.

She came back to the bed soon, and bent her lips to Syl's ear.

"There's blood on those walls beside the bed! They had it papered over, but paper wont stay on it; you can see how it has started off. I pulled up one corner the other day, and I saw the blood! Joanna doesn't know that I come here; she would kill me if she did; she doesn't like to come herself, and she isn't afraid of anything earthly. But this room is full of ghosts! they are walking around here, and crying and groaning all night. I thought you were one of them, at first. *He* is here—John Lyford, with that great gash in his throat, and the blood streaming out—rivers and rivers of blood! Isn't it strange that he can come back, when he is buried so deep? way down at the bottom of the old well; you know where the old well is, out by the pine grove. They carried him out there—Derrick and Joanna. It was hard, when he was only three miles from home, wasn't it? But the old well is deep, and nobody will ever know it! And Derrick is a rich man, now, you know, and nobody will ever know where John Lyford is. Derrick has built a new house; he don't like to live here, because John Lyford's ghost comes here, and he is going to marry John Lyford's niece—little Syl Shepard. She don't see the blood on his hands; nobody can see it but me, Joanna says; but there it is, dripping, dripping all the time!"

She moaned and wrung her hands frantically, and then talked incoherently and excitedly. Syl, straining her ears to the utmost, could not catch an intelligible word. All her terror had vanished in the excitement of the fearful discovery she had made. Was it truth, or only the fancies of this disordered brain?

The gray light of dawn was just beginning

to stream into the window, and the old woman took her departure, first coming to the bedside again, and looking, with that same terrified expression, at Syl, as if not yet sure that she was not a ghost.

Syl was not bewildered nor frightened, now. She was filled with amazement and horror, but her brain had never been clearer. How plainly the story had been told! And there was not a shadow of doubt of its truth in her mind. A hundred trifles that she had scarcely noticed before, crowded up in her memory to confirm the story. Derrick's nervousness at unexpected sounds and footsteps, the sudden pallor that had come over his face when, two or three times, she had spoken of the pine grove. And then this sudden wealth that had come to him—by speculation, he said. Poor Uncle John! coming home with his heart so full of joyful anticipations. And how near she had come to being a murderer's wife! Now the task of bringing the murderer to justice devolved upon her, and how terrible the task! How little proof she had! Would anybody believe that what she had heard was anything more than the raving of an insane woman?

The wall paper had started off in one place, and Syl moved the bed away from it, taking care to make no noise, and then pulled it up; there was a faint dark stain on the plastered wall. She tore the paper off the whole length of the roll, and under it, spattered over the wall, almost to the ceiling, were stains of blood. Some one had evidently tried to wash them out, and finding that vain had papered over them. A faintness and trembling seized Syl when she saw them, and a sudden terror. To get away from that house, never to see Derrick nor his aunt again, was all she cared for. She dressed herself hastily, determining to get away before they were awake. When he saw the torn paper would not Derrick know why she had gone? A sudden thought struck her. She would show him that she knew, and then, if it were true, he would never come near her again.

Afterwards Syl thought that her brain must have been turned by that dreadful night's experience, or she should never have done so wild a thing, never have had courage enough to do it, after what she had heard and saw. But then she did not stop to think after the idea came to her.

She took a piece of charcoal from the smouldering fire, and drew on the plastering from which she had torn the paper, beside

those dark-red stains, a sketch—the edge of the pine grove, and the old well. She could see them, in the dim light of the early morning, from the window, and she drew them, even with her rough materials, with almost startling accuracy. The work had a strange fascination for her; she put her whole soul into it, exulting in her ability as she had never done before. Was not her talent of some use to her, in spite of Aunt Jane's sneers? Amidst the heap of stones around the well she drew a skull, grinning and ghastly. Before she had put the finishing touches to her picture she heard footsteps overhead. She stole out, unbarred the great front door softly, and ran swiftly, breathlessly, without a backward glance, towards home.

The sun was shining brightly; there was no trace of the storm save in the drenched fields and muddy roads. Syl had put on her ball attire of the night before, and it was soon wet and draggled, but she flew on, never heeding it, fancying continually, in her terror, that she heard footsteps following her, Derrick Hurst's voice calling her.

A mile away from home her path crossed the railroad track; it ran over a steep ascent that was hard to climb, and Syl was forced to pause to take breath. It was well that she did so, for just then a puff of smoke through the trees told her that a train of cars was coming around the curve—the morning train that was due at Densboro' at seven o'clock. Her eyes wandered carelessly along the track as she waited, till suddenly they fell upon something that made her spring forward with a cry of alarm. Only a few rods from where she stood the track had been torn up, for two or three yards, and thrown down over the embankment! Her frantic cries were unheard; the train came rushing along at lightning speed. Syl shut her eyes. There came a terrible crash, and then cries of terror and pain rang in her ears. All around her crushed and mangled forms were lying; one had fallen almost at her feet. She sank down beside it, with a cry that rang above all the others, when her eyes fell on the upturned face. For it was Stephen Lawrence's face!

"You here, Syl? you come down to meet me?" he murmured, with a gleam of gladness in his eyes. "My darling! I was sure you must be ill or dead, from your long silence! I would not believe you were false to me. I could not endure the suspense any longer, and so I came down. Why didn't you write?"

"I haven't heard from you for months,

Stephen; only two or three times since you went away! I thought it was you who was false," said Syl. And then there was no more time for explanations, and Stephen had no more strength to speak. Help had come from the village, and they were caring for the sufferers, as speedily as possible. But it seemed ages to Syl before Stephen was safely at her own home.

He was badly hurt, but he would live, was the doctor's verdict, and Syl's joy and thankfulness knew no bounds when she thought, shudderingly, of what might have been, of four or five houses in Densboro' that had been made desolate by the railroad accident. But, except by the sufferers, that was soon almost forgotten in a new sensation.

Derrick Hurst and his Aunt Joanna had disappeared, leaving not the slightest clue to their whereabouts, and old Mrs. Hurst had wandered into the village, telling to everybody she met the story she had told to Syl. At first people treated the story as insane folly, but the disappearance of Derrick and his aunt put a new face upon the matter. The house was examined, and the stains and that strange picture found upon the wall, and then Syl told of her night's stay there, and it became evident that the picture had driven Derrick Hurst away. When the well was searched and a skeleton found in it, there was no more doubt. Large rewards were offered for his apprehension, but all in vain, and at last his property was all made over to Aunt Jane, to whom there was no doubt that it rightfully belonged.

Years afterward a story found its way to Densboro' that Derrick Hurst had died in California, and, dying, had confessed his crime, and also that he had caused the railroad accident, learning that Stephen Lawrence was on the train, through his letters to Syl, which he had intercepted.

But the news mattered little to anybody, now, except that perhaps Syl Lawrence may have felt a little relief at knowing he was no longer in the world. Her husband is growing famous as an artist, but since that night Syl can never bear to touch a pencil, and Aunt Jane persists in saying that "the only good Syl's talent ever did was to help a murderer to get rid of his just deserts;" but Syl answers that but for that she might never have come into possession of the wealth she so values and enjoys, for Derrick Hurst's guilt might never have been proven if she had not frightened him away.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DIK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE CAPTAIN AND THE SUPERCARGO.

WHEN Harry was so treacherously thrown overboard by Jack Rodman, the supercargo was not on deck. He had been attacked by a violent headache, which had caused him to go below and "turn in," in the hope of obtaining a little sleep. In this he at length succeeded, and when Harry's life was placed in jeopardy he was fast asleep. He did not wake up for an hour or more. Feeling refreshed he got up and went on deck. He looked round as usual for Harry, but did not see him. His attention, however, was drawn to Tom Fateh, who, good honest fellow, every now and then raised his rough hand to his eyes to brush away a tear.

"What's the matter, Tom?" asked the supercargo, for he had observed the rough sailor's partiality for Harry, and this had inclined him favorably towards him.

"Is it you, Mr. Weldon?" said Tom, in a subdued tone. "I wish you'd been on deck an hour ago."

"Why?"

"Mayhaps you could have saved the poor lad."

"Saved whom?" asked the supercargo, suspecting at once that some harm had befallen Harry, but not dreaming of the extent of his misfortune.

"He fell overboard, or was thrown over, I can't justly say which."

"Whom do you mean?"

"Harry Raymond."

"Good heavens! How long since?"

"An hour and a half, maybe."

"And was nothing done to save him?"

"I threw a plank when I heard him cry for help."

"And where was the captain when this happened?" asked Weldon, suspiciously.

"In his cabin. I went down to tell him, and ask to have a boat lowered to save the poor lad, but he swore that if he was careless enough to fall overboard he must save himself."

The supercargo was not an excitable man, but rather mild and pacific in his disposition, but when he heard of the cold-blooded manner in which Captain Brandon had refused

help to the drowning boy, he was filled with a just indignation, which he was unable to conceal.

"Where is Captain Brandon?" he asked, in a quick stern voice, so unusual to him that Tom looked up in surprise.

"In his cabin, Mr. Weldon. He gave orders that he should not be disturbed."

"That for his orders?" returned the supercargo, snapping his fingers contemptuously. "He *shall* be disturbed, and he shall answer to me for his atrocious inhumanity!" And Mr. Weldon hurried to the rear of the companion way.

"I didn't think he had so much spirit," said Tom, as he followed with his glance the retreating form of the supercargo, "he's so mildlike, commonly. But I'm glad the poor lad's got some one that'll dare to speak up for him. I'd do it, but the captain'd knock me down with a marlin-spike, and put me in irons, likely, if I did."

The captain's attention was drawn to a quick imperative knock at the door of the cabin.

"Go away!" he growled. "I do not wish to be disturbed."

The only answer was a succession of knocks still louder and more imperative.

"I'll fix him for his insolence, whoever he is," the captain muttered, angrily, and walking to the cabin door opened it himself.

"What do you mean, Mr. Weldon?" he demanded, in surprise and anger.

The young man's face was white with anger, and there was a suppressed fury in his tone, as he replied, "I come here, Captain Brandon, to demand why you have sacrificed a human life, by refusing to make any effort to save the boy Harry Raymond."

"I am not responsible to you for what I do or decline to do, Mr. Weldon," said Brandon, fiercely. "It is none of your business."

"It is my business, Captain Brandon, and the business of every man on board who has a spark of humanity in his bosom."

"You are insolent, sir."

"Is this a time to choose words? You have suffered that poor boy to perish when you might have saved him, and in the eyes of Heaven you are responsible for his murder."

"Murder!"

Hartley Brandon was not a brave man. He was disposed to bully and threaten, when he thought he could do it with safety, but when he was opposed in an intrepid and fearless manner, his tone became milder and

he lowered his pretensions. So in the present case, it startled him to be told that in failing to take means for the rescue of Harry, he had been accessory to a murder, and he began to have undefined apprehensions of the possible consequences of his neglect. He thought it best to exculpate himself.

"Walk in, Mr. Weldon, and sit down," he said. "We will talk this matter over. You don't understand all the circumstances."

"I hope I do not, Captain Brandon," said the young man, gravely. "I do not wish to think so ill of you as I fear I must."

"The boy carelessly fell overboard," commenced the captain.

"Are you sure he fell?" asked the supercargo, significantly.

"Of course he fell. How else could it be? I don't understand you."

"It seems strange that he should be so careless."

"That's the way of it. He didn't deserve to be helped. Can I be expected to stop my ship every time a careless boy takes a notion to fall overboard?"

"When a human life is in jeopardy, Captain Brandon, our duty is to save it if we can. I don't envy the man who, at such a time can stop to inquire whether the danger is the result of carelessness or not."

The supercargo spoke sternly, and the captain felt arraigned for his action, and this irritated him.

"I have to think of my ship," he said.

"In what way would it have injured the ship, if you had lowered the boat for Harry?"

"I cannot afford to lose time."

"Have you thought how much time the poor boy has lost, whose life is probably a sacrifice to your criminal negligence? A life which, in all probability, would have been prolonged to seventy, has been cut short at fifteen. Fifty-five years lost to save one hour in the voyage of the *Sea Eagle*!" said Weldon, scornfully.

"I am not responsible to you, Mr. Weldon," said Brandon with irritation. "I acted, as I thought, for the best. I am the captain of this ship, not you."

"I am aware of that, Captain Brandon. But you could not expect me to stand by, and see a human life sacrificed without uttering my earnest protest. Any life would be worth saving—the life of this bright manly boy more than most. His death lies at your door."

"You have said as much before," said the

captain, sulkily. "If you have no more to say, I will trouble you to leave me to myself."

"I have something more to say," said the supercargo, regarding the captain fixedly. "I am aware of the manner in which this boy was entrapped on board your vessel. What motive you had in carrying him away from home and friends, I do not know. You perhaps know, also," the young man continued, "whether in leaving him to his sad fate, you are not influenced by a similar motive."

"What do you mean, Mr. Weldon?" demanded the captain, startled by the words and tone of the other.

"I mean this: that in this whole affair there is something which I do not understand—something that has excited my suspicions. I shall feel it my duty to report all that I know of it to the authorities at the first opportunity."

Brandon turned pale. He began to see that he had made a mistake, and exposed himself to grave suspicions. It would have been better, as he now perceived, to make a show of rescuing our hero. It would have been easy to secure failure by unnecessary delay. The threat of a legal investigation alarmed him, and he prepared to make an argument by which he might dispel, if possible, the impression which had been created in the mind of the supercargo. But Mr. Weldon rose, and left the cabin hastily. The interview had been a most unsatisfactory one, and had only convinced him of what he feared—that the captain was in reality either glad to be rid of our hero, even by such means, or else indifferent to his fate. He was inclined to believe in the former theory. What he had said of laying the matter before the authorities, he was fully decided upon. Now the vehemence of his indignation gave place to a feeling of the deepest and most poignant sorrow for the loss of the boy who had unconsciously become very dear to him. He thought of his frank manly bearing, of his pleasant face, of his courtesy and politeness, and the warm and generous heart of which he had shown himself to be possessed, and then of the terrible fate which had so unexpectedly overtaken him, and the tears rose unbidden to his eyes. By this time, doubtless, Harry was beyond human succor, and all that he could do was to drop a tear to his memory. He went up to Tom Patch, towards whom the sailor's evident grief for our hero's fate had warmed his heart, and wrung his hand heartily.

"He was a noble boy, and his life has been shamefully sacrificed, Tom," he said, "but if I live, the man who has done this deed shall be punished."

"Ay, ay, sir," said Tom, whose voice was gruff with emotion, "I hope you'll stick to that. He was a brave lad, and the captain deserves to be pitched after him."

Mr. Weldon paced the deck till far into the night. Captain Brandon shut himself up in his cabin, and did not show himself till morning. He had made various advances towards the supercargo, whom he evidently desired to conciliate from prudential intentions, but the young man met him with a freezing formality, which showed him that all hopes in that direction were futile.

So the *Sea Eagle* sped on its way, till at length it arrived at its destined port.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ADrift.

THE attack made upon our hero was so sudden and so rapidly executed that there was no opportunity for resistance. Before he well knew what had happened to him, he found himself struggling in the ocean. Instinct led him to strike out. In response to his cry the plank was thrown overboard, as we know. He saw it and swam towards it. Fortunately he was an expert swimmer, and had no difficulty in reaching it.

He got upon the plank and supported himself by it. Then, for the first time, he was able to look towards the *Sea Eagle*. It was speeding away from him, not rapidly, for there was a light wind, but surely.

"Surely they will lower a boat for me," thought our hero, anxiously.

He had heard Tom Patch's shout of encouragement, and he knew Tom would not let him perish, if he could help it. He did not suspect that the captain would be inhuman enough to refuse assistance. So he gazed anxiously, but still hopefully, at the receding ship; wondering why there was such a delay in getting out the boat. But when five minutes had elapsed, and, straining his eyes in the uncertain light, he could see no preparations going forward for a rescue, the thought flashed upon him in all its horror that he was to be left to his fate. And what a fate! Thousands of miles from home, adrift on the vast ocean, with only a plank between him and destruction. Could anything be more fearful?

At present the ocean was comparatively calm. There was little breeze, and so no high waves were excited. He could float without any great difficulty in clinging to the plank. But this could not be expected to last. To-morrow the waves might sweep him from his sole refuge, and to certain destruction. Besides, he had neither food nor drink. Even were he able to cling to the plank, hunger and thirst would soon make his condition insupportable. There was still another consideration. It would not do for him to sleep. Should he lose consciousness, his hold of the plank would of course relax, and he would be drowned.

All these thoughts crowded upon our young hero, and here though we call him, a feeling of bitter despair came to him. Was this to be the end of all his glowing hopes and bright anticipations of future prosperity? Was he never to see his mother and his little sister Katy again? He felt at this terrible moment how he loved them both, and anxious as he was for himself, with death staring him in the face, he could not help thinking how his death would affect these dear ones, and anxiously considered how they would be able to get along without him. When the property was gone, how would his mother get along?

"O, if I could but live for mother and Katy," thought the poor boy. "I would work for them without a murmur. But it is horrible to die in the wild ocean so far away from home."

He was not troubled by drowsiness, for in the tumult of his feelings he could not have composed himself to sleep under any circumstances. His mind was preternaturally active. Now he thought of his mother, now of his schoolmates, and his happy schooldays at the Vernon High School, of the many good times he had enjoyed hunting for nuts, or picking berries, or playing ball with the boys. Then he thought of Squire Turner, and wondered how he would feel when he heard of his death. Would he be glad that there was no more chance of his being exposed as the incendiary of his own building? Harry hardly knew what to think. It never occurred to him to suspect that Squire Turner was responsible for his abduction, and for his present condition.

So the night wore slowly away. When the first gray streaks of dawn broke upon the ocean, the *Sea Eagle* was more than fifty fathoms away. Harry was still wakeful. His

intense mental action had kept sleep at a distance.

As soon as the light had increased a little he began to look about anxiously in every direction. There was one chance of life and he clung to that. He might be seen from some approaching vessel and picked up. This chance was small enough. The avenues of the ocean are so many and so broad that no ship can be depended upon to keep the course of another. What chance was there, in the brief time Harry could hope to hold out, that any vessel would come near enough for him to be seen and rescued?

But it is said that drowning men will cling to a straw, and Harry was in immediate danger of drowning. His thoughts were fixed in all their intensity upon the remote contingency of a vessel's passing. He almost forgot that he was hungry. But as the morning advanced the craving for food made itself unpleasantly felt. There was a gnawing at his stomach (for he had eaten but lightly the evening before) which there was no chance of appeasing. Harry knew well that this feeling would grow stronger and stronger until it became so agonizing as to make life a burden. But there was always one relief, though a desperate one. He could release his hold of the plank, and sink down into the deep waves, which, merciless as they were, were more merciful than hunger and thirst, for while the first brings protracted agony, the last affords a speedy relief for all trouble.

After a while thirst as well as hunger began to torment him. The salt meat, which affords the staple of a sailor's diet, induces thirst more rapidly than ordinary food. So by noon his throat was parched with thirst. He felt the tantalizing character of his situation; "water, water everywhere, but not a drop to drink." He was half tempted to taste of the water in which he was immersed, but he knew that so far from affording relief, it would only entail additional suffering, and strong though the temptation was, he had the prudence and self-denial to forbear.

Then, besides, partly owing to his sleeplessness, his head began to throb with pain, and altogether the poor boy's situation was becoming desperate. It seemed as if his career was likely to terminate very speedily.

While our hero is in this precarious condition, we must for a brief time change the scene.

Sailing steadily towards him, though he

knew it not, was the Australian packet-ship *Rubicon*, bound from Liverpool to Melbourne.

It was a pleasant day, and most of the passengers were on deck, enjoying the calm weather. Some had been seasick, but even those who were most inclined to be disturbed by this most disagreeable of maladies could find no good cause for keeping below on so pleasant a day. The sea was tranquil, the movement of the vessel calm and steady, and as such days are not often to be reckoned upon, the passengers determined to make the most of this.

Among the passengers was David Lindsay, a gentleman of middle age, and his daughter Maud, a bright handsome girl of thirteen. Mr. Lindsay was a London merchant, who, partly for the benefit of his health, which had been affected by too great devotion to business, partly because he had business interests in Australia, had decided to go out to Melbourne on a visit. He had not at first proposed to take his daughter, considering her too young, but she was an only child, and, as her mother was dead, had been treated by her father more as a companion than is usual with girls of her age. So when her father mentioned his plan, Maud at once said confidently, "O, that will be charming, papa. How much I shall enjoy it!"

"How much you will enjoy it," repeated her father. "Well, Maud, I can't say that your remark is particularly complimentary to me."

"Why not?" asked Maud, innocently.

"I tell you that I am going to Australia—a journey likely to keep me away from home a year, at least, and you are so ready to part with me that you say at once that it is charming."

"But, papa," said Maud, "we shall not be separated at all."

"How do you make that out?"

"Of course you are going to take me with you!" and Maud put a strong emphasis on the first two words.

"You seem to be pretty confident, considering that such an idea never entered my head," said her father.

"What, papa! You don't mean to say that you thought of leaving me here in England?"

"Certainly, my child."

"But you know, papa, I can't stay away from you so long. I'm sure you're going to take me with you." And she put her arms coaxingly around his neck.

"But what is to become of your education in the meantime, Maud?"

"O, that can wait."

"You dispose of that difficulty very easily," said her father, amused.

"Why you see, papa, I am not so terribly old. I've got plenty of time before me, so that I can spare a year, well enough. Besides, I shall be learning something from observation. My governess says that there are two great sources of instruction; one of these is the study of books, and the other, and perhaps the more valuable of the two, is the right use of the faculty of observation."

In saying this she imitated the prim methodical tone of her governess, an elderly spinster, at whose little peculiarities Mr. Lindsay had often been secretly amused.

He laughed outright at the excellent imitation given of Miss Pendleton's manner, and Maud saw that her suit was half won.

"You ought to be a lawyer, Maud," he said; "you are so good at special pleading."

"That means that I am going, I suppose, papa?" said Maud, promptly.

"Not so fast. I have got to think it over. I must ask Miss Pendleton what she thinks of it."

"If you do, papa, will you be kind enough to repeat that remark I made about the two sources of knowledge?"

"No, Maud, I don't think I shall venture upon such a thing. However, I will take your request into consideration."

"Into a favorable consideration, papa."

"As to that, I cannot promise."

Maud, however, felt tolerably assured that she had gained her point, as indeed she had. Mr. Lindsay had been dreading his Australian trip, mainly because it would separate him from his daughter. Now he began to look forward to it with interest and pleasure. Strange to say, the thought of taking his daughter had never before occurred to him. Yet there seemed no good reason for not doing it. She was young, and there was plenty of time to obtain an education, as she had herself said. Besides, the remark of her governess had considerable truth in it. Observation would be a valuable source of information.

He consulted Miss Pendleton, offering her a year's vacation on half salary, and found her very ready to accept it. It was many years that she had been teaching in different families, and the prospect of a year's respite with such pecuniary inducements as would relieve

her from loss or anxiety was a pleasant one. It would enable her to visit the family of a married sister, and renew the familiar intercourse which her mode of life for many years had rendered impracticable.

Se it happened that when the packet *Rubicon* sailed, in the list of passengers were Mr. David Lindsay and daughter.

Mr. Lindsay was seasick a fortnight, Maud scarcely at all. The dismal hours in which he was a victim to this disagreeable complaint were made much less intolerable by the services and bright cheerful companionship of his daughter, so that the merchant more than once felt thankful that he had yielded to her entreaties, and made her the companion of his trip.

Maud and her father were standing by the side of the vessel, looking out at the broad waste of waters, without any definite object in view. Suddenly Maud exclaimed, "Papa, look there and tell me what you see?"

She pointed to the east. He shook his head. "Your eyes are better than mine, Maud," he said. "I can see nothing."

"Papa," she said, energetically, "I am sure I can see a boy in the water supported by a plank."

The captain was on deck with his spyglass. Mr. Lindsay went up to him and told him what Maud had said. He turned his glass in the direction indicated.

"The young lady is right," he said. "It is a boy adrift upon a plank."

CHAPTER XXVII.

NEW FRIENDS.

"A boy adrift?" repeated Mr. Lindsay. "How could he get into such a situation?"

"There may have been a wreck," said the captain, "though I can see no other indications of it," as through his glass he scanned the sea in the neighborhood of Harry.

"You'll go after him, wont you, Captain Scott?" asked Maud, anxiously.

"Certainly, my dear young lady, I will save him if I can."

"It must be so terrible to be out in the sea with nothing but a plank to hold on to," said Maud, sympathetically. "I hope he'll hold on till we get there."

"He lies nearly in our course. In twenty minutes we shall reach him."

Meanwhile Harry, scanning the sea anxiously, had caught sight of the *Rubicon*. A wild thrill of hope stirred his heart. Here at

last was a chance of life. But would they see him? That was the momentous question. Had he anything by which he might attract attention?

He felt in his pocket, and drew out his handkerchief. Had it been dry, he could have waved it aloft. But it was dripping wet, and there was no wave to it. His spirits began to sink. But there was one encouragement. The packet was heading for him. Though he might not be seen now, he would perhaps be able to attract attention when the ship drew near.

Fifteen minutes passed in the most anxious suspense. How much depended on the next quarter of an hour! In that time it would be decided whether he should live or die. Already he could discern the figures of the passengers. Was it a delusion? No, a little girl was waving her handkerchief to him. He was seen, he would be rescued. He became so weak in the tumult of his sudden joy that he released his hold of the plank which had been his safeguard, and, as it proved, his deliverance. But he recovered from his weakness, and with renewed energy clung to the plank.

Nearer and nearer came the *Rubicon*. He saw preparations for lowering a boat. The boat was in the water and four sturdy sailors impelled it towards him with vigorous strokes. Five minutes later he was helped into the boat, and a little later still he clambered on board the *Rubicon*, a silent prayer of thanksgiving in his heart to the Almighty Father for his providential rescue.

"Well, my lad," said Captain Scott, advancing towards him, "you've had a pretty narrow escape. We don't generally stop here to take in passengers."

"Captain," said Harry, earnestly, "I thank you for saving my life. I couldn't have held out much longer."

"No, I should think not. How came you in such a pickle? But I wont ask you to tell the story now. You're wet, and I suppose hungry."

Our hero admitted that he was both hungry and thirsty, having been without food or drink for nearly twenty-four hours.

Luckily there was a boy on board of about Harry's size. Our hero was supplied with a suit of his clothes which he found considerably more comfortable than the one he had on, which having been subjected to the action of the sea water for twenty hours was about as thoroughly drenched as it was possible for

clothes to be. After being provided with dry clothing, Harry's other wants were attended to. A bowl of hot coffee and a plentiful supply of hearty food made him feel very much more at his ease.

He was now called upon for his story. This he told frankly and without reservation to the captain and the passengers who had gathered about him. His manner was so modest, manly and self-possessed that no one for a moment questioned the truth of what he said, and all were prepossessed at once in his favor.

"Well, youngster," said Captain Scott, "it appears that you've had rather a rough experience. I'll try to treat you a little better than did Captain Brandon. We sea captains are not all black sheep. There are some of us, I hope, that have common humanity."

Captain Scott himself was a bluff, hearty sailor with a large heart full of kindly impulses. In times of danger he was rough and dictatorial, as was perhaps necessary, but at other times he followed the dictates of a kind heart and generous nature, treating the sailors under his command so well that no one would leave him unless obliged to do so.

Among those who listened with the greatest interest to Harry's story was Maud Lindsay. When it was over she called her father aside.

"Papa," she said, "I have a favor to ask."

"Well, puss?"

"I want you to be kind to this boy—Harry Raymond."

"How do you want me to be kind to him?"

"I want you to pay his passage to Melbourne, and help him after he gets there."

"Whew, Maud! You seem to have taken a sudden interest in the young man. I suppose you will be wanting to marry him when we get to Melbourne."

"Nonsense, papa," said Maud, blushing.

"Tell me, then, why I should spend so much money on a stranger."

"You know you've got plenty of money, papa, and he has been very unfortunate. He's such a nice looking boy, too."

"I suppose if he were only unfortunate, and not nice looking—if he had red hair, and a face marked with the small pox, you would not be so anxious to have me help him along."

"No, I don't suppose I should feel quite so much interest in him," Maud admitted. "Do you like homely persons as well as handsome ones, papa?"

"Why, that is rather a delicate question to ask. All I can say is, that I love you just as much as if you were good looking."

"That's as much as to say I am not," returned Maud.

"I didn't say so."

"But you meant so. However, everybody says I look like you; so, if I am homely, you are also."

"You've got me there, Maud," said Mr. Lindsay, laughing. "After this I shall never dare to question your good looks."

"You'll do as I want you to, then, papa?" said Maud, laying her hand with a coaxing gesture on her father's arm.

"I suppose I shall have to," said her father, smiling.

"That's a good papa. I'll kiss you now."

"I will submit to the infliction with as good a grace as possible," said Mr. Lindsay, with a comic look of resignation.

It will be perceived that the relations between Mr. Lindsay and his daughter were more cordial and affectionate than is sometimes the case. He had a warm, kindly nature, and the death of his wife had led him to centre all his love and all his hopes upon his daughter, who, we must acknowledge, was attractive and lovable enough to justify any father's love and pride. Warm-hearted and impulsive, she won the affection of all who surrounded her, and had even made a considerable impression upon the not very susceptible heart of her straight-laced and prim governess, Miss Pendleton.

Though he had made a playful opposition to the request of his daughter Mr. Lindsay was from the first favorably disposed towards granting it. He too had been pleased with the frank manly bearing of Harry Raymond, and had been interested in the history of his life. He felt impelled to help him, as he could well afford to do, and to make up to him for the frowning of Fortune by securing to him a more prosperous future.

Accordingly he sought Captain Scott immediately after his interview with Maud.

"I want to speak to you about this boy you have picked up, Captain Scott," he commenced.

"I was just thinking about him myself. If I had anything for him to do, I would let him work his passage. As it is, I suppose I shall have to give it to him. But that won't set him right entirely. He'll land at Melbourne without a penny, with no means of reaching home."

"I'll relieve you from all anxiety on that point, captain. I've taken a fancy to the boy. You may charge me the amount of his passage money, and I'll take care of him when we get to Melbourne."

"Thank you, Mr. Lindsay, but if you'll do the last, I'll give him a free passage. I like the youngster myself, and am willing to do that much for him."

"Then suppose we call him, and let him know what we propose to do? No doubt he is feeling somewhat anxious about his future."

Harry, being summoned, presented himself. He had meanwhile learned the destination of the Rubicon, and had hardly made up his mind how to feel about it. With a boy's love of adventure and strange lands, he was fascinated by the thought of seeing Australia of which he had heard so much. Still he could not help reflecting that he would land penniless, separated by half the earth's circumference from his home and mother and sister whom he loved. Could he make a living in this strange land, of which he knew nothing, and could he ever earn money enough in addition to pay for his homeward passage? These were questions which it was very easy to ask, but not quite so easy to answer. Still in spite of his doubts on this point his situation was so much better than it had been, and he was so thankful for his deliverance from a terrible death, that he was disposed to regard the future hopefully.

"Well, youngster," said the captain, as our hero made his appearance, "I suppose you are ready to settle for your passage."

Harry smiled.

"I should like to," he said, "but I haven't got a cent."

"Then I don't see but I shall have to throw you overboard again, eh, Mr. Lindsay?"

"Can't I work my passage?" suggested our hero.

"No, we are full-handed. However, as you can't pay, I've about made up my mind to give you your passage free."

"You are very kind, Captain Scott," said Harry.

"Quite welcome, my lad. Here's a gentleman who will do more for you than I can."

"I suppose you have felt some anxiety about how you will get along when you arrive at Melbourne?" said Mr. Lindsay.

Harry admitted his anxiety.

"You may lay aside all apprehensions, then. I will take care that you suffer for nothing, and will see what I can do to put you in a way of earning your living."

"You are kinder to me than I deserve," said our hero, surprised and grateful.

"I do this at my daughter's request," said Mr. Lindsay. "She was the first to see you from the deck, and now she has asked me to interest myself in your favor."

Harry heard this with pleasure. He had noticed Maud Lindsay, and had been quite charmed by her bright attractive face, and it was pleasant to him to learn that she felt an interest in him. He expressed his gratitude to her.

"Come with me," said Mr. Lindsay, "and you shall thank her in person."

Harry accompanied his new friend with a degree of bashfulness, for he was not much accustomed to young ladies' society. But he soon found himself at ease with Maud. She had numberless questions to ask which he took pleasure in answering. Then he too asked questions about London, where she had hitherto lived. So they got on excellently together, and for the remainder of the voyage were almost inseparable. But upon the details of their growing friendship, however interesting to the parties themselves, I have no room to speak. Sea-life is monotonous, and it may be as well passed over briefly. Enough to say that the weeks sped on, and at length one pleasant morning the Rubicon ascended the Yarra Yarra River, and the impatient voyagers gazed with eager interest at the principal city in Australia which, with its handsome buildings and wide straight streets, now lay stretched out before them.



OUR CAT.

BY DR. DITSON.

It might be supposed, by our young readers, that a great deal could not be said about the cat; but such is not the case. Tales of its affectionate disposition, its sagacity, its neatness, its patience, might be multiplied; while the reverence with which it has been regarded in some countries, and the superstitious fear with which it has been looked upon in others, actually border the realms of the marvellous and elicit our wonder and surprise.

The origin of the domestic cat has not been ascertained. Some believe it to be from the wild cat, *Felis catus*; but there are so many reasons why this should not be so the learned in these matters have mostly abandoned that idea. I might say that the objections rest principally upon the fact, that it is always much smaller than the wild cat; whereas, according to the usual laws of domestication, it should be larger if derived from that source. Then again, those of the domesticated race forced into the wild state have had progeny that did not indicate any "tendency to return to the type of the true wild cat."

Another opinion has been entertained by naturalists, which is, that our household pet was derived from the *Felis maniculata*, or gloved cat of North Africa, a species discovered by Ruppell; but the learned paleontologist, Owen, has decided to the contrary by showing that the teeth differ in an essential degree. The ideas of the distinguished Mr. Darwin, on this subject, I am unable to give here.

Our word cat probably comes from the Latin *catus*; and this last, I think, was derived from the Arabic. If this supposition be correct, it may lead us into the Orient for the birthplace of our little feline friend. We know, at least, that at a very remote period, the cat was regarded in Egypt with a respect that amounted almost to adoration; not merely for the animal *per se*, however, but as the representative of a principle or quality, found not elsewhere, but which must have come from the supreme Osiris.

Some fifteen or twenty years ago I descended, with Rev. Mr. Eames and lady of Providence, into one of those deep, dusty, underground cat-combs which border the Nile; but our principal discoveries were piles of

broken pots and tainted rags and one single earthen jar containing an ibis. Mrs. Eames added the latter to her ample collection, but I believe both were lost on the way home. No cat was moused out of the mass of rubbish—the dust of ages covered, us with a sacred shroud, that which young Egypt, in ancient days, had fondled and caressed. The goddess Sleep had folded in her gentle arms, perchance for an eternal night, that which, from its wakeful, watchful mood in the hours of the stars, had once been dedicated to the moon.

Regarding the cat in Britain in early times, there is curious evidence of its great rarity and value, in a Welsh law quoted by Pennant—"a law of the reign of Howel the Good, who died in 938 A. D.—fixing the prices of cats according to their age and qualities, beginning with a price for a kitten before it could see, and enacting that if any one stole or killed the cat that guarded the prince's granary, he was to forfeit a milk ewe, its fleece and lamb; or as much wheat as when poured on the cat suspended by its tail, the head touching the floor, would form a heap high enough to cover the tip of the tail."

The Chinese cat brings an involuntary smile to the lips of the children of the Occident, because of its pendulous ears, while its remarkably soft glossy fur wins at once their favor.

The Angora cats, which I have seen sitting on the counters of several of the glove and fancy-good shops of Paris, were large, beautiful and gentle, though what I am about to state may seem to contradict the last assertion. I was, for a long time, in the habit of dining at a certain hour at a restaurant in the Rue Vivienne where there was one of these Angora cats. One day he attracted my notice by coming and sitting in a chair very near me. I paid him considerable attention, and ever after that, though I never saw him sitting near any one else, he came in the chair nearest to me that happened to be vacant. He seemed to wait for me, and single me out among the hundreds who came and went. One afternoon, the chair next to mine being occupied, he took the one on the oppo-

site side of the table. Beneath the table I playfully extended my hand, but he so suddenly seized it and I so suddenly withdrew it that the back of it along its whole extent was deeply cut as if with a sharp knife. He seemed much mortified by his mistake, went away and came no more.

I know of an instance in the country where an American cat had two kittens, one white and one black. The white one being considered the prettiest, was much more caressed than the other; but it was given to a farmer's wife who wanted it, and who lived about a mile distant. Soon the black kitten was missing; and not long after the mother came bringing in her mouth the white one and laid it at the feet of its former mistress. The mother had, indeed, carried off the black one and exchanged it for the other; seeming to understand the difference in the appreciation which the family had exhibited.

Like dogs, cats are jealous of attention paid to another of their species; though they have a different way of showing it. I once had a cat so old she had ceased to purr. A kitten accidentally came to the house who purred most vigorously. The old cat disappeared and did not return for three days—when the little one had departed—and then made great efforts to purr, herself, though she succeeded very indifferently.

It is somewhat strange that cats have been objects of superstition in many countries, though it is more than probable that common origin may be credited for it all. In Italy, in the eleventh century, there was a society called Patarini. They met in their synagogues at the first watch of night, and having carefully closed all the windows and doors, waited in silence till, it is said—though it may have been gravely reported to burlesque them—a black cat of extraordinary bigness descended among them by a rope. This animal they then kissed; and putting out the lights, committed all manner of excesses.

In the *Reliquiæ Antiquæ* is a list of the "errors of the Waldenses," taken from an English manuscript, in which occurs the statement that those fanatics worshipped the devil who appeared to them in the form of a cat.

In 1232 and 1233, the Pope Gregory IX. issued two bulls against a sect in the north of Germany, known as Stedingers. They had assumed an independence which he did not like, and hence he commenced a crusade against them. Among other things he

charged them with having a toad to kiss when a novice was introduced, and that, after a banquet which followed other revolting ceremonies, there stepped out of a statue in the place of meeting an enormous black cat, which was to receive also the salutation of a kiss in a very indecent manner.

In 1307, there were the most infamous charges possible made against the Knight Templars. Among others, it was stated that, "despite of the Saviour, they sometimes worshipped a cat."

At the witches Sabbath, which seems to have been an invention of the clergy, there were among many grotesque, ludicrous and vulgar scenes, one where all danced back to back, each one having a cat fastened to the tail of his shirt.

In our own day, some people prophesy rainy weather from a cat washing its face. On board ship, also, the sailors predict a storm from the frolics of a cat, while one mewling dolefully on the housetop is supposed to portend death or disaster. The greatest injustice has indeed almost always been done poor Tabby, and Buffon is partly to blame for a continuation of a malevolent disposition towards this domestic animal.

Buffon entertained the opinion that the feline race was incapable of any affection; against this I must enter a protest, for I wish now to speak of my own pussy Thomas, recently deceased—"our cat."

Thomas was large, nearly all black with the exception of a pure white breast (indicative, it would seem, of purity within), and two white paws. His head was large and finely shaped; and his eyes were peculiarly mild, and with such a tender expression—in true keeping with his gentle disposition—one felt the same sadness in looking at them one does in gazing into the eyes of a gazelle. He hardly ever mewed, even when hungry, but he would sit by, and look at us till we divined his wants; or, he would lead the way to the cake closet, or entice some one by his winning ways to go with him into the garden in search of some one of the family who might be missing. He was taken ill, and one morning when I let him up from the cellar, he gave two such slow, low, plaintive mews, that the very recollection of them brings tears to my eyes. He was ill, very ill, and he often came, when he knew I was seated with my book for the evening, and asked me to hold him. Thus I indulged him till the disease in his mouth became offensive, and I was

obliged to put him down from my lap. He never came again, but placed himself under the sofa where he could see us all—his large beautiful eyes turned often towards us with such a melancholy expression, pleading as it were for help, that our hearts were often most tenderly touched. Once I went to him and found that a large tear had rolled down his cheek. The next day he went away to die. We never saw him more, but I could

not but ask myself if the *spirit* of so gentle, loving, docile a creature *could* be annihilated. There is no such thing as *death*, say the philosophers; and I am prepared to believe—to believe that the all-wise Father will not quench in the hereafter that which, as a beautiful creation, has aided in the illustration of this life, and served to mark along the sands of time the footprints of his power, benevolence and wisdom.

THE SIEGE.

BY MARIA J. BISHOP.

THE stormy period which tested the rights of Stephen of Blois was sweeping over England, when in a turret chamber of Arundale Castle sat two ladies. Both were beautiful, both were characteristic of English beauty; although the eldest wore in her cheek the deep rose of Provence.

Slight and elegant in figure, with a face whose chiselled features might form the model for a sculptor, the shining mass of golden hair swept back from her brow with bands of pearl. Countess Alicia might well challenge cot or castle to produce her peer. Her slender form became the robe of azure that floated around her, and her small hands were tightly pressed, as though intense anxiety were preying upon her mind.

Her companion was different in every respect. Tall and queenly in her figure, her fine head had that Grecian cast, which painters have chosen for their loveliest Madonnas. Eyes whose dark fire seemed to slumber beneath the long silken fringes; lips whose moulded curve spoke determination, seemed well fitted to her royal beauty. The braids of raven hair, amid which flashed a chain of jewels, gave her the appearance of Judith; while the excitement which gave a deeper flush to her cheek added to her charms.

"Alas, Matilda! what shall we do?" said the countess, wringing her hands.

"You will not give me up, Alicia!" said the dark beauty; "you will not deliver me to Blois!"

"No, surely. O that my lord were here!" said the countess. "See, Matilda, how far yonder banners advance. Escape is impossible."

"Alicia, call the spirit of thy race to aid

thee! Why this weakness, girl? For myself—" She rose, and, drawing the mantle of crimson and gold around her tall figure, stepped forth on the balcony. "For myself I will see Arundale turret lay in its moat ere Matilda Plantagenet will yield."

A long blast on a bugle interrupted their colloquy.

"An envoy from the King of England craves audience," said a page, entering the apartment.

"Admit him, Elwin," said Matilda; "we meet him in the hall. Come, Alicia," she said, taking the hand of the countess; "I am leader here, and bid thee rally to thy post."

A faint smile answered her as the countess, pale and trembling, followed her regal cousin.

"Well, Sir Envoy, thine errand!" said Matilda, as she glanced at the noble, who, helmless, stood waiting to receive them.

"My master, the King of England," replied the knight, "demands the surrender of the person of the Princess Matilda and the fortress, and that the Lady Alicia shall yield herself his ward until her lord's return. The sun now slants its beam; till it reddens the moat he waits. The only parley he will hold with the Lady Alicia, then, will be, Banners advance!"

"Tell the Count of Blois," said Matilda, "that the heiress of England tramples on his terms and defies his powers. Let him make terms to these proud bastions and he will claim like humble reply. Ten minutes, Sir Envoy, to reach thy ranks. What, ho! without there! Archers, man the wall! raise the bridge and drop the portcullis!"

In dark clouds flew the cloth yard shafts, rockets flamed in the air, while burning

missiles hissed and flashed round turret and loophole. The heavy blows of the knights on wicket and barbican—the shouts of the besiegers and the defiant cries of the besieged made a din and maddening turmoil which well might daunt the heart. Calm as a marble statue stood Matilda—her fine form shielded by a buckler—beside a narrow loophole. While beside her, her white face buried in her hands, kneeled Alicia.

For hours the roar and din increased, when, at length, as daylight deepened into darkness, red flashes of broad light and heavy dense clouds of smoke rolled past the narrow window.

"The saints have pity! the castle is on fire!" cried the countess, springing to her feet; "Matilda, we are lost!"

The compressed lips, startled glance and pale cheek of her companion told that she shared in her fears, although she uttered no word.

"Lady, the left wing burns; let me guide thee to the eastern postern. The conflict rages on the other side!" cried Elwin, bursting into the apartment.

"Too late! too late!" said an aged priest, tottering forward. "Quick, daughters—to the chapel!"

Instinctively they followed. Before the altar lay a black coffin. The ladies started at sight of it.

"My daughters, there is no time to lose," he said; "this strange litter must be thy defence."

Matilda stepped back.

"Nay, thou *must*—close thy life and our hopes are lost."

She gave the priest her hand, and in a moment was extended in the coffin. He threw a black cloth over it, while Alicia enveloped herself in a heavy veil; then at a sign, two archers lifted the chest, while, drearily muttering a sort of chant, the priest and Alicia followed. At the postern they were met by the English yeomen, who stepped back as the doleful train passed by, bending their heads to the murmured blessing of the priest.

Little more remains to be told. Safely Matilda passed the English lines, and when, after some hours, she was permitted to leave her strange refuge, she found herself surrounded by a band of Norman nobles. Escorted by their proud array, she safely reached the coast, and, in the convent of Montpelier, a veiled votress, laid beside the high altar the emblems of regal pride—a crown and sceptre—while, in the pale and saintly abbess, Ursula, one could hardly recognize the queenly Matilda Plantagenet.

THE SKELETON IN THE CLOSET.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Like the sentry-box that stood
By the Moldau's haunted flood,
Every closet where we dwell
Holds a phantom sentinel.

With no weapon in its hands,
Blankly staring, there it stands—
Stands alike in rain or shine,
Never asking countersign.

Never will the creaking stair
Tell us of its presence there;
Never will its shadow fall
On the sunny floor or wall.

It will neither bake nor brew,
As the brownies often do;
Neither like a goblin go
When the cock begins to crow.

'Tis a secret or a fear
That is ever lurking near;

'Tis the mammy of a crime
In the catacombs of Time;

'Tis whatever feared the light
Or is hidden from the sight;
'Tis the mute accuser that
In the chair of Banquo sat.

We, like harlequins, assume
Cap and bells that mock our doom,
With the heart's-ease in our wraith
And a breaking heart beneath.

For the iron mask of life
Hides the husband from the wife;
Tragedy but little means
Until played behind the scenes.

But if thou hast only wrought
What the golden rule has taught,
Then that skeleton will be
As a welcome guest to thee.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

BLANCMANGE.—To one ounce of picked minglass, put a pint of water, boil it till the isinglass is melted, with a bit of cinnamon; put to it three-quarters of a pint of cream, two ounces of sweet almonds, six bitter ones blanched and beaten, a bit of lemon-peel, sweeten it, stir it over the fire, let it boil, strain and let it cool, squeeze in the juice of a lemon, and put into moulds; garnish to your fancy. Blancmange may be colored green by adding spinach-juice; red, by a bit of cochineal in brandy, let it stand half an hour and strain it; yellow with saffron.

BEEF STEAK, DRESSED.—Cut thin steaks, longer than they are broad, off a rump; beat them with a rolling-pin; season them with pepper, salt, and finely minced onion; roll and tie them with a thread; cut them even at the ends; fry them brown with a little batter; make a sauce with a piece of butter browned with flour, some gravy or water, a minced onion, pepper and salt. Boil it, and add the steaks, and let them stew an hour. Before serving, add some mushroom catchup, and take off the threads.

ALMOND CAKE.—Blanch half a pound of sweet, and three ounces of bitter almonds; pound them to a paste in a mortar with orange-flower water; add half a pound of sifted loaf sugar, and a little brandy; whisk separately, for half an hour, the whites and yolks of twenty eggs, add the yolks to the almonds and sugar, and then stir in the whites, and beat them all well together. Butter a tin pan, sift bread raspings over it, put the cake into it, over the top of which strew sifted loaf sugar. Bake it in a quick oven for half or three quarters of an hour.

YEAST CAKES.—Take a pound of flour, two pounds of currants, washed and picked, a quarter of a pound of fresh butter, a quarter of a pound of Lisbon sugar, a quarter of a pound of citron and candied orange-peel cut into slices, cinnamon and mace, a small quantity of each pounded and sifted. Make a hole in the ingredients, put in a gill of sweet wine, a little warm milk, mix all together, fill a hoop with it, let it remain till it rises, and bake it.

YORKSHIRE CAKES.—Take two pounds of flour, and mix with it four ounces of butter, melted in a pint of good milk, three spoonfuls

of yeast, and two eggs; beat all well together, and let it rise; then knead it, and make it into cakes; let them rise on tins before you bake, which do in a slow oven. Another sort is made as above, leaving out the butter. The first is shorter, the last lighter.

CARAWAY CAKES.—Three quarters of a pound of flour, half a pound of butter well rubbed into it, a quarter of a pound of sifted loaf sugar, and some caraway seeds; make these into a stiff paste with a little cold water, roll it out two or three times, cut it into round cakes, prick them, and bake them upon floured tins. For a change, currants may be substituted for the caraway seeds.

BISCUIT CAKE.—One pound of flour, five eggs well-beaten and strained, eight ounces of sugar, a little rose or orange-flower water, beat the whole thoroughly, and bake it for one hour.

BRENTFORD ROLLS.—Mix with two pounds of flour a little salt, two ounces of sifted sugar, four ounces of butter, and two eggs beaten with two spoonfuls of yeast, and about a pint of milk; knead the dough well, and set it to rise before the fire. Make twelve rolls, butter tin plates, and set them before the fire again to rise. When of a proper size, bake them for half an hour.

LEMONADE.—To a gallon of water add some cinnamon and cloves, plenty of orange and plenty of lemon-juice, and a bit of the peel of each; sweeten well with loaf sugar, and whisk it with the whites of six eggs, and the yolk of one; give it a boil, and then let it simmer for ten minutes; then run it through a jelly-bag, and let it stand until cold, before it is drank.

LEMONADE TRANSPARENT.—The peel of fourteen lemons having been soaked in two quarts of water for two hours, their juice, one pound and a half of sugar, and a quart of white wine, are to be added; a quart of new milk, made boiling hot, is then to be mixed with it, and when it has stood an hour, it is to be strained through a jelly-bag till it runs clear.

INDIAN CAKE.—Take three cups of Indian meal, two cups of flour, one half a tencup of molasses, a little salt, one teaspoonful of salseratus, and mix them with cold water.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Dave C— is one of that inimitably cool, audacious class of men who will, without the least hesitation in the world, go anywhere and do anything of which they are capable, without regard to "time, place, degree or manner." Happening in a Western capital during the session of the Legislature, he heard some of his acquaintances complaining at the breakfast table of the unnecessary severity with which the sergeant at arms enforced the rule excluding all others than members from the floor. It seemed that the rule was one of long standing, but that until the session then in progress the indulgences of the officers had allowed it to be evaded in some cases. Now, however, it was being rigidly enforced; and the remarks that Dave heard about the arrogance and insolence of this new incumbent, dressed in "a little brief authority," were strong and bitter.

"I think he'll admit me," Dave observed.

"I think he wont," was the positive rejoinder. "I saw him turn away a United States senator and an ex-governor yesterday, to say nothing of the best people of the city."

"Bet you \$10 that I go in," said Dave; and the money was immediately put up. After breakfast Dave strolled over to the state house, with the others following, curious to see the result of his attempt. Assuming an important and knowing look, our adventurer presented himself at the door of the hall with several members who were about entering; but the lynx-eyed sergeant failed to recognize him as a member, and stopped him with the salutation:

"I say, sir, who are you?"

"Dave C—, sir," was the response.

"O, you are, are you?" sneered the mace-bearer. "Have I seen you here before, I'd like to know?"

"Very likely, very likely," replied Dave, in his brisk easy way. "I think you have; but I've met so many small men about here that I can't say for certain."

The official stood aghast at the nonchalant impudence of the reply, and Dave elbowed his way in, and won his bet.

If you live in Africa, you have to be mighty particular to observe the little points of etiquette which are the rule in the royal courts there. In one of the kingdoms, any man who comes into the presence of the august sovereign without a full-dress costume—that is, a straw

hat and a skewer through his nose—has his head chucked into a waste-basket before he knows what's the matter.

The duties of a courtier's toilet are not arduous; but they are to be studied up carefully; and they differ so much in various places. Now at Queen Victoria's receptions the above dress would not do at all.

We have this assurance from a prominent diplomat, and it may be relied on. He says that the queen wouldn't like it at all, but would get right down mad about it. Singular, isn't it? But no two nations do these things exactly alike.

They have a curious vernacular way down in the old North State, as the upper Carolina is familiarly called. A distinguished legal gentleman from that vicinity once told a story concerning a witness whom he was examining in a country circuit. He had asked how a certain fight had commenced, and the witness was requested to state the exact particulars, he having been an observer of the entire affair.

"Well, your honor," said he, "this is the way it was. Pete was standing by the horse shed, and you see Jim comes right up, shucks himself, stacks his rags, and pitches into his combustibles."

Now, isn't that a graphic description of stripping for a fight? On another of his circuits he met with a very precise witness, who made a nice distinction on the shade of lying. The question was as to the veracity of another witness, and he was asked if the other was not a notorious liar.

"Why," said he, rolling an immense quid of tobacco in his mouth, "not exactly so; but he is what I call an intermittent liar."

A correspondent tells a story of a rural philosopher who had somewhat advanced in years without hearing much of the mysteries of nature. What knowledge the old gentleman had gleaned was entirely independent of science. He did not know whether a microscope was "something to eat or a new-fangled machine for farming." A young friend, fresh from school, once paid him a visit, and was very anxious to enlighten the old man on the wonders of the microscope, a specimen of which he carried about. While the old philosopher was making a frugal meal in the field at noon, the youth produced his microscope,

and explained its operation, which he illustrated by showing its power upon several bugs and divers minute atoms of animate matter on hand. To his surprise the aged pupil did not manifest much astonishment, and stung by indifference he detailed to him how many score of living creatures he devoured at every mouthful, and each drop that quenched his thirst. As his hearer was skeptical, to prove the fact, the boy snatched from his hand a chunk of rich cheese which he was devouring, and placing it under the magnifier, the mass of wriggling animalculæ was triumphantly pointed at. The old man gazed upon the sight indifferently, and, at length with the utmost nonchalance, took another huge bite.

"Don't!" exclaimed the boy, "don't you see 'em! See 'em squirm and wriggle!"

"Let 'em squirm and wriggle!" said the philosopher, munching away calmly, they've got the worst on't! ef they kin stan' it, I kin;" and he deliberately finished his meal.

Doctor B— was very fond of his dram and his "little game of poker." One Sunday morning, riding (pretty well filled with the "extract of corn") through Central City, on his way to his home in Missouri City, he passed a Jew selling "a few tricks" at auction on the public street. A happy thought occurred to him. He turned back, alighted from his horse, mounted the dry goods box occupied by the Jew, and to the unutterable consternation of the perplexed Israelite commenced a homily to the surrounding crowd on the wickedness of such business transactions on the holy day. After he had finished he remounted his horse; and riding slowly away, muttered to himself:

"Now having done that duty as a Christian, I can with a clear conscience play poker the rest of the day, as none but a Christian can."

At night he had lost upwards of two hundred dollars. Returning home, his wife naturally asked him where he had been all day.

"I have preached a sermon," he replied, "*and distributed two hundred dollars among three or four charitable institutions!*"

A New York correspondent gives the following tough story:

There is a woman in the town of Harmony, Chautauqua county, N. Y., who has not spoken to her husband in twenty-one years. In the year 1849 her husband contradicted her harshly in the presence of company, and she threatened that if he did not behave better towards her she never would speak to him again. He retorted that he wished she wouldn't; and she has not since then spoken to him. They have continued to live together peacefully, and during the long silence have had several

children. Everything goes on at their house as usual with farmers. The husband is attentive, and does his conversing with his wife through one of the children. For instance, he will ask a child at the table, "will your mother have some more meat?" Or, at another time, "is your mother going to town with me to-day?" The family is wealthy, and belongs to the better class of Chautauqua farmers and respectable citizens.

An amusing colloquy came off at a supper table on board of one of our Mississippi steamboats between a Chicago exquisite, reeking with oil and cologne, who was cursing the waiters, assuming very consequential airs, and a raw Jonathan seated by his side, dressed in homespun. Turning to his vulgar friend, the former pointed his jewelled finger and said:

"Buttah, sah!"

"Yes, I see it is," coolly replied Jonathan.

"Buttah, sah, I say!" fiercely repeated the dandy.

"Yes sir, I know it—very good, and a first rate article."

"Buttah, I tell you," thundered the dandy, in still louder tones, as if he would annihilate him.

"Well, gosh all Jerusalem, what of it?" now yelled the down caster, getting his dander up in turn, "you don't think I took it for lard, did you? You must be an everlasting darn fool, and, drat you, if you don't shet up yer jaw, I'll butter my fists and cram them down your infernal throat. If you don't hush, I'll get mad. Do you hear?"

"Stranger, I want to leave my dog in this 'ere office till the boat starts. I'm afraid somebody will steal him."

"You can't do it," said the clerk; "take him out."

"Well, stranger, that is cruel; but you're both dispositioned alike, and he's kinder company for you."

"Take him out!" roared the clerk.

"Well, stranger, I don't think you're honest, and you want watchin'. Here, Dragon!" he said, to the dog. "Sit down here, and watch that fellow sharp!" and turning on his heel, said to the clerk, "put him out, stranger, if he is troublesome."

The dog lay there till the boat started, watching and growling at every movement of the clerk, who gave him the better part of his office.

An experienced old stager says, if you make love to a widow who has a daughter twenty years younger than herself, begin by declaring that you *thought they were sisters*.

A THOMAS CAT ON A SPREE.



The family having left town, Mr. Thomas Cat occupies his leisure hours by a little play with the canary bird.



Tries on some of his mistress's clothes, and imitates her dancing.



Imitates the servants, and sells a few valuable articles.



Imitates his master by taking a solitary drink.



Imitates kitchen company to perfection.



Invites in a few friends, and they make a night of it, to the delight of the neighborhood.

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IN THE ORIENT.



EGYPTIAN OFFICER AND MERCHANT

The strait connecting the Black Sea with the Sea of Marmora, commonly written Bosphorus, derived its name, it is said, from the fact that a heifer once swam across it, the meaning of the name being "the ford of the heifer." There are two straits, not far apart, known as the Thracian and Cimmerian Bosphori, but whether the calf swam across both of them, or not, information is withheld. The former is the marine road betwixt the Black Sea and Constantinople, and is one of the most picturesque and interesting channels in the world. It is about fifteen miles in length, and varies from three quarters of a mile to a mile and a half in width, dividing the continents of Europe and Asia. The opening between the two lighthouses and forts at the entrance of the Black Sea is about two miles wide; shortly afterwards the mountain ranges on either side close in, somewhat abruptly, till the distance between them becomes less than a mile. Taking a wide course there are seven principal promontories, and as many bays, on either side, the bays stretching out, respectively, opposite the promontories. In the narrower parts of the channel the pressure of water produces rapid currents, one of which, known as the "Courant le Diable," is about half way to Constantinople, beneath the ancient castle of Rumili Hissan. At these parts when rowing towards the Black Sea, in an ordinary boat, the rowers throw aside their oars, and are towed against the current by a cord thrown to men who station themselves there for the purpose. In the deeper bays there is good anchorage well protected from the winds which usually prevail, either from north or south. The deepest of these bays is within five miles of the Black Sea, and here near the European shore, and here during the Crimean war the Turkish fleet anchored, and the Egyptian soldiers encamped, as seen in our illustration, to defend this important entrance to the Black Sea. We have in the view before us an excellent representation of the topography of the scene, the Bosphorus narrowing in the distance, revealing its promontories and bays, with its framework of hills, though not exhibiting its wealth of verdure, and the busy towns that lie along its margin. The blue waters are held in, both sides, by continued ranges of undulating hills, and are here and there crossed by valleys of delicious verdure, clothed with Oriental trees and flowering plants. Here and there frown castellated ruins, mementos alike of the struggles of the last eight hun-

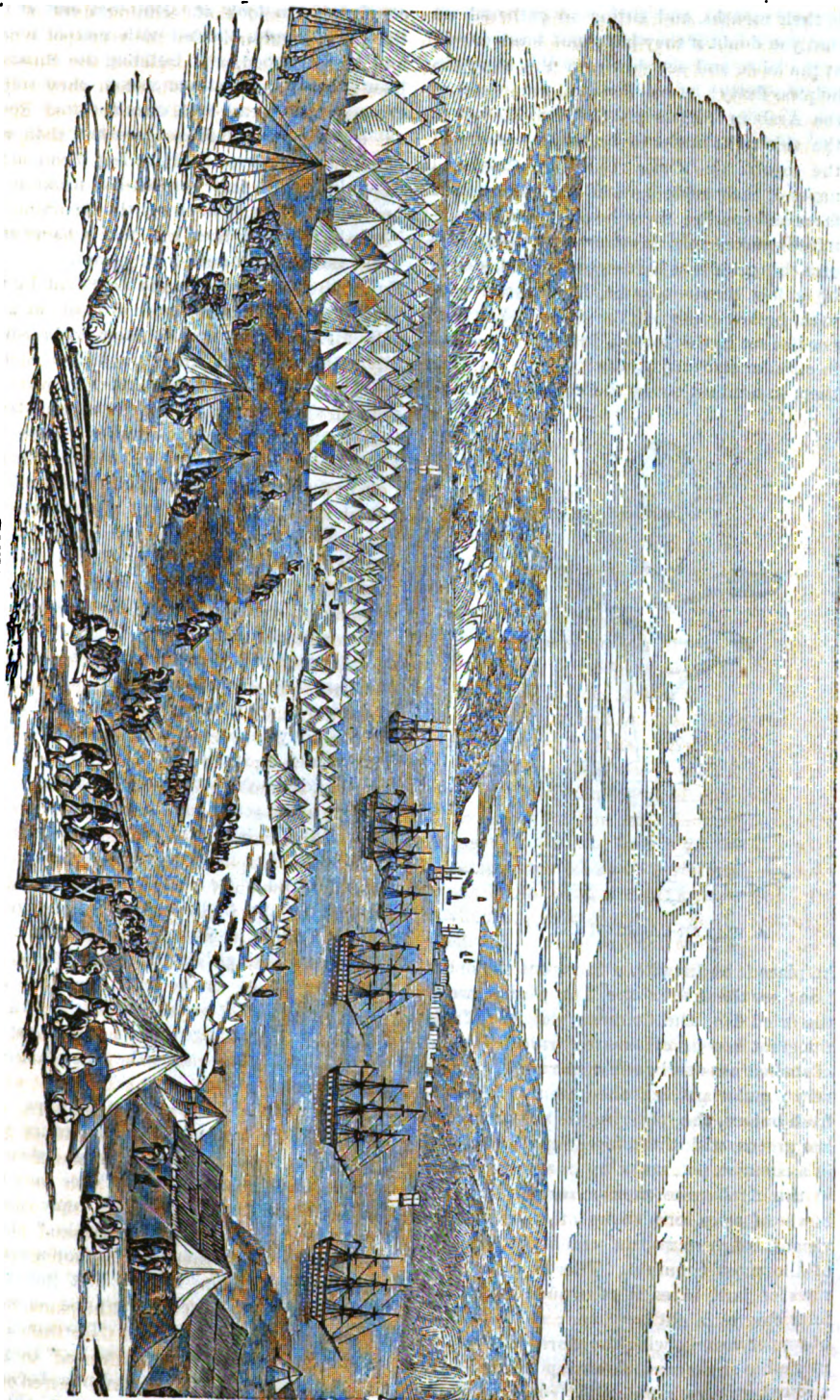
dred years and the declining days of the Byzantine empire. On the very spot where the Egyptian camp is depicted the Russians were encamped in 1883, when they volunteered their aid against the revolted Egyptians, and upon this spot, at that time, was signed a treaty, which if it had been acted upon, would virtually have given Russia command of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles. For some reason, however, it was never ratified, and was not put in force.

Transition from Turkey to Egypt by the facilities of to-day is made as easily as were the flights of old through the magical media of flying-horses, wishing-caps and bewitched carpets, and we find ourselves in the streets of Cairo, the capital of Egypt, that wonderful city of the East about which so much has been written, which was once the principal city of the world, and that promises to resume its old importance through the creation of the Suez canal that is to open a new route to India, with Cairo for an entrepot. A recent traveller gives the following first impressions, among which are allusions to scenes described in our illustrations:

"It is impossible to exaggerate the brilliancy of the ordinary, unconscious spectacle exhibited every day in the chief business streets of Cairo! No procession got up on a grand gala day in Paris or New York, in respect of variety, splendid colors and contrasts, extraordinary poses and movements, curious and fascinating combinations of complexions and costumes, compare with the ordinary current through the chief bazaar, a mile and a half long. Think of thoroughly Oriental dresses worn habitually, and in unconsciousness of anything strange about them! Think of a Nubian, black as your hat, walking without suspicion of anything odd, with a fair-skinned Armenian, both in turbans, one white, the other red; one in a black robe, lined with red, tied about the waist with a silken sash of yellow, and trousers, *a la zouave*; or pearl-colored cloth, with a green robe, over white trousers of amplest flow, and a blue vest, with a purple sash round his waist; one in yellow slippers, the other in red! Multiply this by ten thousand moving figures, and you have the beginning of the picture.

"Put a thousand Turks, Ethiopians, Syrian Jews, Arabs cross-legged in their little shops, the Turks each of them dressed to enact Abraham or Isaac, at the next 'sacred opera' in Paris, in long white beards, with hookahs

EGYPTIAN CAMP ON THE HOSPHORUS.



in their mouths, and sitting so gathered up that you doubt if they have not been cut off at the loins, and set down on the stump in helpless fixity; let cobblers and tailors out of the Arabian Nights ply their trades where the sidewalks ought to be, while barbers in the open air shave the foreheads and napes of their customers, after scraping their faces and sparing their beards; see the vermicelli-maker mix his flour and water, and on a thin griddle as big as a cart-wheel, heated by a few shavings, pour, from a cullender with hollow pipes of the size of knitting-needles set in the bottom, his pasty fluid out in circular streams, till his griddle is covered; then, in a minute, rake the cooked vermicelli



A WATER-CARRIER OF CAIRO.

in, place it on his pile, and repeat the operation; see the dried dates, the fresh oranges, the dried fish, and tongue, and other flesh; the great masses of sugared fruits; the piles of shelled nuts and raisins mixed together (a very popular article), the green turnips, the fresh onions, the radishes, the heaps of nameless greens, with the refuse bits of meat that, in a common pot, make up the favorite stew of the Arabs; see men moving about with bowls of soup, or platters of uncooked provisions, beans stewed in a great pot being one of the most common; observe these great rows of jars, in each of which one of the forty thieves might have hid; see that array of copper vessels, with the marks of the hammer all over them; and such piles of yellow and red slippers, round and pointed, turning up or flat, but usually enormously broad and

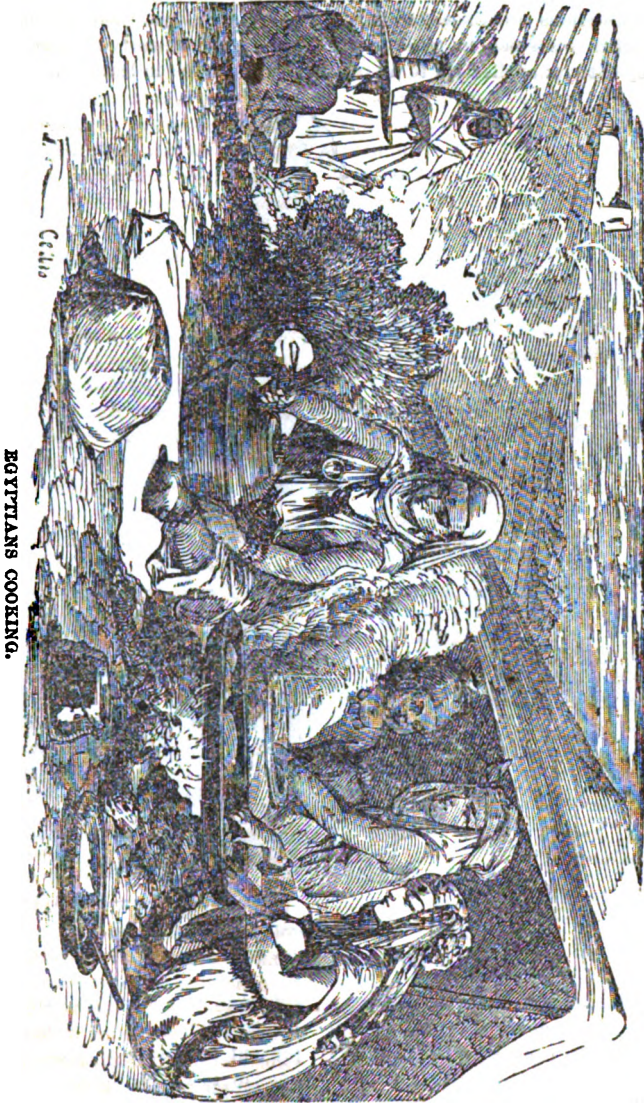
comfortable to look at. But look out that this file of camels, loaded with marble tiles, and logs of wood, and building stone, and piles of brush, and bales of cotton, and barrels of sugar, each a cart-load, does not brush you off as it passes. How monstrous these patient beasts appear! Eight feet high and a dozen long, with their serpent-like necks and heads, wriggling their way, they seem only larger lizards on longer legs and with hoofs. The donkeys run under their bellies, and will thread their way where a mouse can find his. They are as thick as goats in a Swiss village, and quite as picturesque, in their ornate saddles, attended by the lithe drivers, beautiful in their squalor and half-nakedness, and in spite of their roguery. But here come two men in white, winged mercuries in speed, with gauze wings fluttering behind them, rods in their hands, naked limbs, and robes bound tight to their waists, who shout as they speed on, whacking the people and donkeys in their way: 'Way for his Highness,' who may only be some Frank merchant, or possibly a viceroy's twenty-ninth cousin."

The stranger in Cairo is attracted by the courtesy that prevails among the people, and our first illustration represents the meeting of a Janisary, or member of the Pacha of Egypt's body guard, and a merchant of Cairo. The former is armed with his official staff, sword and pistols, but the merchant has only his pipe and a scent box in the shawl about his waist. He is a very respectable looking old fellow. The Eastern merchants are often rich men, and it is considered no disgrace for members of the highest ranks to engage in trade. Eastern history affords instances even of the sons of kings becoming merchants, and travelling about with their merchandize. Cairo used to be the chief seat of this traffic; but for the last hundred years it has lost its old fame, and ceased to be the chief desire of a Mussulman trader's heart.

Among all Mahometans, it is a part of their religion to be polite and courteous. The Koran recommends that, when two persons meet, the salutation, "Peace be with you," should be given. The reply must always be, "And on you be peace also." It is a sin not to reply, though it is not a sin to omit the salutation in the first instance. These courtesies, however, are to be confined to men of their own creed. The mode of speaking to a European used to be, "Dog of a Christian," a term rarely used now, because the Christians have more power to resent it.

In the Koran there are rules laid down, also, to regulate common everyday life. A person riding must always first salute him who is on foot, and a person walking must first salute him whom he finds sitting or standing still. The *teymeeneh* must some-

they have sent in to obtain permission, and the visitor always seats himself at the lowest place, until the host shall invite him to "come up higher." This was the custom in the East in our Saviour's time (see Luke 14: 10), and it is so now. Many such customs have



times be performed; this consists of the inferior person laying his right hand upon his breast, and then putting it to his forehead and turban, bowing at the same time. When particular friends meet, both salute and perform the *teymeeneh*.

In paying visits, they never enter until

remained the same for thousands of years, although the races and the religion of the countries have changed.

A curious character met with in the streets of Cairo is the water-bearer. A perambulating aqueduct, with his skin-full of water—much better, however, than a skin full of

whiskey—ready to dispense his bounty to any one who is disposed to pay for it. It is a foul source for a pure article, and one hesitates ere he invests in the fluid. Should one of these peddlers meet a thirsty traveller on the desert, the traveller might decide between it and death, and drink; though the people of Cairo are not fastidious, and the water-carrier is an institution, his stock in trade never diminished by exterior application to his own

present a curious appearance when filled with water. Made of an entire skin, except head and feet, they resemble the animal from which the skin was taken. There are water-carriers who employ donkeys and camels in disposing of their merchandize, in Cairo, but the principal one is the kind represented in our illustration. Browne speaking of this mode of water-carrying says:

“The water in leaving Egypt is commonly



AN EGYPTIAN FEMALE MUSICIAN.

person. The bottles are made of skins, the pliable nature of the material enabling them to be carried very conveniently upon the back, accommodating themselves to the form. The bulk of the water being on the shoulders, it flows readily through the pipe held in the carrier's hand into the dipper that he holds out to his customer. This mode of carrying water is universal in the East. In some instances, however, earthen vessels are used, but skins hold the principal place. The most common sort of these bags

conveyed in goat-skins, artificially prepared for this purpose; but no skill can entirely prevent evaporation. On their march from Soudan to Egypt, the Jelabs oftener use ox-hides, formed into capacious sacks, and properly secured with tar and oil. A pair of these is a camel's load. They keep the water in a better state for drinking than the former; and these sacks are sold to great advantage throughout Egypt, a pair of the best kind being worth thirty piastres. They are the common instruments for conveying water

from the river to the different parts of each town. The camels are not allowed to partake of this store, which, after all the care that can be taken, is often nauseous from the tar and mud which accompanies the drawing and heat. Six of the smaller skins or two of the larger are generally esteemed sufficient for four persons for so many days."

A prominent character, among the multitudes that throng the streets of Cairo, is the female musician, who plays upon the strangest instrument that stranger ears ever listened to. It is an irregular oblong box made of some light material, across the top of which, equidistantly, are stretched strings that are played on with drumsticks. The sound is not unpleasant, though the music is hardly to be classed with that over which refined ears go into rapture. The listener is attracted by its oddity, or maybe by the one who plays upon it, whose Egyptian face has a quality of interest in it, and the exhibition is reckoned with the rest of the curiosities.

The funeral customs of Cairo are somewhat singular. A sojourner in that city thus describes a scene he witnessed:

"I heard from a low house, in a small street, alongside of the cafe, the most piercing howls and shrieks. Feeling sensible that there was trouble of no ordinary kind, I started up to search the cause of all this distress, when Mahmoud detained me by a touch of the hand.

"What is it?" I demanded.

"He replied calmly, pressing great clouds from his hookah:

"Only the *neddabehs*"

"And what are they?"

"Howlers for the dead," he replied. "Will you go with me to see them?"

"In a moment our party were in a little chamber, dark, damp, dirty, with earth for the floor, and twisted palm-branches for the ceiling. In the centre was a corpse of an old woman, covered over with a long sheet of blue cotton of doubtful cleanliness, and around the body were seated men and women who were uttering the most piercing cries; some of the men, half-naked, and of a savage appearance (rendered still more positively so by our intrusion), beat tom-toms and tambourines, and joined the women in cries of despair. Not willing to push our curiosity too far, we soon retired, with feelings of sadness, which even the ludicrous features of this scene could not entirely efface.

"From Mahmoud, my own experience and

studies, I have since been able to gather some information of the ideas and practices of the Egyptians in regard to their dead, and I will recount them to you here, if only you can be brought to pardon my rambling style.

"Notwithstanding the warnings of physicians, the Mohammedans are never willing to believe that a man is dying until—so to speak—he is dead. Generally, those dangerously ill show the most pious resignation.

"There is no God but God," they say. 'We came from him, we return to him.' When they have yet strength, they perform their ablutions as before their prayers, in order to go into Allah's presence in a state of complete purity—and before they expire they are turned with face Mecca-ward. When the last sigh has been rendered, the friends and relatives, who have, until then, maintained a stoical calm, manifest their sorrow by the most violent and piercing cries—the men beat the ground with their feet, the women pull out their hair and join in a savage in-harmony called by the Arabs *oueloueleh*. The exclamations and funeral chants are varied according to relationship of the dead to the mourners. If a father dies, his wives and children commonly cry:

"O my master, my dromedary! O thou who nourished us and sustained our existence. O my lion! O base of our house, why hast thou abandoned us?"

"The *neddabehs* join in these shouts, beating their tambourines, and reciting the virtues and qualities of the deceased in the most exaggerated manner.

"The Orientals have no fixed laws in regard to the time of burial—oftentimes the body is inhumed an hour after death; this is often rendered necessary to prevent putrefaction and disease in so warm a climate. As soon as possible after the death, the *moughasils* are called—these are men, or women, whose business it is to wash the dead. The body is always taken to the mosque head first, while, by law, the bodies of Christians are obliged to be taken feet first."

Cairo is a very interesting city, though, like almost all the cities of the East, there is much to offend the fastidious. It is a sort of bottom land, where waifs from all countries settle, and more language may be heard spoken there in one day than in any other city in the world. This feature will be more observed with the increasing facilities alluded to—the canal and otherwise—and by-and-by none can be entire strangers even in Cairo.

OUR SCHOOL.—BY A BIG BOY.



HOW ever any fellow when he grows up can sham he cares about his old school, and regards his late master with affection, I'm blest if I know. When I'm a man, if ever I come back to Birchwell, it will be to punch old Switcham's confounded head for him! I'm going to leave next month for good, and I mean to shy an inkstand at him before I go. O yes, I shall! If I think of it.

You want to know what our fellows are like. Why, they're just like other fellows at other schools. And we do just the same kind of things you know; grub-spreads of a night on the sly, and bolstering matches, and all that. O mind ye, school would be an awfully jolly place if there were no lessons, and no masters, and no getting up early in the morning. Especially if the cake man came every day, and there was nothing to pay. Wouldn't it be prime?

You don't know Jack Thawtless, do you?



He is a queer chap! Such a careless fellow—never has his hair neat, or his clothes decent. As for his books, the pages that aint dog's-eared are torn out. He's always in rows because the leaves where the lesson is are sure to be out of

his book, and then, you know, he can't learn, of course, and, O my, doesn't Switcham give it him! But he don't care a dump, bless you. He's as hard as nails. He aint a bad fellow neither—only if you lend him your knife or anything I'll bet you'll never see it again. He's such a chap to lose things—he loses everything, bar his temper. I have seen him lose that too! He's a plucky one, I can tell you, though he aint big. Didn't he thrash Joe Tarrant!

Joe Tarrant's the bully of our school—leastways he was before he and Thawtless had it out. He isn't cock of the school now, though! As soon as chaps found Jack could lick him, it seemed to occur to them to try if

they couldn't do it too, and they rather took it out of Joe, I can tell you. It was all along of his bullying little Tommy Twitter because he wouldn't do his exercise. And Jack said that if Tarrant couldn't do his own work he ought to do as he did—take the cane for it, and hold his tongue, not go bullying other fellows to do his work for him. Of course Tarrant said he'd lick Jack, and Jack told him he'd better try. Tarrant turned up his sleeves and jawed a good deal, but he didn't mean fighting, and Jack gave him the coward's blow, and so

he was forced to fight. And Jack licked him a few. It was a good job for young Snoggle, the new boy, that Tarrant got a whopping the very day he came to the school first, or he'd have had a jolly time of it, I can tell you! What ever do you think? He came in gloves! And he had a silk hat on! He did just look soft. Every fellow does, I

think, when first he goes to school, but he soon gets all that knocked out of him, and he doesn't seem to remember when a new chap comes that he himself was exactly like him when he first came. Lor bless ye, we knocked Snoggle's hat into a pancake in two twos, and got him out of his gloves in no time. You would have laughed to see how silly he looked. He's grown out of all that now though. New chaps soon lose their greenness. Snoggle's no end of a fellow now, and don't he just play up larks with the new boys, that's all!

There's only one chap I reg'lar don't like at our school, and that's Pybus Major—Old Grumps we call him. Aint he a sulky fellow! He thinks all the fellows are against him, when, in reality it's he



that's against all the fellows. If you happen to take him up in class, my eye, isn't he savage! He threatened to do for young Chaffers, because he was first in arithmetic and got the prize he ought to have had if he hadn't lost his place. The fellows all say he tried to poison Chaffers in a tart, but I don't



think it was anything worse than slate-pencil dust he put in it. The only jolly thing about him is that he regularly defies

old Switcham. Switcham can't make anything of him—if he wont learn, he wont learn, and Switcham might flog him raw, and he wouldn't be able to make him learn. It's a downright lark to see Switcham blowing up and trying to make Old Grumps construe, when he has made up his mind not to!

The swell of our school is Arthur Smith—Julia we call him. He is a parlor boarder, and has lots of pocket money. What he spends on pomatum would keep an ordinary chap comfortably in tarts. He don't eat tarts, bless you! Says they are bad for the complexion. He wears a ring! And isn't he a chap for neckties! When he's dressed for church on a Sunday he just is a tiptop swell, I can tell you, with patent boots and a flower in his button-hole—and his hair curls too, and he has a watch-guard. Jenny Simmons, at the post-office, is awfully in love with him, and so's Miss Wise at Miss Bangham's school

—law! he has a long list of sweethearts, and sends off about a dozen valentines every year. And don't he get a lot too—some of 'em bad ones, but that's from fellows that are jealous of him. Mrs. Switcham thinks him such a young gentleman; and favors him



shameful! He aint a bad fellow though, and he'll stand treat like a lord if you go out with him—only it's rather slow, because he will march up and down the street for the girls to stare at him.

The stupidest chap in our school is Dick Thiek. He can't learn! He isn't like Pybus who wont learn and don't care. He wants to

get on dreadful, for he says his mother can hardly afford to keep him at school; but he says somehow he finds what he reads all swims about and gets muddled, and what he learns by heart goes clean out of his head the moment he stands up in class. I don't think old Switcham ought to thrash him as he does, because it isn't his fault, you see, poor chap! He does sag away, but it's no use. He scrubs all the elbows of his jackets out leaning on the desk; and his hair—it wont lie smooth anyhow if you brush it for a week—all along of his keeping always scrubbing it up on end as he sits mugging at his lessons.



I say—if you were to call and see me, you might ask old Switcham to give us a half holiday, and wouldn't that be jolly. And, I say, Mother S. kept back my pocket money because I broke a window quite by accident. "Tips" are jolly just! And we're going to have a feast in our bedroom next week, and we want spruce beer, cake and some lemonade.

P. S. Don't let Switcham see this.

P. P. S. If you do come, you might ask Switcham to let me go and dine with you at the hotel in the village. Awfully jolly that!

LADIES' APPETITES THREE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.—The most conclusive evidence that we can give of the good appetites prevalent in those days is the active part enacted by the ladies at table. On October the 24th we find it related in the Earl of Surrey's diary that two ladies were served for their breakfast as follows: "To my Lady and my Lady Wyndham, a peyse of beyf, a gooysse, a breaste of weyle rost, a capon." This is decidedly good fare for a breakfast only. Few ladies could manage as much now; but, after all, it is perhaps fortunate, as ladies' appetites for dress and other expensive things have not abated, that they can no longer consume a piece of beef, a goose, a breast of roast veal, and a capon—just for breakfast.

SAVIN HILL, DORCHESTER.

If we were called upon to select some one view, from among the many surrounding Boston, to impress a stranger withal, we should choose the scene including the present view of the railroad and Savin Hill, with the broad stretch of ocean on the left. At the hour of sundown, with the strong shadows lying along the landscape, there cannot be found a more lovely spot. The view from Savin Hill is most enchanting, commanding as it does so wide a range of land and sea. The city, of which it now forms a part, lies at its feet, the ocean laves its base, while all along, through the valley of the Charles, village after village in white and green, meets the delighted eye. The Blue Hills of Milton are the neighbors of Savin on the south, while at the north Powderhorn exalts itself. It is delightful to sit at the close of a summer day on the brow of the hill and, like him upon Pisgah, "view the landscape o'er." As twilight deepens, and lights begin, one by one, to twinkle forth out of the darkness, while the sharp lines of rocks and houses are mellowed by the obscurity, the scenery acquires a very romantic character. The rush of a passing train through the dusk, with its fierce flame of light, like an eye, dispelling the gloom before it, and its many windows lit with milder rays, affords a pleasant and interesting feature to the prospect; succeeding the passage of the train a deeper silence rests above the scene, like the brooding of peace over the fields of late strife, and contemplation, absorbed, finds new exercise for its powers. It is but a few years since the visitor to Savin Hill sat upon its summit, and there was little innovation upon nature there—few touches of civilization. It was a good distance from town, men thought, but soon house after house arose, one site after another became improved, and now the hill itself has become a town—a neighborhood of taste and refinement—its former mild beauties trained with the nicety of modern cultivation and many new ones added, but with the grand old form of nature yet remaining unbroken. Well may the inhabitants of Savin Hill be proud of the locality; and in its growth is seen the healthy expansion of Boston, that has enlarged its borders by encouraging the migratory spirit until it ripens into towns, and then gathers them in to its embrace. The addition of Savin Hill, included in Dorchester, to its

territory, is the last and most satisfactory, for no city in the country can now surpass Boston for beauty and grace, to which this has contributed so much.

We copy the following lines upon the construction of the first Dorchester bridge, by the late Samuel Davis of Plymouth:

"Where DORCHESTER her lucid bosom swells,
Courts her young navies, and the storm repels;
High on the Mount, amid the fragrant air,
Hope stood sublime, and waved her auburn
hair;

Calmed with her rosy smile the tossing deep,
And with sweet accents charmed the winds to
sleep.

To southern plains she stretched her snowy
hand,

High-waving woods and sea-encircled strand—
'Hear me (she cried), ye rising realms record
Time's opening scenes, and TRUTH's unerring
word.

There shall broad streets their stately walls
extend,

The CIRCUS widen and the CRESCENT bend;
There, from famed cities, o'er the cultured land
Shall bright canals and solid roads expand—
There the proud arch, colossus-like, bestride,
Yon circling bay, and bound the chasing tide;
Embellished villas crown the landscape scene,
Farms wave with gold, and orchards blush
between.

There shall tall spires and dome-capped towers
ascend,

And piers and quays their massive structures
blend—

While with each breeze approaching vessels
glide,

And eastern treasures waft on every tide.

Then ceased the nymph—tumultuous echoes
roar,

And Joy's loud voice was heard from shore to
shore.

Her graceful steps, descending, pressed the
plain,

And Peace, and Art, and Labor joined her
train."

A ride from Boston to Savin Hill is one of the delights of a summer afternoon, and thousands enjoy it every day. But, paradise as it is, it has its drawbacks, for, as the warm weather advances, an army of green-headed flies take command of the beaches and make ferocious war upon all animals that dare approach for a breath of seabreeze. The ferocious little monsters sting until horses are wild with pain, and the only safety is in rapid flight.

SAVIN HILL AND RAILROAD BRIDGE, DORCHESTER.



ST. JOHN RIVER.

Visitors to St. John, who continue on to Fredericton, are delighted with the many beauties of shore and stream that greet them on every hand. All unite in saying that it is fully equal to the Hudson for picturesqueness, with wild shore, bold and abrupt cliffs, beautiful natural passes, massive and dark forests and extensive cultivation. There is a peculiar phenomenon at the entrance of the river just above the city; the stream, discharging an immense body of water is forced through a narrow gorge, eighty yards wide and four hundred long, and makes a fall of about seventeen feet. The tide rises ordinarily twenty-one feet, but at the vernal equinox twenty-five feet. At ebb tide the waters of the river are about twelve feet higher than those in the harbor; at flood tide they are five feet lower, while for about fifteen or twenty minutes of each ebb and flow of the tide they are at the same level, during which vessels can pass the falls, but at no other time. The course of the river is about 450 miles, 225 of which is wholly within British territory; 112 in Maine. Between Grand Falls and the St. Francis, for 75 miles, it forms the boundary betwixt New Brunswick and Maine. The river and its affluents are thought to afford 1800 miles of navigable waters. Immense quantities of timber are rafted down from the forests of the river above to St. John. In the spring of the year the St. John presents a busy scene. Every little tributary has become a river, which bears to the sea its burden of logs that all the winter the hardy woodman has been preparing for market.

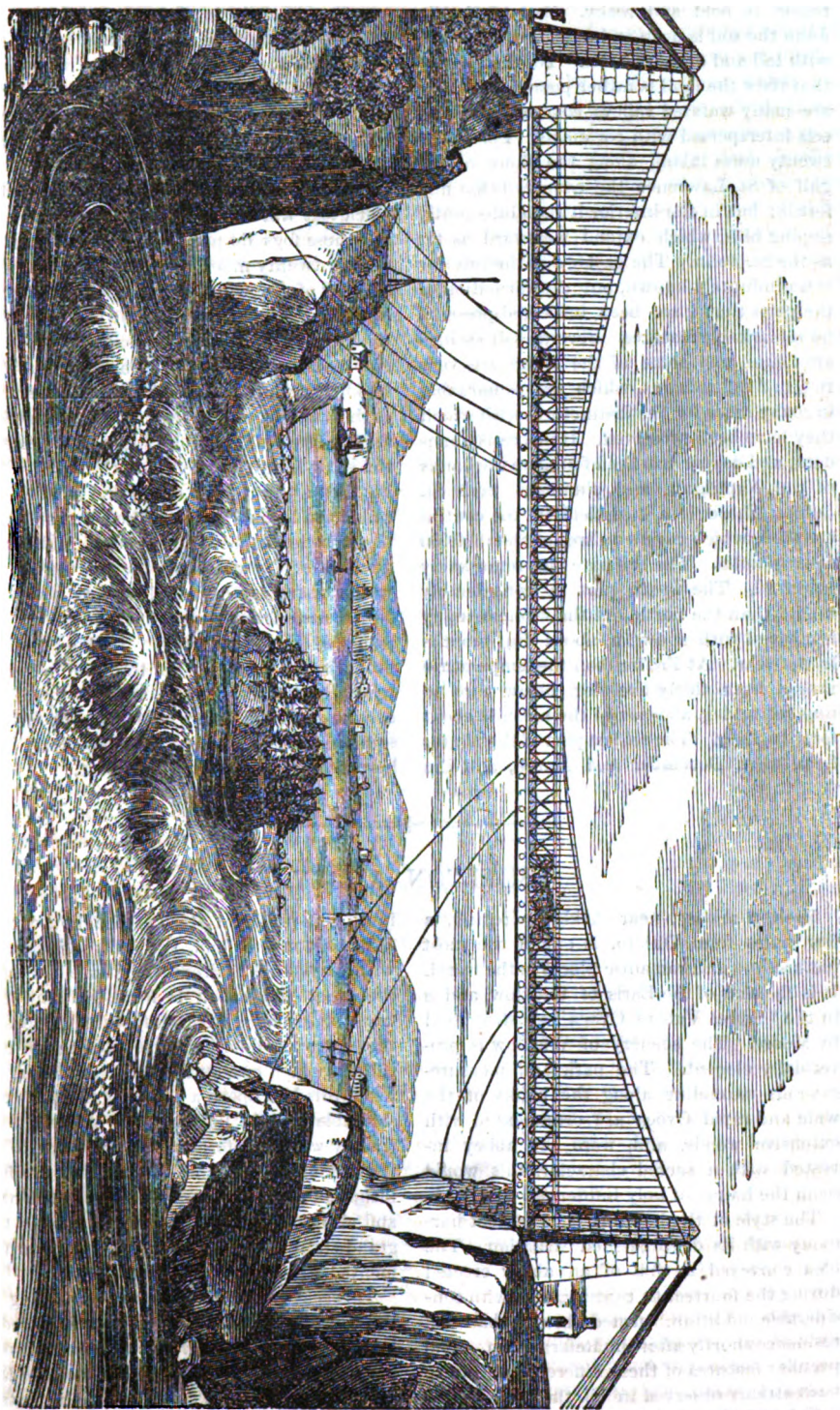
At the falls, near the city of St. John, is the celebrated iron suspension bridge that excites the admiration of strangers. The beauty of the bridge itself, appears in contrast with the wild and savage scenery around, and its light and fragile form overhangs one of the most tumultuous scenes in Nature. Many attempts have been made to erect a bridge over the river in former times, but until now none have been successful. The present bridge is one of the strongest in America, and was built by the architect of that at Niagara. Four massive towers—whose huge stones remind one of the Etruscan edifices—arise as supports, two on each side. Each one is fifty feet in height, and twelve feet square at the

base. Over each, six wire cables pass to support the bridge. There are twelve in all, and they excite wonder by means of their enormous thickness. The bridge itself is twenty feet wide, and seven hundred in length. It is beautifully proportioned, perhaps the best on the continent. The torrent of the river is so strong and impetuous, that every fabric hitherto thrown across the stream has been annihilated, and sometimes attended with loss of life as well as of property. Standing upon the bridge and looking down upon the torrent below, the feeling one has at first is that of awe and a tremulous sense of insecurity, as if his own weight would break the structure like a spider's web and let him into the whirl below. With returning strength of nerve is a realization of sublimity and beauty such as one is rarely permitted to see. The roar and rush of the tide below is forgotten, or, insensibly heard, forms a sort of thorough-base in the harmonic scale of beauty that envelops the senses. As far as the eye can see stretches that expanse of loveliness which overcomes one, extending by rocky bluff and grand forest, for miles, ending in a range of gentle hills that fringe the distance, with many a white cottage by the tide, and more imposing residences, to enliven the prospect. All along the river, when sailing or steaming up to Fredericton, a continued succession of surprises meets the gaze of the tourist, and the wish is felt, that perhaps may some day be gratified, that all this loveliness were included in our own national domain.

Though New Brunswick is comparatively near to us, yet few facts regarding it are printed, and therefore we select the following from a standard source:

"New Brunswick cannot be considered mountainous, but the north and northwest parts partake more of this nature than any other portion of the province. A branch of the Appalachian Mountains enters the northwest of the province from Maine, and runs across to the bay of Chaleur. The mountains are of no great height, and some are entirely clothed with wood. The scenery of this district is very beautiful. Large tracts of flat alluvial soil lie along the numerous rivers that intersect the country. The surface of the south part is much broken and diversified with rocks and ravines, and the whole coast of this

SUSPENSION BRIDGE, FALLS OF RIVER ST. JOHN.



region is bold and rocky. East of the St. John the soil is deep and fertile, and covered with tall and dense forests. To the west of that river the land is rather poorer, but there are many watered valleys covered with forests interspersed with cornfields. For nearly twenty miles inland along the shore of the gulf of St. Lawrence the country is flat and fertile; but in the interior it rises into gently sloping hills, which extend westward as far as the St. John. The geology of the interior is not minutely known, but the formation of the parts that have been inspected presents no remarkable features. Several salt springs are found, and some of the strata are very rich in fossil remains, which are remarkable in many cases for the distinctness with which they have been preserved. Iron ore is abundant, and copper has been found on the banks of the Nepisiguit, and plumbago near St. John. There is a coal field in the central counties, which covers an area of about 10,000 square miles. The climate is remarkably healthful. The south part is considerably milder than the north, but the whole country is covered with snow for about four months in the year. At Fredericton the temperature ranges from thirty-five deg. below zero to ninety-five deg. above, and the mean is about forty-two deg. The coldest part of the winter is between December and March, and the

most snow falls in February. About the middle of March the south winds set in, and soon afterwards the ice breaks up on the rivers and lakes. The spring is generally cold and rainy, but in summer the weather is commonly dry. The southwest wind is warm and agreeable, except on the shores of the bay of Fundy, where its vapor is condensed in thick fogs which prevail during the summer; but these fogs do not extend more than fifteen or twenty miles into the interior. The shifting of the wind produces a great change of temperature in New Brunswick, which has been known to rise or fall sixty degrees in twenty-four hours. The clearing of the forests has already greatly mitigated the severity of the winters, and shortened their duration, for the shade afforded by the woods protects the snow from the effects of the sun. During the autumn, and especially in the time called the Indian summer, the weather is particularly agreeable. The chief vegetable production of New Brunswick is timber, of which there is the usual variety found in North American forests; but the pine is the principal kind exported. Indian corn is grown in the south parts of the province; flax, wheat, and other cereals, and good potatoes are raised. The rivers and lakes abound in salmon and trout; and cod, mackerel and herring are abundant on the coast."

SHELTON ABBEY.

Shelton Abbey, near Arklow, Ireland, a few miles from Dublin, is one of the most picturesque and romantic places in the world. It is the seat of the Earls of Wicklow, and is in the "Sweet Vale of Ovoca" apostrophised by Moore. The scenery of Wicklow is proverbially elegant. The park and pleasure-grounds extending along the banks of the wide and rapid Ovoca are ornamented with extensive woods, and, were the abbey invested with a sacred character, this would seem the haunt of holy influences.

The style of the building is in perfect harmony with its distinguished situation. The idea conveyed, is that of an abbey erected during the fourteenth century, and, with considerable addition, turned into a baronial residence shortly after the Reformation. The peculiar features of these different dates have been strictly observed in all their details, as well internally as on the exterior of the build-

ing. The principal story of the house contains an entrance hall, the walls wainscotted with carved oak. From this you enter upon the great hall, which is furnished and the finest style of English architecture. Opposite the entrance door, and elevated in an oak gallery, which crosses the hall, is a fine organ. From this hall opens a cloister gallery of considerable length, lighted with stained glass tracery windows, forming the approach to all the principal suites of rooms, that are furnished in a style corresponding with the hall, and also the gallery, from which opens the grand staircase of carved oak, the walls ornamented with the same materials.

This seat is rendered more interesting by the fact of a recent attempt to obtain fraudulent possession of it by the introduction of a supposititious heir, on the decease of the late earl. Dying without direct heirs, the estate passed to the family of his next eldest brother,

the Hon. and Rev. Francis Howard, vicar of Swords, in Dublin, who was married twice, by the first marriage, having one son, who would have been the heir to the estate if he had lived, and by the second the present earl. Fortunately for the character of the Earldom of Wicklow, the heir died, as stated, a reprobate of a fellow, and soon after his demise a claim was set up, that engrossed for some time the attention of the House of Lords, to the effect that a child of the elder son, deceased, was then living and was of course entitled to the succession. This claim set forth that Mr. William George Howard, a man who had merely lived for self-gratification, and had run through a large fortune, married Mrs. Howard, then a Miss Ellen Richardson, in February, 1863. After visiting various places he and his wife eventually took apartments at twenty-seven Burton street, Eaton Square, where, in the absence of her husband, she had a child in May, 1864. In consequence of certain lawsuits, Mr. Howard was anxious that the existence of the child should be kept a secret, and, owing to suddenness no medical man was present at the birth of the child, and to these circumstances the notion had arisen that Mrs. Howard had never had a child at all.

On the other hand, on behalf of the claimant, witnesses were called who swore that they had ample opportunities of seeing Mrs. Howard up to the day or two before the child was said to have been born, and that there were no signs of such an event happening. It was further contended that Mrs. Howard's case was full of manifest incongruities and absurdities, and that it was unsupported by a single independent witness whose testimony bore the stamp of truth, and that there could be no doubt that she was endeavoring to put forward a nameless child in order to usurp the rights of the claimant, the real heir to the Earldom of Wicklow. Considerable stress was also laid upon the alleged intimacy that existed between Mrs. Howard and a person named Baudenave, who had been very active in getting up the case.

Thus the matter rested when the House adjourned. The ensuing session commenced with fresh evidence on the part of Mrs. Howard, and the case for the infant claimant was looking up, when suddenly the House was electrified by the announcement that proof existed to show that the child was not Mrs. Howard's child at all, but that of a pauper named Mary Best, who, in August, 1864,

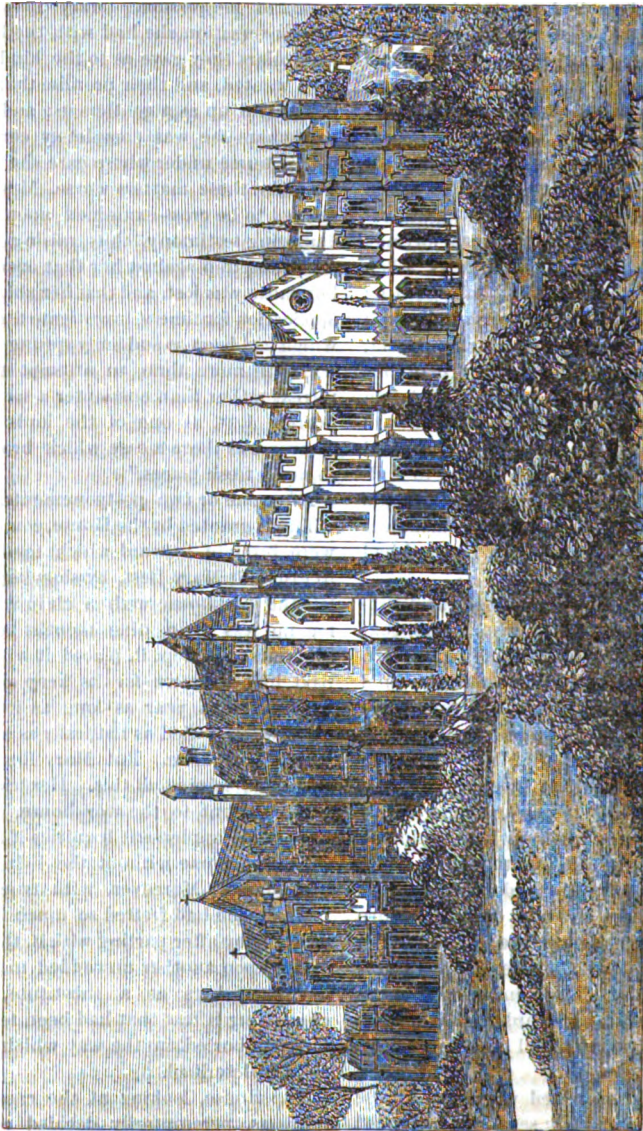
had been confined in Liverpool workhouse, and there induced to part with her infant by two ladies, one of whom she had identified as Mrs. Howard by a photograph which was shown to her. This was news indeed; it was given in a way calculated to produce a most profound impression. Mary Best detailed the conversation she had with the ladies, the particulars they gave as to the kind of child they wanted, and their promise that it should be brought up as a gentleman; and in many particulars she was completely corroborated by the nurse under whose care she had been. To make these matters worse, Mrs. Howard refused to be cross-examined upon this most damaging testimony, thus raising so strong a presumption against her that every one felt her cause was lost, and that her able counsel's application for time to investigate the evidence which had been so suddenly sprung upon him, was little more than an attempt to cover a retreat rather than encounter a total discomfiture. But, as one of the lords observed, "never was there a case which broke out in so many fresh places."

After one or two postponements, not over willingly granted by the House, counter-proofs were brought forward which tended greatly to discredit Mary Best, by showing that she left the workhouse with a child which lived for no less than nine months afterwards. She nursed it, kept it, placed it with friends, paid half a crown for its keep out of her wages of £9 a year as long as it lived, and cried when it died as naturally as any mother would have done. But Mary Best had her way of explaining all this. Her friends knew why she went to the workhouse, and would have made unpleasant inquiries if they found she came home without the living proof of her shame. Moreover, with true maternal instinct, she had fretted so much for the loss of her baby after parting with it, that she prevailed upon another unwedded mother to let her have hers as a substitute, and this changeling it was that had been tended, paid for, and buried, in the way which has been already described.

The House, looking at the case in all its bearings, peremptorily decided against the alleged child of Mrs. Ellen Howard, and the Law Lords, accustomed to sift evidence with the utmost nicety, pronounced her case to be a gross attempt at imposture. So that the widow of the defunct reprobate, William George Howard, was ignominiously shut out from the nice prospect of queening it in

Shelton Abbey as guardian of a child which, by the unanimous verdict of the highest tribunal in the land, is declared to have not a drop of the Howard blood in its veins. Consequently, Lieutenant Charles Arnold How-

We frequently read in romances of instances of this kind, but rarely we find authentic case of like wickedness in actual life. The famous case of Mrs. Cunningham, of New York, who attempted to produce an heir for the mur-



SHELTON ABBEY, SEAT OF THE EARLS OF WICKLOW.

ard, of the ninth Lancers, half brother to the notorious William George, is now Earl of Wicklow, Viscount Arklow, and Lord Clonmure in the peerage of Ireland, and entitled, as Earl Wicklow, to vote at the election of representative peers for Ireland.

dered Doctor Burdell, is yet fresh in the minds of our oldest readers, and the most prominent among the few cases known to our jurisprudence. It is a very deep game to play, and those who attempt it should hold all the winning cards, or not embark in it at all.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

PART FOURTH.

CHAPTER X.

THE blinds were closely drawn in the pretty back parlor at Chestnut Villa, though only the pale November sunshine, breaking fitfully through masses of leaden-gray clouds, struggled against the windows. Everybody about the house walked with light hushed steps, and spoke in whispers, with sad grave faces. Little Theo was ill—dying, they thought. He had been taken suddenly and violently worse, and the preparations which Mrs. Huntington and Grace were making to go away were thus abruptly interrupted. He had been hovering between life and death a week now, and the poor mother thought, as she looked in the little unconscious face, how much easier it would be to leave him beside his little sisters in the pretty hillside burial-ground, than to part with him, knowing he would be brought up to forget and despise her. Perhaps Heaven would have pity on her, and take her darling where he would know—he *would* know there, she believed.

Mr. Huntington hung over his sick boy with a sort of fierce anxiety. He seemed to have given up all but him, and his strong passionate nature clung to him with the wildest intensity. If Theo should die—the human heart so needs and hungers for human love—possibly he might relent and take back his wife. Grace, who had heard and read a great deal about the “uses of bereavement,” from those people who assume to know just why God takes away those we love, thought that possibly little Theo's life was to be sacrificed to break her father's inexorable will.

But Theo did not die. Slowly and almost imperceptibly life and strength came back to the slight little form, and by the middle of December he was able to ride out.

There was no further excuse for delay, and with a heavy heart Amy Huntington again resumed her packing, though she begged of Grace to remain.

“It will not be so hard to leave Theo,” she said.

“I know, mother; but father will care for him very tenderly and carefully; he will have everything he wants but us, and you, mother, you will have nothing—nobody un-

less I go. Yes, I shall go,” she said, firmly. “I am going to work for you; you shall see. I used to think it something rather derogatory to a person to work; now, I think it must be something grand to be able to stand alone, independent and self-sustaining.”

“But, my child, have you thought how it will affect your future prospects?” Mrs. Huntington said, with a faint sigh. “For me it does not matter; the sun of my life has passed its zenith, and if the decline be dark and hopeless, the setting is not far off. But you, love, are on the threshold of life. How can I let you doom yourself to this fate? You will lose the opportunities for such a settlement in life as you have been educated to expect, and you know the Montgomery pride; you cannot expect to retain Fred.”

“Mother,” Grace said, a little of her old gayety flashing out, “as strange as it may appear, and unnatural as it may be, I really don't think a ‘settlement in life’ has ever been one of my special hobbies. I don't think I have had any very great expectations concerning it, and as for my most unexceptionable Frederic, I think I could bear even his loss with a stoicism that would astonish you. I'd rather lose him a thousand times than you, mother darling, and I am not going to lose you, and I will, perhaps— But we will wait and see. I sent him a note, asking him to come up this evening. I shall not tell more than I think he has a right to know,” she said, quickly, noticing the flush that rose to her mother's temples; “nothing of *that*, only that through a painful misunderstanding—and it is only that—you are to live in a state of separation from your husband, and I choose to abide with you rather than with him. This much the world will know, try to hide it as we may. It will speculate, as it always does in such cases, and most probably blame you; that is the fashion, you are aware; a woman always gets the blame, a man the sympathy, in cases of this sort. Fred has been out of town nearly a month, but was to return yesterday or to-day. I hardly think any one knows of our going, save the housekeeper who came a week ago. And, by the way, do you know that I think

Gates got that woman? I believe the whole thing is projected and carried on by him, and I would not stay in the house, even if you were to stay, if father insisted in keeping him here."

"I hope she will be good to Theo," Mrs. Huntington said, softly—"this Mrs. Orley. I think he fancies her. I hope he will, my—my poor little Theo!" the quick tears springing to her eyes.

Mr. Frederic Montgomery arrived in Arcadia safely from his journey. He had been down in Pennsylvania visiting his maternal relatives. These relatives were mostly solid German-American farmers, comfortable and well-to-do, but *not* descendants of a prince. Consequently, Mr. Frederic Montgomery was a sort of superior being among them, in their estimation and his own, particularly the latter. It is unnecessary to say that the gentleman had enjoyed his visit, after making the above statement. It is human nature to enjoy being looked up to, and considered "good and great," and of little better clay than one's fellows, and Fred Montgomery had a good deal of human nature—of this particular sort.

Naturally, then, he arrived in Arcadia very well satisfied with himself and the rest of the world. It was probably owing to this circumstance of his general geniality of feeling that he greeted Mr. Edmund Gates so warmly as he did. He had never felt particularly cordial toward this gentleman since he had suspected him of being a sort of rival for Miss Huntington's favor.

"What is the news at the villa?" Montgomery asked, very soon after the usual greetings had been interchanged. "Alicia wrote me that Theo was very sick;" he would not say that he supposed that to be the reason Grace had not written; he didn't care for Gates to know she had not.

"The boy is better, so he rode out yesterday. He will be well enough to leave, soon."

"To leave? Where is he going?" asked Montgomery.

"Excuse me; to be left, I ought to have said," was the careless answer. "I speak of this to you, as of course you know the family secrets. Of course, I wouldn't allude to it to any one else."

"I don't know what you mean," Montgomery said, looking a good deal puzzled.

"You don't mean that you are not aware of the separation about to take place between Mr. and Mrs. Huntington?" Gates asked,

with an exquisite air of astonishment. "Has not your ladylove informed you of her heroic resolution to share the fortunes of her exiled mother? You should be proud of that girl, Montgomery. I trust you are." Mr. Gates spoke with a good deal of feeling, and a little gush of admiration and pride, for his friend.

"Are you telling me the truth? Is this disgraceful thing so?" Montgomery asked, as soon as he could find voice.

"O, don't take it in that way, my friend," Gates replied, soothingly. "I don't think Miss Huntington will think of giving you up on account of this little trouble. Indeed, as she loses her father's countenance and protection by her course, she will so much the more depend on yours."

Something wonderfully like an oath escaped Fred Montgomery's lips.

"What is this 'trouble,' as you call it?" he asked, crossly. He didn't feel near as good as he did a half hour before.

"O, some sort of an irregularity on the part of the lady previous to her marriage, I believe. Huntington has only just got hold of it, and, well, he isn't disposed to 'forgive and forget,' and so my lady is 'going to travel.' But your *fiancee* will probably enlighten you as to the particulars better than I can, who, as an outsider, cannot be expected to know the whole truth. I trust we shall see you at Chestnut Villa this evening; these young lovers are so impatient; and so, *au revoir*." And with a graceful bow and a bright smile Mr. Gates walked leisurely away.

There was a council of war called at the Montgomerys, and a backward movement decided on with great unanimity, Alicia only indulging in any sort of a "fling."

"You might have married Georgia Castle-reagh, if you hadn't been a fool," she said—well, not very politely, perhaps, but then she was angry, and angry people are not always perfectly polite.

"I trust it is not too late now," Mrs. Montgomery rejoined, hopefully.

Mr. Frederic Montgomery did *not* come to Chestnut Villa that evening, but in his stead came a very brief and very polite note, in which he expressed the greatest friendship and respect for Miss Huntington, and the conviction that, *under the circumstances*, she would consider it the wisest course to forget that they had ever been more than friends.

Grace read it through, and then very coolly laid it on the grate, a faint expression of scorn on her face.

"So he has heard, and this is the proof of his 'love,' which he has talked so much about," she said, slowly. "Well, if love is so fragile a plant that it is killed by the first cold breath, I don't care to have it. I have an impression that I shall survive the blow," she added, a little bitterly, a faint flush of anger reddening her cheek. She knew that she had never cared particularly for Fred Montgomery, but it was extremely humiliating to her pride to be thus coolly rejected by a man whose professions of love she had made a sort of football of these two years.

But there was little time for sentimental regrets, even if she felt any, for only two days remained of their stay at Chestnut Villa; only two days before they were to go out from the wealth and luxury of their beautiful home, into the world of care, and toil, and struggle.

Mr. Huntington said, in a cold unmoved tone, that "if Grace chose to leave her home he was not to blame, and should not consider himself under any obligation to make provision for her." Whereupon Grace said, in her haughtiest tone, that "she would accept nothing from him whatever." But Mrs. Huntington knew the world better than her young daughter, and when her husband put two hundred dollars into her hand, she put it quietly in her pocket. They would need it enough, she knew, and in her heart she said, "I have a right to this; there is no reason why I should hesitate to take it, since it is all he will give me that is my right."

She had ceased to tremble and grow faint and heartsick when she thought of leaving her home now. She had a good deal of pride, and it woke up at last and said to love, "you are weak; see what I can do." If it were not for Theo, she thought, she would not mind it so much. The first bitter pang was over, and her heart was exhausted with the struggle. Anything was better than to live as she had done these last weeks—to be so near, and yet, O so far, very far from him!

And so the morning of their departure came; a chill raw morning, with a lurid sunrise and ragged masses of gray clouds blowing up from the south. The leafless arbors, the silent fountains, the dead leaves drifting before the wind—ah! how well they were in keeping with the heart of Amy Huntington, in their utter desolation and loneliness. What would her boy say when the night came down and she did not return? Possibly he might grieve for her—possibly die, as

he had done. The thought drove her nearly wild.

"O Richard, I cannot leave my child! Let me stay somewhere that I can see him. O my little Theo!" she cried, pleadingly, forgetting her pride, her new resolutions, everything but the pale face of her boy, as she had kissed it on the pillow before light, for she dared not excite him with a parting scene.

"Madam, the carriage waits," he said, coldly.

"O Richard, let me stay!" She tried to clasp his arm, but he threw her from him impatiently.

"Do you know that I detest scenes?" he asked, angrily.

Grace drew her mother's arm through hers and led her out the door, down the broad marble steps to the carriage. The driver assisted them in, the trunks were already gone, and there was nothing more to wait for. And yet the driver stopped a moment, busying himself about his horses. Perhaps he thought Mr. Huntington might have some word of farewell, some sort of leave-taking he might wish to go through with, but as no one came out, and the door was closed, he drove away.

There were few people at the Arcadia station, and those few did not seem to notice them particularly, from which Grace concluded that the story was not generally known. It was a little relief to know even this much. It seemed as if she could not bear the curious, impertinent or pitying glances of these people just now. At this moment, a slight figure came swiftly round the corner of the building and went in. It came directly up to them and stopped. Grace felt annoyed and angry; why should she come there? hadn't she brought trouble enough to them already? If it had not been for her, Arthur would have been at home to help them, instead of in prison—or, perhaps—she shuddered, she could not finish the sentence even in her thoughts.

Winnie Lester's delicate face was flushed, but there was a resolute look in it, and the blue eyes burned with a steady light.

"I heard last evening," she said, in a low sweet steady voice, "that you were going to New York. Alicia Montgomery was my informant. Is it true?"

Grace bowed a little stiffly.

"I do not know but that you have plenty of acquaintances there," she went on, with-

out noticing Grace's coolness, "but if you have not, or even if you have, I would like to have you make my brother's—I call him brother—acquaintance. He is settled over a society there, now"—this just a little proudly—"and perhaps you might happen in at his church sometime. If you wished a friend, or a favor of any kind, he would be at your service, and consider it a pleasure."

"Thank you," Grace said, haughtily.

"And here is his address," holding out a slip of paper.

"Excuse me; I think I do not care for it," she replied, turning away. "Ah, there is the train; come, mother," moving away without so much as the slightest of bows to Winifred.

But Mrs. Huntington reached out and took the paper.

"Thank you, Miss Lester," she said, gently, "and good-day."

Winnie smiled brightly, a hopeful encouraging smile, and the voice in which she responded had something strong and brave in it. It was a little thing, a fancy perhaps, but Mrs. Huntington felt a sudden infusion of life and courage, and the clear voice and the hopeful earnest face haunted her like a pleasant dream, as they whirled swiftly away from the dear familiar places.

Grace, meanwhile, was nursing her pride and anger. To think that *she* should come down to triumph over them in that way. "Doubtless Alicia Montgomery had told her all, even to Fred's escape," she said, bitterly, to herself. "Well, perhaps it was natural she should like to see them humiliated; they had done nothing to win her good-will. But she need not make that miserable pretence of doing them a favor—a *favor!*" the proud blood rising to her forehead; "well, what were they but beggars? Anybody might insult them with 'favors' now."

At this moment Winifred Lester was warning her little chilled hands before the bright wood fire in the open grate, in the cosy little sitting-room. It had been a long cold walk to the station, but she did not mind that; she did not mind that other coldness either, she said to herself; she expected it. She wished, though, that they would feel differently towards her, now that he was—was dead! She said this with a little choking sob, despite her strong efforts to be calm. Day after day the fear had grown more and more to a certainty in her heart, that Arthur was dead; she dared not think how he had

died, for if he was alive she knew that he would have answered her letter.

CHAPTER XL.

ORDINARILY when people meet with reverses or disheartenments of any sort, the thought that induces them to turn from country to city is the probability of finding more and better chances of employment. Whether they reason wisely or not, I shall not stop to discuss. I only wish to disclaim any such purpose or thought on the part of Mrs. Huntington and Grace, when they decided to go to New York. The one chief idea with them was to find obscurity; a place to hide away from the curious impertinent world. In a large city they could live as isolated as they chose; they could seek employment without any one knowing or commenting upon it; they could even be "poor and proud," that unpardonable sin in the eyes of country folks, and no one know or care about the fact. If they went to a country village, their antecedents would be speculated upon and politely inquired into. Mrs. Huntington would be naturally supposed to be a widow, and sympathetic callers would condole with her upon her "bereavement," with kind inquiries as to the exact date her husband had died, and what he had died of, and where they lived at the time, and what his business was, etc., etc. If all these inquiries were not satisfactorily answered, and every particular entered into with frankness and minuteness, without any suspicion of concealment or evasion, or "keeping something back," then they would at once become subjects of speculation, and surmise, and gossip. Talk about country isolation and privacy! There is no such thing under the sun—at least on the civilized globe. Either go into the heart of a great city or a great wilderness, ye who wish for isolation and obscurity; never into a "quiet country village."

Behold, then, our exiles at their lodgings in a semi-genteel street, up two flights of stairs, such lodgings consisting of a small parlor and bedroom opening therefrom. The furniture was comfortable and neat, but very unlike the elegance which characterized Chestnut Villa. Of course, they did not expect it, but still the contrast struck them chillingly. Things, not really so in themselves, looked poor, and shabby, and mean, to eyes so long accustomed to elegance and

luxuriant surroundings, and appointments. It takes more heroism than we suspect to come from affluence to indigence gracefully and cheerfully.

I must record the fact that Grace Huntington was not just the sort of a heroine to take up sweetly and naturally anything which came to her hand. She was proud and rebellious, and chafed at the restrictions that met her at every turn. She didn't like living in the same house with all sorts of people, and she showed it by ignoring them altogether when they met by chance on stairs, or in halls, or at the table, for they took their meals at the public table of Mrs. Whitney's establishment, Mrs. Huntington quietly insisting, when Grace suggested a private table. "We cannot afford it just now," she said.

Then arose the great question, "What shall we do?" Grace was rather enthusiastic about work. She had some very exalted ideal theories in regard to "its dignity." Of course, this work was to be something congenial to her tastes, something for which she was peculiarly qualified by culture and education. Music, of course, suggested itself; that is one of the staple dependencies of reduced gentility. Equally agreeable in prospect were drawing lessons and French classes. Of course, in a great city like New York, she would have no difficulty in finding either. Prices, too, would be good, and they could soon live differently, and more by themselves. She had decided that her mother should do nothing; she would work for her, she should lean on her young and vigorous arm. A little glow of enthusiasm and pride stirred her pulses at the thought, and full of undoubting faith, lofty ambition, and happy self-assurance, she set out the week following their arrival to inaugurate the project which she had decided upon, which was to obtain a position as organist in some one of the many city churches. She had prepared a list of them, carefully omitting, however, the one where Mark Russell was the junior pastor. "She would starve before she would go there," she said to herself. She expected Winifred Lester would write to him that they were in the city, and *why* they were there—the girl was so officious—but she had resolved, if she met him by chance in the street, not to recognize him. She desired neither favor nor friendship from Mr. Russell, she said, haughtily.

So sure was she that she should meet with success that she hesitated a little about the

church to which she should first offer her services. You see how perfectly unsophisticated she was in all that appertains to the real practical world of work. Poor Grace! she had so much to learn, and from that sternest and most uncompromising of schoolmasters, experience.

It is useless to follow her applications one by one, and their rejection, sometimes kindly, sometimes peremptorily and almost insolently, because the reader, if much acquainted with life, has known from the outset that she would fail. Unknown, without references or recommendations, there was little chance for her acceptance, even if the churches had not been already supplied, which they of course were. A week nearly had been consumed in this effort for employment, and now it was Christmas, and the holidays were not a favorable time to attempt finding music scholars, her next resort. And so she waited, nursing her mother in the meanwhile, who had not been quite well since they came, the result of sorrow and anxiety, doubtless, more than disease.

It was the tenth of January before she made another attempt to find employment. She was far less assured this time, but the four weeks had made such an inroad into their funds that she dared not wait longer. She had no idea living was so expensive, such very ordinary living, too. Well, she would live much poorer before she would ask *him* for assistance. She was not sorry for the part she had chosen, and she would do just as she had done if left to choose a hundred times, she said, resolutely; yet all the time shrinking from the hardness which was so new to her.

The same experience repeated itself with slight variations in her attempt to get scholars as in her previous effort. The variations were disagreeable, however. She was subjected to impertinent questionings—at least she considered them so—insolent rebuffs, and, hardest of all for her to bear, cool supercilious scrutiny, and intimations of inability to teach what she professed.

At first she was haughty and carried it off regally, but she grew humbler as her chances diminished, and managed to *appear* meek, though her blood burned in her veins like fire. She had met with, as she thought, every possible variety of treatment, from indifference to positive insult, but there still remained one phase more to fill up the measure of her experience.

Mrs. Augustus Everson was a very shrewd, economical woman. The old adage that "every man is the architect of his own fortune," needed revising and enlarging in this case so as to read "every man's wife, etc." (I am not sure, upon the whole, but it should be so amended altogether.) Mr. Everson was a rich man; Mr. Everson's wife had made him so. She was not a bad sort of woman, but she calculated the necessities of people, and profited by them. It didn't cost Mr. Everson half as much to maintain his establishment as it did others who lived in the same style. Mrs. Everson had a happy faculty for getting work done cheaply, and she looked out, personally, that it was done well. If it was not she, didn't pay for it, an argument at once brief and effective. Mrs. Everson had three children; or rather, two children and a grown-up son, Mr. Julius Antony Everson, a young gentleman of the period, if I may use a slang expression, which I do not quite like to use, but I know of nothing else which so clearly expresses his character. The two children were girls of thirteen and ten. Of course, Mrs. Everson intended to have them accomplished, but she did *not* intend paying out extravagant sums to compass that end. Therefore, when Grace Huntington called to see if she had any scholars who would like to be taught music or French—she had added this towards the last—it at once occurred to her that this was her opportunity. She saw at a glance that she was a novice in professional life, and though she went through the accustomed form of asking for references, she was not displeased when the girl said she had none.

"I suppose your terms would be based upon your inexperience—that is, you would not expect to command the wages paid to teachers of experience, and known ability, and character?" she asked.

Grace winced a little, but even this was more encouraging than anything she had met with, and so she said quietly:

"I would make a reasonable allowance. Have you more than one scholar?"

"I have two daughters who would take lessons if satisfactory arrangements could be made."

There was a brief statement of business matters, arrangement of terms and so forth. I forgot to say that Julius Antony was present during the interview, occupying himself by staring very boldly and admiringly on the would-be teacher. The prospect was that

Grace would get two scholars, at least, and Mrs. Everson her usual good bargain. The arrangements were nearly concluded, when Mrs. Everson said:

"Perhaps I am hasty in taking you without a recommendation, Miss Huntington."

"Pretty faces recommend themselves; they are the very nicest sort of references," said young Everson, with a meaning laugh, and a look into Grace's face which sent the indignant blood to her forehead. She flashed a look of scorn upon him, but he only laughed. "My dear, you wouldn't take another pupil, would you?" he asked, sauntering toward her in an easy familiar way.

Grace drew herself up to her full height, and never, in the beautiful drawing-rooms of Chestnut Villa, had she looked more queenly and haughty, as, with a cold smile and a slight inclination of the head, she replied:

"Thank you; I would not, nor *any* in this house?" And without waiting for a servant to show her out, she walked through the hall and down the steps, her face crimson, her eyes scintillant with angry fires.

There is no need that I should fill pages in delineating experiences that have been written over and over again with little variation, for human nature and social customs are so alike everywhere, and struggling effort meets with so nearly the same disheartenments and rebuffs, that the history of one in its main features is the history of all the rest. This hard and humiliating road from affluence to dependence has been travelled so often by tender untried feet, that the drops of blood are fresh along the way continually.

The winter dragged heavily away; the spring came in with lagging reluctant steps. One after another all the more genteel employments—popularly considered—had been tried, but in vain. The ranks were full, there was no place anywhere for a single new recruit. There had been but one resource left—the inevitable needle, and this Mrs. Huntington and Grace had accepted. They no longer boarded with Mrs. Whitney; it was too expensive. Instead, they rented two small rooms down a narrow gloomy street, where the sunshine only seemed to make it closer, and drearier, and more repellant, and the thought of spring came only as a taunting mockery. Here they kept house, doing their own cooking and washing, sewing at heavy coarse work fourteen or fifteen hours a day. Nothing different from what thousands do, perhaps, but no easier for that fact.

But the great mass of working women have this advantage—they are accustomed to it. Care, toil, deprivation are second nature to them. Indeed, it is not properly deprivation, the lack of the little luxuries and enjoyments of competence, for they know nothing of them. They have doubtless fancied what they might be, wished for them, most likely, in a vague inexpectant way. But to the tenderly-reared, the inexperienced, those accustomed to ease, and luxury, and abundance, those who look back to some beautiful past, to these come, I think, more than to all others, the bitterness of struggle. The dignity of labor—all the fine generalities of theory, the ideal glory of struggle—all, all go down before the constant pressure of steady, unremitting, unrecompensed toil, so new, so hard, and so hopeless to them.

And yet this discipline was working the grandest results in Grace Huntington's spirit and temper. She did not know it, she did not even suspect it, so quietly was this great change going forward. Her mother sometimes wondered at the meekness, and patience, and courage which she manifested under vexations that used to anger and annoy her, and the cheerfulness and sweetness with which she met discouragements.

CHAPTER XII.

THE waves of fortune had tossed Dick Mallory to and fro in a careless manner since his discharge from the employ of Huntington & Gates, immediately after the safe robbery. They had never carried him back to Arcadia—he didn't intend they should. Dick Mallory didn't exactly like to think of Arcadia, for some reason or other, though he used to believe it the most lovely and delightful place in the world.

Well, one morning early in March, Dick Mallory walked up the streets of San Francisco. He had been in California a month or more. Strangely enough he didn't like; he didn't really like anywhere of late, which was stranger yet. He had no exact idea why he came to San Francisco, unless possibly a latent thought that he might embark for New York. Suddenly somebody grasped his shoulder from behind. He wrenched himself away with a nervous start, then glanced round hurriedly.

"Arthur Huntington?" he exclaimed, in a tone of quick joyful surprise.

There was a cordial grasping of hands—a

grasp that did not let go for minutes, as the two men gazed into each other's faces.

"I—I thought you were in Vera Cruz," Mallory said, hesitatingly, "how did you get away?"

"O, I sailed away a free man. You see Burke got well, and I paid a fine for 'disturbing the peace,' and that was the end of it. But, Mallory, I might be lying in prison at this moment—ay, lying there all the years of my life, and *he* would not care."

"You mean your father?"

"Yes. Such a letter as he wrote me! I believe I was fool enough to cry over it. You see I was weak and discouraged, then, and I so longed for one kind hopeful word. But it did not come. Well, it's all over now, and I am trying to forget it. It brought it back to see you. But how happens it that *you* have left Arcadia? I thought you were a fixture; you were something of a favorite, I remember; and he didn't have so many that one was troubled to remember them."

"I came away after the robbery," Mallory said, a faint color showing through his brown skin. "I might as well tell you the whole; he discharged me."

"What robbery do you mean?" he asked, in surprise.

"Then you didn't know—you hadn't heard?" the color growing deeper in his face. "It was so long ago—last October. You see the safe was robbed of over fifteen thousand dollars—"

"But he didn't think *you* took it, Dick?" he interrupted, in a tone of surprise.

"No, but I was watchman, you know, and it was in the night that it was taken."

By this time the blood had crept to the temples and up to the roots of the pale, sandy-brown hair. Arthur noticed that he looked embarrassed and said:

"Nonsense, Dick! I wouldn't mind it. It's not the first act of injustice he has done. Well, I suppose they got the money again?"

"No sir, they hadn't the last I knew," he answered, quietly.

"When did you hear from Arcadia, Mallory?" Arthur asked, rather abruptly, and with a little thrill of eagerness and anxiety in his tone.

"I had a letter from there a few days ago. I didn't know before about the separation. Your father and his partner, Mr. Gates, and the boy are living alone at the Villa, now. I suppose of course there are servants, and a housekeeper most likely."

"Good heavens! what do you mean?" Arthur cried, in a quick sharp voice.

"I really wish I hadn't met you, Mr. Arthur, though I was glad enough at the first," Dick said, half regretfully. "I tell you nothing but bad news. I might have known you didn't know this if you didn't know the—the other. I don't know what 'twas about, but your father and mother separated last December, and Miss Grace went with her."

"But where are they—where did they go? Of course he provides a proper place for them to live, somewhere!" he exclaimed.

"I don't know. I only know they have gone."

"Dick," Arthur said, after a moment, his voice softening and his eyes brightening, "I don't suppose you know anything about Winnie—Winnie Lester, do you?"

"Well, I can tell you some good news about her, and I know you'll be glad to hear it, because you used to be such great friends. You remember that young Russell? Well, he has turned out first-rate. He is a preacher in New York city with a big salary, and of course he wouldn't let Winnie and her mother stay in Arcadia and sew for a living, specially as he calculated to marry the girl sometime. So he has moved them to New York, and I heard they were going to be married, right away. They say her mother is delighted with the match, and I suppose it's a great thing for the girl, for they say he's going to make one of the smartest ministers in the country."

As Dick Mallory went on the light died out of the soft brown eyes, the bright young face grew suddenly haggard and old, and a fierce, reckless expression hardened the lips just now so treimulous with tender feeling.

"In the fiend's name, stop!" he interrupted, sharply, as Mallory concluded the last sentence.

Slowly it dawned through poor Dick's brain that his "good news" was the cruellest stab of all, beside which the others were but breaths of summer air. It came back to him then that there had been a rumor there had been trouble between Arthur and his father on her account. He had for the moment quite forgotten it, but remembered of seeing them together, and once of Arthur's saying "Winnie Lester was his best friend."

"Perhaps it isn't so," he said, laying his hand on young Huntington's arm. "Maybe it's only a rumor along of her going to New York to live. You see they might have gone

there on their own account. The talk is that there is some prospect of Mrs. Lester's getting back some property or other that was lost, or stolen, or something, a good many years ago. There is a New York lawyer got hold of the case, and maybe that is why they went."

"I hope to Heaven she will get it!" he exclaimed, with strange vehemence. "It will be justice—poetic justice, as they tell about—and I, well, I care very little what becomes of me. Mallory, let us go in and get a drink and forget the world and all there is in it!"

"No, Mr. Arthur; thank you all the same, but I never drink liquor, now, I've sworn off since—since I see it hurt me," he stammered, a little confusedly.

"Sworn off! And what of that? haven't I sworn off, too? Dick, as Heaven hears me, I've not tasted a drop of liquor since I left Arcadia, and—but never mind! Come, you'll not refuse me this favor after so long a separation. Besides, if you go back, as you say you will, you can tell them that I'm going to the devil as fast as possible."

He said this in a hard desperate way, and with a short bitter laugh.

"Don't talk so, Mr. Arthur, don't," begged Dick, "or I shall never forgive myself for telling you what I have. I wish I had been struck dumb afore I did it, any way. Come, let me tell them—let me tell Miss Grace, you know how glad she'll be—only good news of you. Let me tell them what you just said—about not drinking, you know, and—"

"O, tell them whatever you please, good, bad or indifferent, it's all the same to me, and I fancy it will be to them. But stop; you can tell anybody who asks, that I shall never come back again, and so whatever I may be, I shall not disgrace my friends. Good-by, Mallory, if I don't see you again; and don't reproach yourself for anything you have said. I should have learned it all sooner or later, and what's the difference? Better go in, old fellow."

"No," Dick said, with a shudder, "not if you'd give me all the gold in California."

The two men parted a moment after and though Dick Mallory tried to find him that afternoon, he could not. Some one had seen him going through the street in a half-crazed state of intoxication about noon, and that was the last that had been seen of him.

"I was never so deceived in a man in my life," said a gentleman, standing by. "Since I have known him I have never seen anything which gave the least chance of suspicion

that he was addicted to intemperance. I thought him one of the most promising young men of my acquaintance. There are very few men who could give such a series of lectures as he has been giving here in this city. Was he an acquaintance of yours, sir?" turning to Dick.

"I used to work for his father in the State of New York, sir," Mallory responded. "His father is a rich man."

"Ah? I never heard him mention his friends. I had an impression that he was one of those talented, energetic, ambitious young men who fight their way from poverty and obscurity to wealth and fame, by the strong force of their own indomitableness, and perseverance, and genius. He seemed so determined to succeed in whatever he undertook, as if some great purpose or ambition was constantly spurring him on—I do not understand it; I thought it was wealth and position, the incentive to most men's efforts."

Dick Mallory had been in New York a week. He had learned by careful inquiry that Mrs. Huntington and Grace were there, somewhere. He did not go to Arcadia, but there was a certain Katie Leeds who lived there, and said Katie had rather a weakness for the young ex-watchman, which led her into, at his rather timid request, a correspondence, which of course was made up largely of news and gossip, Katie not being a particularly brilliant imaginative writer, either sentimental or abstruse. It was through information received from her that Mallory came to New York. He didn't know who else to go to but Miss Grace, and he felt so badly about his unfortunate agency in Arthur's fall, that he could not rest till he had confessed it to some one, and perhaps she could write to him and help him some way. There was something else he wanted to say to her—another confession—but he wasn't sure as he should say anything about it, he grew so nervous and hot and trembling every time he thought of it.

Notwithstanding the fact that Katie had written that Mrs. Huntington was separated from her husband, he still expected to find her living in elegance and style somewhere in the best part of the city, among the very wealthiest residents. He never once thought that a man who was rich in Arcadia—or rather, the rich man of Arcadia, was not the rich man of New York; the comparative estimate of city and country was an unknown science to him. So, as I said, he expected to

find Mr. Huntington's wife, though there was some sort of trouble between them, living in affluence. It was quite impossible for him to conceive of them living otherwise, they had always seemed so grand and wonderful to him—Grace and her mother—that he had a sort of vague idea that they were a kind of superior order of beings, not liable, like common people to misfortune, and pain, and poverty.

For nearly a week Dick Mallory searched that part of the city where he was sure Mrs. Huntington lived. He haunted particular localities, waylaying servants, and appealing to the police for information. Then he thought him that Mark Russell might know where they were, though he remembered the Huntingtons never associated with the Lesters. Nevertheless he might know where they were, and so he inquired till he found the church where Mr. Russell preached. Meeting a man near it he asked where the pastor of that church lived. For a wonder the man was able to give him the information, and after a considerable trouble he succeeded in finding the house, an elegant granite building, with broad marble steps and heavy silver plate on the door.

"I guess Mrs. Huntington don't live in much taller shape than Winnie Lester, now, any way," he said to himself as he went up the steps.

"I would like to see Mr. Russell, if you please, sir," he said, to a servant who answered his ring.

"Mr. Russell?" the man asked, looking poor Dick over and through, with his cool indolent eyes.

"Yes sir. Doesn't he live here? I was informed he did," Dick said, humbly, beginning to feel as if it was a great impertinence to ask such a fine looking gentleman as this questions.

A girl came down the stairs with a brush and dust-pan in her hand.

"Mary," called the man, "do you know whether there's any person in the house by the name of Russell? This fellow says somebody told him he lived here."

A door to the left immediately opened and a gentleman came out in slippers and dressing-gown. He was a man of sixty-five or seventy, gray-haired, but with a fresh face and clear, bright, searching eyes. He came to the door and greeted Dick with a pleasant bow and genial smile.

"I heard you inquiring for a Mr. Russell,"

he said, "or rather heard that you had inquired for him. Is it Rev. Mark Russell you would like to see?"

"Yes sir, it is," Dick said, with an eager step forward. There was something so kind and attractive about this man that he was not at all afraid of him, and the "crusher" had retreated into the background now, looking a little less assured than he had done. "A gentleman told me he lived here—I am sure I haven't mistaken the number."

"No, I think not, your mistake is of another kind. Did he tell you *Mr. Russell* lived here?"

"He told me the pastor of — street church lived here, and that is where he preaches."

"And so do I," was the smiling reply, "preach at — street church. *Mr. Russell* is the junior pastor, and I the senior. You see how easily the mistake was made? *Mr. Russell* lives more than a mile from here, but he is not in the city just now, he is at Fonda on exchange; or rather he went there for that purpose, and has not yet returned."

"Thank you, sir. I beg your pardon for troubling you," Dick said, apologetically.

"No trouble at all, sir, except to you," was the hearty answer. "I am very glad I overheard the inquiry so as to set you right."

"I'm not much of a meetin' character, but I'd go some ways to hear *him* preach," Dick said, as he walked away, a little glow of pleasure stirring in his heart.

By-and-by his thoughts came back to the original difficulty. Where or how should he find Grace Huntington? He was hurried along by the crowd, but he walked aimlessly, his brain busy trying to think of some way to accomplish his wishes in that respect. He had got down into the business portion of the city, and the crowd grew denser and more hurried. Suddenly a young lad carrying a bale of goods on his shoulder jostled against him, sending him in turn against a lady so violently that she staggered and dropped the large package she was carrying. He stooped and caught it almost before it touched the sidewalk, and as he gave it back into her hands, he glanced up at her face.

"Good heavens—Miss Huntington!" he exclaimed, catching his breath with astonishment.

"Dick Mallory!" she returned, frankly extending her hand, an unmistakable look of pleasure on her face.

Dick took the pretty slender hand with an

overwhelming sense of awkwardness and embarrassment. In his thought of the interview he should have with her he had never dreamed of such a presumptive thing as taking her hand. He expected to stand by the door, with his head uncovered, and speak to her very humbly and modestly.

"Come in here," she said, opening a door, "I want to see you a moment and one can't stop on these crowded sidewalks."

He followed her into a store so vast and fine that he could do nothing but stand still in amazement. She carried the package to a counter and a young man took it and carried it to the back part of the store. Then she came back.

"Have you been to Arcadia?" she asked, eagerly, a faint tremulousness in her voice, "and did you see Theo?"

"I've not been to Arcadia, Miss Grace, since—since I was turned away," he replied, in painful confusion.

"O!" she said, in a disappointed tone, the brightness fading a little out of her face.

"But I have been looking all over the city for a week trying to find you," he rejoined. "I saw *Mr. Arthur*—"

"Arthur!" she cried, interrupting him, "O, thank God!"

"I knew you would be glad to hear something, even if it wasn't just what you would like to hear of him, and so I have been trying to find you. You see I heard you were not in Arcadia just now."

A sudden wave of color crossed her face.

"Tell me about Arthur, is he in prison?" she asked, in a low quick voice. "Don't be afraid to tell me the whole truth; I have learned to bear hardness with composure."

"Arthur is free in San Francisco. The fellow that he had the trouble with got well, and that released him. But I wish you'd write to him, Miss Grace. I reckon he is a little disheartened and—"

"Dick, is it the old trouble?" she interrupted, sadly.

"Yes, miss. But they said he was getting along splendidly; he worked at civil engineering days and gave the most wonderful lectures evenings—real grand and eloquent and learned, you know—till—till I told him about Winnie Lester—and—and—"

"What did you tell him about Winnie Lester?" she demanded, turning sharply upon him.

"About her being married, or going to be married to Mark Russell, and her coming to

New York with him to live. But I never thought—Miss Grace—I did not mean to do it. I've been half wild about it ever since, and that is what I've been searching so closely to find you for. I thought maybe if you wrote him a real hopeful, tender kind of a letter—not blaming him, or letting him know you had heard anything—”

“Do you think this news you told him about Winifred Lester was the cause of his backsliding? you say he was doing well?” she asked, abruptly.

“Yes, I am sure it was that—I *know* it was,” he said, positively. “And as for his doing well, everybody in the city could tell you that; folks were quite wild over his ‘genius,’ they called it. You’ll be sure and write to him?” he asked, with pleading eagerness, his bronzed face full of a touching, remorseful sorrow.

“Yes, I will write to him before I sleep,” she said. “Now I must go and get my work.”

“Work?” he asked, in a tone of blank amazement.

“Certainly. I work for these people, take sewing to do. It is my own choice,” a touch of the old pride in her tone.

“But your father—”

“I have had no sort of communication with him since last December. But we will not talk about it; it is not a pleasant subject,” a faint spasm of pain contracting her face.

“Then you don’t know about Mr. Gates’s marriage?” he asked. “I had a letter from Arcadia, and ’twas half full of it.”

This was, in his own opinion, a very adroit manoeuvre whereby the conversation was turned from what he saw was a very tender subject. The old vague resolve of making some other confession, or confidence, went down under that manoeuvre.

“Ah!” she asked, starting. “I am heartily glad to hear it,” she added, after a slight pause. “Who is the lady, any one in Arcadia?”

“It is Miss Alicia Montgomery. They had a great wedding, and have set up housekeeping in grand style. Mr. Gates has bought Morley’s place, you see.”

“Your work is ready, Miss Huntington,” the clerk said, in a quick brisk voice.

“I thank you for letting me know about him,” she said, in a low tone. “I must leave you now—good-day.”

Miss Huntington went over to the waiting clerk, and Dick Mallory plunged again into the hurrying, struggling tide of humanity

that surged up and down the busy street.

“I am not quite ready to take this,” Miss Huntington said, coming up to the counter. “If you will lay it aside a short time you will oblige me. I will call for it.”

She turned and walked out with a quick resolute step. Her face was pale, but her eyes and lips were steady. Outwardly there was little to show the fierce, sharp struggle which had been going on in her heart for the last few minutes. She walked quickly for nearly a mile, then she slackened her pace.

“It must be near here—No.—east twenty-second street,” she repeated, mechanically. “Ah, here it is.”

She ran up the steps and rang the bell. A quiet lady-like woman, rather past middle age, came to the door.

“Does Rev. Mark Russell board here, madam?” she asked, in a tone as calm and even as if her heart were not beating loud enough, it seemed to her, to be heard above her voice.

“No, he does not. He did, formerly, before his family came. They reside at No. 19 — Avenue, now.”

“Thank you,” Grace said, politely, and turned away.

“His family,” she repeated, her voice faltering. “Perhaps the story is true, after all; I was so sure it was not! But I must know—O Arthur—Arthur, if only this hope does not fail!”

A gentleman a little in advance of her, with a valise in his hand, stopped to look in at a florist’s window. Something familiar about the step and poise of the head made her pause. Another moment and she stepped to his side and said in a quiet tone:

“Mr. Russell, I believe?”

“Miss Huntington,” he responded, promptly, smiling and offering his hand.

There was something inexpressibly frank and winning about Mark Russell. It was one of the secrets of his popularity, I suspect. People may respect and reverence grave, reticent, dignified men, but they do not like them with that strong hearty liking that is own brother to love. The last vestige of Grace Huntington’s lingering pride and prejudice vanished at the clasp—manly and firm, and honest she instinctively knew—of his hand.

“I have been hoping to meet you,” he said, in his easy cordial way, “because, though strangers, we are not in reality so, as this mutual recognition proves.”

"And I came out purposely to see you," she said, quietly.

"Do you like pictures? but of course you do—come in."

He opened the door and they walked down the long gallery together, till they came to a quiet place where there were no loiterers. Then he turned towards her with a bright encouraging smile. He had noticed the blood coming and going in her cheek, and knew it was hard work for her to keep the appearance of calmness.

"I am going to ask you a very impertinent question, Mr. Russell," she said, raising her eyes to his face. "I do not ask it from any idle curiosity—I know you will not think that. Are you married—or about to be, to Winifred Lester?"

"Married to Winnie—I?" he asked, with a look of surprise. "No indeed, Miss Huntington. Neither Winnie nor myself ever entertained such an absurd thought. She is a very dear little sister—that is all."

"O, I am so glad!" Grace cried, then recollected herself and blushed. "Let me explain as quickly as possible before you begin to entertain doubts of my sanity," she said. "You are doubtless aware of the relations which have existed between Miss Lester and my brother Arthur. He has been led to believe that she is married, or soon to be married to you. Arthur isn't just what I wish he was, but I cannot give him up, he has so many virtues with his one vice, and besides," her voice faltering, "I love him well enough to forget that."

"Let me forestall your errand," he said, in such a cordial approving tone, that the last shadow of her embarrassment vanished. "It is something about Winnie?"

"Yes. I want she should write to him—if she still cares for him, of course—and I want you to tell her that I ask it as a favor to myself, as well as to him."

"I will, Miss Huntington; and I shall be the bearer of very good news to my little girl, I know."

They walked out then, he carefully and adroitly turning the conversation to indifferent subjects, as the excitement burned a little too brightly yet in her face.

Grace Huntington had taken her work—how dreadfully heavy it seemed—from the store, and was hastening homeward, fearful that her mother had become alarmed at her long absence. There was a sudden block of carriages at one of the crossings and she was forced to wait several minutes. A splendid span of black horses were impatiently champing their bits, and rearing on their hind feet. Looking first at the horses, she glanced next to the colored driver swelling with importance, and then her eyes fell upon the inmates of the elegant open carriage. She felt the blood go back to her heart from her face, leaving her feeling O so cold and rigid; but her powerful self-control did not forsake her even when she saw the cool mocking look on one face, at least. She walked across the street directly under the horses' heads, her step proud and firm. A light mocking laugh—how well she remembered it—came back to her ears, and then the crowd mercifully came between.

"Mother," she said, a little hysterically, as soon as she had opened the door into their poor little gloomy room, "I just saw Fred Montgomery, and Mr. Gates and his wife Alicia Montgomery. I believe the splendor has dazzled me, I feel dizzy."

She put her hand to her head, the heavy package falling to the floor, and then without another word, sank down beside it.

"Grace! Grace!" Mrs. Huntington called, springing to her side. But the closed eyes and white rigid lips made no reply.



TWO LIVES.

BY THEODORE ARNOLD.

AFTER all, law is a humbug. And it never was a greater humbug than when it condemned Bert Singleton to imprisonment for life for manslaughter.

There are some men who ought to be slaughtered, and Tom Acton was one of those. I am glad that he met his fate, just as I am glad when any pestilent nuisance is abated. This sounds bloodthirsty, of course; and people who can swallow all sorts of meannesses, and do all sorts of little crimes that are not actionable according to law, will be shocked, and hold up their hands. But I hate meanness so much that I would gladly see it eradicated, and I love and honor more the man who knocks down his antagonist boldly, face to face, than him who gets behind the one he hates, and pinches him into convulsions. Any man, the most glorious nature, may be tempted to commit a great crime; but it takes a dirty, cowardly nature to plan and carry out a sly insidious wrong. Who scruples about killing fleas, or any other vermin?

Bert Singleton was one of the noblest, truest fellows that ever breathed. He was simple and unsuspecting as a child; but he had nerve and vim enough for all that. Bert was our darling in those days before young men begin to grow severely jealous of each other. We listened to him, watched him, laughed with and at him, and adored him. And next to Bert we adored Bert's sister Hilda.

They were something alike, and yet, not alike; Bert was brave and determined if there was need, and his courage rose with opposition; Hilda was soft and timid as a dove, and the least opposition broke her tender will. She seemed to live only for those she loved, to have no thought save to please them. Indeed, she was too dependent; for almost any woman needs a firm will at some time in her life, and a power in herself to resist friends when their influence is contrary to right. If her friends did and said and wished about the right thing, then all went merry as a marriage-bell. But if some one should want her to tell a fib, or steal a penny, it would not be quite so well. Yes, Hilda was

unquestionably too soft. But what a pretty creature she was! How delightful were those evenings when Bert invited a few of us fellows home to tea with him, and we, smoothing our manners and softening our voices, went to spend an hour or two in her gentle presence.

The two, brother and sister, were quite alone in the world, and had a pleasant little house to themselves. There Hilda presided in charmingly womanly fashion, sat at the head of her brother's table, maintained a childish authority over their one servant, and entertained visitors incomparably. What delicious little suppers we would have there, everything the best of its kind! How she would coax us bashful bears to eat and drink more, protesting that we had hardly tasted anything! Then afterwards, in the parlor, how she would play and sing to us, and look over our shoulders while we played cards, and laugh at our stories, and help the girl pass round fruit and the tiny glass of wine that was all she would allow us; and when we went home at ten o'clock, how kindly she shook hands with each one, thanked him for coming, and asked him to come soon again. It was all very delightful.

The first discord was introduced by Tom Acton, who chose to fall desperately in love with Hilda, and be jealous of every one else. Of course we had all been in love with her, but in a quiet gentle way; and not one of us had ever ventured to tell her of it. We knew full well that she was not for us. Over and over she had said that if ever she should marry, it would be some one like her brother Bert; and we all knew that his like was not in our tribe. He was taller, older, braver, simpler, truer and handsomer than any other man we knew.

But Tom was frantic, and made a fool of himself. Tom was handsome, too, with a fascinating beauty that was half attractive, half hateful. At first it had seemed that Hilda did not quite like him. But women are queer beings, and she was a woman. Whether it was that she really felt his fascination, or that she was captivated by his bold unreasoning love for her, I do not know.

Certain it is, the very means which we all thought would disgust her, and cause his expulsion from the house, seemed to win her regard. Tom went there when the rest of us did not, and he often left his business to go in the day. He seemed to keep a jealous watch over the house, lest any one else should go there.

Bert was an easy-going fellow, but he was provoked. He even talked to Hilda, and told her that he didn't want her to marry Tom.

"But I'm not going to marry Tom," she would reply, almost weeping. "I like him as a friend, and he is fond of me."

So the fellow continued to go there as he liked.

But presently a rival came onto the carpet, and one whom we all acknowledged to be worthy of Hilda; and in spite of Tom's jealousy, Mr. James Crashaw won the prize.

They were to be married in June, and take a little journey, then go to housekeeping; and in May Mr. Crashaw went away from the city to settle up some business.

I saw Hilda two or three times while he was gone, and I knew that Tom was there a good deal. But as he had behaved better than we had expected, that didn't matter much. She had made a good choice, he said, and he didn't blame her. He, Tom, had nothing to offer a wife, neither property nor income, and might not be able to marry for ten years. He and Hilda were friends, and that contented him, he said.

It was all a very sensible arrangement, and both had shown a reasonableness that was very edifying. Hilda could not have been romantically in love with her intended; but she was proud of him, and fond of him as of her brother. He was about thirty-eight and she twenty-two, and as he had had a good deal of experience, and seen a good deal of the world, she looked up to him all the more, though she sympathized with him less.

The manner of her engagement showed her feelings. He had offered himself, and she postponed her answer till she should have spoken to her brother.

"Do you love him, Hilda?" Bert asked.

"I think he's very nice," she replied, calmly. "It seems to me that he is the right kind of person. If you think it is all right, I'll tell him yes."

Bert thought it was all right, and so she told her lover yes.

And so all was going smoothly, when suddenly there was a hue and cry. It came first

in a whisper the very day that Mr. Crashaw came home, and it came from the servant who lived at Bert's, a new servant, the old one having married,

The first I heard of it was enough to stun me. Mr. Crashaw had broken off his engagement with Hilda, who was crazy, and going from one swoon to another, they said, and Bert was after Tom Acton who was trying to escape. Swift upon that came the denouement; Bert had shot Acton dead!

Of course the city rang with it, and some took one side, some another; but everybody blamed Hilda. She owned to having been imprudent, and more fond of Tom than she supposed she ought to be when she was engaged to another man; but she passionately denied having done any serious wrong.

"She is a fool!" was the verdict of those who knew her best. We had all seen her babyish, yielding ways, and knew that she was as ignorant of the world's wickedness as a baby might be. She believed all men to be as honest and friendly as her brother Bert, and never thought of distrusting one.

But all also agreed that Tom was a scamp, for they saw that he had played the lover even while pretending to be reconciled to her marriage.

It was a hot fight for and against. Bert was honored, but Tom had friends in power; and besides, it could not be proved that any great harm had been done.

So the result was that poor Bert with his brother's heart on fire, and his pride and honor wounded, was sentenced to state prison for life.

We did our best. We sent him everything, we went to see him, we tried to get his sentence shortened, but all to no purpose. And he was slowly dying in his captivity. The disgrace, the confinement, were killing him slowly, but surely.

We bore it a few months, then six of us made a league. One knew of a wonderful drug of which he had learned the virtue in the East, and we all swore secrecy and devotion. Besides, we had friends at court, officers to whom we would not absolutely tell anything, but who would agree not to see anything.

Hilda had the house and furniture sold, and, with a broken heart, left the city, few knew where for. But, before going, she was reconciled to her brother, and took a weeping leave of him.

It was understood that her departure had

been a great injury to him, and that he was rapidly sinking under his troubles.

The prison physician shook his head, and the warden allowed all possible indulgences. Soon it was announced that he was dying, then dead.

Of course all this had excited public sympathy in his behalf; and when his body was brought to Ned Falkener's house for a funeral, crowds came to see it.

Ned was one of Bert's oldest and dearest friends, and was but lately married to one of the finest girls that ever stepped. She was fearless, calm, and intrepid, and she needed to be. For she was the only woman taken into our counsels.

I have said that crowds came to see Bert, but Jenny Falkener admitted but few. Her house was small, and she kept but one servant, and had no idea of changing her little parlor to a public hall. They had all stared at Bert during his trial, she said; but now that he was dead, he belonged to his friends.

Four of us, Ned and I among them, went to the prison with the coffin the morning after Bert died in the evening, and brought the body to Ned's house. Never shall I forget the terror of that drive, or how the perspiration started out over me as we reached the door and saw a dozen or more persons standing about.

"Curse 'em!" said Ned, in a savage undertone.

The door opened wide, and inside stood Jenny with her handkerchief to her eyes. We passed her by with our burden, Ned whispering a hurried word.

She passed the word to the servant who stood just behind, and the servant stepped immediately to the open door in which stood a man.

"Can I see the body if I wait a few minutes?" he asked.

"No one can see it till this afternoon," she answered. "He is not dressed."

The man withdrew, and with him the rest of the party to whom he repeated the message.

The door was locked, the parlor door locked also, and while I looked about to see that all was secure, the others tore the coffin open, and lifted poor Bert up. In fifteen minutes longer he would have been suffocated; for though we had arranged for air, and perforated the coffin in several places, there was not air enough to support him in a state of sensibility. While in that trance, his almost

imperceptible breathing had required but little to support it; but, coming out, he gasped fearfully.

It was an hour before he was fully himself, and then he was deathly sick. But a cup of strong coffee brought him round, and then we set ourselves to make arrangements for the rest. Our troubles were not over by any means. There was the funeral to be arranged and carried out, the sexton to hoodwink, and curious eyes to deceive. We had thought of refusing to let him be seen under the pretext that change had taken place, but that was hardly safe. For that afternoon it was best to gratify curiosity.

Bert agreed to it, and professed himself ready to stand the test.

He didn't look very much alive, certainly; and when the arrangements were all made, the deception was perfect. The room was quite shady, the curtains being drawn, the coffin filled with flowers, and a screen of fine lace drawn over the face. In addition, Jenny powdered his face thickly with French chalk, which gave it a deathly whiteness. At the head of the coffin one of us was constantly standing, and saw that no one of the starers stayed too long.

It was a ghastly mockery; and when at length, after five hours of terrible anxiety we locked the street door on what we thought was our last visitor, we were more dead than alive.

Bert got up, and sitting on the sofa, took the supper that Jenny herself brought him, then walked about to ease his cramped limbs.

"Thank God it is over!" he exclaimed. "It seemed to me sometimes that I must cry out, and I had hard work not to open my eyes when I knew that some one was staring at me."

While we talked, there came a peal at the doorbell that sent the blood to our faces. Silently, and trembling in every limb Bert climbed into his coffin again just as some one tried the parlor door.

Fortunately supper was on the table in the little dining-room back of the parlor, and we were supposed to be there. Hurrying to our places at the table, all but Ned, Jenny was ready to answer the inquiries of the girl when she entered to say that a lady and gentleman wished to see Bert.

"Let them wait a moment in the hall," Jenny said, calmly, "and Mr. Falkener will go and open the door."

The girl went out, and Jenny started up

with clasped hands, and frightened face.

"My God!" she said. "It is Mr. and Mrs. Acton, Tom's aunt and uncle. Can it be that they suspect? What else sent them here?"

We turned the parlor gas up a little, but not too brightly, and put everything in its place, then left Ned, and returned to our seats at the table, leaving the door slightly ajar.

Ned opened the door into the hall, and calmly ushered the visitors in.

"I hope we did not make you hasten your supper," Mrs. Acton said, civilly.

"I left my supper," Ned responded, coldly, hoping by the hint to shorten their visit.

We made some movement of the dishes as a reminder. Jenny, pale as death, leaned over the tray with her eyes directed towards the parlor door, and listened. The time seemed interminable.

"Why didn't you put him in ice?" we heard Mr. Acton ask.

"He requested us not to," was Ned's calm response.

Silence again, and I heard the loud thump of my heart as I leaned against the table. Would they never go?

Jenny rose, pale and resolute, and walked into the parlor.

"Good-evening, Mr. Acton! Good-evening, madam!" I heard, in her clear voice. "Ned, will you go out and finish your supper?"

She approached the coffin at the head of which the two visitors stood, one on each side, and bent over it.

"Poor Bert!" she said, in a piercing voice. "Poor boy!" then, without a moment's hesitation, as she lifted her face, she drew a muslin veil down, and hid his. They had no choice but to go away.

She went to the door with them, and when they were well down the steps, turned the key in the lock, and took it out. Then, after calling down to the kitchen a peremptory order that no one else should be admitted that night, she returned to the parlor.

"I can't do it again," Bert said, shaking with agitation. "My nerves are too much excited."

Two of the fellows led him into a little bedroom already prepared, and, giving him a good glass of punch, put him to bed and took up their watch by him. Ned and I had other work to do. We had to dress a heavy wooden log and put it into the coffin so that it would not move. Then the lid was screwed down.

Bert slept well that night, all the party keeping vigil, except that Jenny got a few hours' sleep, lying on the sofa in the dining-room. The bedroom that Bert occupied was hers and Ned's, and she would not go up stairs.

The next day we made a bold push. The funeral had been announced for the afternoon, but we had it two hours earlier than was expected. The few also who were in season were not able to see the corpse, decomposition having taken place.

Jenny did not go to the cemetery. She was very unwell, and, as soon as we had gone, took off her things, and seated herself in her dining-room, which was also a sitting-room, to await our return.

That night Jack Cameron, one of our six, watched with the sexton in the cemetery, that there should be no body-snatching, and the next night the sexton watched alone. On the third night there was no need of watching. Bert Singleton was off on the ocean, steaming across to Liverpool.

Strangely enough, though we had seen suspicion in every glance, no one seemed to have a suspicion, and the repose of that log of wood was never invaded or disturbed.

But still we were anxious for a while. We couldn't know who might be on board the steamer, or who might be inclined to suspect the long-bearded sick gentleman who could not leave his stateroom.

But all went well, and in a few weeks we got a letter from Hilda, informing us, in a veiled way agreed on beforehand, of his safe arrival. Their little property, converted into money, was all in her hands, and she had made every arrangement for him. All her timidity and dependence seemed to have been scorched off in the fiery ordeal through which she had passed. She had only her brother now in the world, and she had to make restitution to him for all that he had suffered on her account.

Not long ago, when I was last in England, I went out of London to visit a tiny little foliage-embowered cottage, and was received with open arms by Mr. Francis Jameson and his wife and sister. I found a happy household. Years had softened their trouble, and Mrs. Jameson knew all her husband's story before she married him.

They are safe enough, for no one would ever dream that the grave, bearded, middle-aged man was the same joyous, boyish-faced Bert Singleton whose sad death they had so

lamented, and still less would they recognize the rosy, merry Hilda in this pale and dignified woman who was like an angel in her brother's household.

Bert told me she was wooed by a clergyman of the established church, and that he hoped she might yet consent to marry.

"The man is honorable, liberal, and very much in love," he said. "He has, moreover, a good living. Of course Hilda could not marry him without telling our story; but I

am willing, and she has nothing to tell which need make him love her less. I am sure that he may be trusted."

"So you are happy, dear Bert," I said, joyfully.

"Yes. God bless you!" he answered, grasping my hand. "I thought that my first life was a happy one, but the second is better. I went down to the valley of the shadow of death, and came up a new man. We must all have our trouble, Doro, and I can bear mine."

OUR MAJOR.

BY A CORPORAL OF COMPANY Q.

"THANK you, me boy, I don't care if I do," said Major Jack, as he deposited his short dumpy person in the only chair that adorned the tent of Lieutenant Bob; "and," continued he, "if I ever druk it's about this time o' day."

The information contained in the latter portion of the major's remark had somehow lost the savor of freshness to Lieutenant Bob, because of its frequent repetition by the major at all times of the day. It may thus appear that Major Jack wasn't exactly a temperance lecturer, for whatever his sentiments on the subject of temperance may have been, his *practice* conformed more closely to that of the traditional "horrid example." Yet it may be supposed, from the form and apparent cordiality of the worthy officer's remark, that it was made in response to an equally cordial invitation to "take a smile;" but it wasn't. It was only a little way adopted by the hero to increase his popularity among his subordinates, and at the same time to prompt the aforesaid invitation. I am afraid Major Jack was, in the classic language of Camp Houston, a "dead beat." At least he bore that reputation, either justly or unjustly, in the camp of the 980th.

The hot afternoon sun beat down upon the canvas roofs of the camp, and its rays glistened and glanced across the water of the bay, while the cool sea-breeze stirred the leaves of the live oaks overhead and played refreshingly through the open sides of the tent.

Lieutenant Bob lay stretched at full length on his "bunk," without any martial cloak wrapped round him, taking his *otium cum dignitate* in a manner which few could equal and none excel.

Out on the bay the two "tin clads" swung lazily with the changing tide, and across the water, from the further shore, came the rattat-tat of the garrison drummers at their afternoon practice under the spreading magnolias on the bank.

At the sound of the major's voice, Lieutenant Bob slowly raised himself upon his elbow, glanced at his superior officer, with a sigh of regret, pointed to the demijohn standing by the centre pole at the back of the tent, and then relapsed into his former position. With a peculiar twist of wrist and elbow, invented by himself, and of which he was immensely proud, the major raised the demijohn to the altitude of his mouth, glanced at the recumbent lieutenant and, with his customary toast, "ere's to my worshipful self," proceeded to imbibe deliberately and at length. This being about the tenth time for the day that he had proposed his little toast, and made his little response, he felt fatigued, and with a grunt (whether of satisfaction or regret that he could hold no more I cannot truthfully say), he fell back upon his base of attack, the chair, overcome by his emotions. Lulled by the cooling zephyrs and the drowsy sounds without he fell asleep.

"*Requiescat in pace*," muttered fat Captain P. (whose "well of Latin undefiled" flowed upon the slightest provocation), as he sauntered by, on his way to set up some "profiles" for the earthworks, with "*fidus achates*," the little brown meerschaum, between his teeth. From the cogitative look upon his usually smooth and placid brow, it was plain that Captain P. was trying to conjecture the probable fate of his fourteenth resignation, but that mornning started on its circumlocu-

tory journey through the "official channels," when his attention was arrested by sight of the sleeping major and his classic remark called forth.

As the sun descended towards his jumping-off place behind the cypress swamps the major snoozed peacefully on, his arms hanging loosely by his side, his head fallen forward on the breast of his uniform coat, which was stained and faded and decidedly shabby, while of the straps that adorned his shoulders, one was minus a golden leaf, the other fallen forward like his head, hung by a feeble attachment to the coat, both together a faithful index of the major's character.

"You're a nice looking major," thought Lieutenant Bob, as he eyed him with a half dreamy look of disgust.

But the hours passed on, and the major awoke when the shadows of the "forest primeval" had lengthened far out over camp and bay, and the drummers' call for "dress parade" rattled and clattered out on the parade ground.

All these stirring events happened during "the late unpleasantness," and at that particular time which it may best suit the reader's convenience to imagine.

The evening shadows have fallen upon the camp of the 980th; the night detail has gone to the picket line under command of Lieutenant Bob, growling as he went, over his "cursed luck;" "Retreat" has passed and "Tattoo" and "Taps" are yet to come.

The usual evening conclave has assembled at headquarters, where at his desk mid files of "general orders," "rosters," "cigar stubs," "old soldiers," and brier-wood pipes, Adjutant Mike reigns supreme, and where the officers were wont to spend the evening hour in discussing the momentous question thus tersely propounded by "our Br-e-own," "I'd like to kn-e-ow when we're goin' to stop this 'ere mud-diggin' an' see some fitin'."

Here with the rest comes Major Jack, refreshed by his slumber, his tongue loosened by sundry further applications of "commis-sary" to the roots thereof, and himself ready to become the centre of interest because of the marvellous "yarns" he is wont to spin.

"I say, fellows, did I ever repeat that famous poem of 'Abu Ben Hassan'?" My fa—"

"Abel Ben Hasheater be blowed," growled Captain Goodhofs, who had no ear for poetry, but whose "best hold" was logic of the knock-down and drag-out variety, learned by long experience on a "Liverpool liner."

Adjutant Mike groaned in spirit, and swore Spanish oaths under his breath till the air was blue, as he saw the major coolly plant his cavalry boots (No. 9s) on the desk right on top of the latest "general orders." But the major was primed and not to be "bluffed" by Liverpool "liners," nor yet by Peruvian quartermasters.

But the shade of Abu Ben Hassan has flitted back to his desert home, for the major begins the oft repeated story of his life, so often repeated that he really believes it himself.

His auditors listened, I think, more out of curiosity to detect variations, than from any interest or belief in the yarns themselves.

So, brierwood in mouth and glass in hand, he discoursed of rich but honest parents, of a thorny pursuit of knowledge under the great Horace Boyy at Aleppo College, of expulsion for good behaviour, of daily labor for years mid clanging anvils and massive machinery, of a life on the ocean wave in navy blue, of cruises here and there, of Shanghai and St. Helena—now a civilian on the gold coast, one day rich, the next a coal heaver on the docks—of duels with swords, and duels with pistols, of promotion from the ranks for conspicuous bravery at Big Bethel—(here the audience smiled audibly, all but little Peach-ton, fresh from Yankee land, whose eager eyes and open mouth betokened his interest and belief, while the sable Ganymede, George Washington Cæsar, hastened to the sutler's with the empty bottles). At last he wound up with the account of his terrific encounter with garroters at St. Louis, when "I just went right down in my boots, and, holy Moses, you ought to see them fellers git."

Adjutant Mike groaned pensively a second time as the inkstand capsized under the major's enthusiastic boots.

Of course each epoch of the hero's life had occupied weeks, months or years as best suited his convenience in its narration.

When the customary applause had subsided Colonel G. quietly remarked:

"How old are you, major?"

"Why (slightly surprised at such a question), I'm about twenty-seven."

"Indeed you're not, from your own account you are precisely one hundred and nineteen years of age;" and the colonel verified the statement by exhibiting to the delighted company a pencilled minute of the different periods of time which, according to the major each of his adventures had occu-

pied and the footing corroborated the colonel.

And then such a shout arose, and peal after peal of laughter shook the crazy shanty, till the sergeant of the ward came on the double quick to learn the cause of the alarm and to beg the officers not to awake the "officer of the day," while the, for once, discomfited major disconsolately "mizzled."

But Major Jack was a philosopher and prided himself upon his philosophy, although candor compels me to say that it was about equally compounded of Emerson and "commissary."

As the last stroke of "taps" died away on the air and the lights went out in the quarters, as Major Jack crept thus unusually early to his tent, an attentive listener might have heard him mutter, with many a hic-cup, something about the "compensations of calamity being made manifest after many days."

The night wears on, the stars shine down clear and bright, while the half hour strokes of the gunboat bells and the calls of the watch, "Starboard, all's well!" "Port, all's well!" come echoing over the waters. In camp all are sleeping, save the sentinels pacing their silent rounds, and the "officer of the day" just rubbing his eyes, and snarling at the unlucky "orderly" who has waked him to make the "grand rounds."

But hark! a rifle shot rings out on the picket line, and another, and another, and now the "long roll" wakes the startled sleepers with its fearfully dismal cadence. With hasty buckling of belts and nervous grasping of muskets, the lines are formed and the earth works manned. The brass "Napoleons" at the angles join in the terrible din of war's alarm, while the shells from the gunboats describe their fiery curves through the midnight sky, and burst far over in the distance, where horsemen in gray are riding down the pickets. "Breown" is at the angle sighting the "Napoleon," and yelling for "a leetle more pe-owder," but where or how is our valorous major? At the first roll of the drums the major awoke, and instantly "went right down in his boots," and, seizing his sabre, rushed forth. Suddenly he bethought him the sabre was dull, and so, while the rifles were ringing and the shells were shrieking, Major Jack, away at the rear by the quartermaster's forge, was fiercely grinding that sabre, while the ever faithful George W. Caesar turned the grindstone. Lieutenant

Bob comes riding furiously in from the picket line for reinforcements, but before the detail can be made "Baillie" retires with his gray guerrillas, the gunboats cease shelling the swamps, and the companies go to quarters, just as the major reaches the angle in time to order last solid shot to be cut "six seconds." The night attack is over.

Once more quiet broods over the wide Chefuncta, and the darkness is unbroken save by the twinkling stars, and the dull glow of Lieutenant Bob's brierwood as he wends his equestrian way back to the "reserve."

Months pass on, the 980th is moved here and there by the caprice of the commanding general and the exigencies of the service, and once more pitches its tents by the shore of Chefuncta Bay. Major Jack has made a brief but eloquent speech of "not guilty" before a court-martial, and in the words of a general order has been returned to our midst, there to learn, during a six months' probation, how "to form new and better purposes in life."

But the wisdom of courts-martial, like the justice of juries, is almost proverbial, and so of course the sentence was disapproved, and the major gave up his plans for his probation. When the whirligig of time had rolled a few more weeks into eternity, the fortunes of war found Major Jack our commanding officer. There is an old saying which, I remember, fat Captain P. would sometime quote, in his indignant moods, when Lieutenant Bob confidently believed him to be profane, "*Fiat justitia ruat cœlum.*" So shall it be for our major. A change came over him surprising to all, but a reform too sudden, it almost seemed, to be permanent.

For four short weeks our major was a soldier, and an officer in fact as well as in name, and then, whatever respect his "new and better purposes" had begun to inspire, was broken by the order announcing his discharge. The sword so long suspended by a hair had fallen, and closed forever was the military career of our major.

So one bright spring morning when white-winged rumors of peace had begun to fly from the far north, our Jack, alas, no more "our major!" disappeared from our midst with the morning's dew, regretted by few save the sorrowful sutler and the trusting Teuton eyeing disconsolately his long-chalked score for lager. Another year flew by and no news came to our ears from citizen Jack.

The war was over, and comrades, so long united by the ties of a common patriotism, a

common danger and a common duty, separated forever.

For the last time arms were stacked, the last drummer's call was beaten, the last roll called, and the 980th ceased to be a unit in the army of liberty.

Far away in a northern city, at the close of a long fierce summer's day, in the quiet ward

of a great public hospital, with no friend near to cheer his last moments, "our major" lay dying. With naught but the record of wasted years and wasted talents behind him, he passed to that undiscovered country, where, let us hope, his faults and his follies shall be remembered no more against him forever.



THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

BY HARRIET E. BENEDICT.

They said that its waters flowed fresh and free,
In a fairy land o'er the deep blue sea;
That rubies gleamed from the fountain's side,
And diamonds flashed in its crystal tide.
They said that the shining streamlet rolled
O'er rarest jewels and sands of gold,
And that the wanderer who should drink
Of the waters that shone on its mossy brink,
Should renew his youth forevermore,
From the fount that flowed on that fairy shore.

And thither the travellers bent their way,
And they sought for the wondrous spring each day,
Their footsteps roved in the forest shades,
But they found it not neath its green arcades.
Long did they seek for its crystal urn,
Neath emerald shadows of moss and fern,
Where bloomed rare flowers of radiant dye,
Under the beautiful southern sky;
Nought but the Indian's foot had pressed
The sod where they laid their heads to rest,
To dream at night that the search was vain—
To wake at morning and hope again!

Listens my darling, with eager ear,
The wonderful ancient tale to hear,
Of the wanderers over the sea, who sought
For the Fountain of Youth, and found it not?
Vain was the quest—they never viewed
Its clear waves gleam in the solitude;
Never, upon their raptured sight,
Beamed the wondrous spring with its waters bright.

Beautiful dream of the days of old!
If over some silver sand there rolled
A stream whose waters could wash away
The signs and tokens of youth's decay,
Render our faces like thine as fair,
Smooth from our foreheads the lines of care,
Clear the mists from the wearied brain,
Send new life through each bounding vein!

While we hear the song in our morning sung,
The psalm of bliss when the world was young,
Give to us faith, undimmed by fears,
The innocent trust of our early years,
The heart with happiness beating high,
The springing step and the radiant eye;
We, too, would sail over a trackless main,
As the wanderers erst from their sunny Spain,
Eager to drink—to cast away
Age, like a garment old and gray;
To wear, when the blissful draught was o'er,
The brightness of youth forevermore!

Thou hast strayed from its source, with thy childish feet,
Thou hast drank of the "Fountain of Youth" my sweet.
Thy cheek so fair, with its rosy tinge,
The light of thine eyes, neath their veiling fringe,
Thy face, unshadowed by care or fear,
The merry gush of thy laughter clear,
Tell of the fount on that wondrous shore
Thou hast drank of once, but mayst nevermore,
Till time shall end, and is given to thee
Immortal youth in eternity!



A SLIGHT FAMILY DISTURBANCE.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"GOOD-BY, dear," said Mr. Job Gunther, as he folded the dear one to his breast.

The dear one above-mentioned was Miss Sarah McKenzie, and she lived in the town of Bazoo, and she was an only child, and lived with her father and mother, whom she loved very much, but not quite so much as she did Job.

And so when Job said good-by, she said good-by, and when he folded her to his breast, she folded him to her breast, and then they kissed, and O, what a long, long kiss it was! It didn't seem as though they ever would get their lips apart, but they did, and then they unfolded themselves, and Job snatched up his carpet-bag, and then he snatched up his overcoat, and snatching out his watch, said he:

"I've only five minutes in which to reach the depot;" and he snatched another kiss and ran.

"Adieu, Job," cried Sarah. "Write often."

"I will, darling," answered Job, and just then he darted around the corner, and Sarah turned and closed the door, and went back into the breakfast room, where Mr. McKenzie

was eating muffins and hard-boiled eggs, drinking strong coffee and reading the morning paper.

"How long is Job going to be gone?" inquired Mr. McKenzie, looking up from his paper as Sarah came in.

"Two months," she replied, and immediately a freshet of tears inundated her countenance, and came very near floating her nose off from her face.

"Well, well, don't cry, my dear," said Mr. McKenzie, patting her gently on the back. "Two months will soon pass away, and then—"

"And then," interrupted Mrs. McKenzie, who had just come into the room, "there'll be a wedding."

"And Miss Sarah McKenzie will be no more," cried the old gentleman, still patting his daughter on the back. It was a habit he had got into, owing to a habit that his wife had of swallowing things the wrong way and so choking herself. He had been obliged to pat her on the back so much, that now he didn't feel really at ease, unless he had a back to pat.

There's something very consoling in the mention of a wedding, I fancy, particularly to the person who is going to take one of the principal parts in the said wedding. It had such an effect upon Sarah, certainly, for she stopped winking at once, and soon began to dry her eyes with her cambric pocket handkerchief.

"There, there, Sarah, now we'll finish our breakfast, wont we?"

And Sarah said she would, and so sat down to the table; and while she is sipping her coffee and devouring muffins, if you've no objections, my jolly reader, we'll talk over matters and things, and perhaps I'll tell you something about Job.

I intended to let you take a peep at Sarah while she was eating her breakfast, because she's such a pretty woman that she's really worth peeping at, usually; but unfortunately, tears always spoil her good looks for the time being. You notice now how red and swollen her nose looks, and it shines, too, like a glass bottle; and then her eyes—well, I'll tell you about Job.

Job Gunther hadn't any father. I suppose he had had one, but at the time I speak of he was entirely destitute of the article. He had a brother, and his name was Joseph, but he wasn't the one you are thinking of. Job's brother didn't wear a coat of many colors. Joe was satisfied with a coat of one color, and he didn't care a snap what color it was, if it was only fast.

Job and Joe were both born in Ripplestone, and there they grew to manhood, and Joe he went into the dry-goods business, and then he got married, and then he enlarged his business, and then, as the years rolled on he began to think that Ripplestone was too small for a man of his abilities, and he began to think seriously of going to some city. He didn't care what city, if it was only big enough.

Meantime Job wasn't quite so successful as his brother. For ten years he had been in the employ of the Bazoo Manufacturing Company, and though his salary had been small at first, it was now sufficiently large, he thought, to warrant him in taking a very important step in life. This warrantable step was a step into matrimony.

Mr. Job Gunther had loved Miss Sarah McKenzie for nine years seven months and fourteen days, when suddenly the idea dawned upon him that his salary was now sufficient to support a small family.

Job was a man that never allowed an idea to strike him twice. He went directly to Sarah's house, and she invited him into the parlor.

"Sarah," said Job, "I have loved you for a long time."

"How long?" she inquired.

"For nine years seven months and fourteen days," Job replied, promptly.

"And I have loved you a long time," said Sarah.

Job didn't ask her how long, though he wanted to. He only said:

"Well, do you love me now?"

"Yes, Job, I do."

"And you will be Mrs. Gunther?"

"I will."

"Good," cried Job. "And now let us settle the rest of the business. Two weeks from to-day I start for the West. I shall be gone two months upon business for the company. When I return, we will be married. Name the day yourself, and be sure and take time enough to get everything ready."

"O, I could get ready in twenty-four hours to marry you, Job," cried Sarah, throwing her lily white arms around his neck, and giving him a kiss that made him blush clear back behind his ears.

You understand from this, that Job hadn't been kissed a great deal. No, Job wasn't, or hadn't been a kissing man, and consequently Sarah's attack rather confused him. But he rallied very soon, and said:

"My dear, having loved you, as I remarked before for nine years seven months and fourteen days, it isn't my intention now to get married in a hurry. I shall have everything ready beforehand."

"O yes," said Sarah. "I'm in no hurry. O no. I only meant to be understood that although it would take a long time to get ready to marry anybody else, I could get ready to marry you in twenty-four hours, if it was necessary."

"That's all right," said Job, "and now if you've a mind to, you can do that again."

"Do what?" asked Sarah, opening her beautiful eyes.

"Why, you know," replied Job, puckering his lips.

"O! a kiss?"

"M'm."

"There! was it sweet?"

"As sugar. And now about your father. Will he have any objections to this little arrangement of ours?"

"O no."

"Well, then it's settled, I suppose."

"Yes."

And so these two lovers seated themselves on the sofa, and she laid her head on his breast, and he laid his head on her head, and he put one arm around her frame-work, and clasped her hand in his, and for two hours and seventeen minutes neither of them moved a peg, and as their conversation was carried on in the softest kind of whispers, of course I can't tell you what was said, and luckily for my story, it makes little difference.

Mr. Job Gunther was a very methodical young man. Finding himself the accepted lover of one of the sweetest girls that ever wore a switch, and realizing that he had only two weeks to be with her prior to an absence of two months, he felt it to be his duty, not only to himself, but to the beloved one, to spend as much of his precious time as he could in her company, and so he passed two hours and seventeen minutes every evening in her society, and before the expiration of the two weeks he had made such proficiency in the art of love, that he could kiss almost as well as you can, my lovely reader.

We left Sarah at breakfast, and as I've nothing for her to do for the space of two months except to read Job's letters and write answers, you may suppose that she sat at that table for eight weeks, if you want to. I don't say that she did. It is barely possible that she did not, but as I don't know, I decline to say anything about it, because I consider that I am responsible for every statement that I make.

All I know is, that she was sitting at that same table on a certain fine morning, just about two months from the time when we saw her there before; and she was eating buckwheat cakes and maple syrup, and she was all alone, when suddenly the doorbell rang.

As doorbells generally do ring suddenly, she wasn't surprised in the least, but her heart beat violently when she thought that it might be Job. She knew that he was on the way home, and he might drop in any moment.

She rose quickly from her chair (if she had been sitting there two months, I guess her joints felt rather stiff), and hurried to the door.

"Why, good-morning, Miss Crixxy. Walk right in."

And so Miss Crixxy did walk right in, and Sarah handed her a chair, and asked her to be seated.

You never knew the Crixxys? No, I thought not. There were fourteen in the family—all old maids, the youngest, Althea, being thirty-five.

This was Althea. She was a tall dark-complexioned woman, with small black eyes, and a small thin nose, and a pair of thin puckered lips; and she was never known to carry good news into a house, and therefore she never went into a house unless she had bad news.

"I was down to Boston yesterday," said she, her small black eyes twinkling with delight.

"Ah, indeed!"

"Yes, I went down to do some shopping. But whom do you think I saw there?"

"Why, I'm sure I can't guess. Was it any one that I know?" asked Sarah.

"I believe so," returned Miss Crixxy.

"A gentleman or a lady?"

"A gentleman, or at least I suppose he calls himself one, though I have my opinion about that."

"It wasn't Mr. Fobbs?"

"O no. It was a man that left town about two months ago. He said he was going West on business; and I understood he was going to marry a certain young lady of this town, when he returned."

"You don't mean Job?" cried Sarah, opening to the widest extent her beautiful hazel eyes.

"I don't mean anybody else," said Miss Crixxy.

"Then he'll be home to-day."

"I don't know about that. He didn't speak to me. He didn't recognize me in Boston, though I believe he does know my name when he's in Bazoo. Perhaps he thought I didn't know him."

"Why, how you talk, Miss Crixxy. Job isn't a bit proud, and I'm sure if he'd seen you—"

"Seen me! Why, I spoke to him, and he looked me right in the face, and then he blushed and turned away without saying a word. But the creature that was with him looked at me sharp enough, and I heard her ask him who I was."

"You don't mean to say that there was a woman with him?" cried Sarah, turning very red and then very pale.

"Well, I do; and she wasn't a bit too

respectable either, I calculate," said Miss Crixy.

"O Miss Crixy, you must have been mistaken. It could not have been Job, I'm sure. And with a woman, too! O, Job wouldn't do any such thing."

"O well, if you don't want to believe me, you needn't. I'm sure it's nothing to me what Job Gunther does, or where he goes, or what company he keeps. I heard that you and Job were engaged, and I thought it would be only a kindness to let you know just what kind of a man he was. I felt it to be my duty to put you on your guard, and now that I've done my duty, I guess I'll go; and if you'd rather believe Job than me, you can, but you'll find him out sooner or later, take my word for that;" and Miss Crixy got up and started for the door.

"If I was only sure that it was Job," said Sarah.

"O, I don't suppose it was," cried Miss Crixy, sarcastically. "I won't believe my own eyes. Probably it was some other man, or perhaps I didn't see any man at all. I might have known that it couldn't have been Job, any way. Good morning, Miss McKenzie." And Miss Crixy flounced out of the house, and went away in high dudgeon.

The moment she disappeared Sarah burst into tears. She cried for fifteen minutes, and then she began to dry her eyes and commenced thinking. She had always had the most unlimited faith in Job, and she couldn't bring herself to believe at first but that Miss Crixy had been mistaken. Of course she had seen somebody, and that somebody must have looked like Job, but that it was Job she would not believe. At least she said she wouldn't. She said so several times, and the more she said so, the more she did believe.

I am inclined to think that Miss Sarah McKenzie was not naturally of a jealous disposition. Like the late General Othello of Venice, she was "one not easily jealous, but, being wrought, perplexed in the extreme." She was most thoroughly perplexed, and the only way to free herself from her perplexity was to go in search of Job.

But where should she go? If she went to Boston, she felt that it was very doubtful about her finding him, even if he was there; and he might return to Bazoo in her absence, and—but never mind, she resolved to go.

She arrived in the city about noon, and immediately commenced her search. I don't know whether she went to work on the most

approved plan or not. Perhaps she didn't have any plan at all. I only know that she walked up and down all the principal streets first, and then she went into some of the more retired ones, and she glanced hastily at every man she met as she went along. And so she spent the afternoon, and still she had seen nothing of Job.

It was just about six o'clock when Sarah reached the corner of Y— street. She didn't know which way to go. She was tired and discouraged, and she began to blame herself for suspecting Job. I think she was almost tempted to call Miss Crixy hard names; and she wished she had never left Bazoo on such a fool's errand, at least, and she determined to return home at once.

"I'll go up this street, as I've got plenty of time, and then I'll go right to the depot," she said.

It was a very quiet street, as Sarah observed, and the people who lived on it were, to all outward appearance, very respectable folks. Men with some money, but no nabobs, who lived comfortably, but made no show in the world.

Sarah walked along slowly, glancing carelessly at the names on the doorplates, until she had nearly reached the upper end of the street, when—

"Gunther! J. Gunther!" she exclaimed, rubbing her eyes.

There it was, the name, staring at her from the doorplate of the house just before her.

At this moment a little girl came to the door, crying, "papa! papa!" and the girl was—O, there was no use in denying it—the very picture of Job! And, as if to make assurance doubly sure, at that very instant a man brushed by her, ran up the steps, caught the child in his arms and kissed her, and that man was—O heavings! it was, it was, she was sure it was Job Gunther!

Now, my most beautiful reader (if you are of the feminine gender), I should like to ask you, in confidence, how would you feel now, just as you have got everything ready for the wedding, just as you are about to take your dear Frederick Augustus for better or worse—how would you feel to find that the beloved one was a married man, and the father of a family?

I want you to ask yourself this question, because in no other way can you realize the feeling of Miss Sarah McKenzie when she made this very important and startling discovery mentioned above.

Miss McKenzie was of a very nervous temperament. I don't know whether I have mentioned this before or not, but such was the fact. She was one of that kind of women who fly all to pieces about once a month (she wasn't one of those that take themselves to pieces every night—O no!) and she was just one of those women whom I should rather live with a week than a fortnight.

I'm fairly ashamed of myself for talking so about my heroine, but I *will* tell the truth, if I have to spoil the story.

But I want you to understand me. I merely say that Sarah was of a nervous temperament, and I'm sure that's nothing very bad. She was the most agreeable woman I ever met, without any exception, for a single evening; and she was pretty, and—but she would fly. And so she flew now, right up the steps, through the hall, and into the sitting-room.

O, must I tell it? I believe I will, but my pen fairly blushes while I write.

There he was in the arms of the most beautiful woman that Miss Sarah McKenzie ever saw. And she was kissing him, and he was kissing her, while three very interesting children were gathered around them, screaming at the top of their little voices, "papa, papa."

It was really too bad to spoil such a lovely picture of domestic bliss, considering the scarcity of such pictures, but Sarah never did care much about high art, and she was feeling exceedingly nervous, and so she flew at Mr. Gunther with a determination to spoil his "pictur," if she couldn't do anything else.

"O, you scamp!" cried Sarah, fixing her taper fingers in Mr. Gunther's hair, and pulling out huge handfuls.

Mr. Gunther's first thought was that she wanted to collect enough for a hair mattress, but when she called him a scamp, he began to think there must be some mistake.

"O you villain! to try to marry an innocent young girl, when you are already married," and the hair flew worse than before.

Mrs. Gunther fainted, and the children screamed, but Sarah persisted.

"Why, why—woman, you're mad!" yelled Mr. Gunther. "I don't know you."

"Don't know me! Then I'll make you know me," and again the hair flew.

But just at this moment another actor ap-

peared upon the scene. He had been reading in the library, but hearing the racket, he had rushed out to learn the cause.

"Why, what's all this?" cried he; and then catching a glimpse of the face of the aggressive party, "Sarah! Sarah! are you crazy?"

Sarah stopped suddenly at the sound of that voice, and looked behind her. Then she looked before her, and then—

"Don't you know me, Sarah?" asked Job, for it was he.

"Which is which?" she asked, feeling considerably confused.

"Why, I'm Job," said the new-comer.

"And I'm Joe, or I was a few minutes ago. But tear my hair out if I know who I am now," said Joseph.

"And you are not married, Job?" asked Sarah.

"Why, of course I am not. I was going to Bazoo to-morrow for the purpose of marrying you. But didn't you know, love, that Joe was my twin brother?"

"Yes, I knew it, but I didn't suppose you looked so much alike, and then I didn't know that he was living in Boston, and this morning I heard that you were here—Miss Crixy said she saw you here, on the street with a woman. I came down to see about it;" and Sarah burst into tears.

"Well, well, Sarah, don't cry. It is all right now any way. Brother Joe, let me make you acquainted with the soon-to-be Mrs. Job Gunther."

"I've met her before," said Joe, who had just restored his beautiful wife to consciousness.

But he came forward and took her hand, and said that although he had been the greatest sufferer, he would agree to say nothing about damages, provided Miss McKenzie would agree to buy him a wig in case he should ever need one.

"I agree," said Sarah, drying her eyes.

"And I will be her bondsman," said Job.

"Well, then, peace and harmony being restored, let us go to supper;" and Joe led the way to the dining-room.

It is only necessary to say that there was a wedding in Bazoo shortly after, and the happiest man there was Mr. Job Gunther, and the happiest woman was his bride.

AT NIGHT.

BY MRS. HELEN A. MANVILLE.

The pines all shiver with unrest,
 While solemnly and slow,
 The golden archer journeying west
 Lays down his unstrung bow.
 The last bright arrow even now,
 Unerring in its flight,
 Has pierced the towering mountain's brow
 That sentinelled the Night.

Within her chamber dark and drear,
 I hear the Night's low tread,
 As her sweet handmaids, one by one,
 Their gems before her spread.
 Around her form so grandly fair
 A brodered robe they fold,
 And in her flowing dusky hair
 They twine their bands of gold.

See, how her royal tiara gleams,
 As skyward now we gaze;
 So thick the gems are strewn, it seems
 Her looks are all ablaze.
 While high up in the zenith swings
 The bright lyre of the moon,
 The night-winds toying with its strings,
 All golden and in tune.

Flushed into awe the while I stand,
 And feed my vision on
 The picture which the skillful hand
 Of Nature here has drawn:
 The master-artist of the world,
 Whose canvas wide is spread,
 In earth, and ocean waves unfurled,
 And the sky's blue scroll o'erhead.

FROM GENERATION TO GENERATION.

BY PAUL GALEN.

FATE sometimes works strange mysteries. At least so singularly do some events intertwine themselves with each other, so inexplicably do some natures meet and influence one another, for evil or for good, that one is fain to believe in fate, and loth to ascribe the tangled skein of circumstances to mere chance.

Sydney Bruce and Maude Forrest were a remarkable couple. So all observers said, and there were many observers, and shrewd ones, too, at Newport at the time Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest made their advent. The season was particularly gay. There was a most dazzling array of beautiful belles, enveloped in all the paraphernalia which the ingenuity of fashion could suggest, attended by elegant young men, and set off by the rich background of superb matrons and stately fathers. There was music, dancing, riding, boating, bathing and all the etceteras.

Sydney Bruce was one of the highest types of the elegant young American of the day. Rather tall, well proportioned, with an intelligent face, black curly mustache and dark eyes, wavy hair brushed back from an intellectual brow, and with a dignified and graceful carriage, he only wanted money and the necessary amount of suavity to make him

one of the lions. And such he was, for he lacked in none of the requisites.

But an acute physiognomist would have seen a look about the eyes suggestive of a possibility of something that did not appear on the surface—a latent power of evil that needed but to be aroused to make itself felt. What was there in Sydney Bruce's disposition that caused this vague look of threatening danger? Surely nothing that had yet been called out, for his friends were many, and none knew evil of him. His money, his talent, and his agreeable manners attracted all towards him.

He met Maude Forrest when he had been at Newport three days. He thought first that she was beauty incarnate, then that she was the very embodiment of pride. She was a tall fair-faced blond, with great masses of wavy yellow hair that enveloped her classic head like a spray of gold. Her eyes were large, of a deep blue, her mouth was perfect in form, and as mobile in its expressiveness as a poet's heart. Her chin and nose might have been cut with Angelo's chisel, and her skin was like alabaster, mixed with the most delicate pink tints of the seashell. In form she was simply magnificent, and her carriage might have been that of a queen in its state-

liness. But one could see at a glance that she possessed indomitable pride, and a thoughtful observer could easily imagine that, although her soul was capable of the most tender emotions, she was capable of crushing all with her pride, and stifling the most yearning promptings of her heart, should occasion demand it.

It is not to be wondered that Sydney Bruce and Maude Forrest, having once met, should be attracted towards each other. But *why* should they have been thrown together? Why should those two intense and highly individualized natures have met and wrought the chain of events that it is my purpose now to relate? I puzzle my brain in vain for an answer, and repeat that fate sometimes works strange mysteries.

Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest were promenading the long piazza one evening. Said he:

"Does this buzz and whirl of fashion, with which we are surrounded and with which we mingle, please you, Miss Forrest?"

"It pleases me very much. I take a great deal of delight in it."

This reply was rather baffling to Bruce, who had intended to elicit a very different reply from his companion. But he persevered:

"O, there is, undoubtedly a certain kind of pleasure about it, but do you find it satisfying?"

"Satisfying? Yes. The excitement is what I crave."

"Ah! but is it not a false excitement that arouses the mind and nerves it into an unnatural play?"

"No sir; I do not think so. If I did, I should not be here. It is a life that I love—for a little while. Of course, I get enough of it in a few weeks, and then I am ready to settle down in my home again."

Bruce did not reply at the instant.

"You need not try," she continued, "to draw forth any mock sentimentality from me. You may think me giddy-headed, if you please, but I am not going to deny that I thoroughly enjoy the fashionable follies of this life here."

"You call it folly, and yet you say that you enjoy it."

"I say so, and I say it boldly," she said, laughing. "And so do you."

"Do I?"

"Certainly. Have you found no pleasure since you have been here—met with nothing that was really attractive to you?"

"O, indeed I have!" he replied, quickly,

looking into her face with an unmistakable meaning.

She drew herself up and blushed slightly.

"I was not soliciting a compliment, Mr. Bruce," she said, with dignity.

"I beg that you will not imagine that I suspected you of such a thing." And she looked up to see if he was sincere. There was no mistaking his sincerity, as he added, gravely:

"It was not a mere compliment. I meant what I said."

For once Maude Forrest was at a loss for something to say, and her dignity, for the time being, was unavailable. She was silent for some moments. At last she said:

"Let us go into the parlor, Mr. Bruce, and join the others." In with the gay throng they mingled, and, being together more or less, attracted universal attention and whispered comments.

"What a grand couple!" was frequently heard on all sides.

For the next few hours the "grand couple" were together frequently, and it would seem that they enjoyed each other's society greatly. It was evident that they were congenial spirits.

But Sydney Bruce's mind was a perplexity to himself. Evenings, when he was alone, meditating, his thoughts would run thus:

"It is strange how I feel towards her. Of her beauty there is no question, and her accomplishments are of the highest. She is wonderfully attractive, too, and sometimes I am on the point of falling madly in love with her. But then comes the thought—guard yourself, but do not lose sight of her. And a feeling of hate comes over me, and I seem to be capable of doing her almost any cruelty. She would make a grand wife, and do credit to any man's home. She is terribly proud, but perhaps no more so than myself. Her smiles seem to lure me on, and a mysterious voice seems to whisper me to follow—but for what purpose? Good heavens! I find myself almost loving her and cursing her at the same instant!"

And then he would take a brisk walk to drive the subject from him, and the next day renew his attentions with more assiduity than ever.

Maude herself began to receive him with a dignified cordiality, although her manner never overstepped certain bounds. Hers was a nature whose respect and friendship must first be won, and then—as for love, it was a

matter for the most profound consideration. There was no danger of her losing her heart hastily. She was too experienced and self-guardful for that.

One day her mother, who was the source from whom Maude had drawn all her loveliness and pride, summoned her to her presence. Maude wondered what was coming, for the manner of the summons was unusual, and her mother was grave, yet seemed to be filled with suppressed excitement.

"Sit down, Maude."

Maude obeyed. Mrs. Forrest, after a pause, during which she seemed to be agitated by strong emotions, said:

"My daughter, you know that our family has always been distinguished for pride, and a rigid care in guarding its dignity and honor."

"I know it," said Maude.

"Do you think you are behind the rest of us in that quality?"

"I hope not," replied Maude, with a slight compression of the lips.

"Could you sacrifice something to avenge an insult?"

"Indeed I could. But why do you ask such a question? Have we been insulted?"

"Never mind now. I see you are with Sydney Bruce a great deal."

"Well," replied Maude, coloring, "do you not approve of that?"

"I cannot tell yet," said her mother, looking at her searchingly. "You do not love him?"

"Love him! Scarcely, as yet, I hope."

"You never must!"

"Do explain your strange words, mother. What is the matter? Is not Sydney Bruce what he should be?"

"I know nothing against him."

"Then why do you talk so? What would you have me do?"

"Guard your heart, Maude," said Mrs. Forrest, impressively, bending forward, "and, when the proper time comes, *humble him!*"

"Good heavens, mother! how strangely you act and talk," said Maude. "Mr. Bruce is a gentleman. Why should I humble him? and how am I to do it? He is as proud as we are."

"Listen, Maude. Your mother was humbled, brought down into the very dust, once, by Sydney Bruce's father. He was young, and I was young, and I—yes, there is no use in denying it—I loved him. And I fondly believed he loved me. For months we went together and revelled in the sweetest of all

dreams of youth, that of a pure and perfect love. It came to be understood that we were to be married, and every one congratulated us on our engagement. We were both of good family and our tastes were congenial. Everything was going on smoothly, and the future seemed one bright vision of happiness, when one day came a stinging, bitter, accusing letter, taunting me with being false, and bidding me a cruel, unregretful farewell. From that day afterwards I never saw Morris Bruce. The false villain! His charges were made up in his own wicked mind, and his heart never felt the first shadow of love towards me. Not one regretful word in the letter, not one moment given for refutation of what he pretended to have heard, not one sentiment that could have been uttered by one who loved another. He left me to face the world and explain as best I could his absence. O, how humbled I was! The curiosity of acquaintances and gossips must be satisfied, and I was the butt of all their speculation and ridicule. You do not know what a revulsion in my heart was produced. My love changed to hate; everything tender within me was hardened and seared over, and I became vindictive and revengeful. If it had not been for my pride, I would have pined away and died, I think, but as it was, I put on a bold face, recovered my accustomed gayety, and stood before the world, at least, light-hearted and free as I was before I had ever seen Morris Bruce. In the course of a few years I married Lothrop Forrest, your father. It was not for love, for I was no longer capable of such a feeling. But he was rich, and my ambition was to marry well, and thus maintain my pride and baffle my enemies. When you were four years old, your father died. He left a handsome competence, and you know the style we have lived in. You are handsome and accomplished, and can attract any one you choose towards you. You can win the admiration of the proudest man that walks, and if you try you can win his love.

"And now it is for you, if you will, to satisfy the restless craving that has for so many years been gnawing at my heart. It is for you to avenge the insult and wrong that was imposed on your mother. Can you repress all tender feelings, crush down your love, and *break Sydney Bruce's heart?*"

Mrs. Forrest's face was flushed, her eyes glowed with an intense excitement, and she bent forward towards Maude, with an eager

appealing look, as she put the question to her. Maude looked vacantly out of the window and pondered in her own secret soul for some moments. She put the question to herself: "Do I love Sydney Bruce?" Tremblingly she weighed it in the balance of her heart, and answered, "No." Then she turned to her mother with a cold look and said:

"If all you tell me is true, if there are no palliating circumstances, I consent to act as your tool!"

"All I have stated is true. Morris Bruce's accusations were utterly without foundation. He wounded me and humbled me out of the malignance of his own heart. O, it would kill me to see you marry his son; it would be the most exquisite joy to see you bring him down!"

"That is enough," replied Maude. "Now let me go and think."

Thus the compact was sealed, and the wounded heart, turned to stone by its terrible experience, exulted in an unnatural joy.

Sydney Bruce was accustomed to go to New York occasionally during his stay at Newport, to look over business affairs that demanded his attention. He rarely remained on these occasions more than one day, and never more than two. It so happened that during the very conversation just related as having passed between Maude Forrest and her mother, he started on one of these brief journeys.

Having transacted his business, he sat in his room in the evening, with a few idle hours before him. He reclined in his chair, smoking and thinking of Maude Forrest. "She is certainly a most lovely girl," ran his thoughts, "but—ah! there's the rub." And he mused profoundly.

At last with a sudden impulse he turned to his private desk, opened it, and drew forth some ancient looking documents. They were papers left by his father, who had died some ten years before, which he had never yet examined thoroughly. He had handled them over a number of times, but there were many that had not been unfolded. Opening an old diary, a few sentences caught his eye, and he began to grow interested.

"Hum!" he muttered. "I did not know that my father was ever concerned in a love scrape."

And then he read the story of Morris Bruce's acquaintance with one Lydia Merton, how they loved, became engaged, and how

finally indubitable evidence reached him concerning falseness on her part. The diary ran thus:

"June 2.—It cannot be doubted. She is falsity itself. O, that I should have been deceived by her! But she shall pay for her sin. She shall know that I am not to be trifled with."

"June 3.—I have written her such a letter as she will remember all the days of her life. I shall leave to-morrow, never to look on her face again. Curses on her and hers. May she never know what happiness is in this life. May her children be miserable, and be deceived as I have been. Let all that belongs to her and me be separated forever. Good-by, love, and welcome hate to my anguished bosom!"

Then there were memoranda of a long journey, interspersed with many bitter reflections. One sentence, evidently written in a moment of great bitterness, read:

"May my children live to make her children miserable."

"By George!" he muttered, "the governor took it to heart, didn't he? Very much as I should do, I think, if a woman should play me false."

He looked farther, but discovered no other entries relating to the subject. Then he pulled forth a quantity of folded slips of paper with which the pocket in the diary was stuffed. A scrap cut from a newspaper caught his eye, which read thus:

"MARRIED.—On the 31st of August, 1835, by the Rev. Stephen Blossom, Miss Lydia Merton to Mr. Lothrop Forrest."

His heart gave a great bound as he read this. His brain took a rapid train of thought.

"Can it be possible?" he exclaimed. "It would be a most strange coincidence. Can this lovely girl be the daughter of that false woman? And is it enjoined upon me to make her miserable?"

He read no more, but gathered up all the papers, placed them in the desk, and locked it.

"I'll dream on this," he thought, "and in the morning I'll find out whether this Mrs. Forrest is the wife of Mr. Lothrop Forrest."

Next day he started for Newport again, having gained the information he desired. His suspicion was confirmed. "What is to be the result?" was his constant thought during the journey. It seemed like a baleful omen—this girl being thrown across his path,

she so lovely, and proud, and beautiful, and yet the daughter of his father's greatest enemy. "Of course, it is out of the question for me to ever marry her now, but what *might* have happened if I had not happened to stumble across those documents?" He asked himself this question, and longed, yet dreaded, to meet her again. But by the time he reached Newport his mind was made up. He would find her, make her intimate acquaintance, draw her out, make a little love to her if necessary, and find out if she were like what he judged her mother must be.

He had been two days at Newport before he saw Maude Forrest. Then she came down in the forenoon, in a morning wrapper, looking pale and interesting. He hastened to meet her.

"Is it possible that you have been ill, Miss Forrest?" he asked, in a tone of genuine interest. "I have missed you since my return from New York, but had no idea anything so serious was the matter."

"Ah," she said, smiling, "it is pleasant to be remembered by one's friends. It has been nothing very serious. Only a slight indisposition. When did you return?"

"Day before yesterday," was the reply, as he wondered at her sudden unbending in calling him "friend." "Have you entirely recovered?"

"O yes, I think so," she replied, in a slightly weak voice, corresponding well with her pale countenance and slightly subdued manner. It became her wonderfully well—that subdued manner—and Sydney Bruce looked on her, almost fascinated, as he wondered whether it were caused by her illness or by his presence. He did not flatter himself that the latter was the case, although it was a pleasant fancy, and he dwelt on it in his own mind as he looked at her with his dark magnetic eyes. Her lids drooped under his gaze, and when they were raised again she looked far out on the sea with a dreamy expression, and for the moment both almost forgot to resist their hearts. Would it have been better then for true love to have taken its course, and they two to have followed on, over the rough and smooth places, hand in hand, journeying through life together? Who shall answer?

At that moment Mrs. Forrest appeared, sailing toward them in all the majesty of her splendid beauty, her proud bearing and her regal robes. Her presence brought the young people to their senses again. Both were im-

mediately on their guard, each fondly imagining the other to be deluded. What a war for two young hearts! Each trying to probe the other under the guise of simulated blandishments, and honeyed words and manner. Mrs. Forrest cast a sweeping, searching, satisfied look at them. Mr. Bruce immediately rose to greet her.

"I hope I find Mrs. Forrest in good health," he said.

"I am quite well, I assure you," she replied. "And you?"

"In the best of health and spirits," he replied. "I have been pained to learn of your daughter's indisposition."

"Yes, Maude has been suffering with a severe headache for two days past, but she is now entirely well, I believe. I hope your visit to New York was pleasant."

"O yes," he replied, "as pleasant as a return to business this season can be. This is a time when I like to forget care, and devote myself to pleasure."

"Yes. But pleasure cannot exist unmixed in this world."

"Alas! everyday experience tells us all that. Perhaps it is better so. By the way, Mrs. Forrest, has New York been your residence long?"

"Only three years."

"You never could have met my father, then, who, I imagine in his younger days, must have flourished in society about the same time that you did."

She looked up quickly and searched his countenance. Her heart beat violently as she wondered whether any hidden meaning lay beneath his words. But she had met as consummate an actor as herself, and his question seemed to be the sudden prompting of the moment. How should she reply? There was no time for deliberation, and so she said:

"Your father? Let me see. It seems to me that I remember the name of Bruce."

"Mr. Morris Bruce—that was his name."

"Yes, I think I did have the pleasure of knowing him long ago. It was when our family resided in New York. Afterwards we moved to Philadelphia, and only three years ago again returned to New York. I consider it the preferable city of the two to live in. Don't you?"

"Yes indeed." But he was not going to allow her to change the subject, and said, "Is your memory of him distinct? I should very much like to hear him described as he looked

in his younger days to an acquaintance." He knew he was tantalizing her, but she could detect nothing beyond a passing interest in his luminous eyes. "Can he know?" she thought, and she trembled inwardly. She was in his power, however, if she would have her plan succeed, and hesitation would be fatal.

"Indeed, it is so long since I knew him," she said, laughing, "that my memory cannot be very accurate. I should think he looked very much like you. He was tall, erect, with just such eyes as yours, and a proud bearing. This much I remember, and very little more."

"She is acting," thought Sydney, as he marked her assumed light manner and forced indifference. He forbore to pursue the subject further, and turned to Maude.

"This bracing sea-breeze ought to revive you, Miss Forrest."

"O, it does, wonderfully."

He looked at her gravely, and her manner betokened meek pleasure at his solicitude in her behalf.

"If agreeable to your inclinations, I should be pleased to call on you for a ride this evening, Miss Forrest," he said.

"It would afford me great pleasure," she replied, bowing.

He then bid the mother and daughter good-morning, and departed, leaving them to consult over the progress thus far made in their scheme of love-making and heart-breaking, while he himself meditated on the girl and his acquaintance with her.

"At any rate, I have let the mother know who I am," he thought. "She is fully aware that I am the son of the man whom she cheated. I couldn't study her face when I questioned her, or she would have immediately suspected that I knew of her past history. But her voice was steady and her words as smooth as honey. Perhaps she intends that the daughter shall now cheat me. They are both of them hard to understand, and I half believe them to be capable of anything heartless. But they will find their match in me. I shall guard my feelings well, flirt with the lovely Maude for a while, and then draw off, I guess. But by Jove! if it were not for what I discovered the other night, I might be inclined to fall earnestly in love with her. She is magnificent! However, that is out of the question, and if I make her believe I am in earnest, the disappointment will do her no harm, if she inherits many of her mother's qualities. And

it is said that the sins of the parents are visited upon the children—so I will only be fulfilling scripture." He smiled at this thought—a smile in which frivolity, devilry and perplexity were quaintly mingled.

The days went on, and Maude Forrest and Sydney Bruce were seen together at all hours. They came to be one of the standard subjects of conversation among the denizens of the place. Every one said that they were a remarkable couple. To all appearances they were rapidly travelling the road which led to what society calls a "splendid match."

Three or four weeks passed, and one evening Maude and her mother sat in their room.

"The game progresses finely, does it not, Maude?" said Mrs. Forrest.

"Yes," said Maude, wearily. "But has it never occurred to you, mother, that when the end comes I may be compromised in some way?"

"There is no danger of that," was the quick reply. "I understand how to manage it. It will only be looked upon as a watering-place flirtation. Some people may call you heartless, but you will not mind that."

"No. I will not mind it if that is all they say."

"They can say no more."

"I will be glad when it is all over. I am tired."

"It must be pushed to the end now."

"Yes, I understand that. But O, how shameful it is to trifle with sacred feelings, and give one's self up to such a heartless game!"

"Maude! what do you mean?"

"I mean that you are cruel!" was the passionate reply. "You cannot have a very high regard for me, to use me so like a tool, and make me forget all my self-respect. You have me act a living lie! Why did you not fight your own battles?" This was asked almost fiercely.

Mrs. Forrest was alarmed, but she said, sternly and coldly, "Maude, I should think you would be above such exhibitions."

"How can you think me above anything, after putting me to such base uses as you have?"

Mrs. Forrest was wily and artful, and fruitful of resource in emergencies. She saw that a decided step must be taken in Maude's present state of mind, else the daughter, willful at times as perversity itself, would rebel and throw confusion in all her plans. The alarming thought flashed into her mind

that Maude was beginning to love Sydney Bruce, and would say yes, instead of no, when an all important question should be asked. So she grew cautious and gentle, and spoke soothing words. She called up her own sorrows, made Maude pity her, and finally worked upon her pride.

"It cannot be much longer before he will come to the mark," she said. "And now listen to me. Sydney Bruce looks wonderfully like his father. Not merely in resemblance of feature and form, but the same expression creeps out, the same evil look is in his eyes. You must draw him on faster, and hasten his downfall. If you do not, *he will humble you*. He will be longer about it, he will seek to induce you to become his affianced. If he should succeed in it he would be all tenderness and affection for a while, and then he would cast you off. Do not ask me how I know; I know it, and that is enough. It is in him. He is false-hearted. He cannot change his nature. His vanity, if nothing else, would lead him to seek your smiles and court your love. It *might* lead him to marry you if he were poor, but he is rich, and cares nothing for money. He is incapable of caring for a loving heart—he would delight in breaking one. But it must be the other way. You must bring him down and mortify him. There is no help for it, no retreating now. You have promised me, remember—"

"There! there! don't talk any longer. Who said anything about retreating? I gave you my promise, and it shall be kept. You will make me crazy!"

"Only a word more. Do not falter. Call up your pride and spirit, think of the past, and the consciousness of having resented an insult will be your reward. Come with me now, Maude, and let us take a walk in the cool of the evening."

"No, I prefer to remain here."

"Very well, my dear, but don't brood over our matters. Or, if you do think about them, remember that you are doing your mother a great service, that you are gratifying one who has always watched over you with tender care, and whose love will last forever, in spite of anything that can happen on earth. We are mother and daughter, and should never let anything come between us."

She stole softly out of the room, having thus poured gall and honey into her daughter's breast.

Still the game went on for the slaughter of

a heart, and still that heart was on its guard, though unconscious of the plot against it. Before the world, the course of true love was running very smooth, and for once, the ancient proverb seemed about to be disapproved. The third day after the conversation last narrated, Mr. Bruce and Miss Forrest, just as the shades of evening were gathering, took a stroll by the beach. They sauntered arm in arm, a long distance from where the gay throng was gathered, and soon came beneath the shade of a huge cliff. Rocks were all about them. Over them hung a huge boulder, and in front of them the sea dashed in an angry white foam, over rough and jagged points. Far out a few white sails could be indistinctly seen, and from the wide expanse of blue water came a cool breeze, brushing across the bared head of Bruce, and waving the golden locks of Maude. O, they should have been true lovers, standing there and looking out upon the sea—not false, and scheming, and each watchful of the other! After a pause, Sydney Bruce said:

"Miss Maude, we have spent many pleasant hours together in this place."

"Yes, we have, indeed."

"I linger over them, and dread to have them cease, for it may never be our—or at least *my* lot to enjoy such again."

"Why need you say never again?"

"Because such episodes in one's life only come at rare intervals."

"That is true," she said, absently, as if her words conveyed no expression of her thoughts.

Sydney Bruce watched her narrowly, and, feeling his way came nearer and nearer the dangerous ground. "I have cherished hopes," he said, "within the last few weeks, and dreamed dreams that perhaps were but mad visions of forbidden bliss. My heart has suggested things that my lips dare not speak."

"Indeed?" she said. "May I inquire what was the nature of your strange flight of fancy?"

"Need you inquire?" he asked, suddenly seizing her hand. "Do you feel no responsive throbs in your own heart?" He gazed at her with intense earnestness.

"Really, Mr. Bruce," she said in a constrained tone, "you speak and act in enigmas. If you mean—"

"I mean nothing," he said, releasing her hand as suddenly as he had grasped it. "Now look at me, Miss Forrest, and answer honestly. Have you the slightest idea that we could ever be more than friends?"

She did look at him, and her expression for the moment was one of genuine surprise. No explanation of his behaviour suggested itself to her mind. He looked anything but an abject, appealing lover. And for his part, he was equally astonished at the cool inquiring look she cast upon him. She finally answered him by saying:

"I hope you have never been so deluded as to have such an idea."

A faint smile appeared on the face of both Miss Forrest and Mr. Bruce, as each surveyed the other's coolness.

"It seems that we have both been mistaken in each other to a certain extent," he said.

"Have we?"

"Yes," he said, with a severity that took all lightness from her manner. "Do not deny to me, Miss Forrest, that you have been acting a part."

"And you—what have you been doing?"

"I have been—studying you," he said.

"Under the guise of a lover," she added. "Is not *that* acting a part?"

"Since we understand each other in a measure now," he said, without replying to her question, "may we not go into further explanations?"

"I do not know that there is anything to explain."

"Reflect a moment, and perhaps you will change that opinion. Do you know anything of your mother's past history?"

"Do you?" she asked, in amazement.

He looked at her steadily. "Shall we exchange confessions?" he asked.

"As you like."

"Well, my father left a diary. I read it."

"My mother told me a story of the past, and gave me a task to perform."

Both were then silent for some moments. Nothing more was needed to reveal them to each other. At last they rose to go, and but little was said on the way to the hotel. But just as they neared their destination Sydney Bruce spoke.

"Miss Maude," he said, in a subdued earnest tone, "all is now over between us. But I don't mind confessing that life is henceforth to have one sweet bitter memory for me." As he spoke her hand trembled on his arm. His voice grew more sad and earnest. "We have accused each other of acting parts, and neither has denied the charge. Tell me, did your mother set you to work to disappoint me?"

"She did," answered Maude, in a quiet tone.

"I thought as much. But honestly, as I stand here, I had no similar intention towards you. I only set out to learn what I could of the daughter of the woman whom my father regarded with great bitterness. From certain injunctions in his diary, I thought I could never marry you, and perhaps I had some thoughts, too, that I would never care to confess. But down there on the beach we came to understand that we must separate. We took it very coolly—we still talk quite indifferently about it, as if it were no source of regret to us that our paths must now diverge. Are we *not acting parts still*? Are we to say good-by with no sorrow in our hearts? Tell me, Maude," and he drew her arm within his more closely, "will there be no regret at this parting after these few days of fleeting bliss? When we go before the world with no shade of sorrow on our faces, will we not still be acting?"

Maude's frame shook convulsively, and it was with a strong effort that she spoke calmly.

"We must henceforth be nothing to each other. You must go from here, or I must, for it would kill me to see you every day. O, what a lesson I am learning! I thought my pride could carry me over everything. You may kiss me once before you go, and then one last good-by."

He caught her in his arms, kissed her lips fervently, and held her as if he never was going to let her go. At last he released her, conducted her to the passage-way to her mother's room, and there they parted without saying another word.

Maude ran in and flung herself on the bed, burying her face. Her mother rose and spoke, but Maude looked up with flushed cheeks and swollen eyes, exclaiming:

"Not a question! Not a word! It is all over. He will go away. Your high, noble ambition is satisfied! Go and rejoice over it, and leave me to my misery!"

The next day, the little world at Newport was thrown into a buzz of excitement. Sydney Bruce had suddenly left for a voyage to Europe, and Mrs. and Miss Forrest had departed for their home. But the flutter soon ceased, the sensation speedily became stale and gave way to a new one, and the fickle throng forgot the remarkable couple in fresh and more absorbing topics. But the two stricken hearts—what of them?

The lapse of a year usually brings about important changes, and so it was with the personages of our little history.

Mrs. Forrest sat in her elegantly furnished room, absorbed in thought. Two subjects agitated her mind. One was a scene in the library where her daughter Maude and Colonel Wharton were. She felt sure that the colonel would propose that evening, and she was extremely anxious that Maude should give a favorable reply.

The other matter with which her thoughts were occupied was a forthcoming interview with one whom she expected to call soon.

Yesterday she had received the following note:

"NEW YORK, July 6.

"MRS. FORREST:—Would you listen to a story of the past, and have a great wrong righted?"

SYDNEY BRUCE."

This, as might be imagined, woke up old memories, and set her brain in a turmoil. But she sent the following few words in reply:

"July 6.

"MR. BRUCE:—You may come to-morrow evening, but I fear it is too late.

"L. FORREST."

And now she was waiting. What was the story she was to hear? She felt a vague fear, and reproached herself without knowing why.

At last the bell rang, and Sydney Bruce was ushered into her presence. He looked a trifle older, and the lines of his face were a little harder than when she had seen him last. He advanced and said:

"I have come to talk to you first, Mrs. Forrest, of events not within my remembrance, but which were made known to me by an aunt—my father's sister. Would you be set right with one who has passed from this earth, whom you once loved, and who fondly loved you, though you may not think so now? Shall I tell you a story that will make you regretful instead of revengeful?"

She turned pale, but replied, "You may go on and tell me the story."

"I am glad you are willing to hear it," he replied. "It is not very long. It is a story of a base villain who inflicted misery on two young hearts, from a mean, bitter jealousy. He took advantage of certain circumstances, twisted and distorted them to suit his own purpose, and, succeeded in separating a couple who might have lived long and happily together but for his villainous plot. Do you remember the name of Ralph Gray?"

"I do—what of him?" gasped she.

"He sued for your hand once, unsuccessfully."

"He did."

"He circulated the false reports that separated you and Morris Bruce. It was his sweet revenge that you should live to hate instead of love each other."

And Sydney unfolded a tale of wrong and scheming, of a villain's chagrin and his insatiate revenge, of a plot ingenious in its design, and too successful in its execution.

Mrs. Forrest saw all. Morris Bruce had really loved her, but had been driven from her by the representations adroitly conveyed of Ralph Gray, seemingly convicting her, beyond the shadow of a doubt, of the most heartless falsity. She groaned and trembled as the truth was forced upon her mind.

"My aunt learned this," continued Sydney, "after her brother was married, and then she wisely kept it to herself. And she has never mentioned it to a living soul until she told me, a few days ago, when I informed her that I had loved your daughter, and told her the reasons why we could not marry. We will not recall the season at Newport; that is past and should be forgotten. We will let bygones be bygones. But now I love your daughter still—"

"O, do not say that, Mr. Bruce!" exclaimed Mrs. Forrest, covering her face with her hands, and appearing to be greatly agitated.

"Why, Mrs. Forrest!" he asked, in amazement; "you surely will not allow the old objections—"

"No, no, it is not that, but— I will be frank with you, Mr. Bruce. I thank you for telling me the history you have. It will remove a rankling hate from my bosom, and replace there a memory full of love, and a hope in the great future that comes after this life. Again I thank you for it. But—I dread to tell you—Maude is at this moment in the parlor with one Colonel Wharton, and I fear that ere this she has accepted an offer of his hand. He thinks a great deal of her, and I have encouraged her to accept him."

Sydney Bruce's face turned white, and his features settled into a rigid look. "It is indeed too late, then," he muttered. "But is there no hope?"

"I do not know. I fear not."

"Then I had better go," he said, with an expression of profound gloom.

But hark! A step is heard in the hall. Maude's visitor is leaving. Sydney stares

at Mrs. Forrest with an expression of wild hope. The outside door is heard to open and close, and Mrs. Forrest hastens from the room. She meets her daughter.

"Maude, have you given yourself to Colonel Wharton?" she asked, excitedly.

"Not yet," answered Maude, in surprise.

"Thank God! Go into the sitting-room. There is one there whom you wish to see."

Maude, in great wonderment, obeyed.

"Maude!"

"Mr. Bruce!"

"Thank God, my darling, that all occasion for our estrangement is past. You are to be mine, now, if—" and here he looked at her searchingly.

"If what?" she asked, trembling.

"What did you say to Colonel Wharton?"

"I told him to wait a week for an answer."

"How long must I wait?"

"Not long, I guess," she replied, with a smile and a blush, as he took her by the hand and led her to a seat beside him. He

kept her hand in his own, and looked on her with joyful love beaming from every feature. 'At last,' he murmured, "is my great dream of love to be fulfilled."

"How has it all come about?" she asked.

"It is a long story. Your mother knows it, and she will tell you."

"My mother?"

"Yes. Here she comes. Let her tell us that she blesses us in our perfect love."

"Bless you, my children, and may you be happy. But O, forgive me for the great wrong of a year ago."

"Say nothing about it!" exclaimed Sydney.

"Let it be forevermore forgotten. We thank you for your blessing, my future mother; and Maude, let us thank the great Father above that he has vouchsafed to us that we may be all in all to each other, henceforth in this life!"

She clung to him closer, and a silent amen trembled on her lips!

ARIADNE.

BY MRS. ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

How couldst thou, Theseus, leave me here
alone,

Or did Minerva change thy heart to stone?

For thee I perilled all, and now betrayed,
I sit and weep, a lone, deserted maid,

Afar from Crete, the island of my birth,
Without a home upon this wide, wide earth.

A father's wrath I braved for thy dear sake,
And this the base return which thou dost make.

Ah! wouldst thou ne'er had left the shores of
Greece,
To rob a maiden's heart of joy and peace!

Ungrateful man! couldst thou so soon forget
The fate that threatened thee when first we
met?

Did I not hold thy life within my hand?
Was it not I that for thy safety planned?

Who gave thee, then, that mystic clue of
thread
That through the labyrinth's winding mazes
led?

Ah! when the fearful beast thy strong hand
slew,

Didst thou not think thy love my rightful due?

And when from Crete together then we fled,
Didst thou not bid me cast out fear and dread?

Yet now I sit and moan beside the sea,
Afar from Crete, and home, and friends, and
thee,

And all my tender hopes lie trailed in dust;—
Alas! on what frail reeds we place our trust!



SWEET-BRIER.

BY CLARA LE CLERC.

THE sweet odors of this delicate little flower stole upon my senses, as I stood within the door of the "Ladies' Saloon" waiting for the down train to bear me onward to an important field of labor. The perfume was exquisite, and bore my thoughts into the past. When a boy I had gathered sprays filled with the delicate pink buds and carried them to my mother. A thousand memories arose in my heart as the gentle June breeze wafted the fragrance about me. Presently I heard a gentle voice exclaim:

"O, I have lost one spray of my sweet-brier, Cousin Hettie!"

Being a stranger in the place, I had given no attention to the inmates of the Saloon—but as these words reached my ears, I turned and saw the speaker.

A fair, fragile little creature of neither the blonde nor brunette type she was. Her complexion was dazzlingly fair; her hair—'twas neither light nor dark, but a golden brown—hung in billowy waves below her waist. Her eyes were dark red-brown; such beautiful eyes I had never gazed into before.

A gray travelling suit of some summer material graced the tiny figure; a little gray hat rested upon the beautiful head. One small hand was ungloved, and the fair fingers clasped several sprays of sweet-brier. What a wee fairy she appeared beside "Cousin Hettie"—a tall, stately, dignified brunette—who looked down with a smile upon the little figure at her side.

"Well, Mabel dear, what does that signify? You have such a passion for sweet-brier. I see it so often that I really grow weary of its dainty pink buds, and, as you say, 'its delicate aroma.'"

"Fie! Cousin Hettie, if it were *only* possible that I might have a little home all my own, I should have a tiny bird-nest affair with honeysuckle and sweet-brier nestling about in every crevice and around every casement; in truth I should call it 'Sweet-Brier.'"

And the beautiful little creature held the cluster of fragrant pink buds and green leaves to her dainty nose; giving a sigh—for what? as she inhaled the perfume.

"Hark, the train!—I hear the whistle!"

And one white hand was raised for a moment, as Mabel "the beautiful" arose, shook out the soft folds of her travelling dress, and settled her tiny hat more firmly upon the pretty head.

"Now Mabel dear, you will write immediately, will you not? I shall be very uneasy until I hear from you. I do not like to have you go alone; indeed I think you scarcely well enough to go back."

"Certainly, I shall write, dear old sober Hester. Do not concern yourself about poor little me; old school-teachers are not worth the worrying over. I have had a quiet pleasant rest, darling; this visit to you has been a ray of sunshine in poor 'Meb's' life; and I shall go back to my labors with renewed energy. Then, too, we have not much longer to work now; only a month or six weeks before the summer holidays."

And so this fairy-like creature was a school-teacher! I looked at her in amazement. Not more than eighteen summers had crowned that beautiful brow with its waves of golden brown—and the rosebud lips were as pouting as a child's.

The train came thundering on—and amid the hurry and bustle attendant upon such occasions the two ladies left the Saloon while I was giving some directions concerning my baggage, and I saw them no more until the bell sounded the signal for departure—and as I sprang upon the train I almost ran over the dignified "Cousin Hettie," in whose dark eyes there lurked teardrops, and about whose firm beautiful mouth a quiver sought to hide itself. Lifting my hat with an "excuse me, lady!" I moved on into the ladies' car; and there, with her head buried upon the seat in front of her, sat my little school-teacher. Taking a seat at a respectful distance I watched the small figure with no little anxiety; thinking that, woman-like, she was indulging in a good cry. By-and-by the head was lifted, but the face bore no traces of tears. A quiet sadness and deep pallor had settled about the brown eyes and beautiful mouth.

Who was she, this beautiful creature, seemingly alone? Was she one of the many

homeless waifs upon life's broad sea? Were there no home-hearts awaiting her coming? Or must she alone enter upon her various duties?

These and a thousand other conjectures floated through my brain, while the cars were moving swiftly on—on—past homesteads and little towns, bearing us onward—me to my place of business, Memphis—and her—where?

There was something very interesting about this young girl; her entire appearance was unique. Even the floating hair—a something so uncommon to the high and ponderous chignons worn now-a-days by the fashionable ladies of society—seemed so careless and yet so beautiful, that I gazed upon the wearer in silent admiration.

The June afternoon was wearing away, and still I sat gazing upon the fair form opposite, which sat with thoughtful eyes looking out upon the scenes we were passing. I endeavored to turn my thoughts and eyes away, but they would not.

After a while one little hand reached forward and gathered up the clusters of dying buds and withering leaves, which rested upon the cushion in front of her. A quiver passed over the coral-like lips, and a grieved look came into the red-brown eyes, as she passed her fingers caressingly over the drooping buds. The sunshine came drifting through the blinds and rested in arrowy lines upon the golden brown hair.

The sunshine faded; and the gray twilight crept into the train and my little figure seemed weird and shadowy in the dim light.

By-and-by the lamps were lighted, and a bright ray lingered lovingly upon the pure sweet face. One small hand supported the beautiful head; the other clasped the wilted sweet-brier.

Away and away through the darkness we sped, the hoarse rumble of wheels and the snort of the engine being the only sounds that filled the night. My thoughts were away upon some Utopian dream; the fairy form of Mabel was clasped to my heart. I called her "pet" and "darling," when—there came a maddening plunge, a roar like distant cannon, and I knew no more.

When consciousness returned I found I held some object in my arms, and by the light of the June moon, which looked down mournfully upon the wreck, I found that my little "sweet-brier" was resting upon my bosom, her face as white as the drifted snow,

her long lashes veiling the beautiful eyes. I pressed the slight form closely to my heart, and wondered within myself as to how she came there.

Presently lights flickered here and there, borne in different directions by those who had come to our relief. What a scene of confusion was presented! Car upon car, a crushed and broken mass, lay heaped within a deep ravine.

"These are not dead!" exclaimed a voice, and the conductor bent his kindly face above us. "Here, lend a hand, my boys; the gentleman is not dead. I am not so sure about the lady!"

Rough, but kind and willing hands raised us, and bore us gently to a small house some distance from the wreck. My wounds were not very severe—more bruises than aught else, and a sprained ankle.

For a long time our efforts seemed vain with the fair and lovely being so strangely thrown upon our care. At length a slight convulsion passed over her frame; a quiver played about the closed eyelids and around the pale compressed mouth, and with a long shuddering sigh she opened her beautiful eyes. She gazed round wonderingly upon the strange faces bending over her, and then, with a weary moan, pressed her small hands convulsively together. As she did so, her cherished sweet-brier sprays fell from her clasp and rested upon the counterpane. I gathered them up with jealous care and placed them within the breast-pocket of my coat. I felt that somehow we two were to be more than strangers to each other.

All night I sat in a large chair at her bedside. In vain the physician urged me to retire. My little Mabel should not be deserted, I thought within myself; and I watched at her side, gently caressing the frail little hands or bathing the fair brow.

At length the bright beams of a new day began to find their way through the curtains and to press loving kisses upon the golden head on the pillow. The dark eyes opened, gazed into mine gratefully; and raising my hand, which was holding hers, she carried it to her lips, while tears gathered in the great speaking eyes.

What was it? What tie bound our hearts? Unable to resist the power which held me captive to its will, I bent forward and pressed my lips to the lily fair brow. A beautiful blush for a moment suffused the sweet face; then with a sigh she turned upon the pillow.

As she did so, the beautiful waves of hair were brushed aside, exposing a neck as pure and white as marble, and something more—a large ugly scar reaching from behind the left ear to the back of her beautiful neck. The mystery of the floating hair was explained, and I tormented myself with a thousand questions, as to how that great jagged scar found a place upon one so fair and lovely.

No word was exchanged between us. Holding my hand tightly clasped within her delicate fingers, she again slept. I sat within the great "sleepy hollow" of a chair, and pondered over the events, the strange events of the past twenty-four hours. Who was she? And why was it that I felt such a resistless, overpowering interest in a being I had never spoken to—had never met before? The day wore on; 'twas passed at her bedside. She slumbered fitfully; and I sat there and dreamed. The physician came in several times, and said if she remained perfectly quiet she would be able to travel in several days. The shock had deranged her nervous system, and she must have time to recover. He asked me if I was a friend of the lady; I told him I was.

As the twilight came on, I felt I must take some rest, I was weak, nervous and quite ill; and as Mabel was sleeping very sweetly I left her with the nurse and limped into my room. Without disrobing I placed myself upon the low cot-bed, and in a few minutes was in a deep troubled sleep. It seemed as if some one, a great tall man, with gleaming black eyes, was striving to tear my darling from my arms. She uttered no cry, but twined her white arms about my neck, and her beautiful eyes pleaded eloquently for my love and protection.

At length the hoarse shriek of the midnight train—as it came tearing into the little town—aroused me from my sleep. I raised up, rubbed my eyes and looked around me. The moon was peering through the blinds, making queer lines upon the white sanded floor. I struggled to my feet, and thrusting my well foot into a slipper, grasped my cane and tried to reach the door. Three times I made the effort before I succeeded—the agony of my foot was intense. Just as I gained my door and was leaning against it for support, I heard the train leaving the depot. A long, wild, maddening shriek it gave as it rolled away in the darkness. A shudder passed over me, for the wildness of the long hoarse whistle seemed like the wail, the sad farewell,

of a lone sad soul. I crossed the hall with difficulty and softly opened the door to Mabel's room. A shaded lamp was burning upon the table; the nurse slept in the easy-chair at the bedside—but the patient—*was not there!* The bed was just as she had thrown the cover aside; the pillow was yet warm and bore the impress of her beautiful head. A tiny gray kid—torn at the wrist and with a spray of sweet-brier clinging to it—was lying upon the bed. She had left it in the hurry of departure. I examined the apartment closely; nothing was left—yes, upon the table, near the lamp, was a tiny white missive addressed to "My Unknown Friend." Opening it with trembling fingers, I read these words:

"Mabel cannot express to her unknown friend her thanks, her lasting gratitude, for his kindness. She goes the way God has appointed her—and prays that for *him* may be given love, peace and happiness *here*; and a lasting peace *beyond*."

That was all. She was gone—my love, my beautiful, and I knew not where. I sat for some moments stupefied, not knowing what to do. At length I aroused myself sufficiently to awaken the nurse and ask her concerning our patient. She gazed around with a stare of amazement—and affirmed again and again that she had not been asleep an hour; that she remembered hearing the clock strike eleven; that her beautiful charge seemed to be sleeping quietly; and being overcome with sleep she had yielded herself to its influence.

Gone, gone; and I possessed no clue whatever by which to trace my beautiful little "sweet-brier" not even her name. I gathered the little glove in my cold fingers and tottered from the room. That glove with its withered spray of sweet-brier was all that was left of "Mabel" the "Unknown." I must find her; I would find her; but how?

"Cousin Hettie!" The name came upon me like a ray of light. I would leave on the morning train, return to the place where we had taken passage together, and learn all of "Cousin Hetty." *Hettie who?*

There again did I find myself in a labyrinth of trouble. But I was not one to yield to difficulties. Having ascertained at what hour the train would leave, I made my preparations, and early the next morning—with my little treasured glove next my heart—I left the little village, and in the afternoon again entered the Saloon I had left such a short

time before. There was the settee upon which little Mabel had rested; and there upon the floor, crushed and withered, was the spray of sweet-brier she had lost the day before. Poor little Mabel! Who was she? Where was she? Carefully, tenderly the bruised yet fragrant brier was put aside with my other treasures. I inquired of the agent if he remembered seeing the two ladies the day before. "Yes, but did not know them—didn't think he had ever seen them before—If he had, had forgotten." I asked him if he knew a young lady of the place called "Hettie." He did not.

I then requested him to direct me to one or two of the leading gentlemen of the place. He did so, and to them I applied. The first knew no young lady by that name; the second, at first, said he did not—then, after sitting for several minutes in deep thought, he exclaimed:

"It must be Miss Esther Ingraham, old Colonel Ingraham's daughter, of Flower-Dale. They do not reside in the city, but several miles from here, in a most beautiful place. But, my dear sir, you will not find them at home; they left last night at ten for New York."

Here was a dilemma. After studying the case for some minutes I deemed it advisable to acquaint this gentleman with the facts. This I did. He said he remembered seeing a young lady (agreeing with my description) several times riding with Miss Esther in the pony phaeton, but did not know who she was. Had heard she was an invalid cousin; that she neither made nor received calls while there. Perhaps Colonel Ingraham's family physician might throw some light upon the subject. He gave me the physician's address, and I visited him immediately, and still no success. All he could say was simply this; he was called upon some weeks prior to the time of my call to attend a young lady who had been severely wounded with some sharp instrument. The wound had been inflicted some time, had partially healed, and then broken out afresh.

She was called "Mabel," Colonel Ingraham had settled all bills; and he had no further information to give, except that the young lady seemed very fond of flowers, especially the delicate little wild rose or sweet brier, which she always kept near her, or pressed between her pretty fingers.

I thanked him kindly and bowed myself from his presence. What should I do next?

Find Mabel I must! That night I took the ten o'clock train for New York. Further and further was it bearing me from her, yet I felt that it was the only hope I had left. I must see "Cousin Hettie!"

"*Mais, le ciel sur nos souhaits ne règle pas les choses.*" My poor ankle, bruised and sprained, grew so inflamed, and my body so weary with constant changing, and the motion of the cars, that ere I reached New York city I was tossing upon a bed of pain both physical and mental. As soon as I was able to sit up I commenced my journeyings again, but was forced to go slowly, and when I arrived in New York and searched the different registers and made inquiry at the principal hotels, I found that they had left for Saratoga the week before.

Again was I constrained to give some rest to the suffering body; though the mind was in an agony of unrest. As I lay upon my bed with aching limbs and burning fever, the sweet pure face of my "sweet-brier," my Mabel, would come before me; and those great brown eyes, so fraught with love and pleading, would gaze yearningly into mine. "Mabel, Mabel! Who are you? Where are you? Why have you cast this spell of enchantment upon me?" Often did this mad cry rise from my heart during the silent hours of the night. And there did I vow, if my life was granted me, to dedicate it to finding and loving the strange little myth—that seeming *ignis fatuus* which had lighted my path for a moment, and then vanished.

Why make a date of all my wanderings? I wrote to my agent to carry on my business during my absence, and continued the search. It seemed as if Colonel Ingraham and his daughter were likewise wild fancies of my brain, for from place to place I traced them, always hearing the same reply to my queries—"Left ten days ago!" At last I heard the joyful tidings, "Left for home four days ago!" Again with a thrill of hope stirring my sad weary heart I turned my face homeward; hoping, praying that the mystery would soon be solved.

Springing up the broad marble steps that led to the princely mansion, I rung a sharp quick peal at the doorbell.

A few minutes later I was ushered through the broad hall into a beautiful and elegantly-furnished drawing-room. I sent up my card to Colonel or Miss Esther Ingraham; and by-and-by I heard the sweep of a woman's

drapery down the broad stairway, then across the hall; and "Cousin Hettie"—tall, dark and stately as I had first seen her—stood within the doorway. A glance of recognition passed over the handsome face, as I advanced to meet her.

As briefly as possible I explained to her the object of my visit; told her the whole story—not omitting my wild deep love for the beautiful unknown; and at the close I gathered her hands in mine, and gazing into her dark tear-filled eyes, plead with her to tell me where I might find my Mabel!

"Poor little Mabel! Poor boy!" And withdrawing her hands from my clasp, for one moment one beautiful shapely hand was placed upon my dark curls, while the other covered her eyes, concealing the tears that would come.

"Why do you say 'poor little Mabel, and poor boy!'" I exclaimed, impetuously. "Tell me—I must know all!"

"You shall know all. Yes, her sad story. Mabel is my cousin, my much loved cousin—the child of my mother's brother, and several years my junior. Her father betrothed her when a child to a man a dozen years her senior, and when she was but fifteen years old. We were at that time at school together. Her father and her betrothed came to the school where we were boarding, and there, notwithstanding her prayers and entreaties, she was forced to wed the tall, dark, stern man she utterly loathed. Her gentle nature could not cope with such a wild passionate one as his. One glance of his dark gleaming eyes filled her with wildest dread. Three months after her marriage her father and mother both died suddenly, mysteriously, and since other facts have been developed 'tis thought that they were murdered. One night, six weeks later, after sitting up until near midnight waiting for her husband, the poor child began to make preparations for retiring, when her husband suddenly entered the room, his eyes gleaming, his lips purple and flecked with foam. He caught her by the waist and holding her over the open window vowed that she had lived long enough, that he was going to end her life. With a wild cry the poor child closed her eyes and prepared for death—for death would have inevitably followed—but another freak seemed to seize upon the madman—for such he was. He bound her in the window, her body half suspended over the casing, and left her there. Hanging in that position she was

soon insensible, and knew nothing more until a late hour the next day she awoke to consciousness, to learn that she had been rescued from her perilous situation by friends, and that her husband was in the hands of competent judges, who decided it was best for him to be placed in an insane asylum. Poor little Mabel! She could not remain in a place fraught with so much horror; so she determined to return to school; and once more in the bright and cheerful hall she tried to cast aside the dark pall which enveloped her and be again the bright little Mabel of old.

"I graduated and left school the summer she returned; and she, with a Spartan-like bravery battled through the course, and one year ago received her reward. But still she would not return to the old place. She had decided to teach. 'I must do something, Cousin Hettie, else my heart will break!' moaned the stricken one, as she buried her face upon my shoulder; so at last we consented, and the little creature entered upon her duties as instructress in the same institution wherein she had completed her course.

"All this time her husband had been closely confined, and guarded with the strictest care. But this spring, in March, the madman, eluding all vigilance, made his escape, and sought my cousin in her home. Not finding her there, some cunning supernatural power—which ever controls the maniac—led him to her hiding-place, and entering her room at night, he inflicted a severe wound upon her neck, just behind the left ear, with a poignard; and then with a wild yell of demoniacal glee sprang through the window to be seized upon and borne off in irons by his keepers, who, having discovered his escape, had instituted immediate search for him.

"For a while Mabel's life hung in the balance. I was sent for and went to her immediately; and so soon as she was able to travel I brought her home with me. But the journey had caused the wound to inflame, and our physician was called in. By the will of an all-merciful God, through his care and skill our loved one was restored to her former self. She would return to her school duties; and well do I remember the day she left me. We were standing together upon the balcony, she was arranging a cluster of her favorite sweet-brier, when with a slight shiver, she raised her beautiful eyes to mine with such a pleading, startled look in them that I asked, 'what is it, Mabel—are you ill?' 'Cousin

Hettie, I feel as if something, I scarcely know what, is about to happen to me. That my heart, which has never felt the thrilling power of love, will soon find its mate; yet we can never love as *others*—I shall never speak to that kindred soul but once, Cousin Hettie; then it will be no sin! Perhaps I am doing a wrong in telling you this, but I find in you Mabel's kindred soul. God pity you both!"

Then after a short pause she added:

"May I ask what she *said* to you?"

"Nothing!" I replied. "She never spoke one word to me—nor I to her, during the night and day I watched beside her bed. Here is the note she left for me; she has got to *speak* to me."

Speaking thus I drew the precious little treasure from its hiding-place and put it in her hand.

"Yes, this is Mabel's delicate chirography. She knew it was best that she should leave; she is now quite well and seemingly contented. I hear from her regularly; she has never once mentioned the meeting between you two."

"I shall not ask where she is; but I pray you, guard my darling tenderly. God pity and help me—my life is now a blank."

After further conversation, and an earnest solicitation from the lady to make her father's house my home while in the city, and a request that I would keep her apprised of my place of abode, I bade Esther Ingraham good-bye.

Days glided into weeks, weeks took upon themselves the form of months, and months added themselves to the great addition table of time, until *three* long, sad and weary years stood out dark and grim upon the tablets of Father Time. I wandered—knowing not, caring not where my journeying might lead me. My business was so arranged that it did not suffer during my absence; but what cared I for that? Nervous, wretched, expectant—awaiting what? For the voice of my Mabel, my delicate rose, to address me *once*. At last the summons came—only these words:

"Come to Flower-Dale *immediately*."

"ESTHER."

Again was it June, that queen month of the year! Again was the air redolent with the delicate aroma of a thousand flowers; again did the arrowy lines of golden sunshine

mark hill and dell, and rest with lingering touches upon the many beauties of Flower-Dale, as with trembling hand I touched the bell. Scarcely had the faint echo died along the hall when "Cousin Hettie"—wearing a look of sadness about the dark eyes and a suspicious trembling about the usually firm mouth—appeared at the door, and taking my hand in hers, whispered gently:

"Come!"

Up the broad stairs she led me, and reaching a door to the right she opened it, and in a few trembling words bade me enter.

"Be firm!" she whispered, as she left me.

In a large easy-chair near the window, where the fragrant June breeze found its way in gentle breath, and the golden siftings of a June sunset glinted the bright billows of hair, with snowy fingers clasping a cluster of pink sweet-brier, and brown eyes gazing eagerly towards the door, sat my Mabel—more beautiful than any dream of the imagination. With noiseless steps I reached the chair and knelt at her feet. Two white arms were folded about my neck, and her beautiful head fell upon my shoulder. No word was spoken. What need for words? Weak, expressionless words. *Our hearts* were speaking to each other. Half an hour passed thus. Then, far off, gentle and flutelike, came the words:

"In heaven, darling, where there is neither marrying nor giving in marriage!"—and her lips sought mine.

"Yes, my Mabel, in heaven!" And our lips sealed the pledge with our first and last kiss—for the beautifulasket was tenantless—the soul had become a priceless gem in the Saviour's crown.

In a secluded spot in the vast garden of Flower-Dale is a small enclosure; a delicate iron trellis work with clinging sweet-brier. A marble cross, pure, spotless, bearing the simple inscription, "*MABEL*," stands within. When day is marrying itself unto the night, I enter the grounds, and gathering delicate sprays of her loved flower weave them into a garland and place it upon the cross. "No cross without a crown?" And my Mabel's is resplendent with the amaranthine flowers of eternity; while I, in the silent twilight hour, with her dear eyes of beautiful brown keeping watch upon me through the heavenly gates ajar, weave this simple token of my love from her favorite flower—"sweet-brier."

THE RINGDOVE MUTINY.

BY I. F. MILLER.

"MR. MATE, can you give us a job, sir? I'm hard up—aint got no money, nor ate nothin' since yesterday mornin'. If I don't get some work I'll have to starve, sir—or steal. Can't you give me a day's work, sir?"

Such was the speech addressed to me by a man who came up the accommodation ladder which led from the wharf in Sandridge, Australia, to the gangway of the good barque Ringdove, whereof I was mate, having joined in that capacity but a few days before.

We were putting out a cargo of flour, the barque being engaged in regular trade between Chili, South America, and her majesty's colonies in Australia. The voyage before this one had taken her into Tasmania, where she had shipped a new crew—the one now in the vessel; and a hard-looking lot they were, as ever I had the misfortune to sail with. The last mate whose place I had taken, was a quiet, kindly man, with no great energy; and he had told me before I joined the barque, that he left solely on account of the crew, who were inveterate skulkers, thieves and bullies, and always fighting among themselves, except when united to make combined war on their "natural enemies, the after-guard." But I wanted a berth, and the captain and I were mutually pleased with each other, so I shipped as chief officer; I had compelled obedience from bad crews before, and did not doubt but that prompt determination and energy would enable me to get along with these fellows.

At the time the stranger saluted me with his appeal for a job, I was discharging cargo short-handed; five of the sailors having got in a drunken row the previous evening, with some citizens on shore, and got locked up for their pains—the captain refusing to pay their fines. I looked at the man—a big, and certainly not over-handsome fellow, with a close-cropped head of bristly black hair, a smooth face (or, at least, it would have been smooth, but for a beard of two days' growth), a slight stoop in his shoulders, and eyes that looked everywhere but at mine.

"Well, my man," said I, "I want a hand or

two—are you a sailor-man? Have you ever been used to working cargo?"

The sullen dogged look of obstinate hopelessness on the man's face instantly gave way to an expression of eager hope—he had evidently fully expected a flat denial to his request.

"Yes sir; I am a sailor, and used to cargo work, or any other work aboard ship," he replied.

"Very well—take off your coat and go below—get that flour from the run into the square of the main hatch. But hold on. You say you haven't had any breakfast?"

"Not a bite since yesterday morning, sir."

"Then go to the cook and get something—a hungry man can't do a man's work. Cook," I called out, to that important official, "give this man some grub."

The man muttered a "thank you, sir," and went forward. In a short time he returned, went into the hold, and worked well until noon. When he came up with the rest of the men, I told him to get his dinner with the crew, which he did, the whole of them eating on the topgallant-fo'castle, under the shade of an awning.

As I was walking the quarter-deck after my dinner, smoking a cigar, and waiting for two bells to strike, to turn the men to again, a police officer came on board, and walking up to me, touched his hat and inquired:

"Is that man with the red belt on, there for'ard, one of your crew, sir?"

"No," said I; "he's working by the day. Why?"

"Do you know who he is, sir?"

"No; who is he, any way?"

"That man is a convict—Nick Bush, he calls himself—one of the worst characters in the colonies. He was only discharged from the hulks yesterday morning—been in for four years, for a robbery with violence!"

"The devil! Well, he can't steal much here, at all events; and if he wants to work I'm willing he should have work to do. It wont make him an honest man to write 'thief' on his back. I'm obliged to you, officer, for your warning. Wont you slip down and take a glass of wine?"

The officer stepped down, agreeably to my invitation, but didn't take a glass of wine—whiskey seemed to suit his palate much better. He then went ashore, after informing me that the mate of another ship had turned the convict ashore that morning, after setting him to work, on being told who and what he was by my informant.

Two bells struck, and I gave the order to recommence work. As the men came along to the waist and descended to the hold, I noticed that my new workman lingered till the last, and brought his jacket on his arm. As he approached me, he stopped; and I observed on his features the same look of sullen dreariness he had worn when he first came on board. He evidently expected to be again turned on shore, and was prepared to be greeted with sneers, if not with abuse. But I had no intention of meddling with the man's past career; if he was intending to live without crime for the future, I, at least, would not assist in hounding him back to his former evil courses; and the following colloquy ensued:

"What's your name, my man?"

"Bush, sir."

"Well, Bush, why don't you turn to with the rest? Got tired of it in two hours?"

"No sir; but—didn't that policeman tell you anything about me, sir—that I was a con—"

"There, there; that'll do. I don't want to know anything about what you've done, or haven't done. Are you going to work any more?"

"Then you aint going to turn me ashore, sir?" he asked, for the first time looking me full in the eyes, with an expression of pleading, eager anxiety that would have been ludicrous for such a big powerful man, had it not been really painful to regard.

"Turn you ashore? No. Look here, Bush, I never in my life kicked a dog because he was down. I don't care what you've been—never mind what others say—it'll be time enough for you to go ashore when I tell you to go. Go below to work again—you can get your grub aboard the vessel while you're at work aboard, and sleep in the fo'castle. If you're a mind to work you shall have it."

"Thank you, sir; I do want work—and I may have a chance to pay you back for this some day, sir," said Bush, as he disappeared down the hatchway.

The next day we finished discharging the cargo; and four of the five rascals who had

been locked up were brought on board by the police, one of them, who had used a knife in the row, being detained to stand a trial for a deadly assault. As we were in a hurry to get to sea, another man had to be shipped at once; and the captain, on my recommendation, immediately enrolled Nick Bush as one of the barque's crew. The fellow seemed anxious to give satisfaction, and was a quick strong man and a good seaman; and I had no doubt would prove a valuable man.

We sailed first to Newcastle, New South Wales, and took in a cargo of coal. From thence we went to Talcahuana, in Chili, where we disposed of our coal to good advantage, to a steamship company, getting seven hundred pounds sterling for the cargo, in gold. A short run took us to Valparaiso, where we received a cargo of flour on consignment, for merchants in Sydney, New South Wales; and we set sail on our return trip with every prospect of keeping up the Ringdove's name as a "lucky craft." I must now speak of the other officers.

Our captain was an elderly man, whose life had been mostly spent on the ocean. He was a perfect seaman, and a gentleman, too, though he did use bad grammar, eat with his knife, and sometimes swear. He was kind, and generally silent in his habits; but there was a look about his mouth and eyes that said plainly enough that he was a dangerous man to trifle with.

The second-mate was rather a hard case. He was a stout young fellow, and a very fair seaman; but he had been "brought up in packets," and was a genuine "packet second-mate;" and thought no more of knocking a man down with a handspike than he did of smoking a pipe of tobacco. I had been obliged on several occasions to interfere on behalf of some of the seamen, whom he was brutally abusing; and on one occasion he told me that he "headed his own watch, and would do it, too." I merely replied that if he was officer of the starboard watch, I was mate of the ship; and that every man in her had got to obey my orders, except the captain; on which our quarrel ended.

Bush, my convict protegee, had shown himself a good man; and the captain, who had at first been displeased when I told him the new man was a "jay," (as convicts are called in that part of the world) had come to regard him very favorably.

For ten days after leaving Valparaiso, all went well; at the end of that time Captain

Thompson fell sick. At first he experienced merely a slight nausea and headache; but he grew worse rapidly, and on the fourth day of his illness, as I was sitting by his cot, wiping the moisture from his forehead, he said:

"Mr. Ritchie, will you look round a bit, and make sure we are not overheard?"

I wondered what was coming, but did as he requested; no one was near.

"Now, Mr. Ritchie, keep close to me, and we'll whisper. Do you know of what I am dying?"

"Captain Thompson, I hope you're not dying—I don't think you are. This thirst and burning sensation you complain of is only a kind of a fever, sir; keep a stiff upper lip, sir, and you'll weather it, yet," said I, encouragingly.

"No, Ritchie," said he, smiling calmly; "I've done my work. I'm dying—and with only a fever, as you say. But have you no suspicions as to what gave me the fever?"

"No sir."

"Then listen, but don't start, nor say anything out loud—I'm poisoned!"

"Good God, sir! what makes you have that horrible thought?"

"'Tis a certainty, Mr. Ritchie. I know that I drank poison in a glass of grog I took from a bottle that was on the swinging tray, the evening I was taken down. And I'm about done for now—shan't hold out much longer. Listen—come closer—I have been poisoned purposely, I believe by either the steward or second-mate—don't trust that man, Mr. Ritchie. I'm afraid you'll have your hands full after I'm gone; for the crew know about our having the money on board. Confounded folly in me not to send it over by mail, in a draft, instead of bringing it in the barque; and I much fear that poisoning me is but part of a plan to take the barque. There's my will in that desk; all I have goes to my wife and boy. Ritchie, I have read you and I know I can trust you; what one man can do to take the vessel in safe you will do. But look out, don't trust anybody, keep your pistols handy, and use 'em without hesitation, if need be, look out for that second-mate, shoot him down like a dog if you see the least reason, for plucky action is your only chance; and if you must trust anybody, trust that convict, Bush."

"Did you call me, Mr. Ritchie?" said the steward, poking his ugly head into the stateroom.

"No," said I; and he disappeared.

Whispering once more in my ear, the captain continued:

"That scoundrel is watching—don't let any of 'em see that you're on the lookout. Get your pistols, Mr. Ritchie, and here, take my revolver; 'tis a splendid weapon, and never misses. Put that water-jug where I can reach it, and go on deck for a bit, to see how things are going on."

All seemed quiet on deck, and in about half an hour I returned to the captain's room. He was dead, and the frightful expression on his honest, manly face, and marks of discoloration on his neck, told me that the brave, kind-hearted skipper had been cruelly strangled! I felt at once all the horror of my situation, that I was standing over a magazine, and a spark would be certain destruction.

My plans were simple, and soon resolved upon. Calling the steward, who looked me brazenly in the face, I informed him that Captain Thompson was dead (I was certain that the steward himself was the murderer), and directed him to call Mr. Taylor from the deck. In a few minutes the latter came down, with a look of concern on his features which made me hate him more bitterly than ever, for I believed he was an accessory to the murder of the captain, if indeed not a principal in the accursed deed, and I put his grief down as hypocrisy at once. We conversed a few minutes about the suddenness of the affair, and I directed him to send two men to sew up the body in a hammock, which was done. No further incidents occurred that night; but I narrowly watched the second-mate, and noticed that from being a bully over the sailors he had suddenly become quite confidential with them. I needed no further proof that the captain's estimate of the man was correct.

Next day I had no work done, as the captain was to be buried at noon.

Watching the crew as closely as possible without rousing their suspicions, I became more and more convinced that I was on the brink of destruction. I determined to trust the only man in the barque, in whom I still hoped I might place confidence—the convict, Bush—and endeavor to secure him as a help in this my extremity. But he avoided me, evidently with much care. I was entirely alone, even the wretch whom I had befriended, and who had so warmly protested his gratitude, had deserted me.

At half past eleven o'clock, I ordered the mainsail to be hauled up and the mainyard

laid aback. The body of the murdered captain was brought up, and laid on a hatch, one end of which rested on a cask, and the other on the weather rail. The heavy pitch-kettle was secured to the feet (we had no shot on board), and England's red ensign spread over all. The men stood around decorously as I read from a prayer-book the beautiful Episcopal service for the burial of the dead at sea; and as I read "we therefore commit his body to the deep," Bush launched the hatch over the side. A splash, and Enoch Thompson, but a few days before strong and vigorous, was gone forever! Concluding the service, I turned away; and the sailors went forward, collecting in a bunch near the galley.

At half past twelve I called the steward, and directed him to tell Mr. Taylor to come on the quarter-deck, which he did, the second-mate soon making his appearance, from forward!

"Call all hands aft, Mr. Taylor," said I; and they were soon aft, in a body.

"Men," I commenced, "as good and honorable a man as ever breathed we have just buried, in the person of Captain Thompson. The command now devolves upon me, and you will consider Mr. Taylor as the chief officer, for the future. Nicholas Bush, I appoint you second-mate; you will bring your clothing aft, and enter upon your duties at once. That will do, men, you can go forward. Mr. Taylor, fill away the maintop-sail, and keep the barque on her course—give her the stun'-sails, sir, if the wind is free enough."

Not a man moved; and the second-mate, looking into my face with a sneer, said:

"Hadn't you better do your own dirty work, Mr. Captain—a h—l of a captain you are! Everybody in this packet has got to mind you, have they? Captain Ritchie; your little game's up aboard here, I'm captain now. What do you think of that?"

The demons had no idea that I suspected any mutiny on their part; and as I drew the dead captain's huge "navy Colt," and cocked it, I saw them wince and waver. The new mate, Taylor, sprang in among the men, who instinctively opened out on both sides, knowing that the scoundrel officer was the one I wished to hit, and not desiring to shield him with their own bodies. Had I managed to kill that man, at that moment, I am convinced that the mutineers would have at once yielded; and I should have killed him, but as I raised the pistol to a good aim at the villain as he cowered under the rail in a vain

attempt to screen himself from the deadly weapon, I saw a shadow on the deck by my side, and had barely time to spring forward to escape a blow with a handspike that would have dashed out my brains. Turning upon my assailant, I found the steward—the murderer of the captain, as I believed—who had crept up behind me with the handspike; and before he could repeat his blow at my head, or speak or turn to fly, I fired full at his face, the muzzle of the pistol being so close to him that the flash of the powder burned his hair and whiskers. He fell dead in his tracks, without a cry or a groan.

But the interruption was fatal to my hope of quelling the mutiny. As I turned to again face the crew and their villainous leader, the whole mob were upon me. I fired one shot at Taylor, which, though it missed him, tore through the breast of another, letting out his life; and then I was knocked senseless by a blow with a belaying-pin. The mutineers had got possession of the barque, and I was bound and helpless, a prisoner in their hands, after killing two of their companions. I assure the reader that the prospect was anything but pleasing.

When I came to my senses, I found myself bound hand and foot, and tossed out of the way in alongside of the spare spars. The barque was close-hauled to the wind, and the savage mob of devils were drinking liquors on the quarter-deck. Taylor came up to me, and spoke.

"Aha! Captain Ritchie, how do you like your new billet? We've got to mind you, have we? I'll show you who's master here, before I've done with you. Look here, now; where's that money? Out with all you know about it—spit it out!"

The money was skillfully hidden, and I knew they would have hard work to find it; it was in a cavity made between the two halves of a wooden anchor-stock, a spare one purchased for the purpose, and lashed to the foremast between decks, where it was now covered up with flour. I determined they should know nothing of its whereabouts from me, for I knew they would take my life at any rate, and refusing to tell where the gold was hidden could not make my fate much worse.

"I know of no money on board," replied I; "the freight was sent to Sydney by the mail-steamer."

"You lie, you hound; you lie," said Taylor, savagely, at the same time treating me first to a vicious slap, and then to a

mouthful of tobacco-juice, in my face; "if you don't spout, and quick, too, we'll skin you alive."

The other mutineers clustered around, and Taylor addressed them.

"This whelp won't tell where the money is, but we'll see if we can't make him squawk it out. Bring some oakum and a tar-bucket, one of you, and some matches."

Bush now came forward, and I determined to make one appeal to his gratitude. I addressed him:

"Bush, is this what I get for trusting you? Do you call this fair—"

"Shut up, you hound," said Taylor, again slapping my face; "we don't want any of your palaver here. Tell us where the money is—that's all we want of you. Bush will talk to you when I tell him."

I hoped and expected that they would not kill me till they *did* find out where the money was, and determined to save my life as long as possible, by keeping my knowledge to myself. But now Bush made an unexpected diversion in my favor.

"Look here, Taylor," said he, "you're settin' yourself up too almighty high, all at once. I just want you to understand that I'm as much skipper here as you are, or anybody else. And I'll speak to who I please, and just when and where I please, and it's none o' your d—d business about it, either. An' if Mr. Ritchie's got anything to say to me he shall say it, and no thanks to the lot o' ye. I done my share o' the job, and I'll have my share o' the pay."

Taylor turned livid, and snatching from his belt the pistol which he had taken from me, he levelled it at this new mutineer; but Bush was too quick for him. The bullet went harmlessly through the air, the arch-traitor's hand being held over his head by one of Bush's, who had him by the throat with the other. A desperate struggle for the mastery ensued between the two men, the others standing around without attempting to interfere; as indeed it would not have been easy to do, so rapid were their contortions and shiftings of position.

The convict's eyes fairly blazed with rage, his lips foamed, and his bristly hair seemed to stand upright—but it was certainly not with fear. Taylor was frightened at a terrible disadvantage; for though a powerful man, he was clearly no match, in either strength or activity, for Bush, whose muscles and sinews now stood out like bunches of knotted cords;

and the convict's grip of his throat must soon prove fatal, unless the officer could escape it. By a tremendous exertion he wrenched his arm from Bush's hold, and dealt him a blow in the face with the revolver; the next moment the convict, whirling his antagonist round as though he were a child, dashed him with awful force against the mizzen-mast, near which they had arrived during their struggle. He fell like a clod; and Bush, picking him up in his arms, thrust him out through an open port, to a watery grave; then, turning to the rest of the crew, he demanded in a whispering voice, "if anybody else wanted to tell him who he should talk to?" Nobody did—the ruffian's demoniac look and evident strength and courage, made him a man for such villains as the mutineers to respect. He picked up the revolver, and stuck it in his belt; and soon after a general council was held, at which Bush and two others were elected to have command, there being eight others on board, all told, besides myself.

I was kept bound during the following night, and lay on deck, hungry, cold and despondent. But the next day I was released from the cords with which I had been tied, and confined in my own stateroom, the door of which was kept always locked, and a man on watch at the door. The villains made no secret of their plan of action, which was to make the California coast, divide the money (if they could find it) and scuttle the barque. Part of the wretches advocated putting me to death; but Bush put such a decided veto on that plan, and the ferocity he showed in his fight with Taylor had given him so much influence, that it was finally decided to put me ashore on some island. I had hoped something favorable from Bush; but he never came near me without bringing another scamper with him, so that all chance of a private appeal to his better feelings was destroyed. I reproached him bitterly on more than one of these visits, for his treachery to one who had befriended him; but I could get no satisfaction. The last time he visited me, and I spoke to him as I had been accustomed to since my imprisonment, he told me to "shut up, for we were square; or if anybody owed anything, it was me who owed him for my life," and asked me sneeringly "what I had ever done for him, except to give him a job of work, when I had got to hire somebody, and he was as good a man as I could get?"

On the morning of the fifth day after the

mutiny a small island was sighted; and an earnest discussion ensued among the mutineers as to my disposal, which finally became an angry dispute. Part of the wretches wished to torture me, to find out where the money was hidden; they having of course failed to discover it by demolishing almost the whole cabin. Others were for finishing me altogether, as "dead men could tell no tales." But Bush, and one other (a young fellow, a native of Launceston, Tasmania), were as loud as any, in demanding that I should be put ashore on the island; Bush saying (and clinching his assertion with a volley of oaths) that I should have blankets and food given me, besides. The wordy war waxed hot, and one of the three "captains" (who wished me to be tortured) drew his knife, telling Bush he "needn't think he was going to set himself up for a boss over all hands;" but the latter ended the quarrel and the discussion together, by shooting his opponent through the head. He was then tossed over the rail.

A few hours later I stood on the white beach of the low coral island, watching the unlucky Ringdove as she drew off the land, leaving me to my fate. The villains on board had given me a bag of hard bread, a hatchet and knife, a small keg of water and a blanket. To this abundant store Bush had added some tobacco and a bottle of whiskey.

I knew well enough that my position was well nigh desperate; it was very unlikely that I should find fresh water on so small an island, and my ten-gallon keg would soon be emptied; and the island itself—a mere speck on the wide waste of the Pacific—lay hundreds of miles from any frequented ocean track. My chance of escape was small indeed; but, as I watched the receding barque, a hope that I might yet be able to take vengeance on the mutineers, and particularly on Nick Bush, for my own treatment and the brutal murder of Captain Thompson, occupied a much larger share of my thoughts than did anxiety for the future; and I exulted as I thought of the swift retribution which had overtaken the steward and second-mate.

I watched the barque till she faded to a speck and then disappeared. When she was fairly lost to my view, I felt that I was indeed alone; not as I had felt in the forests of New Zealand or the desert plains of "up-country" Australia—where a return to the haunts of my fellow-men was but a question of a few weeks, or months at most—but like one from whom the world was shut out forever, all

save one pitiful, possibly unknown atom—my island.

I picked up the bottle of whiskey, and drew the cork. I had always been a temperate man; never getting intoxicated, and often going for months without tasting liquor. I had a perhaps morbid dread of acquiring a taste for the stuff, and one day becoming a sot. As I raised the bottle to my lips, I spoke aloud, with a bitter, jeering sensation at my heart:

"There's not much danger of getting to be a drunkard here."

My voice sounded so strangely to my own ears that it startled me; it seemed to go no further than where I stood. I lowered the bottle, and as I did so the question flashed across my mind, "have they poisoned this, as they did that for Captain Thompson?" For a moment I was tempted to dash the bottle on the beach; then I thought, "better to die so, if they have, than to perish in the agonies of intolerable thirst;" and without further hesitation I drank freely. Biting off a piece of tobacco, I sat down on the beach and endeavored to calmly consider my situation; but I could devise no possible loop-hole of escape, and finished my cogitations with bitter curses of the mutineers.

But the sun was getting low, and I aroused myself to examine my prison. Piling my treasures up at the foot of a low species of palm tree, I started for a walk around the island, on the beach. But I was soon stopped by a channel of water, apparently very deep, which extended into the island, spreading out so as to take up a very large portion of the interior. The island was a mere shell—a strip of land nearly circular, surrounding a salt lake on all sides except at the channel which had halted me; from the ocean beach on the outside to the margin of the placid waters within, the land was nowhere more than a quarter of a mile across. The lagoon or lake in the centre was perhaps a mile and a half in diameter. The mutineers had put me on a nice place.

Returning to my worldly goods, I took a drink of the precious liquid, and ate a biscuit. I had a few matches, and recklessly lighted one to start my pipe, saying to myself as I did so that I had as many matches as would last me as long as I lived. I had no desire to explore my domain any further at present; so, although the sun was still above the horizon, I spread my blanket beneath one of the slender trees with which the island was

thickly covered, and lay down to sleep. Odd as it may appear, I soon dropped off, and did not wake up till after sunrise next morning.

The reader would derive little interest from a detailed account of what I did while on the island. It is sufficient for me to say that I found water everywhere I dug (with a wooden spade), at the level of the sea. It was brackish and sickening, but I drank it, and felt but little inconvenience from so doing. I found no signs of animal life, excepting a few small birds, on the island; nor did I find, what I hoped and expected, either cocoanuts or bread-fruit. I was doomed to die of starvation, unless I chose to end my life in some quick way; and salt water was plenty, and I had a knife.

I scarcely took the trouble to look for ships, from the first. I knew well that my habitation was seldom, if ever, sighted by passing vessels; and a dull apathy took possession of my mind and body, from the moment I became satisfied that I had no possible means of procuring food after my slender stock of bread was exhausted. Day after day I lay listlessly under my tree—the one beneath which I first lay down to sleep—bestirring myself only when hungry or thirsty, when I would get up, eat or drink as freely as though the world's stores were at my command, then bite another bit of tobacco, and lie down again to wonder how long this would last. I never till the day I left, walked around the little islet!

One morning, after my thankless meal, I asked myself curiously how long I had been on this shore? I tried to recollect, but could not; and I soon gave up the attempt, and lay down again to pass another aimless, weary, thoughtless day; but I was soon roused up.

A dull booming sound, like the distant roar of a heavy gun, brought me to my feet, and started the blood through my veins by speaking a hope of escape to my heart. I looked anxiously—how anxiously I cannot make known to those who have never been in similar desperate straits themselves—along that part of the horizon which was visible from where I stood. There was nothing in sight—not so much as a seagull. Then I started like a madman (and indeed I was not far short of madness) along the beach, running as though my life depended on my speed.

Again the booming sound—beautiful music it was to me—reached my ear; and as I ran frantically along the smooth white beach I

yelled like a raving maniac, in answer to the sound. I had no power of thought left, or I would have laughed at the absurdity of replying to the thunder of that distant gun with my feeble cries. I arrived at the opposite side of the island from where I had hitherto existed, and stopped, exhausted with the violence of my physical efforts and my mental agitation, and blinded with sweat and dizzy with hope and fear—hope of life and fear of madness—for I dreaded lest reason was leaving me, and the sounds were not real.

A third time the sweet-voiced minstrel sent the cheering messenger of hope to my island and to me; and collecting my faculties with a mighty effort, I looked again to seaward.

I was saved. Not more than five miles away was a ship, steering straight for the island; and as I looked, hardly daring to believe the joyous sight, a puff of white smoke shot out from her side, and curled gracefully upward until it faded quite away. And then when I had almost done listening for the sound, it came—dull as before, but louder and more distinct. Far off on the horizon was another sail; but I cared nothing for that one. All my thoughts and hopes were centered on the steadily approaching ship from which the guns had been fired, and which still kept them sounding over the sea.

She came on till within about two miles, when her maintopsail was backed, and a boat lowered, which made for the shore. The most agonized period of my life was the short time I stood on that desolate beach and watched that approaching boat. My thoughts were in a whirl; and fear, which had kept aloof when death seemed inevitable, now seized upon me when deliverance was at hand. Would the boat really land and take me off, or would her crew go away and leave me, as the other boat's crew had done? Did the people in the ship really intend to save me (it never occurred to me to wonder how they could possibly have known I was there), or were they only playing a cruel trick? If they didn't mean to save me, what were they firing guns for? And if they meant to save me, might they not go away without seeing me? Might they not think I was dead, and leave me to die, after all? Such were some of the wild fancies which chased each other through my addled brain; but I did not once ask myself what brought the ship there—for it was a ship, and not the Ringdove.

As the possibility that I might not be seen

occurred to me, I again became frantic; and after screaming and gesticulating until the crew in the boat (who were near enough to see and hear me plainly and to answer me in return) thought me maddened outright with suffering, I rushed furiously down the beach to meet the boat. Out into the water I went; but the shore, sloping very gently for a few score feet, then suddenly dropped down into the bold water; I suddenly dropped, too. I am a good swimmer; and as there was no surf, and but little swell, on that side of the island, I soon scrambled out again.

The ducking did me good—I have sometimes thought, possibly saved my reason. At any rate, I didn't act like a demented fool any more, but quietly waited until the boat was beached. A man jumped out, and grasping me warmly by the hand, saluted me with:

"Thank God—Mr. Ritchie, how are you?"

Before I could speak a word in answer, a second man, who had left the boat but a moment after the first, thrust out his hand to take mine, saying as he did so, in a tone of almost childish ecstasy:

"I've saved him—I've saved him! It's me, sir—don't you know me, Mr. Ritchie?"

It was Nick Bush!

Snatching my hand from the grasp of the naval officer (for such his uniform bespoke him), I drew my knife in my right hand, and with a sudden spring clutched Bush by the throat with the left.

"Die—curse you—die," I yelled, raising the knife to strike; and though Nick was far my overmatch in strength at any time, and I was now but little better than a wreck, yet so sudden was my assault that I should certainly have slain him had not the officer grasped my arm. I was easily overpowered and disarmed; and the officer told me:

"Mr. Ritchie, that man has perilled his life to save yours. He is not to blame for the mutiny. If it had not been for him, we should never have known of your being here."

"Mr. Ritchie," said Bush, "I was not to blame for the mutiny. I knew of it before it happened, I own. But I was afraid to speak to you about it, 'cause they mistrusted me and watched me; and I don't know how to write. But Tom the Van Diemian (the young man who had joined Bush in demanding my being put on shore on the island) and I had agreed that when the time came for the risin', I was to kill the

second mate and Tom was to skiver the steward—them's the ones started it first. We thought that would stop it—specially if you should fight good, and I knowed you carried a big revolver, 'cause I seen you with it the night the cap'in died—he was poisoned, he was—the steward did it—but when the second mate started me and Tom wasn't ready; I didn't have no knife, and Tom wouldn't start till I did. And after the barque was took and we was all mutineers, everybody was watchin' so sharp after everybody else, that I daresn't speak to you decent, nor try to do anything more'n I did, for fear we'd both be done for, sir. If it had come to that, Mr. Ritchie, I'd have sold my life for yours, sir. You're the only man ever done me a kindness without wantin' pay for it, an' you never made me feel that you knowed I was a convic'; I'd have given my life for you, if 'twould 'a done any good. Wont you give me your hand, sir?" he finished, in a tone of earnest entreaty.

"He speaks the truth, Mr. Ritchie, I do believe," said the naval officer; and the earnest tone and look of Bush convinced me that it was so. And I shook hands heartily with the man whom I had so bitterly hated and had just tried to kill, and spoke a few words—while he, the big, powerful ruffian, whose life had been one long career of lawless and desperate deeds, cried like a child with delight.

But little time was spent on the island, after this. The lieutenant and Bush walked around with me to my late "residence," the boat returning to the ship with instructions and information. In an hour or so, the ship having run down opposite the place where I was first landed by the mutineers, the boat returned, and we all reembarked; and I was soon on board her Britannic majesty's corvette "Cordelia," Hon. James Hope captain, where I was kindly and cordially received by the gentlemanly officers.

There is no more to tell, except to explain the manner in which the corvette was informed of what had taken place and where I was, and to narrate the fate of the mutineers. First, as to the Ringdove and her rascally captors.

After putting me on shore, the barque bore away to the eastward, as I have before described. A general council was held, and the future plan of proceedings discussed. Bush had got to be thoroughly hated by the others, and more than half suspected; but he was feared, as well, and no one cared to be the

first to provoke a quarrel with the reckless rascal. But it was necessary to make arrangements for passing off as a peaceable merchantman, if other ships were met; and Bush, who had hitherto had as much or more to say than any of the others, did not look much like a shipmaster; so a man named Wilson, an Englishman (originally transported to Tasmania for forgery), was appointed to personate a captain, with Bush as his chief mate. It was decided to run the Ringdove up to the vicinity of Puget's Sound, scuttle her, and land with the boat—in the night, if possible—in some part of Oregon or British America. Their plans were not badly laid, though they did not work so well as the mutineers hoped.

On the morning of the fifth day after leaving me on the islet, a sail was made out, a long way off; but the rapidity with which the stranger rose above the horizon made it evident she was running down across the barque's course, the latter being close-hauled on a wind. As the strange ship soon came plainly in sight, the mutineers were not long in making her out to be an English cruiser—the most unwelcome visitor they could possibly have met. But it was of no use to try to run away—their only chance was to "pull wool" over the cruiser's eyes. Wilson had already fixed the papers all right, as far as he was able; and now dressed himself up to represent a merchant skipper. It was hoped the corvette would be satisfied with a mere passing hail, and not send any boat on board the Ringdove; as the cruiser was evidently making a passage. Everything was prepared as the Cordelia, having run down within speaking distance, hauled her wind and stood along on the same tack as the Ringdove, to windward of the barque. Wilson was standing on the weather quarter of the barque, with a glass in his hand; Bush was on the break of the poop, to attend to working the vessel, if need be; and the seamen were clustered along the weather rail, in genuine merchantman style. As the corvette slowly drew ahead and took the wind from the Ringdove's sails, an officer standing on the former's hammock-nettings hailed:

"Barque ahoy!"

"Ay, ay," responded Wilson.

"What barque is that?"

"The Ringdove."

"Who commands the Ringdove?"

"Wilson."

"Where are you from?"

"Valparaiso."

"Where are you bound?"

"To Port Townsend, Oregon—cargo of flour."

"How long are you out?" continued the interrogator through his trumpet, as the corvette drew ahead; but the answer to this demand came from an unexpected quarter—the fore-castle. Bush, fearing that the unsuspecting cruiser would be deceived by the appearance of things on board the barque, and bear up as soon as she was far enough ahead to cross the Ringdove's forefoot, determined to do some hailing himself; and from him came the answer to the question "how long are you out?"

"Long enough to kill the skipper and take the barque! Send a boat aboard, you d—d fools—send a boat aboard, and see!"

This was a queer answer to return to a question from her majesty's quarter deck; and it had the desired effect on board the corvette, and created a decided sensation on board the barque. The mutineers knew that their game was up, and their doom sure; nothing they could now do could make the case more desperate—and a savage attack was made on Bush by Wilson and several of the others, to punish his treachery; no attention being paid to the man-of-war's command to "lay aback the head yards."

Bush had expected a fight, and was of course prepared for it; and when Wilson neared him he snapped his revolver in his face—but the weapon missed fire.

"Kill the hound—kill him," howled Wilson; "we'll be scragged (hung) anyhow—kill him, curse him, kill him."

But Bush managed to get into the rigging and away aloft, though he received several wounds; and before his assailants could hit upon a way to get at him, an armed boat's crew came tumbling over the barque's rail, and in on her deck. The corvette, finding her orders disregarded, and seeing the commotion on board, had backed her own yards when she got far enough ahead, and lowered the boat, which had hooked on to the barque's chains as the latter glided past. Resistance was out of the question, and the crew, including "Captain" Wilson, were all soon transferred to the Cordelia's "brig," and heavily ironed; a crew and officers from the war vessel taking possession in their place.

The Cordelia was from Callao, bound to Melbourne, Australia; and as soon as her commander was informed by Bush of all that

had occurred, all sail was made to save me, if possible, the barque being directed to follow with all practicable speed. The result has already been made known.

The punishment of the pirates is soon related. Bush and Launceston Tom were kept apart from each other until they arrived at Sydney, whither the two ships proceeded; but they were not ironed, and received many favors. On arriving in Sydney the mutineers were put on trial for piracy and murder. The crown prosecutor, Mr. Martin, informed the court that no evidence could be presented against Bush or Launceston Tom, and they were consequently discharged from custody.

They were then examined singly, and their evidence was so well sustained and so frankly given, that I was but a short time on the witness stand, when my turn came to testify. The entire company of the rascals were condemned to death, and expiated their crimes on the gallows. Bush and Launceston Tom both got work "up the country," on a cattle station; and the last I heard of them, both were doing well, Bush being head stockman, a position of some trust and responsibility. Captain Thompson's wife and child came into possession of his property; and the Ringdove's next trip was taken under Captain Ritchie.

THE GREAT UNKNOWN.

Translated from the German, by MISS EMILY WINBOR.

It was a bright afternoon in the beginning of October, and the little town of Miffelstein lay basking in the genial sunbeams. But its streets, generally so cheerful, were upon that day solitary. The town seemed deserted, and its usual aspect evidently surprised a pedestrian, who ascended the steep slope of the main street, and gazed curiously about him, without perceiving a single face at the windows. Everything was shut up. No children played on the thresholds; no inquisitive serving-girl peeped from door or garret; some fowls were picking up provender in the road, and a superannuated dog blinked and slumbered in the sun; but of human beings none were to be seen. In seeming perplexity the traveller shook his head. Then—not with the hesitating step of a stranger in the land, but with firm and confident strides—he walked straight to the principal inn, whose doors stood invitingly open upon the market-place. Like one familiar with the locality, he turned to his left beneath the entrance archway, and ascended the stairs leading directly to the coffee-room. The coffee-room was empty. A waiter, who sat reading in the bar, welcomed the new-comer with a slight nod, but did not otherwise disturb his studies.

"God bless you, old boy!" cheerfully exclaimed the traveller, casting from his shoulders a handsome knapsack; "just see if you can manage to leave your chair. I am no travelling tailor or tinker, but the long lost Alexis, returned from his wanderings, and

well disposed to make himself comfortable in his uncle's house."

With an exclamation of joyful surprise, the old servant sprang from his seat, and grasped the hand of the unexpected guest.

"Thanks, my honest old friend," replied the young man, to his affectionate greeting, "and now tell me at once what the deuce has come over Miffelstein? Has the plague been here, or the Turks? Are the worthy Miffelsteins all gathered to their fathers, or are they imitating the southerners, and snoring the siesta?"

The waiter hastened to explain that the great harvest feast was being celebrated at a short distance from the town, and that the entire population of Miffelstein had flocked thither, with the exception of the bedridden and the street keepers; and of his master, and the young mistress, he added, the former of whom was detained by business, and the latter was dressing herself, but who both would follow the stream before half an hour was over.

"True!" cried Alexis, striking his forehead with his finger; "I have almost forgotten my native village, with its vintage and harvest joys; and I much fear it returns the ill compliment in kind. I can pass my time, however, till my worthy uncle and fair cousin are visible. Bring me something to eat; I am both hungry and thirsty."

"What cellar and kitchen contain is at your honor's service," replied the waiter. "We had strangers at table to-day, but cold

meat is there; and, if it so please you, some kail soup shall be instantly warmed."

"Kail soup," said Alexis, with a smile; "none of that, thank you. Cold meat—*bene*. But don't forget the cellar."

"Assuredly not. Whatever your honor pleases. A flask of sack, or a jug of ale?"

"Sack! sack! Miffelstein sack!" cried Alexis, laughing heartily. "Anything you like. Only be quick about it."

Whilst the waiter hurried to the larder, Alexis examined the apartment, which struck him as strangely altered since his boyish days. The old familiar furniture had disappeared, and was replaced by oaken tables, stools, and settees of rude and outlandish construction. The shining sideboard had made way for an antiquated worm-eaten piece of furniture with gothic carvings. Altogether the cheerful dining-room had undergone an odd change. The walls were papered with views of bleak mountain scenery, dismal lakes and turreted castles, enlivened here and there with groups of Scottish peasantry. The curtains, of many colored plaid, were not very elegant, and contrasted strangely with the long narrow French windows. "What on earth does it all mean?" exclaimed the puzzled Alexis. Just as he asked himself the question, the waiter entered the room, with a countenance of extraordinary formality, bearing meat and wine upon a silver salver. This he placed before him with an infinity of ceremonious gestures and grimaces.

"Your lordship will put up with this poor refreshment," he said. "The beef is as tender as if it came from the king's table (God bless him!), the sack, or rather the claret, is of the best vintage. The kail soup would hardly have been forthcoming; for although the cook is kept at home by a cold, she is reading, and cannot leave her book. And now, if it will please your lordship, I will play you a tune on the bagpipes."

In mute and open-mouthed astonishment, Alexis stared at the speaker. But the old man's earnest countenance, and a movement he made to fetch the discordant instrument, restored to him his power of speech.

"For Heaven's sake!" he cried. "Tobias! stop, come hither, and tell me if you have lost your senses! Lordship! claret! A cook who can't leave her book! A bagpipe! Tobias! what has come to you?"

"Ah, Mr. Alexis!" said the old fellow, suddenly exchanging his quaint and ceremonious bearing for a plaintive simplicity of manner,

"to say the truth, I hardly know myself what has come to me. But pray don't call me Tobias before the master. Caleb has been my name now for a matter of three years. Master and the customers would have it so."

"Caleb?"

"Yes, my dear Mr. Alexis. I and the inn were rebaptized on the same day. I am sorry for both of us, but I am only the servant, and what everybody pleases—"

Alexis pushed open the window and thrust out his head.

"True, by all that's ridiculous!" he exclaimed, turning to the rebaptized waiter; "the old Star hangs there no longer. What is your house called now?"

"The Bear of Bradwardine; and since that has been its name, and everything in it has been so transmogrified, the place is full of strangers, particularly of English, who throng us in the summer. And there's such laughing and tomfoolery, that at times I'm like to go crazy. They stare at old Caleb as if he himself were the bear, laugh in his face and apologize by a handsome tip. That would be all very well, but the neighbors laugh at the master and the inn, and at me and Susan, whose name is now Jenny, and never think of putting hand in pocket to make amends. But what can I do, Mr. Alexis? Master is willful, and I am sixty. If he discharged me who would give old Tobias—Caleb, I mean—his daily bread?"

"I would, old fellow," replied Alexis, heartily; "I would, Tobias. You've saved me a thrashing for many a prank, and were always kinder to me than my own uncle, who sometimes forgot that I was his sister's son. If ever you want, and I have a crust, half is yours. But go on, I do not yet understand—"

Tobias cast a timid glance at the door, and then continued, but in a lower tone than before.

"Three years ago," he said, "the mistress died, and soon afterwards things began to go badly. Your uncle neglected the house, and at last, if we had one customer a day, and three or four on Sundays, we thought ourselves well off. It was all along of books. Every week there came a great parcel from the next town, and master read them through and through, and then the young lady, and then master often again. He neither ate, nor drank, nor slept; he read. That may have made him learned, but it certainly did not make him rich. One day, when things were at the worst, a stranger came to the inn,

and wrote himself down in the book as an Englishman. The first night they sat up talking till morning; all next day and the day after that, they were poring over books. Then the folly began; everything must be changed—house and furniture, sign and servants. They say the Englishman gave your uncle money for the first expenses. If everything had gone according to his master's fancy, you would have found us all in masquerade. The clothes were made for us just like yonder figures on the paper. But we only wore them one day. The blackguards in the street were nigh pulling down the house, and—" here Tobias again lowered his voice—"Justice Stapel sent word to master that he might make as great a fool of himself as he pleased, but that he must keep his servants in decent Christian-like clothing. So we got back to our hose and jackets. The Englishman, when he returned the following spring, and a whole lot of people with him, made a great fuss and scolded and cursed, and said that we upon the continent were a set of miserable slaves, and that it was a man's natural right to dress as he liked. As it was, I had to learn to play the bagpipes; and Jenny had to learn to cook as they do in England or Scotland; and we all had to learn to speak as they speak in master's books, eight pages of which we were obliged to read every day. Jenny likes the books, and says they are better fun than cooking; for my part, I can make nothing of them, and always forget one day what I learned the—"

The old man paused in great trepidation, for just then the door opened, and a beautiful girl, attired in gorgeous Scottish tartans, entered the room.

"Emily! dear cousin!" cried Alexis, springing to meet the blooming damsel, "though eighteen years instead of nine had elapsed since we parted, I still should have recognized your bright blue eyes." Bright the eyes certainly were, and at that moment they sparkled with surprise and pleasure at the wanderer's return; but before Alexis had concluded his somewhat bolsterous greetings, their brightness was veiled by an expression of melancholy, and the momentary flush upon the maiden's cheek was replaced by a pallid hue, which seemed habitual, but unnatural. The change did not escape the cousin's observant glance, and he pressed her with inquiries as to its cause. At first he obtained no reply but a sigh and a faint smile. His solicitude would not be thus repelled.

"Upon my word, cousin," he said, "I leave you no peace till you tell what is wrong. I see very well that during my absence house and furniture, master and servants, have all been turned upside down. But what can have caused this change in you? Have you too been rebaptized? Has the barbarous Englishman driven you too through the wilderness of his countryman's romances?"

Emily cast a side-glance at Tobias, who stood at a short distance, listening to their conversation with an air of respectful sympathy. As if taking a hint, the old man left the apartment. When Emily again turned to her cousin, her eyes glistened with tears.

"Dear Emily," said Alexis, laying aside his headlong bantering tone, and speaking earnestly and affectionately, "place confidence in me, and rely on my zeal to serve you and desire to see you happy. True, I left this house clandestinely, because your father would have made a tradesman of me, when my head was full of Euclid and Vitruvius, and my fingers itched to handle scale and compasses. But it is not the worst sort of deserter who returns voluntarily to his regiment. It is nearly three years since William Elben wrote to me that he hoped speedily to take you home as his bride. But now I see that he has deceived me."

"William spoke the truth," the maiden hastily replied; "the hope was then justified. He had my consent, and my father did not object. But fate had otherwise decreed. The author of *Waverley* is the evil genius who prevents our union and causes our unhappiness. Alas! good cousin, who knows how the threads of our destiny are spun!"

"They are not spun in the study at Abbotsford, at any rate," cried the impetuous Alexis. "But it is all gibberish to me. Our neighbors beyond the Channel have certainly sometimes had a finger in our affairs, but I never knew till now that their novelist's permission was essential to the marriage of a Miffelstein maiden and a Miffelstein attorney. But—"

He was interrupted by Tobias, who threw open the door with much unnecessary noise, and thrust in his head with an ominous winking of his eyes, and a finger upon his lips. The next moment the innkeeper entered the room.

Alexis found his uncle grown old, but he was more particularly struck by his strange stiff manners, which resembled those of Caleb, but were more remarkable in the master than the servant, by the solemn and magnificent

style in which they were manifested. Herr Wirtig welcomed his nephew with infinite dignity; let fall a few words of censure with reference to his flight from home, a few others of approbation of his return, and inquired concerning the young man's present plans and occupations.

"I am an architect and engineer," replied Alexis. "My assiduity has won me friends; I have learnt my craft under good masters, and have done my best to complete my education during my travels in Italy, France and England."

"England?" cried Wirtig, pricking his ears at the word. "Did you visit Scotland?"

With a suppressed smile, Alexis replied in the negative. His uncle shrugged his shoulders with an air of pity.

"And what prospects have you?" he asked.

"Prince Hector of Rauchpfelfenheim has given me a lucrative appointment in his dominions. Before assuming its duties, I have come to pass a few days here, and trust I am welcome."

Wirtig shook his nephew's hand.

"Welcome you are!" said he, kindly. "Hospitality is the attribute of the noblest races. So long it please ye, remain under this poor roof. By the honor of a cavalier! I would gladly have you with me in the spring, when I think of rebuilding my house on a very different plan. You will find many changes here, kinsman Alexis. Come, fill your glass. A health to the Great Unknown! He has been my good genius. But we will talk of that on our way to the harvest feast."

The innkeeper's conversation on the road to the hamlet, where the festival was held, was in complete accordance with Caleb's account of his vagaries. He was perfectly mad on the subject of the author of *Waverley*. Never had human being, whether sage, poet or philosopher, made so extraordinary an impression on an admirer as had the poet of *Abbotsford* on the host of the *Star*—now the *Bear of Bradwardine*. Wirtig identified himself with all the most striking characters of the Scottish novels. He assumed the tone by turns of a stern Presbyterian, a gossiping and eccentric antiquary, a haughty noble, an enthusiastic royalist, a warlike Highland chief. Combined with this monomania was a feeling of boundless gratitude to the Scottish bard for the prosperity the inn had enjoyed under the auspices of the *Blessed Bear*. His portrait hung in the dining-room, where his birthday was annually celebrated. Wirtig scarcely

ever emptied a glass but to his health, or uttered a sentence without garnishing it with his favorite oaths and expressions. In his hour of sorrow, the honest German had made himself a new world out of the novelist's creations. The sorrow faded away, but the illusion remained. And Wirtig deeply resented every attempt to destroy it. Emily's lover, Elben, a thriving young attorney, had dared to attack the daily increasing folly of his future father-in-law, and had boldly taken the field against his Scottish idol. He paid dearly for his temerity. Argument sharpened into irony, and irony led to a quarrel, whose consequence was a sentence of banishment from the territory of the *Clan Wirtig*, pronounced against the unlucky lover, who then heartily bewailed his rashness—the more so that, whilst he himself was excluded from the presence of his mistress, he was kept in constant alarm lest some one of the numerous English visitors to the *Bear of Bradwardine* should seduce her affections, and bear her off to his island. In vain did he endeavor, through mutual friends, to mollify Scott's furious partisan; in vain did Emily, in secret concert with her lover, exert all her powers of coaxing. At last Wirtig declared he would no longer oppose their union when Elben should have atoned for his crime by presenting him with a novel from his own pen, written in the exact style of that stupendous genius whom the rash attorney had dared to vilify. Elben was horrified at this condition, but nevertheless, remembering that love works miracles, and has even been known to make a tolerable painter out of a blacksmith, he did not despair. He shut himself up with a complete edition of the *Waverley* novels, read and reread, wrote, altered, corrected, and finally tore up his manuscripts. A hundred times he was on the point of abandoning the task in despair; a hundred times, stimulated by the promised recompense, he resumed his pen. But his labor was fruitless. A year elapsed; he had vainly consumed sundry reams of paper and bottles of ink. The time allowed him expired at the approaching Christmas. Poor Emily's cheeks had lost their roses through anxiety and suspense. The *Miffelstein* gossips pitied her, abused her father, and laughed at Elben.

These latter details did not reach Alexis through either his uncle or his cousin. The former, on casual mention of the attorney's name, looked as grim as the most truculent Celt that ever carried claymore; in her

father's presence Emily—or Amy, as the Scotomaniac now called her—dared not even allude to her lover. Elben himself, whom Alexis encountered gliding like a pale and melancholy ghost amidst the throng of holiday-makers, confided to his former schoolmate the story of his woes. Alexis alternately pitied and laughed at him.

"Poor fellow!" said he, "how can I help you? I am no novelist, to write your book for you, nor yet a magnificent barbarian from the Scottish hills, to snatch your mistress from her father's tyranny and bear her to your arms amidst the soft melodies of the bagpipe. I see nothing for it but to give her up."

Elben looked indignant at the cold-blooded suggestion.

"You do not understand these matters," said he, with an expression of disdain.

"Possibly not," replied Alexis, "but only reflect—you a romance writer!"

Elben sighed.

"True," he said, "it is a hopeless case. How many nights have I not sat in the moonlight upon the ruins of the old castle, to try and catch a little inspiration. I never caught anything but a cold. How many times have I stolen disguised into the lowest pot-houses, where it would ruin my reputation to be recognized, to acquire the popular phraseology. And yet I am no further advanced than a year ago!"

To the considerable relief of Alexis, the despairing lover was here interrupted by the explosion of two little mortars; a shower of squibs and rockets flew through the air, and the women crowded together in real or affected terror. In the rush, the two friends were separated, and Alexis again found himself by the side of old Wirtig, who was soothing the alarm of his timorous daughter.

"Fear nothing, good Amy," he said; "danger there is none." Then turning to Alexis, "Cousin!" said he, solemnly, "by our dear Lady of Embrun! you was a report! the loudest ever made by mortar. The explosion of the steamboat which yesterday blew Prince Hector of Rauchpfeifenheim and his whole court into the air, could scarcely have been louder."

"Nay, nay," said Alexis, "things are not quite so bad as that. Rumor has exaggerated, as usual. No one was blown into the air—no one even wounded. The steamboat which the prince had launched on the lake near his capital, was certainly lost, in consequence of

the badness of the machinery. But the prince and all on board had left the vessel in good time. The slight service it was my good fortune to render, by taking off Prince Hector in a swift row-boat, doubtless procured me, more than any particular abilities of mine, my appointment as his royal highness's architect."

The bystanders looked with redoubled respect at the man thus preferred by the popular sovereign of the adjacent state. The sentimental Emily lisped her congratulations. Her father shook his nephew vehemently by the hand.

"By St. Dunstan! kinsman," he cried, "it was well done, and I dare swear thou art as brave a lad as ever handled oar! Give me the packet of squibs; Amy, thou shalt see me fire one in honor of thy cousin Alexis!"

The firework, unskillfully thrown, lodged in the coatskirts of a stout, broad-shouldered man in a round hat and a long brown surt-out, who was elbowing his way through the crowd. The stranger, evidently a foreigner, strove furiously against the hissing sputtering projectile, and at last succeeded in throwing it under his feet and trampling it out with his heavy boot soles. Then brandishing a formidable walking-cane, and grumbling most ominously, he began to work his way as fast as a slight lameness in one of his feet permitted, to the place where Wirtig was blowing his match and preparing for another explosion. Emily called her father's attention to the stranger's hostile demonstrations, but the valiant host of the Bear of Bradwardine heeded them not. From time immemorial, he said, it had been use and custom at Miffelstein harvest-home to burn people's clothes with squibs, and he certainly should not set an example of deviation from so venerable a practice. When, however, he distinguished some well-known English oaths issuing from the stranger's lips—and when Caleb came up and whispered in his ear that the traveller had alighted at the Bear, and, finding himself lonely, had demanded to be conducted to the festival—the worthy innkeeper regretted that he had directed his broadside against the stern of a natural ally, and seemed disposed to make due and cordial apology. After some cursing and grumbling in English, the stranger's wrath was appeased, and in a sort of Anglo-German jargon he declared himself satisfied. He said some civil things to Emily, took a seat by her side, abused the squib and rocket practice, praised his host's wine, and made

himself at home. Wirtig's attention seemed greatly engrossed by the new-comer, whom he examined with the corner of his eye, taking no further part in the diversions of the festival, and quite omitting to observe the furtive glances exchanged between his daughter and Elben, who lurked in the vicinity.

Presently Alexis, who had been overwhelmed by the greetings of old acquaintances and playmates, returned to his uncle's party. He started at sight of the Englishman.

"How now!" he exclaimed; "you here, my good sir? By what chance?"

The stranger evidently shared the young man's surprise at their meeting. Hastily quitting his seat, he took Alexis by the arm, and led him out of the throng. At a short distance off, but out of all earshot, Wirtig saw them walking up and down, the Englishman talking and gesticulating with great earnestness, Alexis listening with smiling attention. The host of the Bear sat in deep thought, his eyes riveted upon the Englishman.

"Caleb," he suddenly demanded of the old waiter, who was moistening his larynx with a mug of cider, "Caleb, how came you gentleman to our hostelry?"

"On horseback, Master Wirtig," replied Caleb, mustering up his reminiscences of the Tales of my Landlord, "on a gallant bay gelding. His honor wore spatterdashes, such as they wear to hunt the fox, I believe, in his country. His cane hung from his button; and if it so please ye, Master Wirtig, I will describe his horse furniture as well as my poor old memory will permit."

"Enough!" said Wirtig, impatiently. "Whence comes the traveller, and whither is he bound?"

Caleb shrugged his shoulders.

"Has he written his name in the strangers' book?"

"He has so, Master Wirtig, after long entreaty; for at first he steadfastly refused. At last he wrote it. 'Let none see this,' he said, 'save your master; and let him be discreet, or—'"

"Glorious!" interrupted Wirtig, and, in the joy of his heart, was near embracing his astonished servant. "I had a presentiment of it; but say—his name?"

Caleb looked embarrassed.

"You alone were to see it, Master Wirtig, and I—you know I am not very good at reading writing. I looked into the book, but—"

"How looked the word, fellow?"

"To me it looked a good deal like a blot."

"Now by St. Bennet of Seyton! thou art the dullest knave that ever wore green apron. How many letters?"

Caleb scratched his head.

"Hard to say exactly; but no more than five, I would wager that."

"Five? Varlet, thou rejoicest me. Heavens! that such good fortune should be mine! Run, man, run as you never ran before! Bid Jenny kill, roast and boil! A great supper! Scottish cookery! The oak-table shall groan with its load of sack, ale and whiskey. Let Quentin put the horses to, and fetch us with the carriage. Rob Roy must go round to all the best houses, and invite the neighbors. Tell Rowena to leave the goats, and help Jenny in the kitchen. By my halidome! I had almost forgotten. Old Edith must sweep out the ballroom, and Front-de-Bœuf put wax lights in the chandeliers. Go, run, fly!"

Caleb disappeared. In his place came a crowd of the innkeeper's friends and gossips.

"What now? What is up?" was asked on all sides. And Wirtig exultingly replied:

"A feast! a banquet! such as the walls of the Bear of Bradwardine never yet beheld. For they are this day honored by the presence of the most welcome guest that ever trod the streets of Miffelstein. Wine shall flow like water, and there's welcome to all the world."

Breaking through the inquisitive throng, Wirtig hurried to meet Alexis, who was now returning alone from his mysterious conference with the stranger.

"Well!" cried the uncle, with beaming countenance and expanded eyes.

"Well?" coolly replied the nephew.

"Is it he, or is it not?"

"Who?"

"Who? Now, by the soul of St. Edward! thou hast sworn to drive me mad. You say you have not been in Scotland? Was it in Paris you knew him? Or do you think I am blind? Is not that his noble Scottish countenance? the high cheek bones—the sharp gray eyes—the large mouth, and the bold expression? And then the lame foot, and five letters! What would you have more?"

"Really, uncle, I would have nothing more."

"Obstinate fellow! you will explain nothing! But the portrait, the face, the five letters—your mystery is useless—the secret is out—the stranger is—Scott!"

"Scott!" cried Alexis, greatly surprised.

"How do you know that?"

"Enough! I know it. 'Tis the Great Unknown! Shame on you, Alexis, to try to

deceive your uncle! Tell the great man, with whom you, unworthy that you are, have been so fortunate as to make acquaintance, that his incognito shall be respected, as surely as I bear an English heart in my bosom. By the rood shall it! For all Miffelstein he shall be the Unknown. But I crave his good leave to celebrate his coming."

"I will answer for his making no objection," replied Alexis, who apparently struggled with some inward emotion, for his voice was tremulous, his face very red, and his eyes were steadfastly fixed on the toes of his boots.

"Answer for yourself, Sir Architect!" said his uncle, somewhat sharply. Then, in a lower and confidential tone, "where is the immortal genius?" he inquired.

"If I mistake not," replied Alexis, "I see him yonder, eating curds and pumpernickel."

"Ah, the great man!" ejaculated Wirtig; "to condescend to food so unworthy of his illustrious jaws. And see, he is about to fire off the mortar! Engaging familiarity! Boom! The loudest report to-day! The piece is mine, though it cost me a thousand florins! It shall be christened Walter Scott!"

"Hush, hush!" interposed Alexis; "if you go on in this way, the incognito will be in danger. And he himself must not perceive that you—"

"True!" interrupted the excited Wirtig, clapping his hand on his lips. "Ah, could I but speak Gaelic, or even English, the better to commune with the inspired bard! But he has translated *Goetz von Berlichingen*, so must understand the pure German of Miffelstein. But now tell me, Alexis, in strict confidence, how comes the first of the world's poets in our poor village? Has he, perchance, heard of the Bear of Bradwardine, and of his faithful clansman, John Jacob Wirtig? Or does he seek subject for a new romance, and propose to place his hero at Miffelstein, as he conducted Durward to Plessis-les-Tours, and the brave knight Kenneth to Palestine?"

"Neither the one nor the other, my dear uncle, unfortunately for us," replied Alexis, thoughtfully, and pausing between his sentences. "Trusting to your discretion, and to convince you of its necessity, I will not conceal from you that a great peril has brought the Author of Waverley to Miffelstein. You must know that he has just published an historical romance, in which, availing himself of the novelist's license, he has represented Charlemagne and Henry the Fourth of France vanquished in single combat by William

Wallace and Robert the Bruce. A French general, taking offence at this, has insisted upon his retracting the statement, or fighting a duel with blunderbusses at six paces. Of course a man of honor cannot retract—"

"Of course not! Never did Scottish chief so demean himself! I see it all. The — Unknown has shot the general, and—"

"On the contrary, uncle. He does not want to be shot by the general, and that is why he is here, where none will look for him."

"What?" cried the host of the Bear, taken very much aback; "but that looks almost like—like a weakness, unknown to his heroes, who so readily bare their blades! I scarcely understand how—"

"You misapprehend me," interrupted Alexis; "the baronet only asks to put off the duel until he has finished a dozen novels, each in three volumes, which he has in progress. And as the Vandal refuses to wait—"

"I see it all!" cried Wirtig, perfectly satisfied; "the Unknown is right. What! the base Frenchman would rob the world of twelve master-pieces! Not so. In Miffelstein is safe hiding for the Genius of his century. *Montjoie*, and to the rescue! Let him wrap himself in his plaid, and fear no foe! I will cover him with my target, and my life shall answer for his! Where should he find refuge, if not in the shadow of the Bear?"

Meanwhile, taking advantage of Wirtig's relaxed vigilance, Elben had stolen to Emily's side.

"What is the matter with your father to-day?" said the lovesick attorney to his mistress, when Wirtig and Alexis walked away in the direction of the mortar, and the crowd that had assembled round the host of the Bear dispersed, laughing and shaking their heads. "What new crotchet possesses him, and whence comes his extraordinary excitement and exultation?"

Emily pressed her lover's hand, and the tears stood in her sentimental blue eyes.

"William," she said, "I greatly fear that all is over with our dearest hopes. I am oppressed with a presentiment of misfortune. My father is about to execute an oft-repeated threat. He will force me to wed another!"

"Whom?" cried the unfortunate lawyer, his hair standing on end with alarm; "surely not that rattlepate Alexis? The relationship is too near, and the canon forbids."

"You mistake me, William," replied Emily;

"I mean the Englishman. My father's strange agitation—his boundless joy—certain hints that he has let fall—I am convinced he has discovered in this stranger some rich son-in-law, for whom he had written to England."

"You pierce my very heart!" plaintively exclaimed Elben. "Unhappy day! Accursed festival, date of my last hope's annihilation! How all this merriment grates upon my soul! So might the condemned soldier feel, marching to execution to the sound of joyous music!"

"William, William! what frightful images!" sobbed Emily, from behind her handkerchief.

"Romance, poetry!" continued the incensed attorney; "now, indeed, might I hope to compose some tragic history, which should thrill each reader's heart. Despair not, dearest Emily. There is still justice upon earth. I will bring an action against your father. Or perhaps—from this to the new year there is yet time to invent tales and write volumes. As to yonder lame foreigner, I will try some other plan with him. By the by, who knows if he has got a passport? I don't think he has, by his looks. Respectable people do not travel about on horseback. I must find out what he is, and his name."

And Elben was moving off, to commence his investigations, but Emily detained him.

"Such means are unworthy your noble nature, my William," she said. "In your cooler moments you will assuredly reject them."

Elben shrugged his shoulders.

"At your command," he said, "even stern Themis would drop the sword. But what can I do? Must I resort to pistol-ball or to prussic acid, as sole exit from my misery? That would be unbusinesslike, very unbecoming a respectable attorney. Nor would it rescue you from persecution."

"Is there no way out of this labyrinth?" said Emily, pensively, apparently little apprehensive of her lover's resorting to suicide. "No flight from the clutches of this odious foreigner?"

"Flight!" repeated Elben, catching at the word. "What a bold idea!"

"Realize it," said Emily, speaking low and very quickly. "Run away with me!"

The attorney started.

"*Raptus!*" he exclaimed. "Dearest, what do you propose? The law punishes such an act. The third chapter of our criminal code—"

"You have little chivalry in your nature," interrupted Emily, reproachfully. "You are no Douglas! Leave me, then, to my fate. Alas! poor Emily! to be thus sacrificed ere thy twenty-second summer has fled?"

"Twenty-second!" cried the prosaic lawyer, unheeding the implied inferiority to the Douglas; "there is something in that. I knew not you were of age. You have a right to decline the paternal authority. That alters the case entirely. Since you have completed your one-and-twentieth year, an elopement is less perilous."

The lovers' colloquy was here interrupted by the arrival of Wirtig, accompanied by his nephew and the Englishman. The festival approached its close, and Wirtig, at last missing his daughter, and hearing that she was with Elben, hurried in great alarm to seek her. He was accompanied in his search by Alexis and the lame stranger, who conversed in English.

"Is the innkeeper mad?" inquired the latter. "Does he want to borrow money of me? Or what is he driving at?"

"He merely desires to make himself agreeable to you," replied Alexis.

"The devil take his agreeableness. I hate such fawning ways. You know the unfortunate motive of my visit to Miffelstein. In my position, compliments and ceremony are quite out of place."

"You must nevertheless endure them. They insure your safety. For a few days you must be content to pass for a great man."

"There is none such in my family."

"No matter. Greatness is thrust upon you. Try to persuade yourself that you are the great Scottish Unknown."

"Never heard of him. What has he done?"

"He has written romances."

"Pshaw! I hate your scribblers. For Heaven's sake, don't say I am an author."

"Unfortunately I have said so already. For your own sake, beware of contradicting me. It is most unfortunate that you forgot your passport. If Prince Hector of Raupfeifenheim learns that you are at Miffelstein, you are no safer here than in his capital."

"Curse my luck," growled the Englishman, between his teeth, "and confound all smiths and boiler-makers! Had I but remained in old England! There, if a boiler does burst, money and a letter in the paper will make it all right. But the Continent is worse than a slave-market. *No habeas corpus* here! A

foreigner is no better than an outlaw, and if an accident occurs, he has no ball but leg-bail."

"It is very wrong of the prince to be angry at such a trifle. You were only within a hair's breadth of drowning him and his whole court. However, it is for you to choose whether or not I shall say who you really are."

"Not, certainly not! To get out of this scrape, I would consent to pass for a Dutchman. By all means let me be your Unknown friend."

"You shall," said Alexis, laughing; "but on one condition. You must assist me to bring about the happiness of two deserving persons."

"Cost any money?" inquired the stranger, suspiciously.

"Not a kreuzer. A few fair words, which I will teach you."

"I am willing. What is to be done? Who are the persons?"

"That pretty girl you were sitting by just now, and her lover, a worthy young man."

"But I do not know him."

"Not necessary."

"Whatever you like, if it costs me neither liberty nor money. Though I would give all the money in my pocket for a scrap of passport. Cursed Continent! In my country, we don't know such things. Had I only—but in my haste to escape the gendarmes, I forgot everything."

It was at this point of the conversation, carried on in English, and therefore unintelligible to Wirtig, that the innkeeper pounced upon his daughter and her lover.

"How now, attorney!" he exclaimed; "what means this? By St. Julian of Avenel who permitted you to walk with my daughter? *Tete Dieu!* let it be for the last time! I trust thee not, attorney. But this is a happy day, and you shall not be excluded from the banquet in honor of our distinguished visitor. You will be welcome at the Bear of Bradwardine. And what you there shall see and hear will quickly rid you of your prejudices against—"

Alexis trod on the foot of his garrulous uncle. Elben looked daggers at the Englishman. Emily smiled and sighed.

"Now, your lordship, if it so please ye," quoth Wirtig, in huge delight, "we will return to my poor house. The sun is below the horizon, and the evening dews might endanger your precious health. My forgetful

Caleb has assuredly forgotten to send us the carriage."

"I am ready," replied the stranger. "I have had enough and to spare of your rocket practice, and your music makes my head ache."

"The bagpipes are certainly pleasanter to the ear," said Wirtig, submissively, "and I am grieved that I forgot to command Caleb's attention with them. Pardon the omission. At the house, things shall be better managed. Amy, entertain Sir Wal—"

A crushing application of Alexis's boot-heel to Wirtig's tenderest toe, substituted an exclamation of agony for the second syllable of the forbidden name. The Englishman offered Emily his arm, and a signal from her father compelled its acceptance. By the light of torches, and preceded by a band of music, the Miffelsteiners now moved in long procession homewards, forming a sort of escort for the stranger, who was in front, attended by Wirtig and Alexis. The attorney marched close behind, glaring like a hyena at his supposed rival. Amidst the cracking of fireworks and the reports of guns and pistols, the procession reached the town, and a considerable number of the men went direct to the hotel of the Bear—some eager to profit by the gratuitous good cheer, and others yet more desirous to ascertain its motive. Of this, however, most of Wirtig's guests were by this time aware. Rumors will arise in small towns as in large cities; and thus it was that at Miffelstein twenty busy tongues whispered the presence of the Great Unknown. At the Bear, Wirtig's liberal instructions had been zealously executed. Caleb, Rowena, Jenny, Front-de-Bœuf, and the rest of the household, had done their duty. The table was loaded with English and Scottish delicacies; the portrait of the Great Unknown—its frame adorned with lamps of many colors—stared somewhat wildly, but upon the whole, benevolently, from the wall, doubtless well satisfied to see its original doing ample honor to the repast. The appetites of the other guests, which ungratified curiosity might have damped, were sharpened by a confidential communication from the host of the Bear.

Notwithstanding his nephew's injunctions to secrecy, Wirtig could not refrain from exhibiting to his friends, before they sat down to supper, and of course in the strictest confidence, the name of W. Scott, inscribed on the last page of the strangers' book. There

was no mistaking the characters, blotted and strangely formed though they were. Great were the awe and reverence with which the Miffelsteins contemplated the stranger, who, for his part, gave his chief attention to his supper. He bolted beefsteaks, reduced fowls to skeletons, and poured down, with infinite gusto, bumper after bumper of Burgundy and Hochheimer. The guests remarked with admiration that he avoided, doubtless with a view to the preservation of his incognito, the Scottish drinks and dishes that adorned the board. He affected disgust at a Miffelstein haggis, and neglected the whiskey bottle for the wines of France and Germany. Once he was observed to smile as he glanced at his portrait, and it was inferred that he was amused at the badness of the likeness, which certainly did little credit to the artist. But he made no remark, excepting that, the next moment, he requested his neighbor to pass him a dish of pork with plum sauce.

Wirtig's discretion was far from equalling that of the Unknown. Seated beside his honored guest, in the joy of his heart he overwhelmed him with compliments, made countless allusions to his works and genius, and kept his glass constantly full. The stranger let him talk on, and answered nothing, or only by monosyllables. In proportion to the flattery and attentions lavished by Wirtig, were the sadness and sullenness of Elben the attorney. He had arrived later than the other guests. Seated at one end of the table, he looked Medusas at the Unknown.

"What think you, nephew," said Wirtig, aside, "if I were to send for Amy and her harp to entertain our illustrious visitor? The bagpipes he has forbidden."

"An excellent thought," replied Alexis; "but it cannot be, for Caleb tells me that my cousin has retired to her apartment, complaining of a violent headache."

"Mere woman's fancies!" grumbled the father. "Amy is no *Die Vernon*. Did the girl but know whom our roof this day shelters—St. George of Burgundy! how gladly would she come! How warm would be her welcome of him she is bound to love and reverence!"

Elben overheard these last words, and smiled a grim smile. Owing to his tardy arrival and mental preoccupation, he was unaware of the real motive of the attentions paid to the stranger, and still believed him to

be a favored candidate for the hand of Emily.

The Unknown had finished his pork and plums, and was resting on his knife and fork.

"Where is Miss Amy?" said he, at last, looking particularly tender, either at thoughts of the young lady or at sight of a dish of partridges just then placed smoking before him. The jealous attorney could stand it no longer. Starting from his chair, he rushed from the room.

Wirtig apologized for his daughter's absence, and resumed his complimentary strain.

"By our Lady of Clery, noble sir!" he said, "the productions of your genius have delighted my understanding, and made my house to prosper. I am under the greatest obligations to you, and my debt of gratitude is doubled by the honor of your visit. I pray you to command me in all things."

The stranger seemed embarrassed by this excessive homage. Just then Alexis spoke a few words to him in English. The Unknown emptied his glass, laid his finger thoughtfully on his nose, and after a minute's pause, turned to his entertainer.

"You consider yourself under obligation to me?" he said. "I take you at your word. Prove your sincerity."

"In purse and person, hand and heart, command me," cried Wirtig, "Lord of the Isles and most honorable baronet. Do you lack money? What I have is yours. Do you desire protection from the bloodthirsty Frenchman? In my house you shall find shelter. In your defence, I and mine will don tartan, gird claymore, and shoulder Lochaber axe."

"You are a gentleman," said the Englishman, looking rather puzzled, "and I thank you for your good will, but have no need of your money. The favor I would ask is not for myself, but for others. Consent to your daughter's marriage with the man of her choice. You will do me a great pleasure."

"Ha!" quoth the mystified Wirtig, "Blows the wind from that quarter? The sly puss has enlisted a powerful ally. *Pasques Dieu!* 'Tis a mere trifle you ask, worshipful sir. I had gladly seen you tax my gratitude more largely."

"Consent without delay," whispered Alexis to his uncle. "Let not the great man think you hesitate."

"With all my heart," said Wirtig. "I had certainly made a condition, and would gladly

—but will Amy be happy with the prosaic attorney?"

Once more the Great Unknown laid his finger solemnly on his nose. "Undoubtedly," he said, tossing off another bumper of his host's best Burgundy. He spoke rather thick, and his eyes had a fixed and glassy look. "Undoubtedly," he repeated, as if speaking to himself. Just then Caleb and Front-de-bœuf placed a fresh battery of bottles on table and sideboard. "Upon my soul," added the stranger, in English, "this old tavern-keeper is a jolly fellow, and his Burgundy is prime." He nodded oracularly, and again filled his glass.

"Listen to him!" said Alexis to his uncle, who hung upon each sound that issued from his idol's lips. "He prophesies! The second sight is upon him! He foretells their happiness. Consent at once!"

"The second sight!" exclaimed Wirtig, reverently. "Nay, then, in heaven's name, be it as he wishes! I freely give my consent!"

Alexis would fain have left the room to seek Elben, and inform him of his good fortune; but his uncle would not spare him. The Englishman continued to imbibe the Burgundy, the other guests zealously followed his example, conviviality was at its height, songs were sung, and the evening wore on. During a tumultuous chorus of hurrahs, elicited by an impromptu allusion to the guest of the evening, introduced by the Miffelstein poet into a bacchanalian ditty, Caleb entered the room with an important countenance, and beckoned Alexis from the table. A foreigner, he said, who spoke more French than German, was making anxious inquiries about one Schott or Scott, and insisted upon seeing the landlord. At first somewhat staggered by this intelligence, which threatened destruction to his schemes, the ready-witted architect soon hit upon a remedy. Sending Caleb to announce to the stranger his master's speedy appearance, he called Wirtig aside.

"Uncle," he said, "the moment for decisive action has arrived. The French general is below. He is on the track of the Great Unknown, and insists that he is here. Keep him at bay for a while, and I will contrive the escape of your illustrious guest. Above all, parley not with the false Frenchman."

"Ha! Beauseant!" exclaimed the valorous and enthusiastic Wirtig. "Is it indeed so? Methinks there will be cut-and-thrust work ere the proud Norman reach his prey. Ha!

St. Andrew! he shall have a right Scottish answer. And though he were the bravest knight that ever put foot in stirrup—"

"Expend not the precious moments in similes," interrupted Alexis. "Remember only that the man is glib of tongue, and let him not mislead you by friendly professions."

"Not I, by the soul of Hereward!" replied Wirtig, leaving the room.

Alexis hastened to the Englishman.

"You must be off, my good sir," he said. "A detachment of the body-guard of Prince Hector of Rauchpfeifenheim is in pursuit of you. Their officer is in the house making clamorous inquiry."

"The devil he is!" cried the stranger, sobered by the intelligence. "What is to be done? The horse I came upon is foundered. Infernal country! Accursed steamboat! I cannot leave the place on foot."

"Leave the house, at any rate," said Alexis, "and we will then see what to do. Delay another minute, and escape is impossible. Follow me, as you love liberty and life."

The Englishman obeyed. Alexis led the way into a back-room, threw open a window, and stepped out upon a balcony, whence a flight of steps descended into the garden of the hotel. This was quickly traversed, and the two men reached a narrow and solitary lane, formed by stables and garden walls, and close to the outskirts of the town. Ten paces off stood a postchaise, the door open and the steps down.

"Now then, sir," said the driver, in a sleepy voice, as they approached his vehicle. "Jump in. No time to lose."

"How fortunate!" said the Englishman; "here is a carriage."

"But not for you, is it?" said Alexis.

The Englishman laughed, and clapped his hand on his pocket.

"Everything for money. Drive on, postillion, and at a gallop. A double *trinkgeld* for you."

And he jumped into the vehicle, which instantly drove off, and had disappeared round a corner before Alexis, astonished by the suddenness of the proceeding, had time to reciprocate the farewell shouted to him by the fugitive. He was about to reenter the garden, when a man came running down the lane. It was Elben.

"How now, William," cried Alexis, "what do you here?"

"The postchaise," cried the attorney, "where is it?"

"The postchaise—was it for you?"

"To be sure."

"It has just driven off with the Englishman."

"With the Englishman?" gasped Elben.

"Destruction! And Emily in it?"

"Emily! my cousin! The devil! What do you mean?"

"Alexis, you are my friend—with you I need not dissemble. That carriage was to bear me and Emily from my father's tyranny. I put her into it ten minutes ago. She insisted I should be armed, and I returned for these!"

And, throwing open his cloak, he exhibited a pair of enormous horse pistols, and a rapier, which, from its antiquated fashion, might have belonged to a contemporary of the Great Frederick.

"And whilst you were arming," cried the incorrigible Alexis, convulsed with laughter, "the Great Unknown ran off with your bride. Well, you may rely he will not take her far. He is in too great haste to escape, to encumber himself with baggage. And you will be spared a journey, for my uncle no longer opposes your marriage."

At that moment the garden door opened, and Emily stood before them. No sooner had the romantic damsel sent her knight to arm himself, than she remembered an indispensable condition of an elopement, which she had forgotten to observe, and hurried back to her apartment, to leave upon her table a line addressed to her father, deprecating his wrath, and pleading the irresistible force of love. A few words from Alexis gave her and Elben the joyful assurance that no obstacle now barred their union.

On reentering the inn, Alexis encountered a French equerry of Prince Hector of Raupfeifenheim, who at once recognized him as his sovereign's newly appointed architect.

"Ah! *Monsieur l'Architecte*," he exclaimed; "how delighted I am to meet with a sane man. The people here are stark mad,

and persist in knowing nothing of Scott, the engineer. I know very well he is here. Tell the drunken dog that the prince forgives him. I have ordered his baggage to be sent hither, and here is money for his expenses. The prince never seriously intended to visit upon him the fault of his bad machinery."

Alexis undertook to transmit Prince Hector's bounty and pardon, and was enabled to take his uncle the joyful intelligence that the bloodthirsty French general had departed in peace.

Elben and Emily were married. Alexis forwarded the property of the Great Unknown, and soon afterwards left Miffelstein. Wirtig wondered to hear nothing more of his illustrious visitor and benefactor, when one day a letter reached him, bearing the London postmark, and scrawled in execrable German. Its contents were as follows:

"DEAR SIR,—Once more back in Old England, which I ought never to have left, I remit you the enclosed note in discharge of my reckoning. Before this, you will doubtless have discovered who your Great Unknown really was, and that his business is with pistols and paddlewheels, not with novels and romances. My best regards to that merry fellow Alexis, and to your sentimental little daughter. And you, my comical old friend, have my best wishes for your welfare and prosperity.

WILLIAM SCOTT."

When Wirtig had read this epistle, he remained for some time plunged in thought. From that day forward he left off novel-reading, and attended to his business; called Caleb Tobias; eschewed bagpiping and Scottish cookery; consigned plaid-curtains, oaken sideboards and portraits of the Great Unknown to the lumber-room. And before the new year arrived, the Blessed Bear of Bradwardine had disappeared from the door, and the thirsty wayfarer might once more drink his glass by the light of the jolly old Star.



THE FRONTIERSMAN'S SHOT.

BY JAMES FRANKLIN FITTS.

THE last war with England brought in its train the most terrible sufferings to the people of our own country and the provinces who lived near enough the lines to be exposed to the forays and reprisals of hostile troops. Among all this suffering there was none greater than that occasioned by the wanton burning of the villages on the frontiers. It seems certain that the first of these acts was committed by our own troops in the destruction of Newark (now Niagara), at the mouth of the river, by which many families were turned shelterless upon the world. The British took a speedy and terrible revenge the following year, laying the torch to all the settlements on the American line, from Lake Erie to Ontario, and often accompanied the barbarity with the horrors of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

It was in the dead of winter that the allied British and Indians crossed the Niagara upon this savage mission, landing at Five Mill Meadows, a short distance below the village of Lewiston. A farmer who had witnessed the crossing with terror and dismay from his bedroom window, in the gray dawn of that morning, mounted a horse and brought the tidings to Lewiston. The scenes which then and there took place are beyond description. Whole families, hardly waiting to gather up the least of their clothing or valuables, hurriedly fled along the road leading to the interior; homes were left just as when their occupants had been roused from their sleep to fly for their lives, in some cases the breakfast-table standing with its food untasted; while the inhabitants, pale and terror-stricken, in wagons, carts, sleds, and every movable thing that could be made available for flight, and not a few on foot, hastened away from the doomed town and the terror that was approaching; the women holding their babes to their breasts and whispering fearfully, "the Indians—the Indians!" In one hour from the first alarm the place was entirely deserted, save by a few infirm and sick who were necessarily left to the hard mercy of the savages. The latter, with the troops, took possession of the village, and after rioting through it for a time, fired it and burned every house to the ground.

It is not my purpose now to record the suf-

ferings of these poor exiles in that inclement season, men, women, the aged, the sick, the delicate, and the little children, as they wandered in the cold and snow, seeking safety and shelter. The incident which I have now to relate concerns one family only of the many, and the manner in which they were preserved from slaughter by the daring of one member of it. They were three brothers, Bates, Lothrop and Isaac by name. In after years, this family attained considerable civic distinction, the hero of this adventure representing the district in Congress, and filling a State office, while another held several Federal and local appointments near the scene of his peril. It is better, however, to omit the family name.

Bates, the oldest of the three, was at this time a stout stalwart young man of twenty-five or thereabouts, of cool courageous spirit, and quick with his rifle. His father had removed thither from Connecticut at an early day, and hard experience had well inured the oldest boy to the hardships and responsibilities of pioneer life. Lothrop, the second, was a youth of less than twenty, and was at the time a helpless cripple, confined to his bed by an acute white-swellings at the knee-joint—by which, some months after, he lost the limb. Isaac, the youngest, was a mere lad. The three were keeping the house alone upon this critical morning, the girls of the family fortunately being away from home on a visit.

At the sound of the first outcry in the street "The Indians are coming! The Indians are coming!" Bates sprang up and dressed himself, and bade little Isaac do the same. Waiting only to assure himself that the alarm was not a false one, the young man hitched one of his horses to a light sled, and lifting up his sick brother in his arms, bed and all, he laid him upon the sled, carefully covered him up, and directed Isaac to drive east as fast as he could go. The young man might probably have escaped with his little brother without embarrassment; but the selfish thought of leaving poor Lothrop to the infuriated savages never occurred to him. Waiting only long enough to carefully charge his rifle and saddle another horse, he mounted and rode after his brothers. The place was by this

time entirely deserted, and he could hear the yells of the Indians, as they entered it from the river road.

Pressing his horse to top-speed, he overtook Isaac with his charge two miles east of the village. The little fellow was striving to his utmost to urge the horse along with the sled; but Bates now perceived to his consternation, that the animal had fallen lame and could get on only at a halting walk. All the fugitives on the road had now passed them and disappeared; and Bates was about to unhitch the worthless animal and replace him with the one he rode, when he saw a mounted party riding furiously toward them from the direction of the village. Almost as quickly as he saw them he was satisfied that they were marauding Indians; and he was presently able to count three of them. They came riding swiftly along the road, and he knew that in a moment more they would overtake his own party.

"Run for your life, Isaac!" he called to the boy.

The latter obeyed without question, and made for a hill some little distance away. Bates had no more than time to look to the priming of his rifle when the foremost of the pursuers rode up. He was a tall muscular savage, hideously decked out in the war-paint of his tribe. Bates had drawn away to the side of the road; and the Indian seemed to take no notice of him, but made directly for the sled. He brandished his hatchet over his head, and was leaning over his horse's side, to deliver the fatal blow full into the head of the invalid, when Bates's rifle spoke out, and the savage tumbled under the animal's feet, with a bullet straight through his heart. The horse galloped back, and the other two hesitated a moment; and then they charged down upon the sled with frightful cries.

The gallant frontiersman knew that he could have no time to reload, and clubbing his gun, he stood at the back of the sled, resolved to die, if he must, dealing stout blows upon his enemies. But he was not compelled to make the sacrifice. Behind the hill where little Isaac had taken refuge, he found a small party of friendly Tuscarora Indians in ambush. They belonged to the remnant of that tribe whose reservation was in this vicinity; and they had come out this morning to succor the flying villagers. Being small in numbers, they placed themselves in ambush, waiting for a favorable opportunity to help their distressed friends; and when Isaac, blundering

into the midst of them, and at once recognizing them, explained the peril of his brothers, they sallied out over the hill, raising the loud war-whoop of their tribe. It came just in time to check the two warriors as they made their onset upon the sled. They pulled their horses up short at the sound; and seeing the numbers opposed to them who were hurrying to the rescue, they sent back a cry of defiance, and galloped back towards the village.

Under the escort of the Tuscaroras the brothers continued their flight from this point to a place of safety. Upon examination, the slain warrior was found to be a chief of considerable note. Papers were discovered upon his body, bearing the signature of a British officer of rank, authorizing him to recruit among his tribe for the colonial service, and conferring upon him the rank of captain.

The exact scene of this adventure is pointed out by the people of the vicinity; and—*tempora mutant!*—a schoolhouse stands upon the spot. Who shall say that our civilization is not progressive?

TOASTS AND SENTIMENTS.

May the honest heart never know distress.

May we be slaves to nothing but our duty.

May care be a stranger where virtue resides.

May hemp bind those whom honor cannot.

May our prudence secure us friends, but enable us to live without their assistance.

May sentiment never be sacrificed by the tongue of deceit.

May our happiness be sincere, and our joys lasting.

May the smiles of conjugal felicity compensate the frowns of fortune.

May the tear of sensibility never cease to flow.

May the road to preferment be found by none but those who deserve it.

May the liberal hand have free access to the purse of plenty.

May the impulse of generosity never be checked by the power of necessity.

May we always forget when we forgive an injury.

May the feeling heart possess the fortune the miser abuses.

May we draw upon content for the deficiencies of fortune.

May hope be the physician when calamity is the disease.

May the single be married, and the married happy.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF MELBOURNE.

It will readily be believed that our hero surveyed with eager interest the city which lay before him. Melbourne was not so large and populous as at present, but it presented an unusually lively and animated appearance. It was in the height of the gold excitement, and multitudes had flocked thither from all parts of the world, so that representatives of every nationality might be found in the streets of Australia capital. But we are anticipating a little.

Mr. Lindsay, Maud and Harry stood on the deck of the vessel, waiting for the ship to be secured that they might go on shore. Mr. Lindsay's mind was quite at ease, for he had money, and money would provide him with all the comforts and luxuries which he could desire. But with Harry it was different: He realized the helplessness of the situation, and despite his pluck it made him feel a little uneasy. He knew that Mr. Lindsay had an interest in him, but he did not like to presume upon that interest.

"Well, my boy," said Mr. Lindsay, "are you ready to go on shore?"

Harry hesitated.

"I should like to go," he said.

"I have just ordered my trunks brought on deck," said the merchant. "In half an hour I think we may be on shore."

"Then I will bid you good-by, sir," said Harry.

"Good-by! What for?"

"Yes, Harry, what for?" echoed Maud.

"Because we are going to part."

"No, we are not. You are going with us."

"But," said Harry, hesitating, "I could not afford to stop where you do."

"Don't trouble yourself about that," said Mr. Lindsay, kindly. "I feel an interest in you, and so does Maud."

"Of course I do," said Maud, so decidedly that Harry blushed, not being accustomed to hear himself spoken of in such complimentary terms by a young lady.

"Therefore," proceeded Mr. Lindsay, "I mean to take you on shore with me, and I will afterwards give you time to form your

plans, in which I shall give you such assistance as I can."

"You are very kind, sir," said Harry, gratefully.

"Then you will go with us, Harry," said Maud, "wont you?"

"I shall be very glad to do so," said Harry. "You are very kind to me, Miss Lindsay."

"Miss Lindsay?" repeated the young lady, impatiently. "What makes you call me that?"

"Isn't it your name?" asked Harry, smiling.

"No, it isn't. At any rate you are not to call me so. Call me Maud."

"Well, Maud, I will, if you want me to."

"Certainly I do. I wish we could go on shore, I am tired of staying here."

They had not long to stop, however. They were soon on the pier, where a number of carriages were waiting to convey passengers to the various hotels. Mr. Lindsay had previously inquired which was the best hotel in the city, and gave directions to the driver to convey him thither. As I don't wish to discriminate in favor of any particular hotel, I shall call it by an assumed name, "The Tasmania Hotel."

It had a handsome appearance, being located on Collins street, which is the principal business street in Melbourne. This street is about one third wider than Broadway, and had, even in the days of which I am writing, many handsome shops and imposing buildings.

"I didn't know Melbourne was such a nice place," said Maud, looking about with satisfaction. "Why, they've got as nice shops here as they have in London."

"Yes, Melbourne is quite an enterprising city," said Mr. Lindsay.

"I like it better than London for one reason," continued Maud.

"What is that?"

"It is brighter and more cheerful. In London it is almost always foggy."

"I should like to deny that, being a true Briton," said Mr. Lindsay, "but I am afraid I must admit that London is open to that objection."

"I'll tell you what I am going to do this afternoon, papa."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm going out shopping."

"I am afraid I can't go with you this afternoon, Maud. I shall be occupied with business."

"There is no need of your going with me, papa."

"But I should not be willing to have you go alone, Maud," said her father.

"I don't mean to go alone. Harry'll go with me, and protect me, only I don't think I shall need any protection, but it'll be pleasant to have him go."

"If he is willing to go, I have no objection."

"You'll come with me, Harry, wont you?" asked Maud.

"I shall be very happy to accompany you, Miss—"

Here Maud held up her finger warningly.

"I mean Maud," said our hero.

"Then that's settled. We'll have lots of fun."

"I am afraid that is not quite the way young ladies ought to talk," said her father.

"What would your governess say?"

"Poor dear old lady! she'd be shocked, I know she would. She wanted me to be as prim and stupid as herself. But I can't be, papa. It is not in me."

"No, I don't think it is," said her father, smiling.

They were assigned pleasant rooms in the hotel, in fact, the best in the house. Mr. Lindsay, though not an extravagant man, was always liberal in all his arrangements, when travelling; and now, especially, when he had his daughter with him, he was resolved to spare no expense to secure such comforts as could be procured. Harry also was provided with a pleasant apartment on the same floor. Mr. Lindsay might easily have secured for him a cheaper one on an upper floor, but he was apparently resolved to treat Harry as if he were a member of his own family.

They ordered an early dinner, being tired of ship fare, and anxious for the fresher vegetables and meat which could be obtained on shore. According to the English system they took their meal privately in Mr. Lindsay's apartment. It proved to be well cooked, and of good quality, and each of the three did full justice to it.

When the meal was over Mr. Lindsay said:

"I must go out now and make a business call, leaving you young people to your own devices."

"We'll go out shopping and sight-seeing, papa, as I told you."

"Don't go too far, or you might get lost."

"Never fear that. But there's one thing you mustn't forget, papa."

"What is that?"

"What does a young lady always want when she goes out shopping?"

"Some money?"

"You've guessed right the first time."

"You wont want much. What do you wish to buy?"

"I can't tell, papa, till I see what they have got to sell."

"Here, then," said Mr. Lindsay, placing two gold sovereigns in his daughter's hand. "Mind and don't spend it foolishly."

"Did you ever know me spend money foolishly, papa?"

"Well, perhaps I had not better express myself on that point. Good-by, for a few hours."

Mr. Lindsay went out, and Maud and Harry soon followed. They walked along Collins street, looking about them with eager interest. They met German, English, French, Chinese, in fact types of nearly all nationalities. This seemed more strange to Maud than to Harry, for in New York the latter had been accustomed to 'see a mingling scarcely less great of heterogeneous elements. But in London, or at any rate, in those parts with which Maud was familiar, there was far less diversity.

"I like this," said Maud, with satisfaction. "Everything looks so new and strange. It's ever so much better fun than being in London. Besides, if I were in London, instead of having you to walk about with me, I should have a stiff old governess calling out every moment, 'you should be more particular about your deportment, Miss Maud.' Now I know you wont say anything about my deportment."

"No, I think not," said Harry. "I don't know what a young lady's deportment ought to be."

"I'm glad of that, for you wont be turning up the whites of your eyes at me in horror at anything I say or do. O, there's some ribbon I want. Do you see it in that window? Come in with me, Harry?"

They went in and Maud made a purchase of some ribbon, which she declared to be of a lovely shade.

Now it must be confessed that Maud sometimes allowed her high spirits to carry her too far. She was of an excitable, impulsive temperament. Still her impulses were generous and kindly, and in spite of her faults she was unusually attractive, and it was difficult not to be won over by her frank, affectionate manner. So Harry, who was not much used

to the society of young ladies; and, as he said, did not very well know what deportment was proper for them, considered Maud to be very agreeable, and felt grateful for her kindness to himself.

After buying the ribbon, Maud walked on for some little distance till she came to a gentleman's furnishing store.

"I want to go in here, Harry," she said.

"They only sell articles for gentlemen in there," said Harry.

"Never mind," said Maud. "I know what I want. Come in."

Entering the shop, Maud took the lead, and advancing to the counter, asked the shopman:

"Will you show me some of your cravats?"

"For yourself, miss?" asked the shopman, surprised. "We don't keep ladies' goods."

"No, for this young gentleman, my cousin," she added, looking at Harry.

"But, Maud, you mustn't buy anything for me," interposed Harry, in a low voice.

"Yes, I shall," said Maud, "I don't like your cravat at all. I'm going to buy you a nice one."

Harry continued to remonstrate, but he found that opposition only made Maud more determined. So he was obliged to submit, while she purchased for him two handsome neckties.

"There, Harry," she said, placing them in his hand, as they left the shop, "I expect you to put one of them on as soon as you get home."

"What will your father say, Maud?" asked Harry. "Perhaps he wont like it."

"You don't know papa," said Maud. "He will only laugh. Now will you promise?"

"I am sure I am much obliged to you. I wish I could buy you a present. Perhaps I may be able to some time."

"There, don't say anything more about it. What a lot of carriages there are in the street, almost as many as in London."

The street in fact was lively with a continued line of cabs, drays and vehicles of various kinds, presenting a spectacle more animated than might be expected of a city of the size. But Melbourne, though at this time it contained but a hundred thousand inhabitants, had a very large foreign trade, with the principal ports not only of Europe but of the United States. This had been largely increased by the gold discoveries, those who were lucky at the mines being prodigal in their purchases of articles of luxury as well as necessity. Then there was a large export

trade in wool, hides, and country produce from the interior, especially in the two former, for Australia is a great grazing country.

"I wonder what building that is," said Harry, soon afterwards.

He pointed to a very handsome structure in the Italian style, on the corner of Bourke and Elizabeth streets. It was adorned with sculptures, and looked new. In fact it had just been opened to the public.

"That," said a gentleman, who overheard him, "is our new post-office."

"That reminds me," said Harry, "I must write home to-night, to let my mother know where I am."

In fact Harry did write that same evening, and gave the letter to a servant at the hotel to post. The latter carelessly lost the letter, and then being afraid of blame, falsely assured Harry that he had posted it. So the fates were once more against Mrs. Raymond, and the missive which would have cheered her heart got swept into a waste-basket, and was consumed with other papers of no value.

CHAPTER XXIX.

HARRY FORMS HIS PLANS.

A WEEK slipped away very pleasantly. Mr. Lindsay was considerably occupied by business, but he seemed satisfied to trust Maud to the companionship of Harry. Together they went about the city sight-seeing. They visited the several pleasure-grounds in the immediate neighborhood of the city, among them the Carlton and Fitzroy Gardens. Maud freely declared that she had never had so good a time in her life. Harry also enjoyed it, but every now and then the thought would force itself upon him, that he ought to be doing something. At present he was penniless, and but for the liberality of Mr. Lindsay would have hardly known what to do. Besides this he felt that he ought to be earning money to get home with. He could not help feeling anxious about his mother and sister.

So one evening, after they had returned from an excursion to the Yan Yean water-works, about eighteen miles distant from the city, Harry ventured to ask an interview with Mr. Lindsay.

"Maud, you may go out a few minutes," said her father, "while Harry speaks with me."

"He wont mind me. Will you, Harry?"

"A little," said our hero.

"I didn't know you had any secrets from me," said Maud, reproachfully.

"The secret is not a very great one," said Harry. "I may tell you afterwards."

"Now, Harry," said Mr. Lindsay, after Maud had left the room.

"I wanted to consult you about my plans," Mr. Lindsay, said Harry. "I think I ought to go to work."

"Are you discontented?"

"No sir, you and Maud have been very kind, much kinder than I deserve. I don't like to feel that you are paying all my expenses."

"In return, you relieve me of a good deal of care by undertaking the charge of Maud. If I had not a great deal of confidence in you, I would not be willing to leave you together as much as I have."

"Thank you for your confidence, Mr. Lindsay," said Harry. "I hope you will find that I deserve it. I am glad if I have been able to make you any return for your kindness. Still I cannot help feeling for my mother's sake that I ought to find something to do, in order that I may return home as soon as possible."

"I might offer to pay your passage back to New York," said Mr. Lindsay, "but if I were in your place, now that you are out here I should wish to stay a few months. You may never again have a chance to visit Australia, and it is worth exploring. You can write to your mother, so as to relieve her from anxiety."

"I have done so already," said Harry.

"That is well. Now have you any plans of your own? If you have, and will state them, I will give you my advice as to their wisdom."

"I have been hearing a good deal of the gold mines," said Harry, "and I think I should like to try my luck in them. Yesterday I saw a miner who had just returned to Melbourne, after working six months. In that time he made ten thousand dollars which he brought with him. He is an American, and means to return to New York by the next steamer."

"Yes, there are such cases of extraordinary luck, but I hope you wont be too sanguine, or you will in all probability be disappointed. It is not every one who earns even a thousand dollars in that time."

"I know that," said Harry. "Still my chance would be as good as any, and I might be lucky. At any rate I have nothing to lose, and should see something of the country."

"That is true. Well, when do you want to start?"

"I should like to start as soon as possible."

"Let it be next Monday morning then. I will take care that you don't go empty-handed."

"I don't think you ought to give me so much, Mr. Lindsay."

"Leave me to decide that. Now shall we call in Maud? I suppose she is tormented by curiosity to know what we are talking about."

"The reason I did not want to speak before her was, that I was afraid she would urge me not to go away."

"Yes, she will miss you very much, but we shall expect to hear from you, and to see you again soon, if only on a visit."

As Harry anticipated, Maud strenuously opposed his plan, but our hero felt that, however pleasant it might be to remain, it was his duty to go. It was of course very agreeable to enjoy the luxurious accommodations of a first class hotel, but all this was not advancing him in life, and however kind Mr. Lindsay might be, he felt a degree of delicacy in living at his expense.

Monday morning soon came. Mr. Lindsay called Harry aside, and said:

"My young friend, you will need some money to start with. In this purse you will find fifty sovereigns (about two hundred and fifty dollars in gold). I think it will support you till you can earn something."

"But, Mr. Lindsay," said Harry, quite overwhelmed by this munificent gift, "I ought not to accept so much money."

"My young friend, when I was a boy, I met a friend who took an interest in me, and helped me on. I will try to do the same by you. I am a rich man and can afford it. Say no more about it, but if you need more, or get into any difficulty, let me know, and I will do what I can to help you."

Our hero clasped the hand of the generous merchant warmly.

"I wish I knew how to thank you," he said.

"You can do so, by justifying my good opinion of you, Harry," said Mr. Lindsay, kindly.

"I will try to do that at least," said Harry, earnestly. "I will never forget your generous kindness."

That afternoon Harry started for the gold-diggings. He did not go alone. He was fortunate enough to fall in at one of the hotels with a man of middle age, a rough-looking

man to appearance, but as Harry afterwards discovered, a man of warm heart and much kindness. This was the way the acquaintance was made.

Harry overheard him speaking of the mines, from which he said he had only recently returned. When he had finished speaking Harry said:

"May I speak to you a minute, sir?"

"An hour if you like," said the other, kindly.

"I wanted to ask you something about the mines."

"Are you thinking of going there?" asked the stranger, surveying him attentively.

"Yes," said Harry.

"It is a rough sort of life you will have to lead there, my boy."

"I expect so, but I think I can rough it for a time at least."

"Well, if you have good pluck I have nothing to say. But it aint everybody that succeeds."

"No sir, I suppose not, but I have a chance."

"At any rate I have no right to dissuade you, for I was successful."

"Are you willing to tell me about it?"

"No objection at all. I was there four months. In the first three, I didn't pay expenses, but in the fourth month I more than made up for all my ill luck. How much do you think I've got lodged with my bankers here?"

"A thousand dollars?"

"A thousand dollars seven times over. Eight thousand dollars I cleared in that last month, and seven of it I have salted down."

Harry's eyes sparkled.

"I only wish I could be so fortunate," he said, earnestly.

"What would you do with your money then?" asked the other.

"I would take care of my mother and make her comfortable."

"Tell me about your mother, that is, if you don't mind. I've got nobody belonging to me, more's the pity, and perhaps that's the reason why I like to hear about other people's relations."

Harry thereupon began to relate his story, and assured by the stranger's manner that he was interested kept on to the end.

"You've had bad luck, boy," he said, at the end, "but maybe it'll turn out for the best. Perhaps you have been sent to this out of the

way part of the world on purpose to make your fortune. Who knows?"

"I wish it might turn out so."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said the stranger. "I didn't mean to go back to the mines. Seven thousand dollars was enough for me, but I've a great mind to go back with you."

"I wish you would," said Harry. "I'd like to go with somebody that knows the mines, and can help me with his advice."

"I will go then," said the other, emphatically. "Now tell me when you want to go."

"Next Monday."

"That will suit me as well as any time. I'm beginning to get tired of the city. There is nothing to do here. There's something in the wild free life of the mines that I like. It's agreed then; we'll go together."

"Yes," said Harry, "and I am very glad that I have secured company."

"So am I. There's no one out there that I cared to make a friend of. It's every man for himself, and devil take your neighbor. Perhaps I was as bad as the rest. But I feel an interest in you, and whether you find any gold or don't find any, you'll need a friend. Perhaps you'll need one more if you are successful than if you fail. What is your name?"

"Harry Raymond."

"And mine is John Bush. I would give you my card if I had any, but they don't care about such things at the mines. Will you take supper with me?"

"No, thank you, I shall be expected back."

"Have a cigar then?"

"I never smoke, Mr. Bush."

"So much the better, Harry. But it's second nature to me, and I can't leave off. Let me see, what day is it?"

"Friday."

"Then Monday we will start. Call and see me before that time."

"I'll call to-morrow afternoon."

"Very good. We'll arrange then all that needs arranging."

So they parted.

Bush, as Harry saw, was rather rough in his manners, but he seemed kindly. He felt fortunate in meeting him, for his advice would be valuable, especially as he had been successful. Besides, as he began to understand, the undertaking upon which he was about to enter was one of difficulty and perhaps danger, especially for one so young, and

he would be the better for a friend like Bush. He saw him again, as promised, on Saturday, and got a list of things which the miner informed him would be necessary.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE VICTORIA GOLD MINES.

FOUR weeks had passed. The scene has changed for Harry. He is no longer living in a first class city hotel on the fat of the land, but is "roughing it" at the Victoria mines seventy miles northwest of Melbourne.

These diggings were of limited extent, occupying not above a square mile, but this square mile was a scene of extraordinary animation and activity. Scattered over it were hundreds of miners, rough-bearded, and clothed with little regard to taste or elegance. They represented many countries, differing widely except in being all occupied by one engrossing passion, the love of gold. Some, rough as they now looked, had been gentlemen at home, fastidious in their dress and personal appearance, but not to be recognized now, so much were they changed. Others had always been roughs, and this life which they were now leading was little adapted to improve them. But it isn't necessary to speak of the mines in general. Our interest is confined to two, and these two are of course Harry Raymond and his adviser and friend John Bush.

At the moment of my introducing them once more to the reader, Bush was seated upon the ground smoking a pipe, while Harry was carefully inspecting the back of a shovel, from which he had just been washing some earth, in search of particles of gold.

"Do you find anything, boy?" asked Bush, taking his pipe from his mouth.

Harry came nearer, that Bush might examine for himself.

"Yes," he said, "there is a little."

"It's the only gold I have found to-day."

"Yes, lad, we are not growing rich very fast, that's a fact. We've been at work more than three weeks, and I don't think we have netted five ounces."

"No," said Harry.

I may remark here that an ounce is worth not far from twenty dollars. It follows accordingly that the amount referred to represented less than a hundred dollars.

"I'll tell you what I have been thinking of, Harry," said Bush.

"What is it?"

"I think our chances will be better further up the hill. Here we may, if we are lucky, get three ounces a week, probably not as much. What I want is a nugget."

"But that isn't so easy to find," said Harry.

"No, that's true, but they are found for all that. Shall I tell you what has made me think of it most?"

"Yes, if you will."

Bush lowered his voice.

"Do you see that spot, about half a mile away, where that rough gray rock stands?"

"Yes."

"Three nights ago I dreamed that I found a big nugget within a yard of that rock. Now I never put much faith in dreams, but I've had that same dream twice since."

"You have?" said Harry, interested.

"Yes, and you know what they say, the third time never fails. I'm not over-superstitious, Harry, but it's my idea that dream means something. What do you say?"

"It is very singular, at any rate," said Harry.

"At any rate, I've a mind to see what it means, if it means anything. So I'm going to leave you here, and go up there. If I find nothing, well and good, I'll come back. If I'm lucky, we'll share the good luck. What do you say?"

"That you are very generous, Bush." Harry had come to call him so, for they are not very ceremonious at the mines.

"Wait till you have something to thank me for."

The next morning, accordingly, Harry was left alone. He worked all day without meeting with much success. All the gold he found probably would not have amounted to fifty cents, and that was not a very liberal compensation for the long and tiresome labor needed.

At nightfall Bush came back.

"Well, Bush," said Harry, "have you met with any success?"

"No," said Bush, "and I didn't expect any, not to-day."

"Why not?"

"Because it's only the first day."

"Still you might find something the first day. Did you find nothing?"

"Yes, a few grains of gold, but that I did not care for. I'm after a nugget. You don't understand what I mean by the first day."

"No."

"I had that dream three times, you know,

Harry," said the miner, lowering his voice "It's impressed on my mind that if I find anything it'll be on the third day."

"Perhaps you will," said our hero, who was impressed by the evident earnestness of his companion. "At any rate I hope so."

The next morning Bush left Harry and returned to the rock.

While Harry was at work, meeting with a little more success than the day before, a rough fellow, Henderson by name, lounged up to him.

"What luck, comrade?" he asked.

"Not much," said Harry. "I haven't made my fortune yet."

"Nor I," said Henderson, emphasizing the declaration with an oath. "I've had cursed bad luck all along."

This was not surprising, for Henderson was a lazy, shiftless fellow, whose main idea was to make a living without earning it. He had come from London, where his reputation was none the best, and had haunted the mines for a considerable time. He worked at mining by fits and starts, but never long enough to gain anything. At one time indeed he appeared to have considerable money, with which he returned to Melbourne, where he soon got rid of it. Where he got this money was a mystery. But it happened by an unfortunate coincidence that just at that time a poor fellow who by hard labor had managed to collect about fifty ounces of the precious metal suddenly found himself stripped of everything. There were some who suspected Henderson of knowing something of this gold, and where it went to, but nothing could be proved, and so of course nothing was done. Harry had seen him more than once, and he understood very well what sort of a character he was; so at present he hoped that the fellow would soon leave him.

"Where's your pal?" asked Henderson.

"You mean Bush?"

"Who else should I mean?"

"He's trying another place."

"Whereabouts?"

Harry pointed out Bush further up the hill. The distance being but quarter of a mile, it was possible to distinguish him.

"What sent the fool up there?"

"He is not a fool," said Harry, shortly.

"Call him what you like, he's a fool if he expects to find anything up there."

"He has his reasons," said Harry.

"What are they?" inquired Henderson, growing attentive.

"You must ask him if you want to know," said Harry.

Henderson went off whistling, and our hero on thinking the matter over was rather sorry that he had hinted as much about his friend's reasons for going up the hill. Having a very poor opinion of Henderson he feared that the latter would watch and find out if anything of importance were discovered, and this was hardly desirable in a district where the ordinary restraints of law were relaxed, and cupidity often led to violence. At any rate, Harry determined to put Bush on his guard.

"Bush," he said, when the latter returned, "Henderson has been asking about you today. He thought you were a fool to go up there after gold."

"Let him think so if he likes."

"But I am afraid you will think that I am the fool."

"Why so?"

"Because I told him you had reasons for going there."

"Just as well not said, my lad, but no harm's done."

"Have you found anything yet?"

"No, but it's only the second day, you remember."

"You still think that the third day will be the lucky one."

"Yes, if any."

"That is to-morrow."

"Yes, to-morrow will decide. If I don't find anything to-morrow, I shall give it up for a bad job, and come back."

They had a tent just off the grounds. Here they slept, and lived, cooking their food, and keeping house, if it may be called so. When the day's work was over, Bush generally sat down at the door of the tent, and smoked a pipe. He tried to induce Harry to do the same, but our hero had never touched tobacco, and had no cravings for it. So he always declined.

When the pipe was smoked, Bush, if he happened to feel in a communicative mood, often related incidents from his 'life, which had been an adventurous one. To these narrations Harry always listened with interest.

"I've been a rolling stone, Harry," said his companion. "It might have been different, but all that belongs to me are dead. There's nobody I feel an interest in except you. I'm going to keep track of you, and when I die, if I leave anything you shall have it."

"Don't talk about dying," said Harry. "Perhaps you'll live longer than I."

"Perhaps so, but I'm a deal older, my lad. There's more chance for you."

Bush was a man in the prime of life, and Harry built no hopes on this promise. He only thought that it was very kind, and it being his nature to repay kindness with kindness, he felt drawn to his rough companion more closely on learning of his intention.

The next morning Bush returned to his digging on the hillside, and Harry continued at the same place, meeting with a little success, but not much. However, there were some who worked for months with less encouragement, and finally met with a streak of luck. So Harry did not lose hope, though he felt that it was tantalizing and trying to the patience.

At nightfall Bush came back. Before he had come up to him, Harry read in his excited look that something had happened.

"What luck?" he asked.

Bush looked about him cautiously. There were two men within hearing distance, so he lowered his tone. He only uttered five words, but they were of such a character that Harry became no less excited than he.

"*The dream has come true!*"

This was what he said, and Harry understood at once.

"Let us go and take a walk, my lad."

Harry eagerly complied with his invitation, and they wandered away, till they were out of earshot of any one.

"Now tell me all about it," said he.

"It was about the middle of the afternoon," said Bush. "The day was nearly gone, and I began to think what a fool I was to place such dependence upon a dream even if it were three times repeated. However, it was only the loss of three days, and that wasn't much, so little harm was done if all came to nothing. Of course I wasn't going to give up till the day was over. Just as I was thinking this, suddenly I struck against something hard. I kept on, not hoping much, till I brought out a nugget—a stunner I tell you."

"How much would it weigh?" asked Harry.

"I hefted it," said Bush, "and it doesn't weigh an ounce less than twenty-five pounds."

Twenty-five pounds! Harry held his breath in astonishment and delight. He performed a rough calculation hastily in his head, and it dawned upon him that the nugget must be worth at least five thousand dollars!

"That was pretty good for one day's work."

BESIEGED BY A CATAMOUNT.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

HAPPENING to take up the "Flag of our Union," a few days ago, I read, as my eyes ran along its familiar columns, "Found on the shore of the Richardson Lake the body of a man, thought to be that of Hughy Watson, a trapper, who disappeared in that region late last fall."

The paper dropped, and a troop of boyish memories came back to me. "Gone then, old heart," I exclaimed. Ah, how well I remember old Hughy Watson, as he used to come to my father's house at Phillips, up in Franklin County, Maine. Yes, he was a trapper, a queer old stick; but a more genial storysome old fellow never breathed. I used to hail his coming, as sportsman hails a new volume of standard adventures. And his stories had a quaintness and freshness that books never have, too. They were a part of his life, that queer wandering life which has now terminated so strangely in keeping with it. Especially do I recall one visit. It was in October, near the time of the "Hunters' Moon."

"Where now, Hughy?" said father, as we sat around the old fireplace.

"O, up Umbagog way," replied the old fellow, knocking his pipe against the jamb. "Put down a few traps round the Umbagog, and the Richardson, I guess."

"Going to be gone long?"

"Can't tell; about a month, I think likely. But look here, Ephraim," continued he, "why can't you let your boy here go up with me? I'd like to take him and another hard-meated little chap along with me," said he, trying the meat on my arm and leg.

"Can't very well spare him," said father.

"But harvesting's most done," I pleaded. "And I tell you, Hughy, there's Jed Edwards would like to go. He's hard-meated enough, I guess."

"Old Jeff Edwards's boy?" asked Hughy.

"Yes."

"Well, if he's anything like his father, he'll do. But they spoil all the boys now-a-days, with feather beds and such like. But it'll do 'em good—a trip up there will; and I'll look out for 'em!"

Nobody could resist Hughy long; and least of all my father, who had a great liking for

him. Nor did his hard old friend Edwards hold out a great while. And so the next Monday morning saw Jed and I following the steady strides of Mr. Watson into the forest, towards the head waters of the Androscoggin. 'Twas the happiest moment of my life, I think; and the fatigues of a hard day's tramp could not rob me of my elation. 'Twas such an unexpected streak of good luck; just what Jed and I had always been doting on and wishing for. And with Hughy's stories, the way seemed a continued panorama of a life and exploits in the northern wilderness. Keeping steadily to the northwest, we came out during the afternoon upon the Rangely Lake, a fine broad sheet of water, some eight miles long and two wide. Here Hughy paused and, after looking around a moment, went into a small "black growth" thicket, whence he soon emerged dragging a canoe—a regular Indian canoe, the first we had ever seen. It had a wooden frame, some fifteen feet long, and was covered with bark from the white birch. But the bark was not all in one piece, as we used to think. There were half a dozen separate strips; and the seams and little holes were stopped with pitch. This Hughy launched in the lake, and told us to get in and paddle along the shore while he got his traps. At a short distance was a small stake in the sand at the water's edge, where he dug down with his hands, and presently took up a dozen small steel-traps, and one large bear-trap, weighing nearly a hundred pounds. Stowing the traps into the canoe, he got in himself, making a pretty good load altogether; and we slowly paddled down the lake. Towards evening we passed Bald Mountain, and entering the outlet, came out, after about a mile on the stream, upon the Cupsuptic. This is a smaller lake; and we soon made our way to the upper side, where the Cupsuptic River and several large brooks come in. This was a part of Hughy's trapping-ground. Here, too, he had a camp, made of spruce logs, and standing among the heavy spruce timber. This was to be our headquarters for the present. Our provisions consisted of moose meat, pickled in an old barrel containing brine, and partridges which were very plenty all about. Hughy also

treated us to some corn-cake, in honor of our arrival; but corn was an expensive luxury there, and not to be largely indulged in. All the next day we were busy setting traps up the Cupsuptic, for mink and otter, and at one place for beaver. For here they had built a dam; and the black tops of several houses rose above the slack water of the pond they had thus formed in the river. Hughy told us that this was one of the few streams in the State of Maine where the beaver still built. Just across the State line, in New Hampshire, there was a colony on the Dead Diamond River; and also on, what Hughy called, the "Beamus stream," though he didn't make it very plain to us where that was.

If any remain in the State at present, they are in the deepest recesses of the wilderness, where they choose small streams, unmolested by the descending logs of the lumber-men. They are like the Indians, and melt away at the approach of the white man.

Wednesday we went across Township No. 4, to some more large brooks, flowing into the Richardson Lake. In addition to the traps dug up on the shore of Rangely, Hughy had a number more at the camp. And we also set a great many wooden traps, "figure four" traps, he called them.

The next day we built a huge log-trap for bears and "fishers"—a common name for the carcajou—near a path, beaten through the forest by the wild beasts. This trap was a strong log-house, with a heavy spring-door, rising and falling in a groove. The bait was placed at the further side; and a lever ran from the door to the trigger.

These were grand days for Jed and I. But we anticipated still greater things when we came to visit the traps. Hughy used to make the round of his traps once a week. On the fourth evening after our coming, an old Indian hunter, named Sabattus, came to our camps, and reported "big game" of moose, up at "Holeb" pond. He was an old acquaintance of Watson's, and remained all night. He was very earnest to have Hughy go back with him, and finally persuaded him to go, leaving us in charge of the camp. Our instructions were, to visit the traps along the Cupsuptic, but on no account to go near the bear-traps, or to those on the Richardson. Hughy was to be back within four days at most. We were now hunters on our own account. Our weapons were the old flint lock gun, a hunting-knife and the axe. Hughy

went off in the morning; and that afternoon we followed up the Cupsuptic. There was an otter—a long sleek fellow—a mink and two muskrats—musquash we used to call them, that is the Indian name. The other was a game fellow, and fought savagely; but we finally despatched him, and took him with the mink and the muskrats to the camp, to be skinned at Hughy's return.

But the day after hung heavy on our hands. Anything but idleness for boys of fourteen; and we finally concluded to go over pretty near the bear-traps, to see if there really was anything in them.

The great log-trap was sprung, and the door down. There was a great racket going on inside; and by the harsh shriek which we occasionally heard, we knew it was a fisher. They are always robbing traps; but it takes a heavy trap to hold them. They will sometimes follow a hunter in his rounds, taking the bait from the traps as fast as he can set them. So they have to set heavy traps round to catch them off. We didn't try to get the fisher out of the trap, for they are ugly customers; and we were never sure of the old flint-lock's going—it might and it might not.

That night it came in cloudy and cold, and the next morning the ground was white and it was still snowing. The "black growth" was weighed down with white wreaths. How odd everything looked. Yes, 'twas almost November, and winter had come. But it would be all the better for us, we thought, for we could now follow our game by the tracks. Along in the afternoon, we again went over to see how the fisher got along. All was still about the trap now; and we soon noticed that some of the logs which covered the top had been pulled off. We didn't dare to go very near at first, though we were pretty well satisfied he had got out. But going round on the other side, we saw some broad heavy tracks, and a trail in the snow, as if something heavy had been dragged along. Forgetting everything in our excitement, we followed, and at a short distance came to the place where a large animal had been torn to pieces and eaten. It was the fisher. For there lay the feet, armed with their long claws, the head, with its gaping mouth and long teeth, and at a little distance the bushy black tail. But what beast had thus broken open the strong trap, and carried off our resolute prisoner? A terrible fear came over us there alone in the darkening forest. The stories of old Pomoola, the

Indian Devil, and of the fierce catamount, rushed into our minds, as we gazed upon the bloody snow and the scattered bones.

"It's just been done," whispered Jed, stooping down and laying his hand on the lacerated head. "It's all warm yet."

We looked at each other a moment through the gathering gloom, then turned and ran. In an instant there came a cry—a long wild scream, which I never could describe, or think of without a shudder. It seemed to come from the treetops behind us; and was followed by a heavy bound, into the leaves and brush, which jarred the ground.

O, how we ran. It must have been nearly half a mile to the camp. But I don't believe we were three minutes getting there. We darted in, swung the door to and held for dear life with our shoulders against it. There was an angry growl at the door, and the creature sprang upon the roof, and began tearing up the birch bark which covered the poles. He soon ripped off the bark; and we could see his claws through the chinks, as he tried to pull up the poles. How white and long they looked as they shot out of his toes and buried themselves in the wood.

Jed caught up the old gun which we had not taken out with us that afternoon, and blazed away at the cracks. The creature slapped at that, and leaping down came round to the door, which he tried to pull out towards him. If he had sprang against it he would certainly have sent it in. But luckily for us he didn't understand doors. Then he found the window which was an opening in the logs about a foot square and five or six feet from the ground. Standing on his hind feet, he thrust in his paws and pulled to enlarge the hole. Then he squeezed in his head and glared at us with his ears laid back. O, how his eyes shone, for it had now got quite dark. They looked like green fire, as he winked his nose and showed his long teeth. He liked the looks of us I guess, for he staid there a long time, and frequently came back for another look, after going round to another place. We were nearly frightened out of our wits, and in loading the gun again lost the flint among the hemlock which formed our beds. If we could have used the gun, we might have wounded him, if nothing more. But the fire had not all gone out, and we kindled a large torch of birch bark which we now thrust in his face when he came to the window. Then we set it blazing in the hole to keep him out. He didn't like the fire,

and going back a few steps, crouched down watching it.

All at once the torch went out, and he made another spring at the window. But as he could only get his head in he had to draw back when we singed his whiskers with another torch. He was on the roof again several times during the night. But Hughy's roof poles were so firmly set at both ends that he couldn't pull them up.

We could hear him walking round and round the camp, making a queer purring sound, something like a cat, only a great deal harsher. He hung round till towards morning, when uttering a few farewell screams, he went off into the forest. But we never opened the door till nearly noon; for we thought he might be watching for us.

We didn't care to have another race with him, and kept pretty close. Hughy was to come that night, but it grew dusk and he didn't make his appearance. A new fear then beset us. Perhaps the catamount had killed Hughy. So we had another sleepless night. For if Hughy was gone, what was to become of us, alone and so far from home? But during the next afternoon, just as we were giving him up for lost, he suddenly came in. We were happy boys, I assure you. Of course we had a terrible story to tell. For a while he laughed at us, and refused to believe anything of our account.

"I guess it was only a 'Lucifer,'" said he. "Boys have such large eyes."

The snow had melted away around the tracks; so it was impossible to prove our story by them. But as they were still to be seen, going off in the direction of the log-trap, we traced them along as we went to it. All at once the track ended abruptly, and we were at fault. But I saw Hughy's eyes wander up towards the treetops. At a little distance, a large spruce had broken off at a point some twenty or twenty-five feet from the ground, and lodged at right angles to the stump in the other trees. There, in the snow, on the lofty log, was the continuation of the track. Hughy contemplated the tremendous leap for a moment, then turned to us with:

"Boys, this is no animal for us to be following. We've no business with him. That was a catamount you saw, I guess. And we must be cautious as long as he's about."

And we were cautious during the remaining time we were there; and always kept a sharp eye to the treetops.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

A RESOLUTE FELLOW.—About sixty years ago Phineas Adams enlisted as a private in a regiment of militia, then on duty in England. He soon became disgusted with his position, and shortly after his enlistment applied for his discharge on account of an ulcerated wound in his arm; this was refused him, because the wound was of his own contrivance. He had then a similar malady on his leg. He purposely fell down a flight of stone steps, and was taken up with the blood oozing from his ears. After this he told the doctor that he thought he was growing deaf. "Are you very deaf?" asked his attendant, in a whisper, and he imprudently answered, "Very deaf." From that time he was held to be a confirmed malingerer, and no complaint of his was credited. However, he fell into a state of (apparently) profound insensibility. He was bled repeatedly; his head and back were blistered, without producing any sensible effect, and strong electrical currents seemed to provoke no bodily sensation. Snuff never made him so much as sneeze, and the most pungent salts only made his eyes water. It was then resolved to try nitrous-oxide gas. The tube was applied to the man's mouth; but his teeth were so fast locked that no power could open them. Then, by compression of the mouth and nostrils, he was compelled to breathe nothing but the gas, when his pulse showed that he was quitting life, and the experimentalists had to desist. He continued in the condition of a corpse; his limbs fell by their own weight; his eyes were closed; and he paid no attention to pins thrust under his finger-nails. In this hapless condition it was thought advisable to resort to the desperate remedy of trepanning. They thought his fall down stairs might have produced a depression of the brain. Accordingly his scalp was raised, and the head examined, during all which process the young fellow—who was but eighteen—gave no sign of sensibility, with the exception of a single groan. It was before the chloroform days, of course, and he must have suffered torture. As no beneficial result accrued from this operation, Phineas Adams obtained his discharge from the regiment. He was held, indeed, to be at the point of death. He was discharged on

the 20th of August; on the 28th he was out with his father, with a gun in his hand, and on the next day he did an excellent day's work as a farm-laborer. He pretended that he had felt no pain during the last six months, save when the surgeon scraped his head; but his recovery was too complete and rapid to be credited as genuine. It was whispered one day that a sergeant's guard was coming to once more restore him to his regiment, and he absconded the same night. If his cause had been a good one, his case would have deserved the title of the Martyrdom of Phineas Adams.

HABITS OF THE TROOPIALS.—The male bird exhibits the greatest anxiety for the welfare of its little partner, and, should they be molested, will fly close to the intruder, as though to divert attention from the nest, or else will perch immediately above its mate, uttering such piteful cries of distress as will sometimes deter the unwelcome visitor from approaching nearer. These birds produce two broods during the summer, the second being ready to leave the nest by the beginning of August, when they congregate in flocks, numbering many thousand, and immediately commence their depredations in the fields, destroying the crops in the most terrible manner, despite the utmost efforts used to drive them from the locality, which they only quit when the corn becomes too ripe to suit their requirements. Like most of the congeners, they usually pass the night among the beds of reeds, which afford them temporary protection from the attacks of the infuriated farmers, by whom incredible numbers are slaughtered, without making any apparent diminution in the flocks, which occasionally may literally be said to darken the sky. Except during the time the corn is young and tender, the habits of the red-wing are by no means such as to render them objects of persecution, for they may be seen hopping after the plough, and clearing the fields of multitudes of noxious and destructive insects; these services, however, are entirely overlooked by the American husbandmen, who have no eyes for their beauty, no ears for their song, but pursue them with bitter hostility.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

TO STEW A TONGUE.—Cut away the root of the tongue, but leave the fat underneath, and salt for seven days, as is usual to cure beef tongue. Put it into a saucepan, and boil gently until tender, when it will easily peel; after peeling, put it into a stewpan, and cover it with rich gravy, into which put a spoonful of mushroom ketchup, one of soy, and half a spoonful of cayenne pepper. Stew in the gravy morels, truffles and mushrooms, and serve with them in the gravy.

BEEF BROTH.—Take a leg of beef, wash it clean, crack the bone in two or three parts, put it into a pot with a gallon of water, and skim it well; then put two or three blades of mace into a bundle of parsley, and a crust of bread, and let it boil till the beef is quite tender; toast some bread, cut it into dice, put them into a tureen, lay it in the meat, and pour the soup over it.

LOIN OF VEAL.—Divide the loin, roast the kidney, and place under the fat a toast, and serve swimming in melted butter. The chump end must be stuffed with the same stuffing as the fillet, and served with the same sauce; those who object to putting the stuffing in the joint, may send it to the table with balls of stuffing in the dish.

LEG OF MUTTON BOILED.—Should be first soaked for an hour and a half in salt and water, care being taken that the water be not too salt, then wiped and boiled in a floured cloth; the time necessary for boiling will depend upon the weight; two hours or two hours and a half should be about the time; it should be served with mashed turnips, potatoes, greens and caper sauce, or brown cucumber, or oyster sauce.

FORE-QUARTER OF LAMB.—This is the favorite, and indeed the best joint. Do not put it too near the fire at first, and when it gets heated baste it well; the fire should be quick, clear, but not fierce. The usual weight of a fore-quarter is between nine and eleven pounds, which will take two hours cooking; when it is done, separate the shoulder from the ribs, but before it is quite taken off, lay

under a large lump of butter, squeeze a lemon, and season with pepper and salt; let it remain long enough to melt the butter, then remove the shoulder, and lay it on another dish.

FILLET OF MUTTON.—Choose a very large leg, cut from four to five inches in thickness from the large end, take out the bone, and in its place put a highly savored forcemeat, flour and roast it for two hours; it may be sent to table with melted butter poured over it, or a rich brown gravy and red currant jelly.

APPLE TART.—Take some good baking apples, pare, core and cut them into small pieces; place them in a dish lined with puff paste, strew over pounded sugar, cinnamon, mace, nutmeg, cloves and lemon-peel chopped small, then add a layer of apples, then spice, and so on till the dish is full; pour a glass and a half of white wine over the whole, cover with puff paste, and bake it. When done, raise the crust, and serve either hot or cold.

YORKSHIRE PUDDING.—Mix together a spoonful of flour, a pint of milk, and one egg well beaten, add a spoonful of salt and a little ginger grated; put this mixture in a square pan buttered, and when browned by baking under the meat, turn the other side upwards, to be browned also; serve it cut in pieces, and arranged upon a dish. If you require a richer pudding, increase the number of eggs.

APPLE DUMPLINGS.—Pare a few good-sized baking apples, and roll out some paste, divide it into as many pieces as you have apples, cut two rounds from each, and put an apple under each piece, and put the other over, join the edges, tie them in cloths and boil them.

GINGERBREAD.—Four cups of flour, three eggs, one cup of butter, two of sugar, one of cream, ginger, nutmeg, saleratus.

ARROW-ROOT CUSTARDS.—Four eggs, one dessert spoonful of arrow-root, one pint of milk sweetened, and spiced to the taste.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

"As for the coolers coming here," said Mrs. Partington, as she wiped her brow with the old bandanna handkerchief, bearing the pictorial representation of the battle of Lake Erie; "I should say-let 'em come; for goodness knows it is hot enough, with every rag of one's clothes so satiated with moisture, that one almost wishes to be a great white bear and sit on top of the North Pole, if it would be proper, and ice so dear! The more of 'em the better, I should say, with the mockery at ninety, and going up at that, goodness help us! O if heaven would only freeze the ponds over in summer what a luxury it would be, with ice for picnics, and no thanks to the monopolizers, who are taking advantage of folks' extremities, and are pinching 'em to make 'em pay, so that a ten cent ice cream isn't enough to fill a hollow tooth with, if anybody should want to, and iced lemonade is not to be thought of without paying for it, and the Lord knows where it will end, unless the coolers come." She stopped, exhausted in idea and breath, wiping her face with her handkerchief, while Ike sat beside the full milk pan with a boat in it, the sails of which he was filling by fanning it with Mrs. H.'s great black Sunday fan, with a red flower on it, that she had just laid away in the drawer up stairs.

Theatrical people will not fail to have a lively remembrance of Jimmy Quinlan, the eccentric manager of the old Chestnut street theatre, Philadelphia, and amusement lovers will not fail to relish an incident or two concerning that gentleman's eventful career. To begin, there was a Chinese troupe of jugglers and acrobats who came along, one time, and were "hired" by Quinlan, not only for his theatre, but for rehiring to rural managers. In due time they quarrelled with the manager, and with each other, and the Celestial stars scattered to various parts of the milky way. Quinlan was very much hurt at this, in pocket and feelings; but the Chinese did not stay while the defrauded manager put the wheel of law in motion, but departed from the jurisdiction of the court—some of them even going into Canada. This course of

theirs caused some chagrin to Quinlan; and when he had drank enough to be a little talkative, he used to refer to the ingratitude of the "haythen vagabones." One night he came across Jones in Market street, and walked up with him. His companion, who enjoyed his agitation on the subject, made some remark about China. This set Quinlan off.

"Did you never hear how them bastos of Chinaze served me? Sure I hired the cratures fair and square, and just as I was getting me money back they went off to the Canaydian shore and defrauded me—the divil go with them. I shpited them though. Divil a dhrop of tay did I iver dhrink since."

At this moment they reached a street corner, where a carved Chinese figure stood at the door of a tea store. Quinlan's eye caught it.

"Aha!" he cried, "there ye are, ye big yard; and serves you right, too. Ye left a kind manager and good pay to go shkiyarkin' in the Canaydyes; an' see what ye've come to. There ye are, a tindlin' a corner groshery."

One day Quinlan met a friend on Chestnut street.

"How are yees? It's foine weather. Now yees know something about politics. They tell me that Congress is like to pass the French Shp'lliation Bill. Is that so?"

"I think it likely."

"Faith, I'm glad of that, now."

"Why? Have you any claims under the bill?"

"Yis; that is, not exactly; but you know I had the French ballet troupe at my theatre, and the furriners ruined my wardrobe, and shpiled my scenery; and I thought if the bill past, I might git somethin'."

Quinlan once spoke to a fellow about writing a local drama for him. He told him he was open to an offer if the terms suited him.

"Sure authors must live as well as any one else. Do you get me up something that'll draw, I'm willin' to pay liberally."

"Very good. What do you call liberal pay?"

"Faith, I wouldn't mind paying fifty dollars for a three-act play."

"Fifty dollars? So much?"

"Or say five dollars a night; and I call that good wages. Sure you'll do it in a week; I know you will."

"I am afraid your terms are not tempting enough. Possibly, you put another naught after them, I might think of it."

"Another what? Is it fifty dollars a night you mane?"

"About that."

"Would you expect to make a fortune off one play? Faith, an' I can git a hundred times better English plays than you or any one here can write, for half the money. Fifty dol—why, man! do you think you can milk a manager's pocket like a cow?"

A jolly father relates this story for the amusement of the world:

A few weeks since, I remarked to Frank, an older son, that he might mention to the boys of the village that I would buy what bones they could collect, as I wished to use them for a foundation for an asparagus bed. Willie was present, but I did not perceive he took any particular notice of what was said. However, a few nights afterwards, the Literary Institute of the town was set on fire, and I went to assist in quelling the flames. It was in sight of our house, and wife stood at the window watching the progress of the fire. Soon Willie, being awakened by the unwonted noise, got out of his cot, and standing by his mother's side, gazed sorrowfully upon the sight before him.

After he had looked at it a few moments, suddenly brightening up, he said:

"Ma, is pa over there?"

"Yes, my dear."

"Well, if he gets into the fire, and is burnt up, wont we have his bones for our asparagus bed?"

Apropos of rural things we are told an amusing story of Rev. T. S. King, narrated by himself, regarding his first appearance among the mountalns. He had been a few days at the Glen House, and one morning went down into the stable-yard to procure a carriage for a drive. He selected a two-seat vehicle, and procuring a man to drive it, started on a jaunt to some of the more remote places, those nearer having been already explored. They drove on from point to point, the man—a loquacious Yankee—telling stories regarding every point, and Mr. King keeping him busy with his inquiries. At last, turn-

ing from the scenery that surrounded them, Mr. King, seeing the man did not know him, directed his attention to inquiries regarding the visitors at the hotel, as though he had but just arrived.

"Wall," said the man, making a mental count, "there's Beecher and Chapin," and so on, running over some dozen of names, at last naming his own—King.

"King," said he, to pump him, "what King is that?"

"Why, Rev. Mr. King, the Boston preacher," said the man.

"Ah! well, what sort of a preacher is he?"

"Preacher!" said the driver; "he aint no preacher. Why, Chapin there'd preach the boots right off of him in ten minutes!"

Mr. King didn't reveal himself to the rustic, but went right back as fast as he could to tell the story to Chapin and laugh over it.

A story has been told of a graceless scamp who gained access to the Clarendon printing-office in Oxford, when the forms of a new edition of the Episcopal prayer book had just been made up and were ready for the press. In that part of the "form" containing the marriage service, he substituted the letter *k* for the letter *v*, in the word *live*, and thus the vow "to love, honor, comfort," etc., "so long as ye both shall live," was made to read "so long as ye both shall *like*." The change was not discovered until the whole of the edition was printed off. If the sheets thus rendered useless in England be still preserved, it would be a good speculation to have them neatly bound and forwarded to Indiana and Connecticut.

A Nevada mother, thankful for the restoration of a daughter from the "agur," published the fact, and gives the credit to Hardy's bitters. She says:

"My daughter Sarah Ann, who, if I do say it, is the handsomest girl in Holt County, has been troubled with the chills and fever for going on six months, and the doctor couldn't do her any good." A bottle of the bitters was not half gone with when the "chills quit on her."

"Can you tell me," asked a blooming lass of a suitor, "what ship carries more passengers than the Great Eastern?" "Well, madam, I really don't think I can." "Why, it is courtship," replied the maiden, with a conscious blush.

Brown's Adventures during the Heated Term.



Portrait of Brown before the commencement of the heated term.



Thermometer 104 degrees. Brown wonders how much longer this can last.



Later!—Brown thinks he will see how hot it is, anyway. Thermometer bursts while he is looking; Thinks it is growing dubious.



Brown visits one of our most popular watering places. Then starts for home.



Is found in this condition: by a policeman.



It is hoped that Brown has at last found a cool place.

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AUSTRALIAN VIEWS.



ESCAPING FROM FIRE IN AUSTRALIA.

In this number of the Magazine we present our readers with several Australian views, which they cannot fail to find of great interest, for, although we know that Australia is

the largest island in the world, that some call it a continent on account of its size, still we are not so well acquainted with it as we shall be at some future time, when it becomes a

republic and has intimate commercial relations with this country by the way of California.

The first view which we give our readers is a common one to the people of Australia. It represents a party of settlers fleeing before fire, which, fanned by a high wind, is consuming everything in its course, fed by dry grass and trees. This is in Queensland, where the heat during the summer months is somewhat enervating. The tremendous and severe power of the sun's rays, pouring down day by day, seems to penetrate roofs and every covering, through hats and hair, to one's very brain. The sun glares and glows with a white heat, like a furnace, burning, scorching and seething all it looks at, and the hard dry earth parches, crackles and crumbles in all directions, gaping open as if for the refreshing dews and rain which come, like angel visits, few and far between. No one living in the United States can conceive how thankful the people are for such a common thing as pure fresh cool water, or what they have to drink sometimes in the way of water, so discolored that at home no one would dream of even washing in it. This is caused by dirty or newly-shingled roofs to their houses, or from the casks or tanks not being clean which contain this most precious fluid. The common saying is that wine and beer are cheaper here than water, and certainly they are so comparatively, and far more plentiful. As for the streams they are shrunken to mere mud holes, and hardly afford water for the cattle. When for months the people have not had a drop, sometimes scarcely dew, no one can conceive how they long for rain infinitely more than we desire fine weather. And when it comes, what a sensation of relief! Most houses have spouts to conduct the rain into tubs, iron tanks or stone or brick wells. Now imagine all the tanks exhausted after a six months' incessant drought, and the river supply affected; the trees all brown, tinged and crisped like Christmas evergreens when taken down from the churches at home; the grass withered, the flowers faded; cattle getting lean, hundreds and thousands of sheep dying in various districts; the prices of provisions rising, man and beast complaining; the long bush-grass looking like uncut hay, not even affording the nourishment of hay. It does not answer to feed even horses on hay, owing to the price of labor and provisions, so that haystacks are rarities. Even this standing hay is for miles burnt by the

natives to turn out the kangaroos, etc., numbers of trees being burnt as well. Then their camp fires are left, and frequently cause a conflagration—for an odd thousand miles of fire is tantamount to a cluder popping out of a home hearth. When rain is expected, squatters will often "fire" thousands of acres (portions of their runs), so that the new grass may grow readily, the charred grass acting as manure. Sometimes spontaneous fires have originated from the hot winds, and even the sun striking a bit of glass has been sufficient to set the parched grass around on fire.

This is a long description, but such a state of things must be considered in order to realize "the sound of rain," and the feeling experienced at its approach. At all the dried-up water-holes are stray oxen and sheep, dead or dying from thirst, men also feeling the effects in a feverish, parched, weakened and dejected state of body and mind, the only relief being found in frequently bathing. One literally gasps for a breeze, added to which the flies torment one incessantly. Well, all this causes an intense yearning for rain. By-and-by, the usually unclouded sky shows a sign of clouds coming up from the sea (southeast). On they come, and there is a great stillness, until the molten-lead look of the sky is changed for gray, and there is a sound of wind and rain in the distance. Gradually it increases, and you see far off a wall of whitish-gray marching on before you feel a drop. Then you hear the rain surging like the sea, beating the ground, and then increasing to heavy tramping, as of horses. The trees begin to toss their arms to and fro, waving their tops, as Krummachers says, "like so many bells summoning the lone worshipper to prayer;" then follows a rustling of all nature, a few heavy drops, and forthwith the gray wall or curtain of mist is upon you, deluging everything, and with it comes the wind, rustling, growling, roaring, tearing by; and this may last one hour or a week—generally the former, if it is not in the rainy season. The roaring sound of the rain is most peculiar in these parts. It is heard in the distance at first; then a light distant mist is seen, and more roaring; then thick heavy mist, and a still greater roaring; then a grand burst of wind, roar and rain rushes upon you; and then—the deluge.

Everything and everybody is refreshed as with glad news, and all nature is glad, bordering on ecstasy. All animals make a cheerful

noise, and the glorious green of vegetation was never so welcome to the wearied eye. The grass grows astonishingly. A green tinge is visible next morning, and when the sun returns there is such an enormous evaporation that the whole atmosphere is like a hothouse with its peculiar suffocating sensa-

and then it is useless without rain, and utterly unable to develop a seed. In February they often have three or four weeks of incessant rain, and then all the water-holes, gullies, creeks, rivers and mountain-torrents are full of water, and rushing over, and it is two or three weeks before they go down again.



WAITING FOR CLEAR WEATHER IN AUSTRALIA.

tion. Too much rain is injurious, for it makes the grass and everything grow so rank as to be unserviceable to man and beast. In the dry season the earth gets baked like a brick, and is utterly unimpressionable even to a plough, and the only way to break the ground when it is necessary is with a pickaxe;

This stops all communication with the interior for the time. Wool, etc., cannot come down from the sheep-stations to the ports, and supplies cannot go up for the stations, because the bullock and horse teams cannot cross the creeks and rivers in safety. The mail service, which is performed on horse-

back, is stopped, as well as all descriptions of traffic.

Our next picture represents a party who are encamped in the woods and waiting until the mud dries up so that their journey can be resumed.

The natives of Australia stand very low in the scale of intellect, though it is beyond a doubt that they are capable of learning, and of carrying their own simple arts to great perfection. Their well-known skill in throwing their native weapon, the boomerang, proves this, and, as far as has been ascertained, it is an art unknown to any other tribe. A short description will show their astonishing skill in this art. The boomerang is of a very hard wood, cut out with sharp flints, or with a tomahawk of iron, from a piece of wood curved with the grain. It is then scraped with glass or some rough substance, and afterwards trimmed and pared somewhat, with a few cuts at the lighter end, to indicate the handle. It is from two to three feet long, and weighs about one pound. Its action is marvellous. You hold it with one end from you, as it were, and then, by a knack and a swing, send it flying up, but horizontally with the earth, as boys skim oyster-shells over a pond, the flat surface being downwards. The marvel is the way in which the boomerang returns to the thrower, and whether this is caused by the peculiar curve in its form or by the knack in throwing, is not generally known, though perhaps some law in mathematics may explain its action. A black man, in throwing one, will send it away right in front of him, high up, almost out of sight; presently round it will course in the air just like a bird wheeling in its flight, and then hover overhead, and down it will drop within a couple of yards of him, sometimes nearer. They can make it alight almost on the very spot on which they stand, but that is a little too near to be pleasant, for one blow is enough, and would break the hardest skull. The way it sustains its flight is excellent, but it is extremely difficult to follow its course in the air, on account of the rapidity of movement. At times they will make it perform two circles in the air, and again they can throw it down on the ground a few yards from them and it will rise from the ground, fly up and away, making a loop in the air, and then return to their feet.

Our next engraving is a picture of Sydney, New South Wales. Captain Cook, over a century ago, discovered the harbor of Sydney.

The place was of slow growth until the gold discoveries were proclaimed. Then emigration produced the usual results. Buildings were erected and business prospered as it never prospered before in the city. Melbourne and Sydney struggled for the supremacy in trade, and the former beat, for it was nearer the most productive gold fields.

New South Wales originally extended over the eastern half of the continent, but although considerably reduced by the separation of Victoria, South Australia, and Queensland, it still comprises an area of 207,000,000 of acres. In such a vast country, extending over nearly eleven degrees of latitude, there must exist great differences of temperature and soil. Generally speaking, the land on the streams running westward is for the most part inferior both for agriculture and pasture, whilst on those flowing to the east the climate is cooler, the soil—rich, black and dry—is covered with luxuriant herbage, and diversified with valleys, open woodlands and forests. Here the herds and flocks of the squatters graze, or a busy population is digging for the hidden gold. Peaches, oranges, figs and melons of all sorts attain the highest degree of maturity in open air; whilst the northern districts produce pineapples, bananas, guavas, lemons, citrons and other tropical fruits. Grapes of the finest quality are grown, not only for the table, but for the manufacture of wine, and many acres, rapidly increasing in number, are being laid out for this purpose alone. The population of the colony in 1803 was only 7,097. In 1821, soon after free immigration was allowed, it was 29,783. In the next ten years it had doubled itself, and in 1840 was 129,463. In 1850 it was 265,503; but in the following year the separation of Victoria had reduced it to 197,158. It rose again with still greater rapidity, and in 1853 was 342,062; but in the separation of Queensland it was reduced in 1859 to 336,572; but so rapidly has it since recovered that last year it was estimated at 466,739 persons.

Sydney, the metropolis of the colony, is about seven miles from the heads of Port Jackson. The greater part is enclosed on three sides by portions of the harbor known as the Stream of the north, Woolloomooloo Bay on the east and Darling Harbor on the west. At the entrance of Sydney Cove, on the eastern side, is Fort Macquarie; and on the west, Dawe's Battery. The views from the higher part of the city are bold, varied and picturesque. To seaward the magnificent

harbor of Port Jackson—capacious, convenient and equal to any in the world—presents one of the grandest and most interesting features of natural beauty in Australia. Inland, the diversity of hill and dale, of rock and woodland, of grassy slopes and brilliant parterres, with their orange groves and vineyards, interspersed with stately mansions, with substantial homes and neat cottages, combine in forming many interesting and pleasing prospects. The harbor, which in some places is three miles broad, is completely landlocked; it possesses excellent anchorage, and is well sheltered from storms. Extensive and well-arranged docks, for repairing ships and steamers of the largest tonnage have been constructed. Along the waterside are wharves, stores, shipyards, patent slips, mills, manufactories, etc.; behind these, terrace-like, rise the numerous public and private buildings of the metropolis. The streets are mostly laid out at right angles, are long and wide, well macadamized, and are lit with gas. George and Pitt streets have a width of 60 feet for a carriage-way, and a pathway of 12 feet. Lofty stone or brick edifices with handsome shops, range along the principal streets.

Sydney has several extensive public parks, the principal of which are Hyde Park (between the city and the suburb of Woollloomooloo) and the Outer Domain—the Inner Domain being the enclosed ground around Government House. In the latter, and bounded on one side by the picturesque inlet known as Farm Cove, are situated the Botanical Gardens, in which there are specimens of almost every tropical plant. The public



buildings of Sydney are numerous, and many fairly vie with those of an American capital.

THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM.

This is the second city in Holland, both in point of commerce and population, and at the present time is a point of much interest. It is situated on the right bank of the river Maas, thirty-four miles from the sea, and is in the form of an isosceles triangle, the base and longest side of which is towards the river, the land sides being surrounded by the old fortifications, beyond which lie the populous suburbs. The quaint old city has as many canals as streets, communication across them being maintained by innumerable draw-bridges, and it is traversed by the Rotte, a small stream, at the junction of which, the Maas, there is a large dyke, or dam, whence the name—Rotterdam. Many of the canals are planted with trees, which imparts to them a pleasing aspect, and several of them are so deep as to form excellent harbors, that admit the largest ships to lie alongside the warehouses in the middle of the town. The water in them is kept fresh and clean by the ebb and flow of the tide, which rises from ten to twelve feet. Along the river, which opposite the town is thirty to forty feet deep, is a fine quay, one and a quarter mile long, called "The Little Trees," from a line of elms, planted in 1615, now grown to a large size, as we call a horse "a colt" long after it has become venerable with years. Many of the houses are quaint-looking gabled edifices, overhanging their foundations a considerable way, and the principal buildings being along the chief canals or havens, the other streets, though all are well lighted with gas, have a less seemly appearance.

Rotterdam is the birthplace of Desiderius Erasmus, of the naval heroes Egbert Kotenaar, Jan van Brakel, and Cornelius Tromp, and of Jan Hendrik van der Palm, learned in Eastern languages, an eminent orator, and one of the best prose writers Holland has produced. In the centre of the Great Market is a metallic statue to Erasmus, whose fame is a matter of pride to the Rotterdammers. The church of St. Laurens, the building of which occupied twenty-four years, between 1414 and 1472, is an object of precious regard to the citizens. It contains monuments to De Witt, Kotenaar and De Brakel, and boasts one of the finest organs in Europe. From Rotterdam we have the model of some of our best charities. Hospitals, or homes for old

men, old women and orphans, have had existence here for many years, besides many friendly and benevolent associations on the same principle as many of ours. Great attention is paid to public education, and a general intelligence prevails to reward this care.

The inhabitants of Rotterdam are chiefly engaged in commerce, which may be divided into three sections, the foreign trade, the Rhine trade, and the inland trade. The foreign trade, which for many years was extensive, was totally destroyed by the war with Britain, which broke out in 1803; the vessels that had escaped the British war-ships or cruisers lay rotting in the harbor, and in ten years the population of the city decreased nearly as many thousands. The defeat of Napoleon at Leipzig, and the consequent change in the condition of Holland, acted like a charm upon Rotterdam. The river was once more covered with vessels, and the greatest activity prevailed in every department of commerce. But this pleasant state of matters received a check by the subsequent union of Holland and Belgium, which diverted a great proportion of the foreign trade to Antwerp. Since the revolution of 1830, however, and the separation of the two countries, the trade of Rotterdam has resumed its former importance and extent. It sends to the Dutch Eastern possessions, and to the West Indies, provisions of all kinds, spirits, wines, mineral waters and manufactured goods, in return for coffee, sugar, spices, cotton, dye-woods, etc. To England and Scotland, with which it carries on an extensive and lucrative trade, it sends cheese, butter, flax, linseed, madder, garden-seeds, gin, clover-seed, fruits of various kinds, ducks and large numbers of sheep and cattle. With America and with France, Spain, Portugal, and the northern states of Europe, a good trade is likewise carried on.

Rotterdam partakes of the general peculiarities of the rest of Holland, it being low and liable to inundation, though there is a broad margin of sandhills extending from the mouth of the Maas to the Helder, that protects the low country from the encroachments of the sea. When this natural embankment ceases, the work of man begins; and dykes, raised by the persevering toil of ages, along the remaining shores of the German Ocean, on the

THE CITY OF ROTTERDAM.



west, and those of the Zuider Zee, on the east, in a winding line of more than one hundred miles, save the green fields from the devastation threatened by the waters that roll above. The sandhills of Holland are supposed to gain slowly in extent and stability by the gradual retirement of the sea; but they are liable to sudden and unaccountable changes. The Dutch, taught by experience, are ever on the watch to secure every spot as soon as it is raised above the waters by casual deposition. Holland was originally a series of banks of sand or mud, exposed to inundation from the Rhine and other rivers, as well as from the sea; and thus exhibited a succession of slimy marshes and barren sands. But patient industry, by raising dams against the sea and rivers, has converted the waste into a smiling garden. These dams or dykes form the characteristic and most remarkable

feature in the Dutch landscape; being generally about thirty feet, in some cases sixty feet, in height, and sometimes planted with rows of trees, between which run the canals and roads of the country. Windmills, the office of which is to pump the redundant water from the enclosed land into the canal, are constant accompaniments of the dykes.

Holland is especially interesting at the present time, as, if the Prussian power is disposed to extend itself, it will reach its hand calmly over and grasp the little Dutch kingdom and incorporate it into the grand "consolidated Germany" that our good Americans have been hoping to see established. This is all disclaimed by the "good King William" and the oily-tongued and crafty Bismark, but the secret treaty, recently revealed, implied there was serious thought of such or similar trade that might happen.

AMANDA ON THE SQUARE.



AMANDA OF CHESTER SQUARE.

Of all the girls that are so fair,
There's none like my Amanda;
She lives up there in Chester Square,
The house with a veranda.
There is not, in the whole South End,
A damsel who can stand a
Comparison, for Grecian Beud,
With my adored Amanda.

Her pa made money in the war,
For wealth untold he's noted;

Her ma is Fashion's guiding star,
And oft as such is quoted;
But pa and ma I can't compare
For beauty with Amanda;
The belle who lives in Chester Square,
The house with a veranda.

My work I certainly should shun
Were I not far above it;
For I have never tolled nor spun,
Like those who say they love it.
But had I work to do, I swear
I'd cut it for Amanda,
Whose mansion is in Chester Square,
The house with a veranda.

I sometimes see her in the street,
Or at the church on Sunday;
Each week we on an average meet,
At some nice place on one day.
Full-dress I go to parties where
I hope to meet Amanda,
Whose gov'nor owns in Chester Square
That house with a veranda.

My friends oft ask if I surmise
That I can ever land a
Gigantic matrimonial prize
Like my adored Amanda.
Would she but share my fortune, scant,
I'd seek for my Amanda,
A Long Branch cot near General Grant
With a beautiful veranda.

CHARLES DICKENS'S BIRTHPLACE.

When a great man has died, every object with which he has been associated in life becomes invested with sacred interest, and none more so than the scene where such life commences—the birthplace of the individual, so distinguished, who has passed away. Hence the interest that attaches to the birthplace of Burns and Shakespeare, in the old country. It is the natural feeling of reverence that the heart entertains for the illustrious departed, and it freely outpours itself in new admiration for that which has been a source of lifelong pleasure. Fancy becomes active in contemplation of such scene, and re-people it with creations of its own, all tributary and votive to the great life that here begun. The birthplace of Dickens, since his death, has become one of these shrines for veneration, and we are pleased to present a view of it in our illustration. It is a plain, unpretending two-story house, of Mile's-End Terrace, Portsmouth, bearing upon its front the placard "MILE ROAD COATTAGE." It is, as will be perceived, not a pretentious building; not quite so humble a one in look as the cottage in which Burns first drew the breath of life, but just such a one in which it would be supposed a poor travelling clerk to the Admiralty like his father would have dwelt. In fact, it is such a dwelling as fancy would picture as the one in which a son of the people, and in a great measure a self-taught man, would have first looked on the light of heaven. As is well known, Dickens's father, until he came to London, had no settled abode; but removed from place to place as his roving appointment in the Admiralty required. During one of his transitions he lived in this house in Portsmouth, and there his to-be celebrated son Charles was born. Of the mother of Charles Dickens, it is said, she was no ordinary personage, thus adding another to the innumerable instances of how much great men are indebted to the happy providence of having had superior mothers. It is the mother that not only imparts to her offspring the perceptive faculties, but gives to it, by the early training, the bias by which its character in the future will be determined. Mrs. Dickens was a pious lady, and the first lessons she taught her son were lessons of piety—lessons

that made such an impression on his facile brain that, as has been observed, the silver cord of pure Christian love runs unbrokenly through all his works. So that, while we associate the house in Portsmouth with the baby years of Charles Dickens, we ought not to forget his good and excellent mother. He never did, and her memory is as much part



and parcel of such national premises as his. We may be confident that had it not been for the seeds of Christian grace planted by her, Charles Dickens would never have earned such eulogies as those pronounced over his grave by the highest dignitaries of the English Church.

Those on this side of the water who have assailed his works as of unchristian tendency have no ground to stand upon. The endorsement of those eminent divines, with the endorsement, silent or unexpressed, of almost every heart, weighs down all unjust aspersion, and the moral and Christian excellence of

Charles Dickens stands vindicated. How beautiful, and how pertinent to this fact is the close of his will, and how it closes the mouths of those who pour out their vituperation above his ashes: "I commit my soul to the mercy of God through our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teaching of the New Testament in its broad spirit, and to put no faith in any man's narrow construction of its letter here or there." The last line, however, contains perhaps an offence to some—to some whose creeds are all narrow, and who place their own construction, favoring certain dogmas, on self-evident truths, wresting from them false meanings and thereby leading minds into error. These people Dickens did not love, as he disliked all that was false, and hence this line of his will.

Of him the Bishop of Manchester said: "He has been called in one notice an apostle of the people. I suppose it is meant that he had a mission, but in a style and fashion of his own; a gospel—a cheery, joyous, gladsome message—which the people understood, and by which they could hardly help being bettered; it was the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the widest sense of the word. I am sure I have felt in myself the healthful spirit of his teaching. He who has taught us our duty to our fellow-men better than we knew it before, who knew so well to weep with them that wept, and to rejoice with them that rejoiced, who has shown forth all his knowledge of the dark corners of the earth, how much sunshine may rest on the lowliest lot, who had such evident sympathy with suffering, such natural instinct of purity, that there is scarcely a page of the thousands he has written which might not be put into the hands of a little child, must be regarded by those who recognize the diversity of the gifts of the spirit as a teacher sent from God."

This is the testimonial of a grand and a good man, his soul imbued with the divine love that blesses every mission to aid human progress; and the testimony of Dean Stanley, of Westminster, at Dickens's funeral, was not less positive:

"The Bible sanctions this mode of teaching, which has been in a special sense God's gift to our own age. In various ages," he continued, "this gift has assumed various forms, the divine flame of poetry, the far-reaching page of science, the searching

analysis of philosophy, the glorious page of history, the stirring eloquence of preacher or orator, the grave address of moralist or divine; but no age has used like this the gift of speaking in parable, of teaching by fiction. Poetry may kindle a loftier fire, the drama may rivet the attention more firmly, science may open a wider horizon, and philosophy may touch a deeper spring, but no works are so penetrating or so persuasive, enter so many houses, or attract so many readers, as the romance or novel of modern times. And in proportion as the good novel is the best so is the bad novel the worst of instructors; but the work of the successful novelist, if pure in style, elevating in thought, and true in its sentiment, is the best of blessings to the Christian home, which the bad writer would debase and defile. In the writings of Charles Dickens, it is clearly shown that it is possible to move both old and young to laughter without the use of a single expression which could defile the purest or shock the most sensitive. He taught a lesson to the world that it is possible to jest without the introduction of depraving scenes or the use of unseemly and filthy jokes. So thought and so wrote, not only the genial and loving humorist whom we mourn, but Walter Scott, and Jane Austen, and Elizabeth Gaskell, and William Thackeray. But there was something even higher than this to be learnt in the writings of Charles Dickens, and which it was well to speak of in the house of God and beside that new-laid grave. In that long series of stirring tales, now closed, there was a palpably serious truth—might he not say a Christian and Evangelical truth?—of which we all needed much to be reminded, and of which in his own way he was the special teacher. In spite of the Oriental imagery with which it is surrounded, the Gospel tells us, and the departed writer did but reecho the truth, that the rich man and Lazarus lived very near and close to each other; he showed us, in his own dramatic and sympathetic manner, how close that lesson lay at the gates of the upper and wealthier classes of modern English society in this age of wide-spread civilization and luxury. The poor man had but one name given him in the parable, but in the writings of Charles Dickens he bore many names and wore many forms; now coming to us in the type of the forlorn outcast, now in that of the workhouse child struggling towards the good amid an atmosphere of cruelty, injustice and vice."

MARKET SQUARE, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Portsmouth is the only seaport town in New Hampshire, and, situated on the Piscataqua, has one of the safest harbors. It is three miles from the ocean, the little fishing town of Newcastle lying behind the guns of Fort Constitution at the mouth of the river. Portsmouth is situated on a peninsula, and its location is pleasant and healthy, the land gently sloping towards the water. On the easterly bank of the Piscataqua the settlers of Fort Constitution at the mouth of the river. Portsmouth is situated on a peninsula, and its location is pleasant and healthy, the land gently sloping towards the water. On the easterly bank of the Piscataqua the settlers of

of the colonial government, as a most desirable place of residence, and for many years it was the home of the royal governors and the king's council. Several ancient buildings that were occupied by distinguished officials are still standing; of these the Governor Wentworth House, at Little Harbor, is in the best preservation, an object of the deepest interest. The house is still standing, in the town, that was honored in old times by the presence of Washington, Louis Philippe, Talleyrand, and the Duke of Kent, the father of Queen Victoria.

The old town claims discovery as early as any in New England. In the year 1603, "Captain Martin Pring, of Bristol, a skillful navigator," commanding two vessels, the "Speedwell" and "Discoverer," entered the Piscataqua River, which he explored for three or four leagues, in search of sassafras, then a desirable article in pharmacy, and probably Portsmouth was visited at that time, the first land in New Hampshire trod by civilized man.

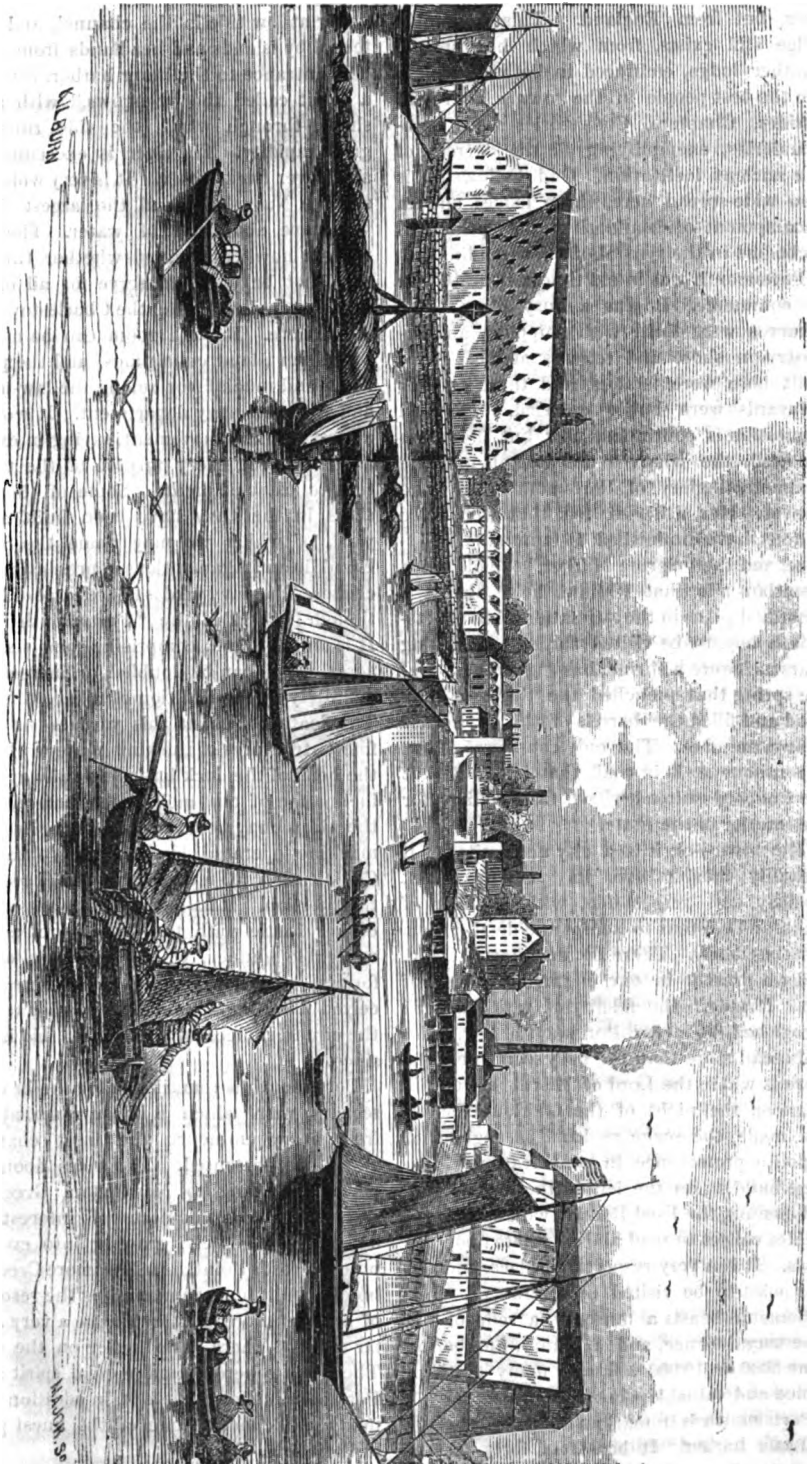
Under the colonial regime, the old town was enthusiastically loyal, contributing its quota to the Louisburg campaign, and burning bonfires on Windmill Hill in honor of loyal victories. But its patriotism blazed fiercer in the war of the Revolution, under the lead of Sullivan, Langdon, Whipple and the brave spirits that had a home there. The first "overt act" in the Revolution—before the battle of Lexington—was committed there, where John Sullivan led a band of "Liberty Boys" to the Fort—then William and Mary, now Constitution—and seized the guns and ammunition, which were conveyed to Exeter for future use. The small garrison was very much surprised, hardly expecting a call on the cold wintry night chosen.

In 1614, the John Smith of history, the discoverer of "The Shoals,"—which, by the way, should have received his name—entered the Piscataqua, and extolled its deep and swift waters. From 1723, however, the true history of the town dates, when persons, selected by the "Laconia Company," consisting of Fernando Gorges, John Mason and "many eminent, noble and enterprising merchants of London and other cities," came to establish a plantation here. They were not "Puritans," but traders, and were not always in harmony with the Massachusetts colonists, though a very good people, or so they seem in history, the annalist of Portsmouth saying that "their enlightened character, noble enterprise, and liberal views cannot fail to awaken in the sons of Portsmouth a laudable and elevating pride." An early regard was paid by them to the ministrations of religion, and the reputation of the settlement was so great that it was always selected, in the days

Portsmouth has always boasted a scholarly circle of rare attainment, including eminent literateurs, statesmen, divines and jurists. Here was the home of such men as Buckminster, Nathl. Haven, Sewall, Bartlett, Webster, Woodbury, and a host of others known to fame. A voluminous book of poems, entitled "The Poets of Portsmouth," was published a few years since, that denoted the poetical bent of the place; a work of much merit.

Portsmouth has ever been celebrated for the excellence of its schools, that still do credit to the town, and an intelligent social element prevails, that manifests itself through associations and coteries, with inexhaustible resources for development. The Mechanics' Charitable Association, established in 1803, is still in vigorous and useful existence. Masonry took early root in Portsmouth, St. John's Lodge succeeding that of Boston, of the same name, only a few years, not receiving its powers from the Boston Grand Lodge, how-

UNITED STATES NAVY YARD, PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



ever, but from England. This venerable lodge still exists, from which has sprung another lodge, embraced in both of which, are the best people in the town. There are besides, Chapters, Consistories and Commanderies, exemplifying all the degrees of the ancient institution. Odd Fellowship is also wide-spread here, three lodges and an encampment disseminating the principles embodied in the symbol of the three links.

Portsmouth was in old times celebrated for its commerce. It was a busy place. The wharves were lined with shipping, and industry on shore and sea was active. Ships built here were famous, and three or four shipyards were busily engaged. The old reputation is continued, now, but the yards are still, the wharves are vacant, and the commercial glory of Portsmouth has gone forever. Her fisheries, too, that were once famous, have diminished to a nominal existence, and the "Spring Market," the old worn Venetian pile that whilom held almost a sanctified place in the estimation of the Portsmouth boy, to be visited through returning years as 'twere a shrine, has "gone up," and the spring that quenched the thirst of boyhood and filled the barrels of the coasters is known no more. The only commerce, now, of consequence is in coal, that is received at the Concord railroad wharf, from colliers, for the interior of the State.

The town—or, it is a city now—sits as if dreamily musing over its past greatness, wealthy and respectable, with no fear of want, and content to accept the destiny that breathes decay. There is some internal trade, and we present in our engraving a view of the "Parade," the fidelity of which will be recognized by every Portsmouth boy, who will recall more than the busy scene presents. Here is where the Lord of Misrule set up his altars on the night of the Glorious Fourth and made the scene as lurid as regions of impolite prominence in conversation. The large building on the left is the Portsmouth Athenæum, the local Bourse, where the venerables collect to read and expatiate upon the news. It is a very respectable place, and the first point to be visited by a stranger. The Athenæum boasts a museum, a relic of old time magnificence, and a library, numbering some 8000 or 10,000 volumes, many of them choice and valuable works.

Portsmouth is remarkable for its spacious and safe harbor. It boasts of forty feet of

water at low tide in the channel, and is protected by islands and headlands from storms. The entrance to the inner harbor, is through a strait called the "Narrows," with a bold shore, through which the tide runs with great rapidity. The river is exceeding swift and never freezes over. It is very wide opposite the Navy Yard, and the largest ships of war have abundance of water. The question is now entertained whether this yard shall not be made to serve for all of New England, and removing the Charlestown yard down here. Enough room can be made by adding an island contiguous, and the project has found much favor among the law-makers and with the navy department. It would be a most salutary movement, saving in expense and answering every purpose of the two extensive establishments. Some of the finest ships in the navy have been built at this yard, of which we may name the Sabine, Franklin and Agamenticus, representing three classes. The navy yard is in the State of Maine, though it is called the "Portsmouth" yard. It is on an island, comprising some sixty-five acres, which can be doubled, or increased indefinitely by the addition of adjacent islands. The floating dock, at this yard, is one of the finest structures of the kind in the world. At the head of the dock basin is a railway, or an inclination of one inch in ten feet, on which the ships may be drawn up by a hydraulic machine operated by steam. We saw the Constitution, a few years since, occupying this position. It happened on the anniversary of her battle with the Guerrierre, and the venerable gunner, who lost his leg on the former, stood on the very spot where he received his wound, and recounted for us all the circumstances of the battle. He is dead since.

Portsmouth is remarkable for the beautiful scenery with which it is surrounded, and from every eminence the most charming views are presented. The rides about the place, extending to Newington, Greenland and Rye, present objects of interest and delight. And lately, growing into great repute is Frost's Point, near Sagamore Creek. A hotel is built here, commanding the resources of sea and shore, destined to be a very popular resort. There is no better on the coast. There is a generous and cordial spirit about Portsmouth that renders it, in addition to its many public merits, one of the finest places in the world.

CITY HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Few travellers who stop at Liverpool, condescend to write anything about it. Arriving there they appear to feel as the Irishman did, who, on finding the half dollar, refused to pick it up because there was "more ahead." Hence they manifest the utmost indifference towards Liverpool, and, taking the earliest trains out, they flee to London, which they regard the whole of England, or the radiating point for the time of their sojourn. Yet Liverpool is one of the most American-appearing cities that is to be met with on the other side of the water, and the most suggestive of home. Perhaps it is for this reason, however, that its claim is ignored, the visitor, running from home, not caring to be reminded of it.

Though but a new town, regarded commercially, the borough system of Liverpool dates back as far as the 13th century. It bears, however, no trace of its antiquity. In 1644, Liverpool, then surrounded by a mud wall, was besieged and taken by the cavalier Prince Rupert, but was shortly afterwards retaken by the Parliamentary forces under Sir John Meldrum.

Until within the last forty years but little attention was paid to architecture, the severely utilitarian being deemed all that was necessary. Some of the churches were handsome, but the town hall was a dwarfed and insignificant structure and the other public buildings equally so. St. George's Hall, however, was an exception. Liverpool "got along" with its inferior accommodations, until it reformed itself into a more liberal view of things. It has undertaken improvements on a large scale, provided a liberal supply of pure water for the town, and in police and sanitary arrangements shown what a concentrated and vigorous management can do. Having the charge of a princely property, and the control of a number of offices, which have increased with the expansion of the town, it about three years ago resolved to erect a building which should include these all under one roof. So that while the borough magnates—the aldermen, and common councillors—should hold their deliberations in the town hall, the various officials should be so located that an active and supervisory correspondence should be maintained among them all.

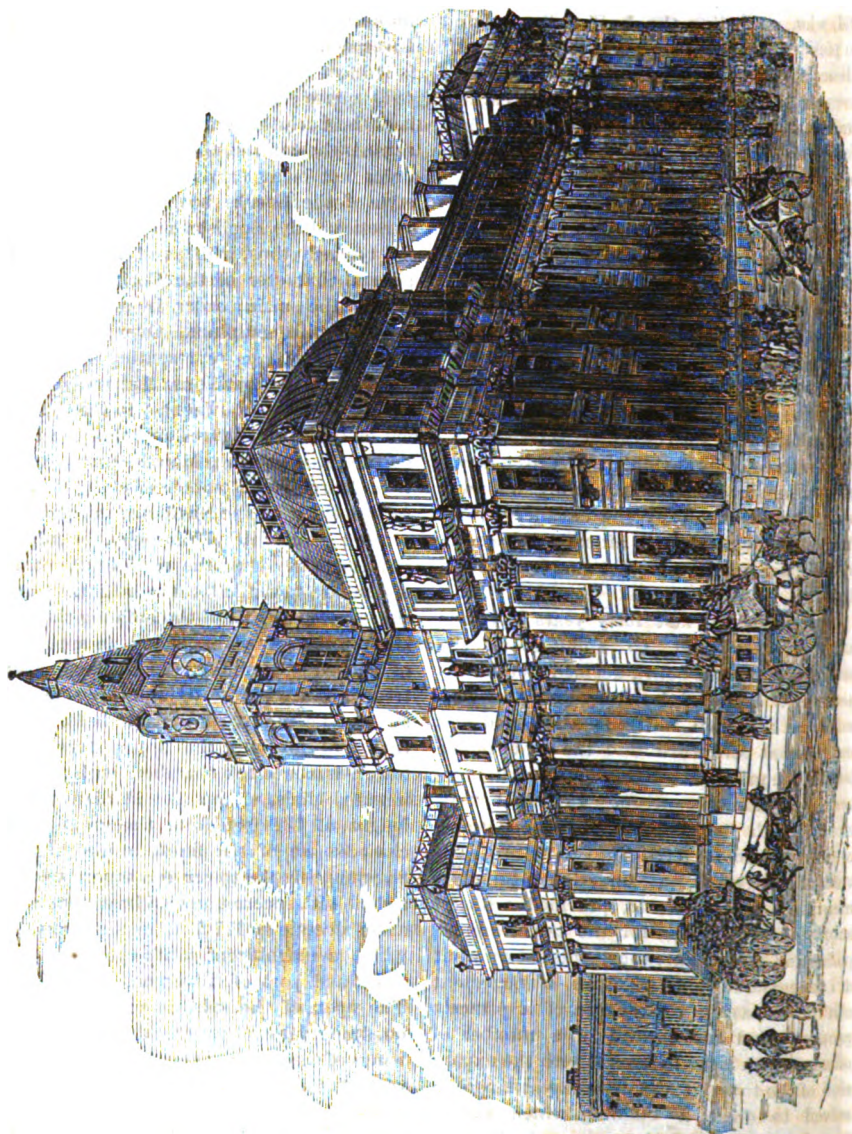
The new structure, of which we present a view, has just been completed at a cost of a million of dollars, and forms a pleasant and imposing addition to the public buildings of Liverpool. It has a frontage of 220 feet, and is 196 feet deep, the total area being about 4800 square yards. The style of the building is of the Corinthian order, liberally treated as regards the carving, the capitals of the main order not being carved in the conventional style of the Greeks but more freely, several varieties of the English fern being substituted for the acanthus, while still preserving the general character of the Corinthian capital. Above the main order is an attic story adorned with sculpture. Over the main entrance are groups representing Justice and Mercy; on the pavilions, figures symbolical of the different continents; to the right and left of the tower, figures representing Horticulture, Engineering, Manufactures, Navigation, Astronomy, Commerce, etc., and on the return sides of the pavilions, statues representing Natural Philosophy, Sculpture, Painting, etc. Over the main front entrance is a square tower 210 feet in height. Until it rises above the roof of the building the tower is comparatively plain, giving an appearance of breadth and solidity. The bell-chamber is treated as a separate order, every side being alike, and contains a fine peal of bells. Above this, and forming the upper story of the tower, is the clock chamber, with four illuminated dials, eleven feet in diameter, at a height of 132 feet from the ground. The clock is one of the finest in the kingdom. Surmounting the tower is a square spire, enriched with lucerns, and midway up the spire, at an altitude of 177 feet, in a balcony, from which a magnificent bird's-eye view of the town and port of Liverpool is obtainable. The apex of the spire is surmounted by a quadrangular iron vane, and each of the four wings of the building is covered by a pavilion roof, furnished with an ornamental iron railing.

Liverpool is celebrated for its markets, that are the finest in the world, St. John's market being an eighth of a mile long and forty-five yards wide. It is also famed for its benevolent institutions that are supported with great liberality, and public bathing houses that are models for imitation. These are

supplied with filtered salt, and pure spring water, to one of which a public washing-house is attached, and there are also private washing-houses of the same character.

The name of Liverpool is a little in doubt, several theories being entertained regarding

livery or freemen of the Pool were distinguished by that title from the lords of the soil outside, and so by a lingual transition, well known in our language, the names applied to the legal owners of the Pool became to be one word.



it, the most rational of which is that, as the corporation, or "livery," of the borough owned the land contiguous to the Pool, and the Lords of Derby, or the Crown, claimed other foreshore rights beyond, which the livery in process of time had to buy, the

Liverpool is nearest to us, commercially, of any city of the old world, and the familiarity of its name, made common through commercial intercourse, indicates an almost affectionate interest, and we are indebted to it for thousands of American citizens.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. E. B. EDSON.

PART FIFTH.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE soft June airs had crept through dusty streets, through narrow lanes of brick and stone, and came breezily in at the open south window, loitering with a riotous delight among a cluster of pale pink rosebuds lying idly clasped in a white nerveless hand outside the counterpane. Looking from the flowers and the thin hand, you saw a thin face, colorless, but with something inexpressibly sweet in it, something that made you like to look at it despite its wanness and marks of illness.

"Mother," said the white lips, with a beautiful smile, "I used to think this place was so dark and gloomy, but the summer has glorified it, I believe. I don't believe any place will ever seem *very* dark to me again."

"No, Grace, I do not think it will, if you carry such an amount of sunshine in your heart," the mother said, gently.

"But, mother, how can I help it when all the world is so full of it?" she asked, quickly. "It just shines in and I cannot shut it out. I suppose I have been a great care and weariness to you, and you are so tired that you don't feel it just as I do, who have been resting so long. Resting! That is just it, mother. It seems as if I was rested from all the pain, and care, and bitterness, and strife of my whole past life. I suppose the finance question troubles you, doesn't it, dear mother? I don't want it should. I am so sure He will provide."

"I am not troubled about anything, my darling, now that you are spared to me," Mrs. Huntington said, fondly, her eyes filling with quick tears.

"I suppose I was very ill, wasn't I?"

Mrs. Huntington shuddered. "You were very near to death, my child," she said.

Grace lay very quiet with closed eyes, but her lips just murmured, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death." Then she opened her eyes, and putting one hand under her face, leaned on it, her head slightly raised.

"Mother," she said, earnestly, "I am so glad I did not die, there is so much I want to do! I have been thinking it all over when

you thought me asleep. I do not mean that I am going to turn reformer, or go out as a missionary to a foreign land," she said, with a faint smile; "but I am going to try to fill my own place in the world, bravely and humbly. It is something to do that, mother. 'He that ruleth his own spirit is greater than he who taketh a city,' Mr. Russell says. I used to think I never should forgive *him*; but I cannot find a particle of the old bitterness in my heart, now, but O, so much pity and sorrow for him—my dear father?"

A little rap on the door, which brought a quick bright smile to the pale face, interrupted her.

"I knew it was you, Mr. Russell. I know your rap by heart," she cried, with almost childish delight, as he came into the room.

"That is because you have heard it so much," he said, laughing.

"Out of all the vagueness, and delirium, and unconsciousness of those terrible weeks," she said, slowly, "when the world seemed one vast treadmill, which I was forced to keep in constant motion, and I was O so terribly, terribly weary, and faint, and dizzy with the work, out of all there comes to me one quiet pleasant sound, and that is the rap which heralded your coming, Mr. Russell. I remember of listening and waiting for it with a vague idea that it was the signal of rest and release for me. Is it any wonder I knew it by heart?" she asked, with a bright smile. "And these lovely flowers—these and all their beautiful predecessors—how can I find words to thank you for them, or express the pleasure they have given me?"

"Did you think I sent those?" he asked, quickly.

"I know you did, for there is no one else who would do it," she said, confidently. "You know we have no acquaintances in the city, save yourself."

"But some one has done it, nevertheless, Miss Grace," he replied. "I have to disclaim any credit for the pleasure they have given you. I do not even know who did send them."

"Why, there is positively no one to do it," she said, in a perplexed tone.

"But some one *has*, an argument which outweighs your theory," he answered, smiling. "Who brings them here?"

"A boy of ten or eleven years, I should judge," Mrs. Huntington replied. "A very dark-complexioned child, with light hair and black eyes. I noticed that particularly because it is rather unusual."

A sudden gleam of intelligence lighted his face, coupled with a faintly surprised expression.

"Do you know him, Mr. Russell?" Grace asked eagerly. "You see we have so few friends," she added, as if apologizing for her curiosity.

"I know, perhaps, a score of boys answering to this general description, particularly in regard to the *age*," he said, with an evasive laugh. "Suppose you put the police on his track."

"Now you are laughing at me. I am so sorry."

"Then I will not."

"I don't mean that. I mean I am sorry you did not send them, for I suppose I ought not to receive any more, if more are sent, from a stranger," she said, soberly.

"The stranger is evidently your friend, and I would not let any absurd notions of etiquette deprive me of so simple and harmless a pleasure, if I were you," he replied, soothingly, noticing a little flush of feeling in her face. "Continue to receive the flowers, whenever they are sent, while you remain an invalid, and I will take care there shall be no unpleasant consequences. There, is that satisfactory?"

"Yes," she said, in a relieved tone.

"Then we will change the subject altogether. I saw a friend of yours this morning, and he wished me to bring you this," taking out a pocket diary and taking therefrom two fifty dollar notes.

"Mr. Russell!" Mrs. Huntington said, a genial color overspreading her face.

"O, pray don't lay this to my charge, also," he cried, hastily. "One Mallory—Dick Mallory—who used to work for Mr. Huntington, at Arcadia, gave it to me. He said it belonged to you—due in some way to Mr. Huntington—and begged you to take it as the payment of a just debt. The man seemed slightly embarrassed, and it struck me that it was in some way a kind of conscience money."

"I know of nothing, unless he reproaches himself in the matter of the safe robbery,"

Mrs. Huntington said, thoughtfully. "He was watchman at the time, and was considered the most honest and trustworthy man in the establishment prior to this, I know. He failed in his duty then by sleeping at his post, but it was done without thought of harm coming from it, I am sure."

"Mr. Russell," Grace broke in abruptly, "isn't it time for him to get the letter you wrote for me?—Arthur."

"Yes, if it reached him directly. But your brother might have left the city before that."

"I have never asked you," she said, after a little pause, "did she write?"

"Winifred wrote the day you spoke to me about it," he replied.

There was another little pause, and then she said, very humbly:

"Do you think she would be willing to come here to see me, Mr. Russell?"

"I think so—yes, Miss Huntington, from the fact that she has been cooing me every day since *that* day to let her come."

"And why—"

She broke off abruptly, and a bright flush swept over the thin white face. "I do not wonder," she said.

"I did not want her to come until I was sure she would be welcome," he said, gravely. "My profession would excuse me, and so I came in her stead."

"And she sent you? I see now, but I never thought of it before."

"She was very anxious that I should find you out, and," laughing, "I think I was very willing to make the attempt. After I found you so fearfully ill I could not stay away. That is the whole history. By the way, did you ever know West Ingraham? He used to visit at the Morleys, in Arcadia."

"Yes; I met him there," Grace answered, without looking up. Perhaps she was thinking of the night, and how much everything had changed since then, herself most of all, for her face was very grave and thoughtful.

"He was out to Arcadia, last week. Mr. Gates has withdrawn from the business in which he was connected with your father. Ingraham thinks he has made his share out of it; he has bought the Morley place, and is besides able to retire, it seems. I don't know why, but that man impresses me very unpleasantly."

Happening to look up he saw a strange, pained expression on Mrs. Huntington's face.

Instantly, like a revelation, it came clearly to his consciousness that in some way Gates

between her and her husband. But if he had touched a sore spot, he had done it unwittingly. He rose to go.

"You will bring Winifred?" Grace said, anxiously.

"I will bring her to-morrow if it will not tire you too much."

"O, nothing tires me now," she said.

He took up the little weak hand, and looked smilingly down into the dark eyes, into which a new, sweet, earnest look had come of late.

"I see," he said, "you are a second Samson. You look marvellously like it!" laughing a pleasant, cheery laugh. Then giving the slender hand a firm encouraging pressure, which somehow belied the lightness of his words, he turned and went out.

"Grace," Mrs. Huntington said, "what did you mean about speaking to him in regard to Winifred Lester's writing—to Arthur, I suppose, of course?"

"O, I went up there that day, the day I was taken ill. Or rather I went to the address she gave you, and not finding him, started to go to his new place of residence, when very fortunately I met him."

Something in her mother's face made her pause; then she broke out abruptly, almost passionately:

"I know what you are thinking of, mother; the little scene in the Arcadia station! Do you believe she will forgive me for all my coldness, and hardness, and pride?"

"Yes, my dear, I know she will," she replied, remembering the pure, gentle face of Winifred Lester.

"I only hope Arthur will make himself worthy of her—worthy of such patient trusting faith," Grace said, gravely. "I cast away my pride, but not my selfishness, then. My one great thought was to save him—my brother. If she could help me, I was willing at last to have her do it. I feel differently about it now. I am, I think, more anxious and eager to help him—to save him. I know I never loved him so deeply and tenderly as I do now. I know there was never a time I could forgive him so freely and fully. But I think now so much of her. I want her happiness made sure. I am so afraid some sorrow or loss will come to her life through him."

She was silent a long time, lying with her eyes closed and her hands clasped. Mrs. Huntington went about the house softly, almost believing herself in a dream, sometimes. It hardly seemed possible that this

gentle, thoughtful, conscientious girl was her proud, passionate, queenly daughter. Once she stole softly up and touched her lips to the white hands. Instantly they unclasped, and the soft arms closed about her neck.

"My darling mother!" she said, kissing her fondly.

Grace insisted on having on her clothes next morning, saying that she felt "nearly well." So when a little past ten o'clock Rev. Mark Russell and Winifred Lester came, they found her sitting by the high narrow window, a little ray of sunlight falling over her like a veil. The excitement of expectation had brought a faint color to her cheek, which was heightened by the soft bright crimson of her morning-dress.

There was no scene, no tragic speech or action when the two girls met, but there was a firm close clasp of the fair hands, and a long earnest look in each other's eyes. Then Miss Lester sat down, and for a few minutes Mr. Russell and Mrs. Huntington did all the talking there was, which was not much, though none of them, I think, minded.

"I am so glad to see you, Miss Lester," Grace said, by-and-by.

"And I am so glad to come," Winnie responded, frankly. Then there was more general conversation, in which they all joined, but no reference was made to the past; painful as it must be to both, it was better to ignore it, only Grace said, when Winifred rose to go:

"You must come to see me very often now. Try to be to me something of the patient and true friend you have been to him." Then tightening her hold upon her hand, she asked, almost breathlessly, "You've not heard anything?"

"Not yet; I expect to every hour," Winnie replied, hopefully. "Mark says I may look for a letter any day, now." She did not add that Mark had told her this two weeks ago.

"And you'll let me know?"

"The very next hour," Winnie replied.

"Mark," Winifred said, enthusiastically, after they had reached the street, "isn't Miss Huntington lovely? I never saw such a change in a person in all my life."

"A person of your extended experience, too?" he asked, teasingly.

"Mark," she added, not minding his interruption, "wouldn't it be splendid if you and Miss Huntington should fall in love? I never thought I should wish such a thing, but I do with all my heart."

"You forget about Paul," he said, laughing to hide his embarrassment, for he was embarrassed; he actually blushed like a girl.

Winnie saw it, too, and said to herself, in a little transport of delight, "He does love her, now?"

After this Grace Huntington gained rapidly, so that in a week she went to the door, and even stepped on the sidewalk. She was just turning to go in, when a step—a firm quick step—just behind her, caused her to glance back, as one involuntarily will. The step was close at her side, now it paused; then, throwing off her momentary embarrassment, she turned back and held out her hand.

"I was coming to see you, Miss Huntington," said a pleasant musical voice; "may I come in?"

"Certainly, Mr. Ingraham," she responded, and so he followed her in.

Grace thought she had conquered the last remnant of her old spirit of pride, but she had not taken West Ingraham into the account. Struggle as she might, calling it weak and wicked, she could not help contrasting her last meeting with him with this. He, too, seemed a little constrained and embarrassed; possibly he was making the same contrast; Grace thought he was, and tried not to feel humiliated and pained by it. If only she had known just what was in West Ingraham's mind then!

Fortunately for the interests of conversation Mrs. Huntington was not so much affected by the presence of Mr. Ingraham as her daughter, and the call was, so far as talking was concerned, an average success. But it was, nevertheless, far from satisfactory to either Grace or West Ingraham, both being uncomfortably impressed with the idea that they had, despite themselves, appeared to a great disadvantage to one another. This curious hallucination affected them very nearly alike in another respect; each thought the other acquitted themselves with new honor and grace.

"I never was so stupid in my life! What could she have thought of me?" he said, angrily, to himself, as he strode back to his office on Broadway. "But I have permission to call again," he added, brightening.

Grace, with all her new faith and strength, yielded to her woman's nature and cried, just a little, when her mother thought she was sleeping, and was going about the house on tiptoe to keep from waking her.

"He doubtless saw my embarrassment," she said, "and despised me for the weakness. And I thought I was so brave and strong!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE soft splendor of a California sunset flooded the earth and air with tender glory. It fell over green valleys and tinted with silvery rose the rippling rivers. It lighted up dim gorges, flushing the rugged rocks with soft gold, and spanning the hills with its illuminated arch. It fell through lofty windows and lighted up halls and parlors like a sudden conflagration; and, not content, crept through the hovels of the poor, and like the love of Heaven, illimitable and impartial, descended alike upon them all. And in its course it touched a flushed feverish face, bringing it into strong relief against the sombre background of a dingy room, with rough board floor and smoke-stained walls.

A door opened and a man came into the room—a coarsely-dressed man, bronzed, and bearded, and grizzled. He came up and looked into the face turned toward the sunset.

"Well?" he said, interrogatively.

"I don't know, Ludden. I reckon I'm going to die. I hope so, God knows!" he said, with a sort of weary vehemence.

"Now see here, comrade, you're too young to talk in that way; and suppos'n you have had bad luck, in one way and another, you aren't so old but there's a good chance for you yet. I got two kinds of medicine for you up at the city, and I reckon one or the other of 'em will fetch you round."

The sunlight slowly faded out, and then one saw the flushed face better. It was young; it was a handsome, winning face, too, but for the haggard look about the eyes. I think you recognize the bright, dark, handsome face of Arthur Huntington, though, despite it and the hint of bitterness about the beardless lips.

I am not going to tell you the history of these last few weeks of his life. It is not pleasant; it is dark, and sad, and sorrowful to tell or hear. I choose rather to drop that chapter out of the story than to dwell upon it, even for the purpose of moralizing. I am going to take him as I find him this evening; ill, disheartened, desperate, perhaps, yet with a faint longing in his heart for love, and tenderness, and home, and purity.

"Here's the powders, and drops, and

things Doctor Hubbard sent," Ludden said, taking several minute packages from the capacious pocket of his buckskin jacket. "He's writ out the directions, and you're to take 'em to once."

"The directions?" Huntington asked, with a faint smile, reaching for the packages.

"Darn it, no! the squills and things; you know what I mean. Now for the other stuff," putting his hand leisurely in his pocket and making a great show of searching for something. "If you could have jest what you wanted, what would it be?" he asked, pausing, and looking curiously in his companion's face.

A sudden flush—it was not the fever now—reddened the dark face.

"Think sharp, cos I'm in a powerful hurry. Maybe it's a letter, with pretty finified writin' on it, and then again maybe—"

"Ludden!"

The voice was so sharp, and there was such a wild, almost insane look in the flushed face, that Ludden, without a word, drew two letters from his pocket and tossed them into his hands. A low fierce cry burst from his lips, and then with eager, ravenous hands he tore them from their envelopes. As they fluttered down to the rough mud-stained floor, one of them—the envelop, I mean—fell so that the light showed full upon it. It bore two or three postmarks, one of which was "Arcadia," and the address—the original address, as one could plainly see—was "Arthur Huntington, Vera Cruz."

Ludden, to substantiate his statement about being in a "powerful hurry," strode out as if the fate of the universe depended on his speed; but once outside the door he threw himself full length on the ground, and drawing out a highly-colored clay pipe, leisurely proceeded to make preparations for a smoke.

"It's some confounded woman that's at the bottom of it, now, you bet," he said, argumentatively, addressing his pipe for lack of other audience; "darn the whole caboodle of 'em!"

Having thus relieved his mind he smoked the pipe of peace.

It was a good half hour before Tom Ludden came back into the little shanty. The west was faintly golden now, and the shadows had crept in and taken possession of the little bare room, with its rusted stove and straw bunk in the corner. There was a sound of fierce, wild, stormy sobbing in the

room, and Ludden, alarmed at the unexpected effect of his "medicine," strode hastily across the room.

"Huntington, don't! come now, old fellow, what's the use?" he asked, with a comical pathos. "Hit me as hard as you like, anywhere, but don't, don't take on so; dern it, now, don't!"

Huntington rose suddenly to his feet and grasped his hand.

"Ludden, my good friend," he exclaimed, in a hysterical voice, "I am the happiest man in California, yes, in the wide world!"

"The devil you are—well!" Ludden exclaimed, stepping back and staring at him with all his might, a vague suspicion entering his brain that the poor fellow had gone stark, staring mad. He hurried to a little shelf in the corner and an instant after the dull flare of a tallow candle fell upon the scene. He came back a little cautiously and peered anxiously into his companion's face. His own lighted up.

"Derned if I don't believe you are!" he said, joyfully; "you look like it, sure enough."

"It is a glorious truth, my kind friend," Huntington said, smiling gravely. "Now, I am going to be a man again. Ludden, have you got a Bible in the house?"

"A what?"

"A Bible. I want to take the most solemn oath ever man took."

"You don't mean a common swear?"

"I mean an oath—a vow."

"Exactly. But wont anything else do? I'm afraid I haven't got the article; my libry aint o' much account. But stop!"

He hurried to a little cupboard and returned with the covers, and possibly twenty-five leaves, of a small cheaply-bound pocket-Bible.

"I reckon this is the feller, now;" adding in a tone of genuine regret, "I do wish there was more of it! Do you think there's enough to swear by? You see one of them coalpotters give it to me. I aint no great reader, and so I've used this along for wadin'. I'm sorry enough, as it's turned out. Do you think it will do?" he asked, with a face so full of genuine anxiety and kindness that, irreverent as his use of his Bible had been, one felt instinctively that in the sight of God his heart was cleaner than many a man's who reads its pages daily and then goes out to cheat and oppress his fellows. It is not that which goeth into a man that defileth or maketh clean. It is the manner

of spirit and temper he is of, rather. Arthur Huntington took the torn and mutilated book, with a grave earnest face, and laid it on the rough pine table, crossed his palms reverently upon it and said:

"I, Arthur Huntington, most solemnly swear in the sight of God, and by this book, never to take between my lips again, upon any provocation, or under any circumstances, one drop of any intoxicating drink of any kind whatever, in sickness or health, in life or death—so help me Heaven!"

It was a strange picture; the bare poor room, with its low dingy walls, and the solemn earnest young face slightly upraised, the yellow flaring glare of the candle, but half lifting the hovering shadows in the background, where, with head uncovered and arms crossed, Tom Ludden stood as erect and motionless as a statue. But neither of the two men seemed to think of it as anything strange or grotesque; they were too much in earnest to note such things then.

"Now get me my valise, Tom. I have writing materials in it. I must write to-night so you can send it up the first thing in the morning," Huntington said, hurriedly.

After the letter was written and sealed the fictitious strength gave way, and the arms dropped nervously, and a gray pallor crept up over the dark face, and Tom Ludden lifted him in his arms, as one would lift a child, and bore him very tenderly and carefully to the little straw bunk in the corner.

"Poor boy! poor old feller!" he said, drawing the sleeve of his buckskin jacket hastily across his eyes.

The June days had slipped away one by one and still Winifred Lester had looked and hoped and waited in vain for an answer to her letter. But she never thought of getting disheartened or losing hope, but day after day imagined and invented new excuses for the delay, each of which she wondered she had not thought of before, they were so reasonable and natural. Grace Huntington, with all her new faith and hope, felt her heart sink within her as the days went by and no tidings came from Arthur. It was time now that she had an answer to her letter; the one Mark Russell had written for her while she was yet too weak to do more than whisper a few broken sentences of love, and longing tenderness, and appeal. She had not Winnie's natural hopefulness, besides she was not yet quite well, and she tried to sew a little, despite her mother's remon-

strances, and this, with the anxiety about Arthur, kept her back. West Ingraham, who had availed himself rather freely of the permission to call again—doubtless with the laudable desire of redeeming himself—saw how weak the flesh was despite the willingness of spirit, and got actually nervous over it, a very remarkable condition for him to be in since he had frequently boasted that he "hadn't any nerves."

But one sunny July morning, quite early in the month, the postman came to No. 10—Avenue with a satisfied look on his face. He had learned to read faces pretty well in the ten years of his peculiar experience. He knew all the alternating expressions of hope, dread, anxiety and alarm. He knew just as well as if some one had told him that Winnie Lester had been expecting him to bring her a letter every day for the last four or five weeks. She always smiled brightly and pleasantly when he gave her the letters for Mr. Russell, but there was a look in the soft, dusky-blue eyes—not a shadow, but the faintest shadow of a shadow. So when a letter came into his hands for Miss Winifred Lester, superscribed in an unmistakable, though somewhat irregular masculine hand, and postmarked "San Francisco," he felt a sense of unusual delight and satisfaction.

"I've got it at last," he said, exultantly. He was quite sure, but when he saw the soft glow break over the girl's face, and the sudden light leap to her eyes at the sight of it, then he *knew*.

West Ingraham, Esq., called on Mrs. Lester on business that morning, and found Winnie with the thrice-read letter in her hand, and some unmistakably womanly tears in her eyes. Mr. Ingraham, for some reason, was nearly as much interested, and as delighted as Winnie herself, which was rather singular, as he did not know Arthur Huntington, and never had so much as seen him.

"You see," Winnie said, with frank confidence, "Arthur never got the letter I sent him when he was in prison—never got any, only one terrible bitter one from his father casting him off and disowning him, till he got the one I wrote him in April, and then, with that, the old Vera Cruz letter, which was of no use then."

"Of no use! Ah Winnie, you never, never will know the wonderful power there was in that old letter; how its strong faith and unselfish love touched the purest and tenderest chord in a despairing and reckless soul, and

roused it to virtue, and strength, and true manliness.

Mr. Ingraham's business was to decline further action in Mrs. Lester's case, namely: the detection of the guilty party or parties in the old case of the stolen draft. This seemed a little remarkable, for of late he had been very sanguine of success, having, as he thought, obtained a clue towards the solving of the mystery. He now declined very firmly and peremptorily having anything further to do with it in any way. When asked the reason for his sudden decision, he simply said he had none to offer.

"Never mind, mother," Winifred said, after he had gone, "we don't need the money now, even if we were sure of getting it, which we probably should not at this late day. It would do no good to expose somebody's crime to the world; it wouldn't make us any happier, and it might bring a great deal of wretchedness to some hearts. I'm glad the whole thing is given up, for my part;" and with a little sigh of relief she turned again to her precious letter.

"I must go up and show this to dear Grace; I really believe she thought I shouldn't get any—and such a letter as this! won't she be delighted?" And with a little hysterical laugh she ran up stairs for her hat.

When West Ingraham left Mrs. Lester's he walked very hastily and very directly to the little alley where Mrs. Huntington and Grace lived. How dark and hot and stifed it seemed there! He met Mark Russell coming out the door. "I hope he's as attentive to all his flock as he is to them!" he muttered crossly to himself, and even Russell's genial, cordial greeting failed to impress him very much in his favor.

There was an unmistakable blush on Grace's face when he opened the door, and involuntarily he associated it in some way with Russell's call, and "though it was none of his business," he said, "he should think a minister would want some time to study!" Of course he didn't say this aloud. Instead he made some very polite, if not original, remarks about the weather—past, present and future. Then he said, rather abruptly, and not at all with his usual easy address:

"Mrs. Huntington, would you consider it an insult if I asked you to become my house-keeper?"

I do not think it was properly pride that sent the slow faint color to Mrs. Huntington's forehead. Certainly such a position was pre-

ferable to this way of living, but here, at least, she was her own mistress. Then a swift thought of the past came back, and the beautiful home of elegance and affluence rose up before her, and the memory of her husband, the only man she had ever thought to keep house for, came back with overwhelming force.

"Pardon me," he said, quickly, her evident pain restoring his natural gentleness and grace of manner. "I see that I put the question too abruptly and not at all in the proper form to express my wishes. You know that I am motherless, and quite alone in the world. I have always been accustomed to living by myself, that is, keeping house. All my mother's furniture, the things she used, and among which she lived, are in the house. It does not seem as if I could live without them; they are my companions now. My house-keeper, Aunt Mollie, is getting old, and is not able to take all the care. Of course I shall keep her with me as long as I live, if she lives as long. But I want some one else, and I thought possibly, more as a favor to me than for any other reason, you might be induced to come and help me out of my difficulties. I will try to make the situation as light and easy as possible for you, if you will consent."

"Perhaps I had better—what do you say, Grace?" she replied, in a hesitating way.

"I think we had better thank Mr. Ingraham for his kind offer, and—remain where we are," she said, in a quick decisive voice.

"It would be easier for you, dear," Mrs. Huntington said, evidently rather inclining to the proposition now she had had time to think of it.

"You forget that I am not going to seek the easy paths of life in the future," she said, with a smile. "I am going to follow your brave example, Mr. Ingraham, and fight my way to fame. I confidently expect that I shall astonish you all some day with the sudden display of talents no one ever dreamed me possessed of."

There was a pretty wavering color in her cheeks, and her eyes glowed, and altogether she looked more like the beautiful Grace Huntington of the picture he had brought home with him from Arcadia almost a year ago, than he had ever seen her since.

"But you can cultivate those wonderful talents there," he said, quickly, "and have the benefit of my experience besides. Come, Miss Huntington, I see it all depends on you. Begin your new work by taking pity on the desolate and helpless."

She laughed, and even blushed faintly, though he did not see it, but she shook her head.

"No, Mr. Ingraham," she said, "I cannot let you turn me aside by your specious arguments, eloquent as they are. I am very positive that it is best for us to stay here. I will, however, in return for your generous and friendly offer, tell you that I have already decided upon a course which will be, I think, satisfactory and pleasant. Mr. Russell has obtained for me the position of organist in the church where he preaches. Miss De-Lamar, the present incumbent, is to be married and leave the city in a few weeks and I can have her place."

"I am very glad for you," he said, in a slightly constrained voice, "and since the matter is decided it is no use for me to waste my 'eloquence' longer;" and wishing them good-morning he took his hat and went out.

"If Mark Russell had asked her to be his laundress, she would have accepted with tears of delight," he said, savagely, as he walked off.

"Grace, dear, I fear Mr. Ingraham was wounded by our refusal," Mrs. Huntington said, gently. "He was an old friend of your father's, and he has been very delicate and considerate of our feelings in all things. I fear we have been almost rude in return."

To all of which Grace replied only by breaking into an uncontrollable fit of weeping.

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CHAPTER XV.

MR. RUSSELL had been to Fonda again on exchange. Evidently there was a very warm friendship existing between himself and Mr. Gifford, the Fonda minister. Notwithstanding the distance this was the third time they had exchanged since the previous autumn. But it is natural to suppose a country minister should like to get into the city, and a city minister into the country sometimes, variety being both profitable and pleasant. Of course New York offered some very fine attractions to Mr. Gifford, and Fonda, in Mr. Russell's opinion, was the original garden of Eden, revised and improved. But all this was nothing to do with the story he heard there, and which he came with at once to Mrs. Huntington and her daughter, even before he went to his own home. Grace, who had "learned his face by heart," as she laughingly told him, saw that something not perfectly pleasant was on his mind, and waited in a sort of vague suspense for him to

make it known. Her first thought was that Theo was ill—perhaps dead.

"I thought," he began, at once the ordinary greetings were exchanged, "perhaps I had better run in and tell you about Mr. Huntington."

"Richard! what—what is it?" interrupted Mrs. Huntington, growing suddenly pale.

"Mr. Huntington is bankrupt," he answered, as briefly as possible, seeing the alarm in her face.

"O," in a tone of intense relief.

"Mr. Gates withdrew from the business some time since upon what terms no one knows, as Mr. Huntington was always very reticent concerning his business affairs," he resumed. "People think, however, that the business has been running back for a year or more."

"But where is he? He has not lost all—he has still Chestnut Villa?" she asked, anxiously.

"Chestnut Villa is in the hands of the creditors, and will be sold at auction as soon as affairs can be settled. The property will pay about seventy per cent, it is calculated. There was quite an excitement in the neighborhood, people being greatly astonished at the failure, supposing such a thing one of the impossibilities."

"Where is father and Theo, Mr. Russell?" Grace asked, in a low quick voice.

"I was unable to learn, though I went up there on purpose to find out. He seemed very much broken with the trouble, and has hardly been seen since he gave things up, I was told. Some said he had gone back into the country with the boy. And by the way, the boy is grown well and strong now, one of the old servants from Chestnut Villa told me."

"Thank Heaven!" she responded, fervently.

"And now I must go," he said, rising. "I thought I had better tell you this, though perhaps, really, it does not affect you. If there is any way I can help or advise you, do not hesitate to call on me."

There was a little moment of silence after Mr. Russell left them, both sitting with folded hands and grave downcast faces. Presently Mrs. Huntington looked up with a faint smile.

"Grace, dear, I am going to him; he cannot do more than repulse me, and if, by any possibility—O Grace! if only he will let me love and help him!" her face lighting up with a soft glow.

Grace did not speak, she rose up and came

softly behind her mother's chair, and putting her arms about her neck kissed her forehead.

At first Grace thought she would go with her mother, but then she remembered their poverty, *his* as well as theirs. It would be better for her to stay and keep her place, and the home, such as it was, for possibly he might have to depend on them yet; at any rate Theo must come, and that was one more to provide for, but such a privilege as it would be!

In these few days of consultation and preparation, the friendship and counsel of Mark Russell were invaluable. Insensibly they leaned on and rested in his judgment, and Winnie, watching and noting it, said:

"I am so glad, it will be just what I most wished."

This pretty Winnie of ours was superlatively happy in these days. The postman began to think that the matter was in danger of being overdone when he had delivered the sixth of those San Francisco letters and it only September, little more than two months since the first one came.

Of course Grace had long ago received the answer to her letter, and a brave, penitent, hopeful one it was. She had written him herself since, this time not by proxy, a long, tender, encouraging letter, telling him in it something of the trouble that had come to them, but making it as light as she could, and trying to make excuses for her father, while blaming his harshness somewhat.

Mrs. Huntington stood before the little mirror tying on her bonnet. A slant beam of September sunshine, shimmering and tender, fell through the high narrow window, and rested upon her hair. It softened and brightened it, and lent a warm glow to the face below. A faint smile, and a fainter blush came into it then. She was thinking—a vain, and weak, and foolish thought, perhaps you will say—had she changed much? and had she grown old, and plain, and unattractive since he had seen her? She remembered, though it was more than twenty years ago, that he had once called her "beautiful, the most beautiful woman in the world."

Perhaps I have not good taste, but I think that at this moment she was more beautiful than she ever was in her life before. Not outwardly, perhaps, but in all the elements of true, enduring, immortal beauty.

After she had gone Grace sat down to her sewing, not feeling lonely as she had expected, for her heart and brain were so full

of fond hopes and pleasant plans. She was singing softly to herself a pretty air from the last Sabbath's service. She had succeeded admirably so far in her new labors, and the salary she was to receive would keep them very comfortably without taking more sewing from the shops. Mr. Russell thought he could get her a dozen scholars in French among his parishioners, and that would take up her time sufficiently. She paused suddenly in both thought and music and listened. It was repeated, a low, hesitating knock at the inner door. She opened it hastily, and a woman, looking pale and ill, stood revealed.

"You do not know me, Miss Huntington?" she said.

"Mrs. Orley!" Grace exclaimed. "Come in; I did not know you at first; you are not well, I think?" she said, putting out a chair.

The woman gave a hurried, scrutinizing glance about the room.

"You live here?" she asked.

"Certainly."

"And your mother?"

"We live together, Mrs. Orley, of course," Grace answered, quietly. "My mother is not in though, now."

A faint look of relief crossed the woman's face.

"I'm glad," she said.

Grace looked at her curiously; there was a visible excitement in the pale face, and the thin lips twitched convulsively.

"One doesn't like a large audience at the confessional," she said, with a hollow laugh.

A violent cough convulsed her for several minutes, and Grace untied her bonnet, and brought her a glass of water.

"I have come here to make a revelation which I cannot carry on my conscience another day!" she said, with startling vehemence, as soon as she recovered her breath.

"Is it anything about my father, or Theo?" Grace cried, leaning eagerly forward.

"It's about your mother, girl; but don't interrupt me, I am in a hurry, I tell you! It's time I was in a hurry now I'm dying. Well! You know the cause of the trouble between your father and mother was a previous marriage of hers. Now what else do you know about it? How much has she told you?"

"My mother has said very little to me about this former marriage of hers," Grace replied, with evident reluctance.

"Tell me, Grace Huntington," she almost commanded. "I know all, but I want to know what *she* believes."

"My mother said once that this man—Venner I think his name was."

"Yes, Venner—Luke Venner—go on."

"Whom she supposed was her husband," Grace continued, "was not so, and he taunted her with it, and otherwise abused her, I think, though she said very little of him. The subject was very painful, and we never have mentioned it since between us."

"Then he told the truth once with all his treachery and falsehood!" she said, fiercely. "He said he told her she was not his wife—"

"But was she?" Grace interrupted, breathlessly, her face catching something of the excitement that burned in her companion's.

"Amy Clive was married to Luke Venner truly and lawfully, but 'twas a doubtful honor," she said, with a faint sneer. "You see Luke and his half brother, Edmund, belonged to that class of rich young men *without money*. They had the reputation of being rich, I mean. Their father—or fathers, they had two—had it before them, and they brought them up to idleness and all low indulgences. But they stood high in the community—that is, they were received into "good society"—which means always wealthy society, without the least regard to its "goodness;" a saint couldn't get into it if he tried a lifetime without a golden key—they, especially Luke, the other was much younger, were noticed and petted by honorable, pure-minded women—it doesn't seem reasonable, does it? But it's done now, every day, all over the land. Well, this Luke Venner not only drank and gambled, and kept disreputable company of both sexes, but he was cruel and treacherous as death.

"I don't think your mother knew any of these things, for she was a stranger, and I have heard that her father, who thought the Venners were rich, rather forced her into the marriage. She was very young, not more than sixteen when she came to Morgan, Luke Venner's wife. How I hated her the first time I saw her! Perhaps you don't guess who, or rather what I was. I can't plead ignorance for my folly; I knew Luke Venner's whole life; but the man had the face of an angel, and the tongue of one, too, when he chose, and I was a poor girl, the daughter of his father's gardener, and I was young and silly, and thought it an honor to be noticed and made of by him—one of the aristocracy, as they called themselves. Of course you know the end of it all; it's not a very new or original story.

"I did not speak to Luke Venner for a year after he was married—not until after their child was born. Then he met me one night and insisted on walking home with me. I begged him to leave me, for I was not only afraid of him but of myself. For, with all his weakness and wickedness, *I loved Luke Venner better than my own soul*. Well, there was but one ending to this, also, as you may well know. For three years this sort of thing went on and she knew it, and bore it. Then she revolted, and he laughed at her—he told me this himself—and told her *I was his wife*, that he had married me a year before he ever saw her, and to fill up the measure of his iniquity, forged a marriage certificate to that effect and held it before her eyes. He came over to see me, and told me of it between bursts of fiendish merriment. He had his little child with him; he used to bring him there to torment her. When they went home she was not in the house—she never came into it again!

"He took the child and carried it to his uncle and started in pursuit of her, but Heaven had borne with him long enough, and vengeance descended upon him. He was thrown from a carriage under the wheels of another and horribly mangled, but he lived six months, growing distorted, and suffering terrible tortures. The uncle adopted the boy, giving him his name. But he moved away from Morgan, and died soon after, and the child too, I heard.

"I never knew what became of Amy Venner, not for more than twenty years, and then Luke's brother Edmund came to me and wanted me to go and take care of her child."

"And this 'Edmund' was Mr. Edmund Gates?" Grace asked, breathlessly, the thought coming to her with such suddenness that it made her brain reel.

"Yes, Edmund Gates was Luke Venner's half brother. Mrs. Venner married in six months after her husband's death and when Luke was ten years old, and Edmund was the son of this second marriage. But I did not know the cause of the trouble between your father and mother when I came there, if I had I would have told the whole story then. I was a poor woman, my husband—for I married after Venner died—had died, leaving me two sickly girls who were not as bright and smart as other girls, and I knew they never could provide for themselves, for nobody likes to have such girls round; be-

sides they were as feeble in body as in mind. Edmund Gates came to me and asked me to come there and 'help him,' that is what *he* said. He offered to support the girls at home if I would come, besides the wages Mr. Huntington would pay me, and I very gladly accepted his offer. I never knew until the day he and Mr. Huntington had some words and dissolved partnerships, that your mother's previous marriage and desertion of her husband had been the cause of the separation between her and Mr. Huntington. Then he told me—Edmund I mean—told me in his smooth, quiet, irritating way, so like Luke's, adding that it was 'no use for me to repent;

now, for it was too late. He had accomplished the purpose he had sworn to accomplish beside the tortured body of his brother—the ruin of Amy Clive and the man she married.' I couldn't stay in the house after that, and I went back to my poor girls, and I don't know as I am sorry, they are both dead now; died in one week of fever. I took it, and it left me as you see. I shall not be away from them long, and they may not be simple *there*. I wrote all that I have told you and sent it to your father three days ago. I hope to undo a little of the wrong I have helped do—do you think *He* will take it into the account?" she asked, eagerly.

THE THORN AND THE ROSE.

BY HENRY LORNE.

Darling, do you remember the day that I caught you,
A golden-haired lass, on the bridge in a dream;
How you fair would have flown, but I humbly besought you
To stay, and we leaned and looked into the stream?

How the smooth-flowing water reflected our faces,
Revealing that each to the other was dear;
How you blushed and averted your face, that no traces
Might tell of the love that the stream had made clear?

And how, too, we wandered across the green meadow
That day, silent, slow, I confused 'what to say,
Till we reached a small wood, sleeping in the deep shadow,
And there in the coolness we languidly lay?

And do you remember, a flower espying,
I gathered it quickly and brought it to you;
How that we saw not a thorn that was cruelly lying
Among the soft leaves till it pierced your hand through?

How you cried out in pain, and I ran to withdraw it,
And, tremblingly taking your hand in my own,
Plucked it forth, but my tremor—*my love*, sweet, you saw it,
And then I confessed in a faltering tone?

I've ne'er ceased to bless, when recalling the hour
In which, little one, without purpose or art,
I gathered and gave you that simple wild-flower!
The thorn in your hand was the rose in my heart.

COLONEL DELMAR'S WIFE.

A STORY OF HAMPTON MARSHES.

BY FRANK H. ANGLIER.

I.

It was raining down in Hampton. It had been raining down there for a very long time. It seemed to Mrs. Delmar that the sun had not shown its face for at least three weeks, but possibly Mrs. Delmar may have been mistaken. The gray fog hung low over all the wet fields and over the interminable reaches of dreary salt marsh which extended for miles before the lady's window. It drifted in chilly clouds into the rooms of the great house and lay in cold gray masses along the banks of the rivers. It nearly, but not quite, veiled the towering walls of the Boar's Head in a filmy shroud of mist. Whether it rained or not, the promontory was there, rearing its savage front defiantly from the depths of the leaden sea. No weather, however bad, could have much effect upon Boar's Head. It was aggravating in the extreme to Mrs. Delmar to look across the dreary, sodden marshes and see the bold headland looming through the cheerless fog, calm, complacent and imperturbable. In these times it was almost the only feature in the landscape. On pleasant days the Isles of Shoals could be seen out there, somewhere, beyond the beach, and doubtless they were there still, but then who could remember the last pleasant day at Hampton? and how long had it been since the Isles of Shoals had shown their smiling shores? For all that Mrs. Delmar knew or cared, they had sunk long ago into the depths of the sea, behind this curtain of damp, chilly, everlasting fog.

Rain, rain, rain! Pouring down into the backyard, into the frontyard, into the flower parterres before the house, into the vegetable gardens behind the kitchen. Soaking into the brown fields, where the cattle stand unhappily beneath the trees, eyeing the stack-yard with longing eyes. Descending noiselessly into the silent woods and rotting the dead carpet of the summer's leaves. Pattering steadily upon the roofs of the Delmar mansion and falling with a dreary drip, drip, drip from the leads down upon the glistening pavement of the courtyard. Mrs. Delmar looks up from her book—it is at least half an hour since she has turned a leaf—for the

hundredth time to glance from the window out into the gray fog, and sigh.

Happy? Well, no. To see her now, no one would say that. She is young, not more than twenty-three, or four perhaps, and handsome, very handsome. Mrs. Delmar's beauty is famous throughout a circuit of twenty miles, and the colonel is proud of it—proud of it as he is of his fine horses and his blooded stock, all of which, equally with his wife's beauty, belong to the Delmar family. And the Delmar family is a very great family, sir; a most aristocratic family, which can trace its lineage in a direct line to a proud position in the British peerage, long prior to the voyage of the Mayflower. It is to be supposed that Mrs. Delmar, in marrying into so powerful and genteel a connection, knew perfectly well what she was about. There is no reason to believe that she did not take into account the discrepancy in the ages of herself and her future lord—for the colonel was nearly fifty—or ponder well upon the step before she made it. Doubtless the bargain and sale was well understood upon both sides. He gave to her wealth, position, influence. In return she gave to him her hand, her marvellous beauty and her heart, if indeed she had one, which might perhaps be sometimes doubted. The colonel fulfilled his contract to the letter, even more, for without the sacrifice of his haughtiness he is as tender as he knows how to be. What more, then, can Mrs. Delmar, rich, beautiful, supplied with the means for the gratification of every wish, desire? It is hard to believe that any longing, in this splendid home in Hampton; can long remain ungratified.

Yet there is something in this woman's face that has eaten out its girlish freshness. There is a worn look in the blue eyes and a hard line deepening the corners of the sensitive mouth. Mrs. Delmar looks tired. Well she may, for who would not become ennuied with Hampton in November? Nothing that the colonel's wife has ever said, nothing that the colonel's wife has ever done, leads us to suppose that her weariness springs from any deeper or more hidden cause than this. It is the fog, doubtless, and nothing more.

It is dull just now at "The Reeds—" for that is the name which the Delmar estate has borne from time immemorial—dull indoors as well as without. All the summer's gayeties are done; the great halls are empty; the guests have all gone home. It is hardly time as yet for Mrs. Delmar to disturb her listlessness with plans for the Christmas holidays. There is no hurry about that. No doubt she will be tired enough of them before the holidays are done. In the meantime the servants have all below-stairs to themselves, the colonel's horses stand idle in their stables and Mrs. Delmar spends the livelong day in looking wearily out across the marshes and over the leaden, washy sea.

The colonel is at home to-day, but has passed very little of the time with his wife. He has been immured since breakfast in his study, with the door fastened to exclude intruders. As far as Mrs. Delmar was concerned he need hardly have taken the trouble, for she had scarcely stirred from her own room since morning. The colonel had taken his dinner alone, his wife sending him word that she was a little unwell and would like a cup of tea brought to her. To Mr. Delmar's inquiry if anything unusual was the matter, the servant had replied no, that his lady was only slightly indisposed. Therefore the colonel had again sought his study, only to emerge therefrom and seek the chamber of his wife at twilight, when the gathering shadows made necessary a cessation of his work, whatever it was.

"Not well, my love?" he asked, not unkindly, as he entered the dusky room where his wife was sitting alone, looking out, as usual, over the wet fields.

"Yes," she said, without turning her head, "well enough, but tired to death, almost."

"Bored out of all patience with this weather," he suggested. "Well, I don't wonder. It's enough to give any one the horrors. A change of scene, perhaps, would do us good. We can go to town for a few weeks."

She shook her head listlessly and played with the fan which lay in her lap, opening and folding it with idle fingers, but still looking out across the marshes.

"No," she said, "there's nothing new in the city. There's nothing new anywhere. I suppose there's no better place than home, but it's tiresome here just now. I think sometimes that if I could adopt a little child—but then I should get tired of that, too, shouldn't I?"

"I have thought of that," said the colonel. "For the perpetuation of the family name and the succession of the family estate, we ought to do something of the kind, since—since—"

The colonel hesitated.

"Since we have none of our own, nor are likely to have," said the lady, with a slight tone of bitterness.

"Yes," said the colonel. "And that reminds me, my dear, speaking of succession, that I have written to Mr. Swayne that I desired to see him on business, and he replies that he will be here to-morrow."

The announcement seemed to make very little impression upon Mrs. Delmar, for she continued to toy with the fan and only asked, carelessly:

"Yes?"

"On business," continued her husband, "in regard to the estate. The fact is, my love, I wish him to draw my will."

She tapped the handle of the fan gently against her white teeth, and asked, as quietly as ever:

"Do you think of dying so soon, then?"

"My dear, you quite shock me," said the colonel. "How can you! It is best, as you will agree, to be prepared for any event which may occur to deprive you of a protector. In such a case I do not wish you to be unprovided for. I have made arrangements to leave the bulk of the property, Mrs. Delmar, to yourself."

She received this intelligence as imperturbably as that which had preceded it. During all this conversation thus far, she had remained with her head turned away towards the window, though the twilight had so gathered down that there could have been little to be seen outside. The colonel, sitting in an armchair near the table, could distinguish only the outlines of her young, supple figure through the dusk of the room.

Again she said, inquiringly:

"Yes?" Then, after a pause, "you are very good."

"And Swayne will be here to-morrow," said Mr. Delmar. "I think he says by the nine o'clock train, but I am not sure. I have his letter somewhere."

He arose and crossed the room to light a lamp. This done, he offered to draw the curtains.

"No," said his wife, "I want to look out."

The colonel drew a chair to the table, and taking from a pocket a package of papers,

began to look them over, laying them down before him, one by one, as he did so.

"Let me see. That's not it. Dear me! What did I do with it?"

The colonel felt in his other pockets.

"I thought I had it here. Ah, yes! Here it is. He says," he continued, adjusting his glasses, for his eyes were a little weak, "considering that your large estate—no, that's not the place. O! Here it is."

He proceeded to read a portion of the letter aloud, during which his wife remained in the same position, maintaining an air of the greatest possible abstraction. The light hurt her eyes and she held the fan before them to shade them. Once only she glanced impatiently towards her husband and at the pile of letters on the table. Her eye caught the superscription upon one of them and she bent forward and asked, suddenly:

"Who wrote that?"

The colonel stopped and looked up at her over his glasses, surprised at the change in her manner.

"This?" he said, taking up the envelop which she indicated. "It contained the letter which I am reading. But that is not Swayne's writing. Some clerk in the office, probably. Why do you ask, my dear?"

"For no particular reason," she replied, leaning back in her chair again. "The hand struck me as a little curious. It is unusual, is it not?"

Her husband looked at her more closely.

"Yes," he said. "It is somewhat singular."

"O well," she said, holding her fan before her face again. "Go on, do."

The colonel resumed his reading, but had not progressed a dozen words before he dropped the letter to the floor and started quickly to his feet.

"Good Heaven!" he cried, "what is the matter? Are you ill?" for his wife had fallen forward and the fan fell from her grasp. In the dim lamplight her face seemed to wear the paleness of death.

"Only faint," she murmured. "The room is very warm. Lay me on the bed and get me a glass of water."

He raised her in his arms and did as he was bid. Then ringing the bell he sent for her maid.

"Thank you," she said, in a voice which seemed to him more than usually cold and hard. "Perhaps you would better go away just now. I shall be better presently."

"Poor child!" he said, bending over her to

touch her forehead with his lips. "The weather has been too much for you. It is depressing—very depressing indeed."

And then, when the bell was answered, he gathered up his papers and went down stairs, leaving her with her maid, and muttering as he went:

"Strange! I never knew her to faint before. But it is the weather; doubtless, the weather."

II.

It was long after the breakfast hour next morning when Mrs. Delmar came down from her room. The colonel had retired again to the library, leaving word for Mr. Swayne to be shown in to him at once on his arrival. When the colonel's wife descended the stairs she had on her bonnet and waterproof cloak and held in her hand an umbrella.

"Merci!" cried Babette, her maid, who was a French importation, "iz ze madame going out dis the rain?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Delmar, "I am going for a walk. Possibly it will be night before I get back. If my husband inquires for me I am in my room and can see no one. You understand?"

"Yees, madame. But you should not go out in dis mauvais wezzer, when las' night you was so indispouse."

"Am I to be dictated to by my maid?" asked Mrs. Delmar, sharply. "Open the umbrella for me and hold your tongue."

Babette complied with a French shrug of her pretty shoulders, and opened the door for her mistress to pass out.

Down the road with rapid footsteps went Mrs. Delmar, walking with a preoccupied air, as if she held some fixed purpose in view. Caring little for mud and wet, she drew the hood of her cloak closely around her face as though fearful of being recognized by some passer-by, and took the straightest course to the railway station. The rain still descended, but not heavily, and she was not much the worse for her short walk on her arrival in the waiting-room at the depot.

"When is there a train to Boston?" she asked, of the station-master, still holding her hood so closely as to conceal all of her face but her eyes.

"There will be one here in five minutes," he replied.

"Give me a ticket, if you please."

She took out her purse, while the ticket-

seller looked at her white hands curiously. Who could this be who wore rings like these? He tried to peer beneath the close hood, but she turned quickly away.

It was a long ride to Boston, and it must indeed have been an urgent business which induced Mrs. Delmar to make the tedious journey in the rain, without her husband's knowledge, and to dispense with her carriage to the railway. What could her purpose be?

It was one o'clock when she reached the city, and the drizzling rain had then ceased for a while. She refused a hack at the depot, and took her course on foot across Haymarket Square, and so into Sudbury Street, and finally turned down Court Street into Washington. Thus far she had proceeded without looking to the right or left. After passing Scollay's Building she slackened her rapid pace, and now stopped before the Court House and looked up at the windows on the opposite side of the street. There, amid a myriad of other signs and letters, her eyes fell upon a small sheet of black tin, bearing the words "Swayne and Cartwright, Attorneys at Law."

And what could Mrs. Delmar want with Swayne and Cartwright? Had she come all this distance to consult with Mr. Swayne? If so, she had chosen a very singular time for the purpose, knowing well that the lawyer was expected at Hampton this very morning. Evidently it was not Mr. Swayne whom she had come to see. Indeed, she seemed now for a moment undecided what to do, and she stepped back into the shade of the Court House wall, where she would be less conspicuous for a little while.

At some distance from the window upon which Mrs. Delmar's eyes were so searchingly fixed, and quite out of Mrs. Delmar's sight, a man sat at a desk writing. A cursory glance at the piles of papers around him—answers, and replies, and replications, and rejoinders, and the deuce knows what else besides, in which he was at the moment almost hopelessly buried, in sweet oblivion of all sights and sounds about him—would have conveyed the idea that this was Messrs. Swayne and Cartwright's clerk. Perhaps it was the very clerk who had addressed the envelop which so excited the attention of Mrs. Delmar, at Hampton, last evening. Could it be he of whom the lady was even now in search?

It would seem that she had been actuated by mere curiosity to see the exterior of

Swayne and Cartwright's office, for after standing for a little while on the opposite side of the street she began slowly to move away. If she had no wish to be discovered, she has not moved a moment too soon, for the clerk is at the window now, looking down into the street. If she has not seen him, he has at least seen her. He starts violently, as though something in her close-wrapped figure was familiar to him. He seizes his hat and descends quickly to the sidewalk. She is gone.

But no, he sees her now, walking rapidly back toward Tremont Row. It is nearly as much as he can do to keep her slight figure in sight, so quickly does she walk away. Yet he follows upon the opposite side, never losing sight of her for an instant—follows her back toward the Haymarket again, across the square and into the Eastern depot. He waits near the door of the ladies' room and listens for the sound of her voice as she purchases her ticket. "Hampton." Yes. The clerk will buy a ticket for Hampton, too. She crosses the platform and enters the forward car. He crosses the platform also, and enters the car immediately behind that which the lady has taken.

And so, together they ride to Hampton. So, unconsciously pursued, Mrs. Delmar returns to her house at The Reeds. She goes by the road from the station towards the house, as the walking there is better. The clerk takes a short cut across the fields and meets her face to face as she emerges from the woods at the edge of the marshes. It is here that both stop still, looking at each other, and not a dozen yards apart.

"My God!" she cried. "Why are you here? They told me you were dead."

"Not dead, Eleanor. I still live, and for you alone."

"Don't speak to me in that way!" she cried, quickly. "I cannot bear it. You ought not to have followed me here. Why have you done so?"

"Eleanor," he said, reproachfully, advancing to her side, "is this all the welcome you have for one who has risen from the dead?"

She covered her face with her hands and leaned against the tree beneath which they were standing.

"I don't know," she moaned. "I am confused, bewildered. I never knew that you were living until last night. I saw your writing—on something. I don't remember what it was. Don't ask me about it."

He saw that she was excited and frightened. He took both her hands down from her face, and held them in his while he looked into her eyes with his own handsome ones—for they were handsome—and spoke to her soothingly.

"Eleanor," he said, "I have searched for you high and low, since my return, and all in vain. I have been shipwrecked, and through all these years of starvation and misery in a foreign land I have never once lost sight of your dear face. It has been with me constantly. I have never forgotten it. It was all that made the thought of rescue worth the hoping. We were lovers when I left you, Eleanor. Am I not as dear to you still?"

Her face contracted with a pitiful expression of anguish, as she answered him:

"You have no right to address such words to me now, Edward. I have given your right away."

"Are you married?" he asked, turning ashy pale.

She tore her hands from his grasp and placed them again over her face.

"I thought you were dead," she cried, in a sort of wail. "They told me so. I did not know. I would have waited for you always, but they forced me away from all memory of you, as far as they could."

He leaned against the tree, and a look of unutterable despair came into his young face—a look such as one might wear whose light had suddenly gone out and left him groping in a blind world where hope was all unknown.

"O Eleanor! If I had never come back to learn this!"

"I wish you never had," she said. "I wish you never had."

"Eleanor," he cried, impulsively, seizing her by the wrist, "you are mine in the sight of Heaven! You promised me once to be my wife. I never released you, and I claim you now. Be my wife in the sight of men as you are already before that of God!"

She drew herself up to her full height and stopped him before he could say more.

"What right have you to say this to me?" she asked, haughtily. "I am another's lawful wife, and you dare not treat me otherwise. Let what might have been lie buried in the past. To you, I am evermore Mrs. Colonel Delmar."

"Eleanor," he said, "I have not deserved this of you."

"Nor I of you," she answered. Then burst-

ing into sudden agitation she cried, "Go, Edward. Leave me, for Heaven's sake, for you are torturing me. Go, and don't come near me again."

He put out his hands imploringly.

"No, no," he said, pleadingly, "don't drive me away. Let me stay near you for a little while—for a few days. I am bewildered, stunned by what you have told me. I will do nothing, say nothing. I will never recur to this subject again, Eleanor. Only let me remain near you, and where I can see you now and then, and I will be satisfied. You will not be so cruel as to banish me entirely, Eleanor?"

It seemed so little to ask and so hard to refuse! Remembering what she had once been to this man, and what he had been to her, how could she deny his request? Yet in granting it, did not Mrs. Delmar know that she was treading on the brink of a terrible precipice—a hideous chasm which threatened to engulf not only herself, but the whole pride and boast of the Delmar family?

"I will not do that," she said. "I would do nothing to give you pain. It lies with yourself to merit my respect, and I know that any friend of mine will find a friend in my husband also."

He would have kissed her hand, but she drew it quickly away, and bowed her adieu with dignity but with no unkindness.

"Farewell, Eleanor, for the present," he said.

She would have answered him, but their words of separation were interrupted by the sudden appearance of Colonel Delmar, who, clad in a heavy cloak and shod with Hessian boots, came rapidly across the fields to where they were standing.

"What! My dear! You here in this chill and damp evening air? They told me you were in your room."

"I came out for a walk," she said. "The house was stifling. I will go back now. Allow me to present my friend, Mr. Edward Chester. My husband, Colonel Delmar."

She seemed a little confused, and stammered over the introduction. The colonel bowed with an air of haughty politeness, as was his wont.

"I am delighted," he said, "to meet any friend of Mrs. Delmar's. I presume you are a stranger in Hampton, sir."

"I came to-day," returned Chester, "and met your lady accidentally while out for a ramble in the fog. I had not seen her for many years."

The colonel smiled blandly.

"I hope we shall see you at The Reeds, sir. Please make yourself quite at home at my house during your stay. Any friend of my wife is entirely welcome there."

Chester bowed in acknowledgment of the courtesy.

"Now, my dear," said the colonel, drawing his wife's arm through his own, "we really must return. The damp air is exceedingly injurious to one in your delicate state of health. Good-evening, Mr. Chester."

He turned and walked away with Eleanor towards The Reeds, leaving the young man standing in the middle of the road, looking after them.

Is it unfair to hazard the conjecture, based upon the colonel's features a moment afterwards, that he had in those few brief moments formed an estimate of Mrs. Delmar's new-found friend, and had already concluded that if Chester were not to be regarded as an enemy, he was at least a man to be closely watched?

III.

It ceased raining at Hampton, after a while, and bleak December came and wrapped the desolate marshes in a mantle of glistering snow. Chester came frequently to The Reeds during that month, and long before the holidays came round he was a daily visitor at the house. It was not difficult for an observant man like Colonel Delmar to see that his wife found an unwonted pleasure in Edward's presence. It was not that her eye had brightened, or the wearied dissatisfied expression faded from her lovely face. As the weeks went by she seemed to become more habitually and deathly pallid than ever before, but it was plain to see that she experienced a delight in Chester's company which threw into strong contrast her languid manner in the presence of her husband. The colonel saw, too, that the young man was fond of Mrs. Delmar, and that through every action there ran a subtle undercurrent of visible tenderness, which the most strenuous demonstrations of respectful deference could not entirely cloak.

For a time the house seemed cheerier and more pleasant for the young man's presence in it. It was at least a relief to note Mrs. Delmar's change of manner at the sound of his footstep or his kindly voice. Yet pres-

ently there seemed to fall upon the household a mysterious intangible something which seized the hearts of the actors in this little drama with a shuddering chill. It crept over them like a great shadow. What it was they themselves did not understand, but soon it began to be whispered among the servants that the colonel was growing jealous of his wife.

One early winter day Mrs. Delmar sat with Chester in the long drawing-room, by the window. She appeared very beautiful that afternoon, with the ripe sunlight glancing in from across the snow-white fields, and dimpling in her golden hair, and as she spoke to him, Chester found it nearly impossible to remove his eyes from the lovely picture. And so he sat gazing into her face with a look so rapt that when at last she caught his eye she blushed to the temples violently, and seemed disturbed and distressed.

"Forgive me," he said, impulsively. "I was thinking of the old days again. O Eleanor! Are they indeed gone forever?"

He was approaching the forbidden ground, but that afternoon she seemed hardly to have the heart to reproach him for it.

"Yes," she said, with a sad smile, "and perhaps it is better that they are. We look back upon them now through a golden mist, and we forget all the old sorrows and heart-sufferings that made us unhappy then."

"If there were any," he said, "I do forget them. Looking backward now from out of this hopeless cloud, those happy days seem all sunshine and gladness. I could not have known unhappiness then, when you were by me, Eleanor."

She made him no answer and her eyes fell to the floor. She was very pale, and only a slight quiver around the mouth betrayed the thoughts within her mind.

"You have some cause to look at this matter differently, I know," he continued. "As for me, it is breaking my heart. But you can know nothing of that, for you have everything here to lead you to forget me and to make you happy."

He turned to look at her as he spoke. If indeed he saw the tears trembling beneath her lashes, it was selfishness, and not love, which made him continue:

"In your happiness you cannot realize how I suffer."

"In my happiness?"

The words had been wrung from her by his searching gaze. She flushed a burning

red, moved her hands nervously, and then turned away to look at the sea.

"And so," he said, not heeding the pain in which she listened, "I would do better to go away from you, Eleanor, and learn to bear my misery as I can. Perhaps it will be less hard when I cannot be with you daily. I thought I would come to-day to say farewell."

"Go away?" she cried, turning to him with a look of sudden alarm. "No, no. You must not go away yet, not yet, Edward. Do not leave me yet. O, don't go away from me now!"

"Eleanor!"

She knew that she had betrayed herself, and burst into a passionate fit of weeping. He was not prepared for this quick change in her mood—for this wild burst of anguish wrung from the depths of a heart which had for years been steeling itself against its own weakness, to find its armor fail at the moment when it was most needed. He started to his feet with a look of consternation.

"Eleanor," he cried, "what have I done? What have I said? O my God, what is it? Hush, O hush, my darling! Do not cry so. You will break my heart. For Heaven's sake, stop!"

He bent over her and seized her hands with every expression of keen distress, while she still wept wildly. Scarcely conscious of what he did, she allowed him to passionately press his lips upon her cheek, not once, but many times.

While he thus stood, almost embracing her, she started to her feet with a sudden cry and looked toward the door. Chester turned too, and there, upon the threshold, stood Colonel Delmar. Stood—motionless and calm, withering them with a look of fire-eyed hatred—crushing them with his deadly unutterable scorn.

For an instant there was silence. Pale as death, Chester stood in the centre of the room, still holding Mrs. Delmar's trembling hand within his own. For several moments no one moved. The colonel at last broke the dreadful stillness, and addressed his wife with a calmness that was like the calmness which precedes the hurricane:

"I thought you were alone."

She tried to speak but could not. Twice she opened her lips to answer him, and failed. At last she murmured faintly:

"We did not hear you come, Henry."

"No?"

His eye was fixed upon her fiercely and his

lips were wreathed in a cruel smile. A burning color rose to her pale features, and she recoiled a step, involuntarily. Then she said to Chester:

"You had better go."

The young man looked from the colonel to his wife in momentary indecision. Then he dropped Eleanor's nerveless hand, and silently turned towards the door. He did not dare to disobey the look of mute command which he read upon her face. There was a momentary pause upon the threshold, and then he left the room and softly closed the door behind him.

The colonel folded his arms and looked at his wife, who still stood white and motionless like a marble statue, with such agony and terror in her eyes as is not often seen in any woman's face. With a low wail she fell at her husband's feet.

"What have I done?" she cried, wildly. "O my husband! what have I done?"

He seized her by the wrists and raised her up, holding her from him as he spoke.

"O you fool!" he laughed, bitterly, and mocking her helpless cry. "What have you done! Is that all you have to say? Have you no better excuse than that? Can you not lie, you miserable actress?"

She stood, wild-eyed and cowering before him, struck dumb with terror and piteous anguish.

"O my husband!" was her cry. "Mercy!"

"Mercy!" he screamed, in her ear. "Have you had mercy for me? Do you think I have not known? Do you think I have not seen? Even as you have gone on your miserable way with this man, did you not dream that my eye was upon you? O you poor fool! You simpleton!"

The agony of her heart burst out into a smothered wail, as he held her half fainting in his cruel grasp.

"And had I not," he shouted, "was not what I have seen just now enough? Was not his arm around you, his kisses on your cheek? Do you deny that? And do you think that I am to stand quietly by and see these things, and yet make no sign, you devil?"

"O help me!" she cried. "What can I say? O Henry, have pity on me! Give me time, for I cannot think!"

"Indeed?" he said, derisively. "That is unfortunate, is it not? Listen to me! If this man comes to you again, from that hour you cease to be my wife. Before the Delmar family shall be dishonored by your bare-faced

shame, I will drive you out. I will crush you, disown you, cast you off from all claim upon me. Remember that, miserable woman, and heed it well."

He dropped her wrists, and would have turned away, but she clung to him still, scarce conscious of what she did.

"No, no, no," she sobbed. "You will not hear me. You do not know. Henry, give me time to think! You shall not judge me unheard. Have mercy on me!"

He fiercely took her—that slight frail thing—and flung her heavily to the floor, drowning her pitiful cry with an oath, as he rushed from the room and left her there. She did not try to rise. She lay upon the carpet, with her yellow hair tossed in wild confusion all about her, and her slender frame torn by the passionate smothered sobs which came from her poor breast—lay there, sobbing and moaning, until Babette found her in the dim twilight, and bent tenderly over her, saying:

"Poor madame! She is become more and more indispose."

The night passed and morning came—came to The Reeds as it comes to happier homes; came with a burst of bright sunshine on the pure crisp snow, and with a flush of glistening light on the diamond-crested sea. To a woman with a breaking heart it mattered little whether the day were beautiful or not. Sunshine and cloud were all one to Eleanor. The first could not brighten her life much, and the last could not darken it more. With eyes that had not closed through all the terrible night, she sat at her window until nine, when Babette brought word that Mr. Chester was in the parlor.

"Tell him I cannot see him," said Eleanor.

"Mais, madame! I deed say so to him, but he do refuse to go. He give me dis for you."

She handed Mrs. Delmar a note hastily scribbled upon the fly-leaf of a book, and sealed with a wafer. As Eleanor perused its contents she clutched her bosom with her hand convulsively, and her breath came hard and quick. Then, after a moment's hesitation, she tore the paper into a hundred fragments and cast them on the floor.

"I will see him!" she said, pushing past Babette, with her white lips firmly set together.

Slowly she descended the stairs and entered the drawing-room. Chester was there, pacing restlessly up and down the floor.

"Why have you come here?" she asked, in a hollow voice. "Are you mad?"

Her face was colorless and like the face of a corpse. He stood before her, wildly looking into her eyes.

"Eleanor!" he cried, "what have I done? What misery have I brought upon you?"

She scarcely heeded his agitation or his pleading voice. In a strange cold tone she said, as she advanced towards him:

"How have you dared to write such words to me? Do I not deserve better at your hands than that?"

"Yes," he said, "you deserve the best at my hands that I can offer. I hardly know what I wrote. I wanted to see you, to see you at least once more, and to tell you that I am going mad through my love for you. Eleanor!" he cried, falling upon his knees at her feet and seizing her hand, "my own! my wife! God help me. I cannot live without you."

She tried to rise and to snatch away her hand, but he held it and would not let her go.

"No, no," he cried, "you shall hear me out. It is the last time, perhaps, that I shall ever speak to you. Do not leave me now. Stay with me always. Fly with me from this man whom you do not love, and let us once more know the old happiness together. Eleanor, have pity on me!"

She cast him from her with all her strength, and stood up before him, her eyes flashing fire; stood drawn to her full height in the majesty of outraged womanhood.

"And have I become so low," she said, "that you dare say these things to me? Is it not enough that you have robbed me of the little all I had in the world? And now you come to shame me, to insult me, to heap additional bitterness upon me. Do you call this love? God help me!" she cried out, wildly; "this is more than I can bear!"

She sank down into her chair again and covered her face with her hands. There was a long silence, in which Chester cowered before her, abashed and ashamed. It was she who finally broke the stillness.

"Forgive me," she said, "if I am cruel. I do not mean to be. God knows I do not mean to be."

She arose and placed her hand upon his shoulder. He seized her hand and covered it with kisses.

"O, who will help me?" she cried, as she snatched it away. "You have no pity for me?"

"I could not help it, Eleanor," he replied. "My heart is breaking. Forgive me! O forgive me!"

She fell upon the floor at his feet and clasped his hands in tearful entreaty.

"O Edward, for Heaven's sake, go! It is all I ask, and it is the last thing I shall ever ask of you. Go, and never come to me again!"

He took her hand and wrung it in both his own. "I will go," he said, hoarsely. "We shall meet again in a better place, I hope, above. God bless you. Farewell!"

And so he left her. It was well, perhaps, that he did not know that through the misery which he had so selfishly and cruelly brought upon her, her old love for him had been chilled and frozen, never again to be revived. It was well, perhaps, that he did not know how utterly alone and hopeless the woman had become when he had closed the parlor door and shut himself out from her sight forever.

She staggered to the sofa and dropped into it helplessly. There were no tears in her blue eyes, no agitation visible in her beautiful face. But like a dead thing she sat there, with her hands clasped listlessly in her lap, sat there until the door once more opened and her husband entered.

She raised her eyes to his face as he came towards her, and she broke into a low cry as she caught the look upon his contracted features.

"Mr. Chester was here just now," he said, icily.

She trembled in every limb, and tried to speak, but could not. A mute gasp was all her ashen lips had power to do.

"Has he been here or not?" he asked, fiercely.

"Yes," she whispered.

"Has he been with you?"

"Yes."

His teeth were clenched hard together. He stood still before her and said, slowly, while his mouth worked nervously with the intensity of his passion:

"And you dared to see him, after what I have told you? You have braved me, after all that passed yesterday?"

She burst into a loud shriek. It was not his words that terrified her; it was his manner; the expression of his set features.

"He has been here," she cried. "He talked with me. He said something—I forget what it was. I cannot remember—

I cannot tell. O save me! I believe I am going mad!"

She placed her hands upon her temples and sank forward upon the arm of the sofa. He laughed scornfully at her as she lay there.

"You are improving," he said, mockingly. "You have been an apt scholar of Mr. Chester. This is infinitely better acting than on yesterday."

She made him no answer, but only moaned softly to herself.

"But I am not acting," he said, seizing her violently by both shoulders and raising her up before him. "You have had full warning and you have chosen your course. Fool that I am. I have been fond even of such a thing as you. I tell you now that I cast you off! Do you hear me? I renounce you and yours, and all your kith and kin! I grind you beneath my heel!" And he stamped upon the floor, while his face grew livid. "Go to your lover—your paramour—and find consolation in his society if you can. I have had enough of insolent indifference. I bore with it because I did not know that I was living in constant disgrace. But let me tell you that the degradation shall be yours alone. I have done with you, and may my everlasting curse go with you!"

Her frantic shriek resounded through the room as she listened to his words, but the sound was almost lost in the dreadful oath with which he threw her from him with all his strength. She dropped senseless where he flung her upon the floor, and then, so frenzied with passion that he knew not what he did, he set his heel upon her.

IV.

WHEN Colonel Delmar had gone to his room and locked himself in, he began for the first time to think of what he had been doing. Intoxicated by the first burst of blind unreasoning passion, he had not reckoned upon the consequences of his terrible rage, either to himself or to the torn and bleeding heart which he had left to flutter itself to death, if it would, in the room below. Yet now, as he sat before the open window, with the cool night air blowing in from over the frosty fields upon his heated forehead, there came to him a revulsion of feeling as strong and uncontrollable as the tide of anger which had just swept over him. The poor white

face of his wife came before him to fill his mind with self-reproach; the helpless wail of her unutterable agony rang in his ears, to tear his heart with the sharp pangs of remorse. He had not meant to be cruel. Throughout the whole he had been mad, he thought. His brain had been on fire; he knew not what he did. Perhaps, God knows, he had wronged her. He had not given her a chance for explanation. Heaven help him! he loved her, even now, better than his life, and he had cursed her like a demon!

And there did not need to be in Colonel Delmar any radical change of nature to make this revulsion possible. A man of unconquerable pride, a creature of fearful and unbridled passions, he had been frantic and drunk with the intensity of his rage. It is natural to such characters to find the torture of acute remorse following close upon the outbreak of their wrath. In Colonel Delmar, so strongly did this new tide of feeling sweep over his fevered heart, that he more than once resolved to return to his wife and to ask her forgiveness for his brutality.

But no, he could not do that. Had she not dishonored the house of Delmar? Had she not wounded his pride more deeply than the pride of a Delmar had ever been wounded before? He could not humble himself before her now; he could not forget the disgrace she had brought upon him.

Up and down, up and down, the colonel paced his room, and never left it throughout that terrible day. What trains of thought passed through his wretched consciousness, or what mingled emotions of rage and fear, or pity and remorse swept over him, there is no need to say. His lips repeated constantly one never-ceasing phrase, "I should have known. I should have known. I am old enough to be her father. And he—curse him!—is young. After all, she is not so much to blame!"

He knew that his wife had been taken to her chamber, for he heard the servants talking in the halls. Since then the house had become very still. It was silent, almost, as the grave. Was Eleanor dead? O, fearful the thought that he had killed her! He unlocked his door, when it had become quite dark, and crept noiselessly down the stairs. Out into the white moonlight and the crisp white snow he went, and to a little distance from the house, where he could look up at his wife's window. A light was burning there, but whether it were a beacon of hope or of

death the colonel could not tell. The sad sea moaned along the shore, and a cold wind came sighing across the frozen marshes. To Delmar their wailing sounded like a requiem. He bared his head to the frosty air, and walked for hours up and down the tortuous paths of the garden, returning at the end of every round to look fearfully up at that lighted window, and straining his eyes to catch a glimpse of some moving shadow on the wall.

He heard the great clock on the stairs strike nine; walked up and down his ceaseless round until it rang out the stroke of ten. He watched other lights moving about the mansion, candles carried in the hands of servants who were ascending the stairs to bed; heard the locking of the doors, and waited while the house became still, as its inmates retired to rest. And yet that one solitary light gleamed out into the night, while the colonel's distorted fancy made it seem the red eye of a monster—a fearful Nemesis—which was setting his very brain on fire with its stern and terrible questioning. Eleven o'clock came, and still he trembled with the thought of entering the house and going to that room. Twelve struck, and the light went suddenly out.

What now? He stood irresolute a moment and waited beneath the trees. The great door of the main hall was softly unbolted, and a slight figure—the figure of a woman—glided out upon the snow, and Colonel Delmar knew it for his wife. Where can she be going? Straight out across the marshes she speeds, floating swiftly away like a white-shrouded ghost in the moonlight. No, no, not there! not there! Not into the sea, for the love of God!

"Eleanor! Eleanor! my wife! Come back!"

But she hears him not, or if she does, his voice adds new energy to her swift footsteps. Still he calls and follows her. Along the shore great masses of glittering ice lie piled in rugged heaps, and among them the black sea roars and thunders upon the beach. From jagged block to block she leaps, often slipping, and once falling cruelly upon their terrible points, yet pressing on with the speed of a frightened bird, or one gone mad, toward a rocky cape jutting out into the sea, and upon which the surf beats high in furious foam.

"Eleanor! my wife! my darling! Have pity on me and come back!"

But she presses on into the very vortex of the seething milkwhite surf, stands for one

moment upon the rock, and turns her poor mad face towards him. An instant more and she is gone, and the sea and the night have swallowed her up forever.

And would not the proudest, even of the Delmar family, pity this man now, could they see him clinging wildly to the rock which the woman's feet have so lately pressed—clinging to it amid the foam and furious beating of the surf, and the awful thunders of the waters all about him—madly and despairingly calling upon the black and dreadful sea to give him back his wife? Would they not believe that the haughty pride of this one Delmar, at least, had indeed been broken, could they look upon him while he beats his head upon the stones and cries wailingly across the seething waters for the woman who has gone from his too cruel keeping forevermore?

Babette, searching the house for her mistress in the early morning and finding her not, runs screaming through the halls in wild alarm. The other servants join her in her frightened search, but neither the colonel nor his wife are in their rooms. At last,

Babette, looking over the marshes with straining eyes, sees, far out upon a lonely rock beyond the beach, a man, gazing motionless across the waters. Babette's eyes are clear and sharp; she knows the figure well, and goes to it in expectation that the colonel can quiet her fears for her mistress. Why he should be there, in so strange a place, at that hour of the morning, never for a moment enters her head. She is not the colonel's keeper, but she loves Eleanor and is frightened at her absence.

She reaches the rock at last, and still her master sits motionless in the freezing wind, looking out across the sea. The wild waves are surging round him, but not so fiercely now but that Babette can make her way very closely to the spot. The colonel's elbow rests upon his knee and his chin upon his hand. Is he lost in thought, that he does not see Babette? She speaks to him, but he seems to hear her not. She touches him respectfully to recall him to himself, but he heeds her not. Terrified, she looks searchingly into his eyes. They are fixed and glassy, and Babette shrieks aloud. He is dead!

UNDER THE DAISIES.

BY CLARA LE CLERC.

"And all that's left of the bright, bright dream,
With its thousand brilliant phases,
Is a handful of dust, in a coffin hid—
A coffin under the daisies."

I CAN speak of her now without weeping, for the years have come and gone until seven times have the snowy daisies starred that low grave, wherein sleeps the holy dust of my once golden-haired Jennie.

Jennie! pure and sunny as the bright summer days of June, which kissed her blue eyes open to the light, together with the snowy jasmine and blushing verbena! Life's mission for her was short and sweet, and ere the young heart wearied in its life duties a silvery note was sounded from the trumpet of the death-angel, and the rosy cheeks paled, the brown lashes drooped, concealing the violet-hued eyes, the coral-like lips closed without a murmur over the pearl-white teeth, and snowy fingers, clasping a jasmine of similar whiteness, were folded above a heart from which the life-pulse had fled!

Then the coffin, with its dark lid shutting in forever the pale sweet face of her I loved, was borne out by careful hands—borne on past the many and beautiful flowers that she had so loved to tend—the bearers brushing aside the boughs of the snowy syringa and blushing rose, which hung their bright treasures over the walk; a rich aromatic perfume stole upon the air as the boughs thus rudely shaken scattered a wealth of snowy and creamy leaves upon the velvet pall. Ay, crowning her, even in death!

On the sad procession moved—for had not the minister in low and solemn tones spoken the words, "The services will be concluded at the grave!" At the grave! Ah, to me it seemed then a great gulf of hideous night, wherein my darling should be concealed forevermore, and as the solemn words of the man of God, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust," fell upon my ear, together with the dull rattling of the falling clouds upon the coffin, I turned away in my black despair and prayed

that I might rest beside her. Ah! Jennie! Jennie! Our lives were full of bright dreams, our hearts were as buoyant as the fragrant breath of morning when we lived and loved together. But alas! our dreams were short, though many and beautiful, and my darling went to sleep ere her heart had grown weary and sore with sorrow.

Her life was too pure, too gentle to cope with the storm-clouds of fate; and a resting-place was found for the fair sleeper beneath the green turf, whereupon spring the daisies—the beautiful snowy daisies.

Does she know that I am sitting beside her? Does she know that my heart is living over again the bright brief dream of the past, while my fingers wander caressingly over the little flowers which stoop their gentle heads to receive the caress? Does she know that in my heart there is an altar upon which is ever burning the sacred fires consecrated to the holy dead?—fires fed by the blessed knowledge that we both do live, only in different portions of our Father's kingdom; she in the heavenly, I in the earthly.

Ah, she does know that my "heart-flower" is as pure and dear to me now as in the past! Though other hearts have entered in and found a welcome, yet her place is "*Jennie's place*," enshrined within my heart of hearts; sacred, inviolable as the place of the holy dead should be! Does she know all this? And does she know more, that though young in years, I am old in sorrow? Old in all save my love for her. Disappointment, gloom, sorrow and despair have been the portion of the twin soul she left to travel this earthly pilgrimage alone. Storm-clouds dark and lowering have ever shrouded my being—the hearts that should have proved truthful, the hearts that found a welcome in my love proved treacherous—and left only blighted hopes and ashen memories.

But this bright afternoon, while the mellow sunshine rests upon the marble at the head, bearing the simple inscription, "*Jennie—aged 17*," my thoughts wander again to the old days when we sat together in the old school-hall, and bent above the same book, her golden-brown tresses resting caressingly against the bands of my dark hair. What a contrast we presented, Jennie darling! You, bright, sparkling and beautiful! Your brow was lily-white, your cheeks possessed a delicate painting like to that painted by Divinity

within the heart of an ocean shell; your eyes—sometimes, when watching the summer sky, have I seen rifts of heavenly blue peering through billows of white, and then, I always murmured "*Jennie's eyes*." How sweetly your coral lips would part in smiles, disclosing the snowy teeth! Why did you love me, darling? Poor plain Clara. Dark, sallow and uncouth did I appear beside my pet, my loved one. And as I sit here I can feel the gentle caress of her little hands upon my dark hair, feel the pressure of her sweet lips to mine, as she bade me "*good-by*" for the last time, leaning over our desk in the old schoolroom.

"*Good-by, Clara dear, until Monday.*" *Until Monday!* What a world of love and beauty sat upon the young and graceful form as she left my side—my darling! How many Mondays have counted themselves to the great addition table of time since that last kiss! *Until Monday!* And the bright form, the snowy brow and smiling eyes, with the lovelight closed forever, are *grave dust*, and I sit here in the deep hush of the burial-ground, and live over the old days when she was *dearest* to me.

I do not wish her here. No, no. That young heart was not made for the dark days I have lived through since we parted. 'Tis best; *He* always does for the best, though our hearts, stubborn and stunned by sorrow, acknowledge it not.

Her life was bright, brief and beautiful; her going out was as quiet, beautiful and serene as the fading of a June sunset behind the blue hills. And though a handful of dust is hid in the coffin—a coffin above which are blooming the snowy daisies—yet all these years has her spirit, angel-crowned, been wandering by the daisy-bordered streams of the meadow-lands of far-off Eternity. And perhaps, when my days of sorrow are over, when the protecting arm of an All-Powerful watcher is placed about me, and bears me onward, *she* will come to greet me; and, clasping hands, we shall wander together upon the banks of the stream, whose name is "*Peace*," and I shall listen again to the music of her voice; look again into those blue eyes as of old. And, reclining upon the velvety turf, starred with snowy daisies, and with the mild radiance of life eternal crowning our brows, I shall no longer mourn for the days that are dead.

THE BALLAD OF HENDRICK HUDSON.

BY CLARENCE F. BUHLER.

Let the Knickerbocker listen to the story I relate,
For the yacht of Hendrick Hudson was the Mayflower of our State.

As the Half Moon weighed her anchor, Amsterdam was all agog,
Though along the dikes of Holland lingered still the morning fog.

She was not a bannered frigate, nor a corsair black with guns,
But a little yacht whose burden was not more than ninety tons.

But she had a crew as daring as the Argonauts of Greece,
And the trophy of her voyage has outshone the Golden Fleece.

With their pipes the seamen gathered—not a syllable they spoke,
For the feelings of the Dutchman find a readier vent in smoke;

But the pink lips of their sweethearts made a humming on the beach,
As when bees are heard to murmur from the blossoms of a peach.

Soon the long arms of the windmill to the vessel waved adieu,
But the sweethearts still were gazing after she was lost to view.

Then up spake the sturdy Hendrick, "He who guided Noah's ark,
Surely to her destination, can direct a smaller bark?"

And he chased the white bear, Winter, backward to his Arctic lair,
Though the icebergs rose around him like the Alps of ocean there.

Royal with her gold and purple, Nature sat upon the bank,
When the dazzled eye of Hendrick from the glittering Hudson shrank.

And he viewed it with the rapture that was felt by mortal first
When the sheen of the Pacific on Balboa's vision burst;

For he saw imperial Autumn, on the foliage and the sky,
Writing his vermilion edict that the aged year must die.

Then he leaned upon the taffrail, gazing, with abstracted eye,
At the river that was rolling so majestically by.

Said the crew, "He sees a salmon or a mullet there at play,"
Little knowing of the wonders that their skipper saw that day;

For the spires of future cities dimly glimmered on his sight,
On the wigwam of the red man hung the church-bell of the white;

And the world's broad map was calling by his name that regal flood—
That great artery of Nature, filled with sunshine, Nature's blood.

Then hurrah for Hendrick Hudson! for the savage, where he trod
By the light of burning idols, learns to read the word of God.

Yea, hurrah for Hendrick Hudson! and if I could sing my lay
With the brass lungs of a Stentor, I would shout my best to-day.

Admirals and their armadas may be sunk in Lethe soon,
But not so with Hendrick Hudson—not so with the yacht Half Moon.

THE CAPTIVE PRINCESS.

A POLISH LEGEND.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

THE sun was fast declining in the heavens as the Count Floreski, and his faithful servant Varbel, wandered on foot in the forest of Ostropol. They had lost their way, indeed, had been obliged to fly from a horde of marauding Tartars, who had seized upon their horses and baggage, with the exception of a small leathern valise, which Varbel carried in his hand.

It was a romantic expedition in which Floreski was engaged. He had loved the fair Lodoiska, the daughter of Prince Lupauski, and had every hope to call her his, when an unforeseen event separated them. Called upon to give his voice in the election of a king for the then vacant throne of Poland, honor exacted that he should fulfil his promise to his friend, who was the successful candidate, thereby defeating the ambitious hopes of Prince Lupauski who had advocated the claims of another. Enraged, the prince recalled his promise to bestow his daughter upon the count, sent her away to some distant part of the country, and mysteriously concealed the place of her retreat.

A lover like Floreski was not to be easily deprived of the object of his affections. He resolved to search the country through for his mistress, and if he discovered her, make her his in spite of every hazard. He set forth upon this quest accompanied by one servant only, his faithful Squire Varbel, whose courage he knew, and upon whose fidelity he could rely. But they had met with no intelligence as yet, and had wandered to the borders of Poland, and were within a few miles of the wilds of Tartary. Dangers from roving bands of this nation, which was in constant warfare with the Poles, beset them at every step. But they were good swords, and knew how to use them, for both had done their country good service in the field.

In the gathering twilight they saw a mooted castle darkly outlining its walls in the gloomy shadows, and they hastened their steps towards it as they expected to find shelter there for the night, when suddenly a couple of Tartars sprang from the thicket and commanded them to halt. The count and his

servant, by no means dismayed, drew their swords and engaged the marauders; proving their masters in a short time, for the count struck his opponent, whilst Varbel's man, losing his sword, fled precipitately into the forest.

"You are brave and should be generous," said the Tartar, whom the count had disarmed, and who now lay at the mercy of his sword. "I should have spared your life—I ask mine."

The count had no desire to shed this man's blood, robber as he deemed him.

"Rise," he said. "I trust to your faith."

The Tartar sprang lightly to his feet.

"Young man," he exclaimed, "my obligation to you shall live in my heart."

At that the forest echoed with confused cries, and in an instant the count and Varbel were surrounded by a horde of Tartars, led by the one who had fled before, who advanced upon them with threatening weapons. The Tartar, whom the count had spared, checked their advance with words of authority that proved him to be their chief.

"You spared my life," said the Tartar chief, "I have preserved yours. Let us be friends." He extended his hand and Floreski grasped it readily. "Tell me," he continued, "do you belong to the castle? Came you from it when we attacked you?"

The count assured him that they were utter strangers there, and briefly explained the object of his search. The Tartar could not understand the love that could send a man wandering through those deserts in quest of a woman, without knowing where she was to be found.

"What is your name?" he asked, suddenly.

"I am the Count Floreski," was the answer.

"Before we part, Floreski," continued the Tartar, "I would yet further deserve your regard. Think not the thirst for plunder drew Kera Khan into this country. The Baron Lovinski, whose castle you behold yonder, shall soon feel my vengeance. This cruel Polander is the scourge of his own little territory, and a devouring plague to our Tartar tribes; but the hour of retribution is at hand.

I was examining the place, and, to prevent surprise, had charged my followers to seize upon everybody they found near its walls. Knock at his gates; he will not surely refuse a shelter to his countrymen; tell him you have been attacked by the Tartars, by Kera Khan—he knows my name. As I cannot answer for all our parties that are abroad to-night, I advise you to beg a lodging under his roof; but remember to fly far from it early in the morning—remember that,” he added, impressively. “Adieu, my gallant friend. Think sometimes of Kera Khan, and, if ever you want his help, you shall see how he will serve you.”

With these words the Tartar chief led his followers away into the mazes of the forest. Floreski pondered upon what he had said. The name of Lovinski was familiar to him. He knew the baron to be a dependant of the Prince Lupauski. Could it be possible that success had crowned his search, and that his loved Lodoiska was an inmate of this gloomy castle? He approached its walls with interest and anxiety. One tower was higher than the rest and rose from a rocky foundation beyond the moat. In it was a grated window, high up in its face, beneath which was a little porch. Varbel spied this, and not being in love, was hungry, so he took a seat in the porch, took his provision from his valise and began to eat, inviting his master to join in the repast. A stone fell from the tower in close proximity with his head, and rather spoiled his appetite—and another quickly followed. He scrambled up hastily. Floreski picked up the stones and found that a scrap of paper was attached to each. There was just light enough for him to see that there was writing upon the papers and to decipher it. This was on the first paper:

“O Floreski! it is Floreski!” On the second was, “Inform my father that Lovinski has abused his confidence, and confine me in this tower.”

Floreski looked and saw a white hand wave through the grated window, suddenly disappearing.

“O Varbel!” he exclaimed, “she is immured in that horrible tower.”

The count was for rushing at once into the castle, confronting the baron and demanding the release of Lodoiska, but Varbel persuaded him to a wiser course of action, counselling him to use cunning against force, and above all to conceal his true name and character. They could pretend to be messengers from

the Prince Lupauski, he said, and perhaps gain an interview with Lodoiska, and contrive some scheme for her release.

They approached the castle gates and Varbel sounded the horn at the portal. A warder appeared upon the battlements and interrogated them. They demanded to see the baron, and, after a cautious parley, the drawbridge was lowered, and they were admitted into the hall of the castle. Here they were obliged to deliver up their swords.

Presently the baron appeared and regarding them with suspicious glances demanded to know their business there. Floreski answered that they came from the Prince Lupauski with letters for Lodoiska, which they had lost, together with their horses and baggage by an attack of Tartars. The baron meditated for a moment over this intelligence, and then replied:

“I am sorry to send your master such unwelcome news; but you will tell him that Lodoiska is not here.”

“Not here?” echoed Floreski, in surprise at this unblushing falsehood.

“Not here,” repeated the baron, with a sinister glance as he marked the count’s emotion. “To oblige the prince I undertook, against my will, to guard her in this castle from the Count Floreski; but it is now four days since she made her escape from me. She is by this time, I suppose, in the arms of her beloved Floreski; if, which I fear was impossible, she escaped the Tartars that beset the forest. Go, bear my answer to your master. Begone.”

Floreski was rather surprised at this unceremonious dismissal.

“What, my lord, will you dismiss us at this late hour?” he exclaimed. “We are exhausted with fatigue and hunger; vouchsafe us the shelter of your roof this night, and to-morrow by daybreak we will depart.”

The baron pondered; he was reluctant to have them there, and yet refusing shelter to his messengers might raise suspicion in Prince Lupauski.

“It is too late to dismiss you this evening,” he said; “promise not to exchange a syllable with any of my people, and you may remain here to-night; in the morning I will prepare a letter to the prince, which you must deliver with the utmost speed; for it is of moment.”

Floreski promised obedience to this command, and he and Varbel were given a small room by the northern postern. Floreski slept but little that night, and as soon as the

first gray streaks of dawn appeared in the eastern sky, he sought to leave his room and see if he could communicate in any manner with Lodoiska. To his consternation he discovered that his door was locked and that he was a prisoner.

The quick wit of Varbel again came to his assistance. He forced the fastenings of the little window, and they both clambered through it into the courtyard. A window of the tower in which Lodoiska was confined looked down upon the courtyard, and from it a long narrow ribbon fluttered pendant in the breeze. Floreski divined at once its purpose there. Lodoiska had lowered it to receive the answer to her letter. He took his note-book from his pocket to pencil an answer, when the drum beat the reveille, and the ribbon was quickly raised. Floreski and Varbel were surprised by the castle-guards, before they could regain their apartment, and were hurried before the baron in the great hall.

"How have you dared, vile spies, to leave your chamber?" he cried, in a rage. "Who told you the princess was in that tower? But you shall die for your audacity!"

By way of answer Floreski extended Lodoiska's note towards the baron, who seized and eagerly perused it. His brow lowered as he did so.

"Where got you this?" he asked.

"She dropped it from the tower last night," answered Floreski.

"One way you may yet save yourselves," said the baron, revolving some scheme in his mind. "I have assured the princess that Floreski is dead; my intelligence appears to be suspected; but she can doubt no longer, if once she hears it confirmed by you in person. This you must perform in my presence."

Overjoyed at this opportunity, so unexpectedly presented of beholding Lodoiska Floreski readily consented to bear the tidings of his own death. The baron hastened to the princess's chamber to prepare her for the interview. It appeared to him as if his hour of triumph was at last at hand. The princess (women sometimes forget the memory of a buried lover), when once convinced his rival was no more, might be persuaded to accept his hand. The obedient priest was ready. Once his, let Prince Lupauski come, let him be told how he had won his daughter, and the possessions that she was heiress to; let him resent, she would forgive and plead for him.

These reflections brought him to the chamber in which he had caused Lodoiska to be confined. He unlocked the door and entered. He could but observe how beautiful she was, as she came eagerly forward at his entrance; but the look of disappointment that immediately mantled her fair face seemed to denote that she had expected some one else.

"What, still in tears?" asked the baron, with a lover's air and manner. "It is in your power, princess, to bid your own afflictions cease, only by pitying mine. Ah! why that scornful frown? The doubts you have of Count Floreski's death cause this insensibility to all I suffer. It is time they were at once removed. Know then, two of your father's servants, who last night passed the forest, are at hand—"

"Last night! the forest!" she interrupted, tremulously. "It is true. O my Floreski!"

He misunderstood the cause of her emotion.

"Be assured, proud fair one, those eyes shall never see Floreski more," he said. "Follow me, and receive convincing proof of his death."

He led Lodoiska to the hall and bade the supposed servants stand forward and tell their story.

"Floreski!" burst from Lodoiska's lips as she recognized her lover.

"Is no more," cried the cunning Varbel, quickly. "We found him last night in the wood, killed by Tartars, as we suppose."

"You know these men?" asked the baron.

"I do," answered Lodoiska, with wonderful self-possession; "and every doubt of my Floreski's death at last is ended."

The baron was entirely deceived by this ambiguous reply.

"Pardon those severities my heart always disavowed," he said, sinking his voice to a gentle whisper, "and which, believe me, have been inflicted more upon myself than you."

"Vain man!" the princess replied, scornfully. "Think you I cannot read your motives? Come, dare for once to speak a truth; it is not love, it is ambition, that prompts you to seek the heiress of the Prince Lupauski. Shame upon you!" she added, indignantly.

"Summon the priest at once," cried the baron, in a rage, to his attendants. "This instant will I make you mine."

The horn at the portal brayed loudly upon the air, and in a moment an officer of the baron rushed into the apartment in unseemly haste.

"My lord, the Prince Lupauski is arrived," he said.

Consternation seized upon the baron, whilst joy and hope filled the breasts of the lovers.

"Has he a numerous train?" the baron asked his officer, in a whisper. And when he was told that he had but two attendants, he cried triumphantly, "then let him come—I still am master here."

The prince came hurriedly into the hall and tenderly embraced his child; but when he saw the count his face lowered.

"The Count Floreski here?" he exclaimed, in angry surprise. "How did he gain admittance?"

"By a cowardly, mean artifice," cried the baron, white with rage at the discovery of how egregiously he had been duped; "he pretended himself one of your servants, sent with—"

"O my father!" Lodoiska burst forth in passionate interruption, "you would not think what I have suffered since you saw me. That man has forced my faithful servants from about me; has insulted my unprotected situation with his detested offers; has barbarously imprisoned me to extort from me my consent to a union I would gladly die ten thousand deaths to avoid."

The prince turned haughtily upon the baron.

"What, you, my vassal?" he exclaimed, angrily. "Let us be gone. I will take such vengeance upon his treachery that after ages

shall point to it as an example. Follow me, my daughter; let us quit forever this mansion of ingratitude."

But the baron, goaded to desperation by the thought of losing the beauteous Lodoiska, ordered his guards to secure the prince and his attendants. They knew no will but his, and his commands were implicitly obeyed. Lodoiska was conducted back to her tower, whilst the prince, count and Varbel were thrust into a dungeon beneath the castle. The baron resolved to celebrate his nuptials at once, and the priest was summoned for that purpose when the alarming intelligence was brought him that the Tartars had surprised the eastern tower and were pouring into the castle with fire and sword. The baron hastily donned his armor and hurried to the scene of strife, to fall beneath the avenging sword of Kera Khan. * * * *

The battle was over, and the castle was reduced to a heap of smouldering ruins, whilst the victorious Tartars encamped, with their prisoners, in the forest. These prisoners consisted of the prince, Lupauski, Lodoiska, Count Floreski and Varbel. All the rest of the inmates of the castle had perished.

Their captivity was not of long duration. Kera Khan in token of the estimation in which he held Floreski set them all at liberty, and they departed for Warsaw. The prince no longer objected to the count's pretensions for his daughter's hand, and a speedy union crowned their mutual love with happiness.

OUR NEW PUPIL.

BY HESTER BITTERSWEET.

It was the spring of 1858. I was head teacher in Professor Button's day and boarding-school for young ladies, an institution distant not a thousand miles from Chicago.

Our retiring bell, which always sounded at ten, had just stopped ringing. The monitress was on her customary round through the halls, giving the order of the hour, "Lights out! Lights out, young ladies!" when Barbara the chamber-maid stopped at my door, with the message that I was wanted down stairs in the Green Parlor.

It was poor little Mrs. Professor who wanted me, of course. She was always having one or another of the teachers down in

the Green Parlor to quiz and cross-question, to *pump*, that is, in plain English.

I was vexed certainly. Those long vulgar gossips I detested upon general principle. Besides, at the moment, I particularly disliked being called away from my work.

I could not leave, of course, until I had established some sort of quiet in my range of halls. I waited, therefore, till Barbara had gathered up the dormitory lamps and carried them away, and till the girls had stopped blowing kisses through the key-holes of their doors and shouting good-nights and all manner of affectionate nonsense to each other from their beds in the different rooms.

At last, in no very amiable temper, I am afraid, I went down stairs; but not till I had slipped a budget of compositions and an unread letter from John into my pocket.

John, by the way, is my twin brother, and a great favorite of mine, though he is deaf and dumb, too, poor fellow! He has nothing more to do with my story, however.

I found a lighted lamp standing on a bracket just outside the Green Parlor door. I stopped there to correct a composition or two. You see, all I could accomplish before going in, would have so much the less to be fagged through on coming out.

The parlor door swung open a bit; Barbara had probably left it unlatched on her way up stairs. Within, Mrs. Professor sat lolling on an easy-chair before the grate. She was never warm, this little woman; but that is neither here nor there.

There were two other persons in the room, a man and a woman, both strangers. They seemed to be waiting for some one. It was for myself, as I learned upon entering. The woman was—well, she was, at a first glance, precisely nothing in particular; like a good many of the rest of us. She was, for instance, not tall, nor short, nor slender, nor stout; not very young, not at all old; and neither a blonde nor a brunette, nor yet a fright nor a beauty. She had fishy eyes; you could not look through them into her intellectual movements and her impulses. This I observed at once.

Further, the lady was dressed in the deepest of mourning. She was, on the whole, got up unexceptionably enough, but in a style somewhat inclining to the rural. "Steady and strong, but crude," said I to myself concerning her.

The lady's attendant was a dark, compact, muscular-looking man, with a hard square face and massive features. His forehead was specially noticeable. It was high enough, and very wide, but retreating; being particularly prominent just over the eyes, where phrenologists place the perceptive. The countenance of the man was an intellectual, but, on the whole, not an altogether agreeable one somehow. As John used to say, "It had one expression too many."

Mrs. Professor Button addressed this person as doctor. He was rather undisguisedly oldish, I remarked. I fancied he might incline to a parade of his years, from professional motives. At any rate the doctor carried a gold-headed cane. He wore a wig.

It was a bushy one, of a sandy color, and it quite covered the upper portion of his side-face. He had on green spectacles with side-glasses and gold rims. He was so bewhiskered that I could not obtain a clear view of his face.

The girl, or the woman, or whatever she was, turned presently to a quantity of company-traps laid out on a table near her, and began to look them over. Directly she chanced upon a daguerreotype of myself. I knew it by the case, you observe. Looking at it a moment with a suppressed show of interest, she slyly passed it to the doctor for inspection. At the same time with the fingers of her disengaged hand she stealthily spelled out in the mute alphabet "*see serpent*," meaning thereby me, Hester Bittersweet.

The doctor on his part, appeared not to see altogether so well as one would expect, through those gold-rimmed, double-glassed spectacles of his. He turned the picture about nervously in a variety of lights, as if to obtain a better view of it. At last, seizing an opportunity when Mrs. Professor had turned her back for a moment, he furtively shoved up his glasses and took a square look underneath them.

To my unbounded astonishment, the gentleman telegraphed back again:

"The Bittersweet! Look out for her," he added.

"Soon serve her out!" replied the young lady, coolly, in the same manner; and she accented the pantomime of winding an imaginary Bittersweet around her little finger.

The doctor tapped his forehead significantly.

"No you don't! Too many brains."

"Take her into confidence!" he pursued, reflectively, after a moment's thought.

"Not!" answered the woman. "She'd blab. A woman always will. Too deuced orthodox! She'd kick us out of this here, quicker'n chain lightning—she would."

The above *mute* dialogue, carried on by persons to whom I was myself a total stranger, impressed me as rather a piquant affair, on the whole. In fact it roused my feminine curiosity to the highest pitch. However, I'm not a sneak—at least, I don't think I'm a sneak, though if anything in the world will make a woman such, or a man either, for that matter, it is teaching a term of years, in a day and boarding-school for young ladies. I did not wait, therefore to observe further; but, executing a hypocritical little feint upon the door-knob, I walked in.

The couple in question, turned out to be a certain Doctor John S. Smith of Illinois Centre, and his sister Mary Ann, our pupil who was to be.

The doctor was exceedingly civil; apologized for the lateness of his visit; was compelled by professional business, a case of amputation, in fact, to return home by the next train; wished to make immediate arrangements for Mary Ann's tuition.

"Was she to pursue a full course of study with us?" I asked.

"O yes; a full course, certainly."

Finally, "would I sound Mary Ann," the doctor wanted to know, "and ascertain her proper place in the classes?"

With the greatest pleasure in life.

Decidedly, however, Mary Ann was averse to being sounded, as at once appeared. Generally, I can give as good a guess at a girl as another. Not, however, when like this one, she deliberately puts herself up in a brown paper parcel, figuratively speaking. On the whole, I could make nothing of her, but a female *x* for future elimination.

I assigned Mary Ann a place in the classes, notwithstanding, and selected her school-books. The doctor paid for them; settled her bill for half the term in advance, according to our regulations; and chose her room. It was on the second floor front; and opened not into the hall like the other dormitories of that range, but into an outer passage which led down to the front door of our wing. The apartment was small, and it was fixed that the girl should have no roommate. The doctor was very particular on this—and kindred points—very.

"In consideration of her health, you know," said he.

Mariannle—for so in true schoolgirl style she directly commenced to give out her name—Mariannle soon settled into the usual routine of school life. Personally, I abhorred the creature. The pupils, for the most part, disliked her cordially. They talked of her in their crude way as *too awful perfect*, and called her *B. B. G.* (Button's Body Guard). This behind her back always, for really they stood in wholesome awe of her strong practical common sense.

My suspicions concerning the girl early assumed definite form, but as little Mrs. Professor was at once an inveterate tattler, and the very quintessence of stupidity itself, I resolved to keep my own counsel and await future developments.

Mariannle seemed, at first, in a fair way to baffle me. She never did anything wrong; or, at least, if she did, she managed not to be caught at it. At table, by example, she never called for a second cup of tea or coffee or whatever it might be; you couldn't always tell by the taste. She never took too much butter to her buckwheats. She never took too much sauce to her pudding. She never applied for a second edition of any of the standard tea-table luxuries. She never stayed away from the weekly prayer meetings, religiously going, and what was more to the purpose, returning under the protecting wing of Professor Button.

On every Friday afternoon her standing was regularly read off to the school in tens—ten being our *ne plus ultra*. Mortal man could ask no more. Of course we were charmed with her.

"That Miss Smith of ours is *such a treasure!* and O, so useful," was Mrs. Professor's unvarying compliment.

To do Mariannle justice, she had a way of slipping into the Green Parlor of an evening, and making herself generally available. She was remarkably neat-handed. Whatever she touched fell immediately by some hocus pocus or another, into desirable shape. For instance, she trimmed hats and collars beautifully, and created perfect loves of bows out of odds and ends of condemned ribbon. All of which did not reconcile me to her in the least.

I was waiting for breakfast one morning, jaded with overwork, and stupid proportionally. There was a good deal of chattering going on in my hall, which I did not particularly care to notice. The morning was chilly, and the girls were huddled together in groups about the hall, some studying and others immersed, heart and soul, in a morning gossip.

As I was sitting idly at the window, watching the weather, which happened to be particularly gray and gloomy, and fidgeting for the breakfast bell to ring I caught sight of something like a human figure gliding stealthily along on the other side of the paling by which the school-grounds were set off from the public street.

I said to myself, "it is Jeff Humphrey," Jeff Humphrey being sixteen, and distracted lover to one of the girls in my hall. A moment afterwards, I caught sight of the same figure passing a spot where two or three boards happened to be missing from the fence.

It was not Jeff at all; but, only a little old woman, hobbling along on a cane, with a pitcher of something in her hand, and with the skirt of her gown drawn over her head and huddled together under her chin.

I pitied the poor old creature. She looked thoroughly miserable; lame, crooked, wan and with her wretched tattered petticoats fluttering about her in the keen morning air. I had never seen her before, though I knew most people in our neighborhood, and I could not make out where she went to.

Still the girls in the hall kept up their chattering.

"False teeth! O my!" shrieked No. 10.

"La yes!" replied our parlor boarder, Miss Larkspur.

"Different sets, eh?"

"La, yes, to be sure! One of them was snags."

"Snags?" repeated No. 10.

"Yes, *snags*! Like an old woman's mouth, you know. Here one and there another, yellow as the 'gold of Ophir.'"

"Really, now?"

"La yes! Hope to drop dead and bone!" pursued Miss Larkspur, by way of solemn asseveration.

Miss Larkspur, I may as well mention, was our school gossip. She had a talent for rapid but superficial observation, and was far more apt at ferreting out and reporting facts than at making original deductions from them.

"There was a lot of old wigs in there, too," continued the Larkspur.

"O the wicked, wicked creature!" shrieked pretty witty little Miss Mixer.

Here conversation floated into an eddy of general hubbub. Talking and laughing went on for a while *ad libitum*.

"What sort?" asked some logical body, by-and-by, again, I believe it was Carry Poser.

"I don't half know, I'm sure," returned Larkspur. "How should I, being in such a hurry? Stay though! One was a gray false front, for an old woman."

"Dear me! Yes, of course! That went with the teeth, I suppose."

"There was a man's wig there, too," resumed Miss Larkspur, warming with her subject. "It had whiskers, and eyebrows and all. And a darkey's wig," she went on, "with the wool projecting to the cardinal and ordinal points of the compass."

A question finally arose as to how the saw-

tents of Mariann's box had been ascertained, and was pursued with vehemence by Carry Poser.

On this point Miss Larkspur was not disposed to be communicative.

"La now, Poser, none of your business," was her ultimatum.

"What is it?" piped a shrill voice, just then, from the door of No. 6.

The speaker was a young girl who had contracted the nickname of *Dim Dark Distance*, from an unfortunate flight of fancy in one of her school essays.

"It's B. B. G.'s box," answered somebody.

"B. B. G. has been and reported me to the Buttons," exclaimed Dim Dark; "and so there! It's all because Jeff Humphrey serenades me now and then of an evening."

"La!" cried Larkspur, "if that isn't what Dim Dark has been in sackcloth and ashes about this ever so long! Don't you mind, though, child."

"But I do mind!" persisted the other. "Here I've been and studied my algebra thirteen times over, and don't know a thing."

"Don't know a thing?" echoed Miss Mixer, "Goodness gracious! That's nothing new."

"In my opinion the creature is an actress," continued the Larkspur, pursuing the thread of her thoughts, through the above tangle of small talk.

"In my opinion she's a murderess and a horrid old hag and no less," said the aggrieved Dim Dark.

"Or a witch," suggested No. 10.

"The witch of End (do) or," remarked Miss Mixer.

The Mixer was enthusiastically encored. The girls had a fashion that term of pelting genius with impromptu imitation-bouquets done in twisted paper.

I heard a shower of these missiles flying about the hall for some time. Then a voice called out:

"Where is B. B. G.?"

That was what nobody seemed to know. Mariann had not been seen that morning it appeared. She was not in the study room, her usual place at that hour, and, indeed, at all hours not devoted to prescribed duties. She was not in her own room.

The girls began peeping about for her in one spot and another. They could not find her. They searched the building from garret to cellar thoroughly. Finally, communicating their anxiety to the family, and joined by the whole household, servants, teachers and

proprietors, they extended their investigation to the adjoining grounds, but quite without success.

Mrs. Professor would never allow a boarding-pupil to leave the school-grounds without her own special permission. This gave importance to the fact of Mariannle's disappearance.

The box under discussion that morning, was standing in a little closet at the foot of Mariannle's bed. You would call it rather a square trunk than a box. It was a heavy clumsy affair, and was fastened by a large odd-looking lock of peculiar construction.

This trunk was full of disguises, according to Larkspur, who, to be sure, was not the best of authority. I felt, however, that she was not in error here. Perhaps Mariannle was out masquerading at that very moment, in an old woman's wig, etc., for instance. Nobody could say she was not, certainly.

As the key was not in the lock of the trunk, I, of course, forbore investigation in that direction. Looking sharply about me, however, I discovered that a certain small earthen pitcher usually on duty in the apartment, was not in its accustomed place, and indeed was not to be found elsewhere.

I forthwith instituted proceedings which I need not here detail. Suffice it to say, I eventually discovered our charming Miss Smith snuggled away in a narrow lane back of the Button premises. She was got up a *la* old woman, and was the veritable shambling wretch whom I had observed and pitied a while before.

The girl was stepping out of her disguises when she met my eyes.

"Good-morning!" said I.

"Good-morning!" she returned, stoutly.

"A lovely morning for a promenade," I continued, with a wicked glance at her dripping clothing; for by this time it was raining with a will.

Mariannle set her firm-looking teeth hard together, and looked me over with a sort of baffled stare which I could not readily translate.

"You are making a great mistake for once in your life," muttered the creature, half aloud.

Not particularly caring to commit myself, I executed a detestable little French shrug with one shoulder and said:

"Indeed!"

Mariannle went on a few steps then stopped and faced me.

"Can you keep a secret, Miss Bittersweet?"

"O yes?" I answered.

"May I confide one to you?"

"Dear me, no! I don't believe in you, you observe."

"Listen to me!" said Mariannle, with a ludicrous affectation of consequence. "Really you must listen."

"Miss Smith," I returned, "your time has come. You are a persistent liar; you are a base woman, and you are a fool to fancy yourself humbugging me. I detest you; I shouldn't believe a word you would utter if you were to talk from now till doom's-day."

Miss Smith passed into her own room, and closed her door quietly—very quietly.

I, for my part, made a dry toilet as speedily as practicable, and descended to the dining-hall, where I proposed to announce my success in due season.

Breakfast was over, I found, and the apartment deserted, even by the servants. The table, however, was still spread for me, and a cup of coffee stood cooling beside my plate.

Before I had finished breakfast an unaccountable languor invaded my system. I could not understand it; I could not very well understand anything, in fact, my brain seemed bound, my limbs grew lumpish and refused service.

I was found by the servants a short time afterwards sitting with my head in my hands, and with the latter serenely folded in my plate of hash. I had been drugged. At first I slept.

Miss Smith explained this phenomenon by a fictitious account of a fictitious remedy which she professed to have seen me administer to myself for an attack of neuralgia. Hence my condition occasioned no alarm.

When I awoke, it was with all my senses sharpened to a preternatural acuteness. It was a long while before I threw off that deathlike stupor. In the meantime I could hear, and did hear slight noises and low conversation at points quite remote from my chamber.

It was recreation evening. The girls were amusing themselves in No. 5, the room occupied by Dim Dark Distance. They were executing a grand series of tableaux called Reception at Court. I perfectly comprehended the details of the proceedings, although I was at the other extremity of the hall, and was, besides, more than half dreaming. All the jewelry of the establishment, even to Baby Button's corals, had been

brought into requisition for this occasion. In the midst of this last crowning scene the retiring bell rang. I heard the girls throw off their finery and scamper away to bed. I heard Miss Grimshawe order them—she never *advised* anybody—order them to leave their jewelry where it was, proposing to assort it herself, and return it to the owners in the morning.

Miss Larkspur demurred; she had her diamonds out, very foolishly. They had been deposited in Professor Button's safe. Somebody else wanted a coral set, and our small Dim Dark was running frantic and fairly wringing her hands and tearing her hair over her pearls.

However, to oppose Miss Grimshawe was to take the surest way not to get what you wanted of her if Dim Dark had but known it. Though the former had only two grains of sense, and those, mathematical, she had any quantity of authority. So the girls went away grumbling, but leaving behind them their whole array of watches, chains, bracelets, necklaces, etc. I wanted Miss Grimshawe to take the collection down stairs and deposit it with Professor Button, and I dropped asleep and dreamed that I had told her to do so.

By and-by, from a great way off it seemed, a low, persistent, grating sound came to my ear. I rose upon my elbow and listened closely; then, thoroughly startled, I crawled without noise to the outer door of my room, which opened upon an upper piazza, and looked out.

The sound came from beneath, at the further extremity of our wing. Some one seemed to be tampering with a lock there. Presently, I caught a glimmer of light from that point, and leaning over the balustrade found it to proceed from a dark-lantern. A bull's eye, I afterwards heard it called. Another gleam discovered to me the shadows of two men. I heard them whisper to each other. They seemed to be inspecting some difficulty in their work, for the light appeared but a moment, and then the rasping sound recommenced.

What to do? To shriek out on the spot and frighten the ruffians away? I confess to a momentary womanly impulse in this direction—or to convey the alarm to Professor Button and the male servants? I felt that I did not understand robbers nor know how to deal with them. I therefore chose the latter course.

The only access to the professor's room, by the by, was through the identical hall into which the burglars were now endeavoring to force their way. However, I reflected that while I could hear the sound of their implementations on the outside I should surely be in no immediate danger within; and in short, like Watts's sinner, or somebody else's, "if I perished I resolved I'd perish only there."

I stole down to execute my plan. My brain, my limbs, my entire person never rendered me more exquisitely perfect service than on that eventful night. Every muscle seemed instinct with a special intellect of its own. My physique followed the dictates of my flashing will with a precision wonderful to reflect upon.

I went below as still as the dead. I made but slow progress, for the halls and passages were perfectly dark, and I was obliged to grope my way along them by the sense of touch alone.

At last I reached the dreaded door at which the burglars were working. Beside it, but opening at right angles to it, there was an entrance into the studio, through which I must pass.

Just as I gained the studio door the robbers stopped work; and one of them held the lantern up to the front keyhole. The light shone through upon my bed-gown. The same person tried the door softly; it opened. He did not come in, but left it ajar. He and his associate were then silent, and I felt that they were moving away.

I entered the studio and pressed forward as fast as I dared. The studio windows were always secured at night by inside cross-bars and oaken shutters; now, however, to my intense horror, I perceived that one of them was standing wide open. Some of the household within had unclosed it to the robbers. So much was clear.

I felt a flutter near me like that of a woman's drapery, flitting by between myself and the wall. The tableaux jewelry was in process of transfer no doubt. I had not thought of the jewelry before. We had been betrayed by that flattering, smooth-faced female villain of a Mariannie, after all; and she was escaping.

Not so! I was inspired with a new project. Instantly I tore open a door just opposite me;—it was that of the paint-room—and, entirely unguarded as the creature was, I easily pushed her through it. I heard her fall with a dead heavy thump upon the earthen floor.

The paint-room, as I must explain, was a sort of cave, or cellar, underneath the western wing of the house. It had formerly been used as a laboratory, but was now devoted to the storage of paints and dangerous chemicals. The stairs had been removed as a precautionary measure; Professor Button always used a light ladder, from the loft, in going up and down. However, down Mariannie went without ladder or preamble.

In a moment I became aware that there was some other person in the room. I was sure of it, I heard a breathing near me. It was hard and half-panting, but repressed, and so low that in my normal condition I should not have heard it at all.

I stood stiff and still as a block of marble. Nobody could have heard me breathe. Whoever it was brushed against me.

It was one of the burglars; at least it was a man. I caught him by the arm. He attempted to grasp me by the throat, but I was too nimble for him. I whirled about in such a way as to bring him close to the open door of the paint-room. Evidently he did not understand his position; I slapped him in the face—if anything will confuse a man that will do so.

The fellow endeavored to seize my hands. At the same moment he stepped back. I gave him a thrust in the pit of the stomach, and had the pleasure of hearing him flounder backwards and tumble into the depths after Mariannie.

I thought he did not fall quite to the floor, but fancied he had caught at some support in his descent. Quick as lightning I slammed the door together behind him, drew the bolt, and ran as if possessed by the furies to report matters to Professor Button.

In the meantime the burglars made off with our jewelry and also, as we soon found, with the school plate.

Mariannie raved like a madman. She stormed, she cajoled, she threatened, she protested, she swore.

We heard nothing from our other prisoner; not a sound escaped him. We spoke to him, of course, but obtained no reply.

"Is he hurt?" I asked Mariannie.

She laughed a little low fierce chuckle, which was a fresh revelation of her nature.

"Let me up!" shrieked she, with a howl of rage a moment afterwards.

"Wind me around your little finger, my dear," said I; and I walked away. That was the woman of it.

The train which passed through town a few minutes later conveyed the following message to certain members of the Chicago police:

"Button High School is robbed. Come direct. Two prisoners for you."

On arrival of the six o'clock train next morning, there was a pull at the doorbell, followed by a call for Professor Button and Miss Smith. By request I went down. A gentleman stood before me whose face seemed familiar; but whom, nevertheless, I did not immediately recognize. He had close-cut black hair, black whiskers and keen—no, not keen exactly, but incisive gray eyes; eyes which expressed a profound capacity for intelligent observation. The gentleman's figure was peculiarly wiry and elastic. He had a wide retreating forehead. He was, in short, Doctor John S. Smith of Illinois Centre, but without wig, spectacles, embonpoint or cane.

The doctor offered me his hand.

"Good-morning, good-morning! I want Miss Smith, Mary Ann." This in a bustling, business-like way.

"Sir, Miss Smith is our prisoner, awaiting the police," I replied, bowing stiffly.

"The deuce she is! Why ma'am, Miss Bittersweet, ma'am, I'm the police myself."

I observed a discreet silence.

"Some mistake, Miss Bittersweet, I assure you. Look here! I want Professor Button and Miss Smith. You've two prisoners, eh? Who is the other one?"

"I don't know," said I. "He is one of the burglars. He won't speak."

Professor Button came in at this juncture, and between us both we managed to give the doctor, that is to say Detective Hauslegh, a tolerably accurate account of the night's adventure.

Mariannie, meanwhile, was stamping about on the earthen floor, and occasionally growling, "Let me up! Let me up!"

Detective Hauslegh ordered down a posse of men and brought the prisoners out.

Mariannie appeared dressed in a man's suit of substantial sheep's gray.

The second prisoner was our poor, simple, little Dim Dark Distance. Imagine my unbounded astonishment, my chagrin, my helpless mystification. Dim Dark, when drawn out of the paint-room, was handcuffed and gagged.

"Better look to those bracelets," remarked Mariannie, coolly, "they're too big to be safe."

Detective Hauslegh exchanged the girl's

handcuffs for a smaller pair procured from one of his assistants.

"Secure her feet," said Mariannie, "she's spiteful." Done.

"Remove the gag. Send for a physician. The girl is rather badly hurt, I believe. Somebody find a room for her with a bed in it. Let it be absolutely secure." Done again.

"See here, you, Hausleigh; I want the girl searched the first thing, mind. Have the job done up right. Set a couple of picked men to watch her. Look sharp, now!"

It dawned upon me at last. There was no mistake in the case, Dim Dark was the real accomplice of the burglars. She had planned the tableaux of the preceding evening for the express purpose of collecting our jewelry and having it at hand.

Dim Dark was the person whom I had mistaken for Mariannie and first pushed in the cellar.

The forcing of the outer door was a mere feint, on the part of the robbers, to divert suspicion from the real criminal. She had evidently laid her plans to remain at school till the heat of pursuit should be over, and had stolen a set of pearls from herself, in furtherance of this project.

And Mariannie—why, Mariannie was a man, "a great, awful man." I hereby give him public credit for having been a remarkably discreet one. He had been regularly trained, by the way, to womanly occupations of a certain sort, having served an apprenticeship of several months in a millinery establishment belonging to his sister.

Dim Dark had, it seemed, delivered up her booty, and was stealthily slipping back to her room when I entrapped her.

Dick Masters was Mariannie's masculine name. He had been watching the game. He had given orders to his men in the morning, during his brief masquerade as an old woman, and was on his way at the proper moment to signal them when I arrested him.

Dick had worked up this case beautifully. Before coming to us he had only a slight clue to the intended robbery, which, by the way, had been planned for months. He did not know the actors in the drama, but understood

that some woman was mixed up with the business who would be a student at Button High School. He had slowly unravelled the whole plot, and had made every disposition to seize the acting members of the gang and their booty. I thwarted his plans; no wonder he raved. So much for trying to wind a woman around one's little finger instead of being frank with her.

Dick Masters glared fiercely at me, and I glowered at him. I being a woman, was naturally the first to speak:

"Why did you drug me?" said I.

"For the same reason that I gagged one of you—to keep your mouth shut."

"O ho! So I could have spoiled your sport?"

"Precisely!"

"And why did you call me a *see-sarpini*?"

"I didn't," said Dick.

"But you *did*!" retorted I. "I saw you."

"Well then, I did, but I don't remember it. We knew all about you before coming here, at any rate. The name fits you well enough I should say."

Dick Masters, I am glad to add, did not entirely lose his labor.

Dim Dark, though severely injured by her fall, at length recovered. She was tried, found guilty and sentenced to a long imprisonment.

The trial in question created a great sensation throughout the country. Developments then made led to the detection of the gang of ruffians with whom Dim Dark had been associated, and to the seizure of a quantity of booty, among which was our plate, and all our jewelry, except Miss Larkspur's diamonds.

In consequence of this stroke of good fortune Dick Masters was eventually promoted to a post, towards which he had for a good while in vain cast longing glances. He afterwards married a woman whom I like vastly; but of that another time.

I visited at Mr. Masters's not long since. We are excellent friends now-a-days, and the Masters, myself and our old common friend, Chief of Police Hausleigh, have many a hearty laugh together over the days when Dick was our *new pupil*.



NOVEMBER RAIN.

BY EMMA M. CASE.

O the wild November rain —
 Chilling rain!
 How it rattles, how it roars,
 Clamoring at the closed doors;
 Wailing out a ghostly air,
 Or a broken-hearted prayer;
 O the pulsing and the throbbing,
 O the never-ending sobbing,
 Sobbing, throbbing—throbbing, sobbing,
 Of the wild November rain!

O the weary, dreary rain—
 Cruel rain!
 Tearing at the blackened vines,
 Grappling with the stalwart pines,
 Drip, drop, dropping, fast and slow,
 O'er some hearts we loved laid low;
 O the surging and the moaning,
 O the dirging, weird intoning,
 Weird intoning, moaning, moaning,
 Of the weary, dreary rain!

Home Journal.

MY MISTAKE.

BY TOM TOWNSEND.

I BELONG to a careful family, a family much given to chess and whist playing, that keeps its counsel and cards to itself, counts its chances before it plays, and seldom makes a mistake; but seven years ago this summer I made a great mistake, one the thought of which even to this day makes my cheeks tingle. This is how it happened.

Seven years ago I had just been liberally educated, that is to say I had completed the course of studies required at college and received my degree. The knowledge I had gained there was indeed varied. I had learned that Homer was blind and wrote in hexameters; that although Horace was loud in his praises of poverty, he was very well contented to live on his great friends without attempting to undergo its hardships. I had found out something about chemistry and astronomy, and had hopelessly puzzled over the calculus; I could read some of the modern languages at sight by guessing at half the words. But my progress in some of the branches not put down in the catalogue was a good deal more rapid than in the regular curriculum. I could pull a good oar and was by no means a bad ball player, though that was before base ball was reduced to a science. Billiards and ten pins were my delight, and I took a peculiar pride in being able to play every known game of cards; I could tell the difference between a good and a poor cigar, and could mix a very fair bowl of punch and assist in drinking it.

Naturally my education had been somewhat costly, in fact it seemed as if my expenses increased in about the same ratio that my means diminished. Unfortunately my father was not wealthy. He did his best and then he borrowed, and I also borrowed, so that between us both we succeeded in scraping together a pretty good sized debt, by the time I was ready to leave college. My chum was in about the same condition as myself pecuniarily speaking, and very frequently during the long winter evenings we used to discuss the subject of our debts while toasting our toes before the grate. It was an ever varying topic, possessing fresh interest every day as new bills which we had forgotten were presented to us. I never knew any students, whether rich or poor, who were not often in that state expressed in college slang by the words "dead broke." But there are different degrees of "dead broke." There is what may be called the positive degree, where a man does not owe anything, but just lives along from day to day in a state of abject poverty, without ever having a cent to spend. Then there is the comparative degree, where a rich man's son has overdrawn at home and dares not ask for any more at present. This is not a very bad condition, and of course only lasts a short time. Lastly comes the superlative degree, where a young man is desperately in debt and getting involved worse and worse every day, without any rich parents, or any expectations whatever to look forward to. I

feel perfectly confident in asserting that there never were two young men in college who were "dead broke" in a more superlative sense of the words than my chum and I were constantly. We lived from hand to mouth, getting everything on "tick," that we could by any possibility get without paying for. We were regular Rawdon Crawleys in embryo, with the exception that we had no such skillful financiering agent as Becky Sharp, nor any elderly aunts who might die any time and leave us fortunes.

As I said before, we used often of an evening to discuss our debts while sitting quietly before the fire. Perhaps we ought to have been proud of our debts. A good round debt is frequently only acquired by years of honest industry, but here we had one already made for us just as we were beginning our twenties. However, strange to say, we did not feel at all puffed up on that account. On the contrary, we felt that the burden was heavy—much too heavy for us to carry—and we were always trying to devise some way to slip it off and get rid of it. One night as we were sitting thus, Tom my chum said to me:

"Fred, it's no use talking, you and I will have to marry heiresses, if we ever expect to get rid of these confounded debts of ours."

Whatever romantic ideas I might have once had about love in a cottage and so forth, my four years of "knocking about" at college had pretty well cured me of, and I had been gradually working up to Tom's point of view. So I said that I had come to the same conclusion, but the question was where was the heiress to be found.

"The future Mrs. Willis," I continued, "must be pretty, agreeable and well educated, besides being heir to something like ten thousand a year. Do you know any such?"

"I don't happen to think of any now," he replied, laughing, "that answers your requirements, but there's nothing like being on the lookout for whatever may turn up."

The morning after this little conversation between my chum and me, I received a note from my aunt, living in the small country town in New England which I will call N—, inviting me to come down and pay her a visit of a few weeks during the ensuing summer. I showed it to my chum.

"Any eligible girls there?" asked Tom, with an eye to the main chance. I really had not thought of it in that light before.

"Why, yes," said I, mentally running over the families in N— whom I thought I could

condescend to honor with my alliance; "there are a good many fine old houses there, and there used to be a number of children belonging to those houses, who I suppose have grown up by this time. The chances are I shall find some very nice young ladies."

"Then go, by all means," said Tom. "Make your hay while the sun shines. At any rate you can enjoy yourself hunting and fishing, if you don't find any other game worthy of pursuit."

Well, so I concluded to take Tom's advice and go, and sent a note to my aunt to the effect that I would be with her, bag and baggage, within a week after my college term closed.

N— deserves a few words of description. It was my father's native place, but his business in the distant city had kept him for a long time away from it. I had been there often when a child, but, since my school and college days, various events had transpired to prevent my revisiting it. Every one remembers that famous speech relative to Lord Chatham beginning, "The secretary stood alone—modern degeneracy had not reached him." These words were peculiarly applicable to N—, at the time of which I am writing. It stood alone; the embodiment of modern degeneracy—a railroad had not reached it. The unearthly yell of the hideous locomotive was unheard among its quiet hills. The mail was brought but once a day in the good old-fashioned stage-coach. The inhabitants retired for the most part before nine o'clock and rose before six. Thirty years ago it had been prosperous and full of business, as its great lumbering stores and its three decaying taverns bore witness. Then came a day when steam was harnessed down with iron bands, and made to do man's work. A railroad was projected through N—, but the magnates of that place, with a worthy conservatism, fought it step by step, finally triumphed, and had the satisfaction of having it pass a dozen miles to one side, instead of through their old town. The old coach was good enough for them they said; their fathers had ridden in it before them, and their children should ride in it after them if they had their say about the matter. But from that day the prosperity of N— had gradually declined. Scarcely a new house was built in it. The bulky old stores became the domiciles of rats and mice. The tavern-keepers closed their bars, and went to farming except for the short time during the

sitting of court, for N— clung to its county buildings and court with that pertinacity with which drowning men are said to cling to straws, and although numberless attempts had been made to move them, all had failed. But before the decline in business quite a number of the citizens of N— had collected moderate fortunes, and were very well satisfied to settle down to whist and back-gammon, and let the world go on as it chose provided it left them in peace. In time they passed away, transmitting their property to their children, who by the very quietness of the place were prevented from spending it, and in consequence there grew to be a score or so of cultivated and educated families in the town. This number was occasionally increased by a retired merchant from the city, who came to settle there in quiet. It was here then that I was going to spend my summer.

As soon as the closing exercises were past, and the fuss and trouble of packing my personal property and sending it home was over, I bade my chum farewell and stepped on board the steamboat bound eastward. My aunt was ready to welcome me, and I was soon comfortably stowed away in this pleasant room on the southwest corner, where I now sit writing these lines. And even as I write here to-day the fragrance of the cinnamon roses drifts in at the open windows just as it used to seven years ago, and I see the fields and woods yet unchanged about the old homestead. Here across the way, on the higher ground, "stands the serried corn like trainbands," and on the rich intervals below the west wind drives the grain into long billows, and sweeping around in a half circle runs the tide of "the river of dark flowing waters," as the Indians called it long ere the white man came to vex it with his dams and mills and bridges, and away beyond the river are the old pine woods which, strange to say, the axe of the lumberman has yet spared.

But to return to my story. My aunt is one of those delightful cooks whom we so often read about, but who are so rare in real life; a woman who actually takes pleasure in seeing you stuff yourself with all sorts of dainties of her own contriving. When I first got into the country I had the appetite of a wolf, and so long as I was fed, felt perfectly contented, and thought to myself that even if I found no more profitable employment than fishing and hunting I should do very well.

So for a few days I remained quiet, satisfied

to look about me and see how the ground lay before undertaking anything. I found two or three college men in town, and a good many elderly persons who remembered me when I was only "so high," and said I was the perfect image of my father at twenty. I easily made friends with these people, and was soon on such good terms with the apothecary, that he used to retail all the village news for my benefit whenever I came into his shop.

There were a goodly number of young ladies in the place, some pretty and others the opposite, but none of them exactly suited my ideas of what the future Mrs. Willis should be. Those who were pretty were dowierless, and those who had wealthy papas were frightfully ugly, and if there chanced to be some who were both pretty and rich they were sure to murder the king's English. Of course that sort of thing never would do for me, so I was obliged to make the most of my aunt's cooking and amuse myself driving, rowing and walking.

One morning I had dropped into the drug-gist's as usual to hear the news, when he said:

"Hal Richards has been in, and it seems they expect Miss Nellie in a few days. You remember little Nellie Richards, Mr. Willis?"

"What, old Richards's daughter that lives in the great house on the hill? Seems to me I do remember something about a little girl who used to carry her books by to school every morning. Is this the same?" I asked with as little appearance of interest as I could, though the fact was that, if I remembered anybody in N—, I certainly remembered Nellie Richards, and the recollection of her, and of the fine house she lived in, had done more than anything else to bring me there.

"The very same," he answered, "but she is far from little now. She finished her education some time ago and she has been in the city for the last year or so. She is the prettiest girl in town, and they say she knows all that's worth knowing. Mrs. Richards has been dead six years. She and the boy Henry, who was then ten, were left. Mr. Richards spares neither care nor expense with either of them, but then he's rich as Croesus. Been heard to say he had an income of twenty thousand, which is pretty fair for this section of country."

"And this Miss Richards is coming home soon, you say?"

"Next Friday, Hal told me."

I had gained just the information I wanted, so I walked leisurely up to my room to consider the situation and the plan of action I should pursue. As nearly as I could make out, from what I knew and from what I guessed, this Miss Richards was the sort of girl I was in search of. Mr. Richards had been engaged in the lumber trade, and, if accounts were at all to be trusted, had been wonderfully successful. He had retired from business quite early in life, purchased the estate on which he now lived, and devoted himself to farming, literature and art. The old gentleman appeared to be of a kindly disposition and to make everything of his two children. Hal was a boy of sixteen, on the point of entering college. I must make an opening somewhere, and Hal seemed to be the most assailable point. I knew him a little already, but we must get better acquainted. That evening I overtook him crossing the long bridge which joins the two sides of the river, and fell into conversation with him. I found that he was going to the same college which I had left, and that he had drawn the same room which I had occupied during my freshman years. I told him college stories, some of which were true, others a good deal embellished, and others totally fictitious. We got along very finely together. It was arranged that we should go fishing the next day.

"And," said Hal, as he left me, "you must see my sister, Mr. Willis. I'll say she's a splendid girl, though I am her own brother. I know you will like her ever so much. She will be here this week."

I thought it just possible I might like his sister ever so much, though I did not say so. I went home thinking that I had at least made a good beginning. If the rest of the family were as easily won as Hal I had the course clear before me.

On the following day we went fishing as we had planned, and I continued to make myself agreeable to him. I also contrived to meet Mr. Richards once or twice. He treated me in a fatherly sort of way; like the rest of the elderly people in town he remembered me when I was only "so high;" he also said he had been to school with my father. He insisted on my coming over to look at his place, and taking tea with him. All that night the Richards estate ran in my head whether sleeping or waking.

Well, so the days passed, and Nellie Richards arrived. The same evening Hal

met me in the street and was very urgent that I should come up to the house, though I was not at all in a hurry to present myself, and somewhat demurred.

"Come along," said Hal; "Nell's dying to see you, and hear some of your college stories, and you must come right home with me." As there was no gainsaying him I went.

I had scarcely seated myself in the parlor when in rustled a most lovely girl of eighteen or nineteen. I will not attempt to describe her. Every one either knows or has known several very lovely girls; let him or her imagine Ellen Richards like one of those. She came forward directly and held out her hand without waiting for any formality.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Willis," she said, "you have just graduated, and have come down to the country for a few weeks to astonish us with your city manners and education and so forth, I suppose, but though we live in an out of the way place, you won't find us such perfect barbarians as you expect."

She was entirely at her ease, without the least show of affectation or mannerism. A perfect lady, I thought; none of your pert half bred boarding-school misses, and none of your country girls that

—"always smell of bread and butter,"

but rather of the Shirley Keeldar stamp, with a will and way of her own, and, unless I was very much mistaken, fully a match for me; she was worth playing for whether I won or lost. I had seen some good society, and could tell a thorough-bred woman when I saw her.

"Why, you are actually taller than my father," she continued. "I don't know but I should be the least bit afraid of you, if Hal hadn't told me you were real jolly when one gets acquainted with you."

"I am very much obliged to Hal for the compliment," I said, and then I said other things of no particular consequence. We talked some time, and I went away feeling that Miss Richards was a remarkably bright girl, and that I should have much more difficulty with her than with Hal and the old gentleman.

From this date I was a frequent and apparently welcome visitor at the Richards mansion. There were fishing parties to the neighboring ponds, excursions to the hills, and picnics on the river, to all of which Miss Richards and Hal went, and I was always their companion. I began to study the tastes

and peculiarities of the family, to all of which I endeavored to adapt myself. I found out what people in town they were most intimate with, and I became intimate with them too. I carried the matter a little too far with one of Miss Richards's young lady friends, so that, finding myself in danger of being misunderstood, I was obliged to withdraw abruptly.

Thus the weeks passed. All this time I could not quite comprehend Miss Richards, and I was sometimes afraid that she comprehended me but too well. She always treated me with perfect frankness and cordiality, but if I ever approached any such thing as sentiment, her black eyes seemed to look straight through me, and I retired in confusion. Then I would at times think that she really cared for me, and was only tantalizing me. Of one thing I had taken care to make sure, namely, that I had no rival. One day, while Hal and I were floating lazily on the smooth surface of the river, I said, carelessly:

"How is it that such a lovely girl as your sister is so long without a suitor?"

"Governor drives 'em all away," said Hal; "and if he didn't, it's not every one that Nell herself would tolerate."

O ho! then, I thought, so I am a privileged character in the estimation of both father and daughter; this looks a great deal more promising.

In the meanwhile the fact gradually dawned upon me that I was falling in love. At first this seemed preposterous. I had come to look upon myself as a sort of cynical philosopher, and no more capable of the tender passion than Diogenes himself, but I caught myself at all odd hours thinking of that girl dressed in white and with the black eyes up at the Richards house on the hill. I fought against it desperately, remembering that a man who is not in love with a girl is much more likely to win her than one who is. It was no use; the more I struggled the more fully I became aware that I was caught. Things got worse and worse; whether I ate, drank, rode or slept, I was always thinking of Nellie Richards. I had formerly been quite irregular in attending Divine service. I now went to church twice every Sunday. Nellie Richards was at the bottom of that operation. I even formed the insane project of offering my services as a Sabbath school teacher, because Miss Nellie had a class. What made the matter all the more provoking was that, although she treated me with the greatest

familiarity, she still contrived to make me feel that we were as far apart as when we first met.

Affairs had gone on thus several weeks, when, one day in the latter part of August, a picnic was arranged to go up the river about two miles to a place called the Glen. The boats were to start about three in the afternoon. At noon Hal came over saying that his sister had a headache and was not going, so that I need not bring the boat for her. I reflected that the picnic would only be a bore if Miss Richards was not there, so I told Hal that if my services were not needed in rowing up the river, I felt that I ought to stay at home and do some writing as I had important letters to answer. Hal gave me a sharp look which strongly reminded me of his sister, but went away without saying anything. I believe the young rascal perfectly understood that I stayed away because Nellie did.

It is almost needless to say that when I told Hal I had letters of importance to write, I lied; at that age I had never had a letter of importance to write; all the letters of importance I had anything to do with came to me, instead of proceeding from me, and consisted of those from my father containing funds, and those from my creditors containing duns; the latter always seemed to be of vastly greater importance to the creditors than to me. So I did not write any letters. I felt dissatisfied with myself and with the world in general. I was vexed with Miss Richards for picking out this particular day to have a headache. I was angry that I had not gone to the picnic, after all. I sat down and tried to read, but in some unaccountable way Nellie Richards kept interposing herself between me and the page, till I threw the book aside in disgust. Then I tried smoking. The smoke fantastically wreathed itself into the shape of a young girl with flowing white dress and waving hair. The figure beckoned me, then vanished, and I knew it was Nellie Richards. I lay down and tried to sleep. I think I fell into a doze once, and dreamed I was following a girlish form which I could never catch, but which at intervals turned its black eyes upon me and smiled encouragingly; then just as I was on the point of grasping it, it would glide silently away. I was aroused by a slight rap at the door. I opened it, and my aunt stood there.

"Miss Richards is down stairs and wants to see you," she said.

"Tell her I will be there directly," I replied.

What could this mean? Had the vision I had been vainly following in my sleep suddenly come to meet me? I said to myself as I came down the stairs. As I entered the room she greeted me with:

"Now, Mr. Willis, I know you have finished those horrid letters Hal said you had to write, and you must row me up to the Glen. My headache is all gone; they are to have tea at seven; it's six now, and we shall get there just in time. Don't say you can't, for I know better; you have finished your letters and haven't a thing in the world to do, except to wait on young ladies like me."

Of course I went to the Glen. I should like to see the man who would not have gone after such an invitation. But I could not help thinking that this was rather strange conduct in Miss Richards, to suddenly get over her headache, and come and ask me to accompany her. Was she in love with me, or was she not? that was the question, and a hard one for me to solve. However that might be I felt certain that I was as much in love with her as I could be, though I dare say her father's estate had something to do with it. But I made up my mind as we walked down to the river, that that afternoon at least, I would leave out of the question all feeling and nonsense, and study her, and discover, if possible, whether she really cared anything about me. I would examine my cards thoroughly, and decide whether to play, at the risk of being euchred, or to quietly pass and wait for a new trump. For I was getting into a very delicate situation; if I proposed and was rejected, and my college friends found it out, as they undoubtedly would, I should never hear the last of it. They never would believe I cared for anything except the girl's money.

So I resolved to study her; and certainly, I might have found a less agreeable object of attention than Miss Richards, as she sat in the stern of the boat holding the rudder lines in her hands, and sometimes tralling the tips of her fingers in the clear water of the river. I will not be foolish enough to compare her to a nymph or naiad of the stream, because, at least according to my ideas of nymphs, she did not at all resemble them. She was simply a very beautiful young lady of nineteen, and what in the name of common sense does a man want more?

"Let the mad poets say whate'er they please
Of the sweets of fairies, peris, goddesses,

There is not such a treat among them all—
Hunters of cavern, lake and waterfall—
As a real woman, lineal, indeed,
From Pyrrha's pebbles or old Adam's seed."

Perhaps she might have very well represented a modern Lady of the Lake.

In less than an hour we reached the Glen, a romantic spot indeed. From the water's edge a bank, covered with underbrush and here and there a large tree, rose rather abruptly for about thirty feet. At the top of the bank was a perfect little paradise of green sward, extending nearly half a mile up and down the river, and running back about sixty feet to the side of the hill, which towered up full three hundred feet, covered all over with the grand old pines, the monarchs of the American forest. At the upper extremity of the Glen, close to the river, was a perpendicular ledge, forty feet high, and some fifty paces in length.

As we neared the place, Hal came running down the bank, exclaiming:

"There, Nell, I do believe you didn't have any headache at all, but only pretended it so that Mr. Willis might row you up all alone."

I watched her keenly at this, and fancied I saw her face flush slightly, though I was not sure. She answered with perfect self-possession, however:

"Yes, of course I did; Mr. Willis is a very agreeable companion, and I mean to make the most of him while he is with us."

I did not more than half like this reply. It was complimentary enough, no doubt, but it seemed hardly natural for a girl who was in love with a young man to talk so coolly about him before his face.

We fastened our boat and joined the picnickers, who were preparing tea. Supper was served pretty much in the regular conventional picnic style. Part of us sat on the grass, and the rest fed us, taking care, like sensible carvers, to save a little something for themselves. After tea the girls brought out some of those interesting games known as "Author's," "Combinations," and the like. I do not say interesting sarcastically, for I presume they are interesting to most of those who play them, only they bore me just a little. While the rest of the party were amusing themselves in this way, Hal touched my arm, and asked me to go with him, and see the place where he had shot a loon the year before. Observing Miss Nellie occupied with the game, among the rest, I consented, and we entered the bushes at the lower extremity

of the ledge before-mentioned, about two rods from where the company were seated. I have said that I intended to find out, if possible, this afternoon, what the true state of Miss Richards's feelings was toward me, and an opportunity was now about to be given me, which, although entirely unexpected, was perfectly satisfactory. As we entered the brushwood I stepped up to the brink of the ledge, and looking over remarked to Hal, thoughtlessly:

"A careless man might walk over this ledge and break his neck with all the ease in the world."

"Yes, that's so," said Hal; and then, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him, he exclaimed, "By Jove! you just get behind this tree a minnit, and I'll wake up those girls."

Now Hal was a downright, open, generous boy, but he had one most abominable habit, that of playing practical jokes. When I became his brother-in-law I meant to break him of it by degrees. For the present, from motives of policy, I thought it best to grin when they were played at the expense of other people, and to grin and bear it when they were played at my own expense. I felt intuitively that Hal was going to play a practical joke, but the whole thing was done before I had time to say a word. Hal actually pushed me behind a large tree, and the next instant was rushing with his hat off toward the group on the green, and shouting, in an agonized voice:

"Mr. Willis has fallen over the ledge, and I think he has broken his neck!"

All of the girls uttered a little shriek, and some of them tried to faint; but owing to a want of experience, I suppose, did not succeed very well. It was quite a fine lively picture, extremely melodramatic. Very thrilling, too, to observe the effect produced by your own supposed sudden death on a company of people. Though I took in the whole scene, yet I had my thoughts sufficiently about me to keep my eyes fixed on Nellie Richards alone. I did wrong in saying that all the girls shrieked. Miss Richards did not. She turned perfectly white, rose to her feet, and looking in the direction of the ledge, said, merely:

"Quick, Hal, where is he?"

At that moment I stepped out. In fact, the whole affair had scarcely taken ten seconds, and I left the bushes as soon as I could recover from my surprise.

As I appeared Hal burst into a shout of

laughter, but his sister gave him a look which sobered him in an instant.

"Henry," said she, "I shall report your conduct to your father, and we'll see whether this joking of yours can't be stopped. I never had such a fright in my life."

Though I had been but a passive agent in the performance of Mr. Henry, I did not fail to reap what I considered a great advantage from it. I noticed that Miss R.'s behaviour was different from that of any other of the young ladies, and I interpreted this favorably to myself. I knew that Miss Richards was not easily disturbed, for when I was riding with her one day, her horse took fright and ran nearly half a mile. She retained her presence of mind, kept him in the road, and finally brought him to a standstill. When I came up she was as cool as if nothing had happened. But I saw that just now she had been greatly agitated. She had, as I thought, showed me her cards, and I determined to play. For once Hal's practical joking had served me a good turn.

After his sister's rebuke Hal did not feel disposed to show me the interesting spot of his sporting exploit, and the party soon broke up and started for home. I had no further opportunity of seeing Miss Richards that evening, for we went down the river in separate boats. When I was left alone I walked out on the long bridge, and looking down into "the dark flowing waters" of the stately river as they hurried by, considered my hand for the last time.

I have always been treated by the Richards family with the greatest cordiality, thought I. I have often been received at their house, which is a favor granted to few, Hal has given me to understand. I am sure that I have no rival in the way, at least so far as Hal knows. Miss Richards herself cannot have a bad opinion of me, or she would not have treated me as she has. And lastly, by her conduct this afternoon, she unmistakably showed that my welfare was of no small concern to her.

Having reached this conclusion I walked hastily to my room, determined to write a proposal that very night, and get the business off my hands as soon as possible.

It was very late, and I went quietly up stairs and struck a light. Then I sat down to write. Of course I tore up half a dozen scrawled and blotted sheets before I got one that suited me; a marriage proposal that was not preceded by at least half a dozen abortive

attempts would not be at all the thing, you know. Finally, I was satisfied, and swept away from in front of me the litter which I had made. Then, for the first time, I perceived a newly-arrived letter lying on the table. It was postmarked "New York City," and was directed in Tom's familiar hand.

"What the deuce does Tom mean by writing to me now?" I growled, half aloud. Tom was not much given to correspondence, and a letter from him always meant something. "Perhaps he has inclosed that ten dollar bill he borrowed of me the day before Commencement," I continued, to myself. Then I held the letter up before the light. No, it was evident that no ten dollar note was inclosed in it. It would have been very surprising if there had been. I never knew Tom to send any money by mail. I think he must have been afraid of its getting lost. At last I broke the seal and began to read; it ran as follows:

"MY DEAR FRED,—I write these lines to inform you that a certain Mr. North is coming to N—— in a few days, and that you may make his acquaintance. North is a friend of our family and a very nice fellow. He can outride, outshoot and outrow everybody, and is withal very delightful company. Do you know a Miss Richards, of N——? You must at least know who she is; a very charming young lady, I understand, though I have never met her. Well, North has been engaged to Miss Richards for three months, but owing to family reasons of his own, has desired it to be kept very quiet. All objections are removed now, however, and he is going down to N—— in three days, the engagement having been made public. North is one of the most promising young lawyers in the city, and the match is thought to be in every way a good one.

"By the way, how does your own matrimonial scheme get on?

"From your old chum, TOM."

A very proper inquiry to put at the end of his letter, certainly. He might well ask about my matrimonial scheme. It was done for, with a vengeance. I saw it all now as plain as day. Relying too much on circumstantial evidence I had made a fearful mistake. Mr. Richards had only treated me as the son of his old schoolmate. Of course such a harum-scarum fellow as Hal could not be trusted with the secret of the engagement. As for Nell herself, either having her heart

preoccupied by her lover, she had never thought of me in any other way than as an agreeable young man with whom to while away the time, or else, and this last idea almost drove me mad, she had seen through me from the first, and resolved to have a little sport at my expense. My imagination had exaggerated the affair at the Glen. Miss Richards had neither screamed nor fainted; she had only acted as any sensible girl would have done, on the supposition that some one of the party had broken his neck.

I read Tom's letter word for word. Then I collected all the paper I had scribbled on, which was on the table, including the sealed proposal, threw them into the fireplace, lighted them, and watched till they were burned to ashes. I next began to pack my trunk, for N—— was no place for me after this. It was nearly two o'clock in the morning when I had finished, and throwing myself on the bed, with most of clothing on, I slept till six. Then I went down and found my aunt, for people in N—— rise early, and told her I had received a letter the night before that required my immediate presence in the city, and I must leave by the morning's stage. I requested her to explain the reason of my sudden departure to the town's people, took a little refreshment, kissed her, and was gone.

One day, a few weeks after these occurrences, I met Tom in the city.

"Halloo!" said he; "I haven't seen you since you came back from N——. Did you see North? You never answered my letter."

"No, I did not see Mr. North," I replied. "I left before he came, and what's more, I didn't want to see him."

"Why, what's up?" said he, seeing that something had gone wrong, for I had spoken hastily, and had betrayed myself.

So I made him swear eternal secrecy, and told him the story of my summer's campaign. The fellow laughed till I thought he would shake himself to pieces. At last I got angry, and said it might be a very good joke, but it was possible to get too much of a good thing. Then he begged my pardon, and said he meant no offence.

"But to think of your laying yourself out as you did, and then—"

He did not finish the sentence, for he went off into another explosion of laughter.

I was a fool to tell Tom. I have read somewhere that it is estimated that no one can keep a secret which does not involve the life or death of anybody, or in which very

important family or political interests are not at stake, more than one year. Tom did better than that. He kept my secret as much as five years. Then he got married, and the next I knew, all the men at the club were talking about it. Some said I had made a fool of myself by proposing the very night before North was going to be married. Others declared that old Richards had found me one day on what he considered rather too intimate terms with his daughter, and had sworn at me like a pirate, and ended by politely kicking me out at the front door. There was still another story, that North had

come down to N—, and hearing my name coupled with that of Miss Richards in a way not particularly gratifying to him, met me in the street one pleasant moonlight evening, and then and there gave me a cowhiding. Finally I grew desperate, and determined to write a full account of that summer's proceedings, so as to prevent all future misunderstanding as to the part I played in them, and I came down to N— to have the scenes fresh in my mind. I have forgiven Tom for telling. I think he did much better than was to be expected.

THE RIVAL ORGANISTS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAM.

CHAPTER I.

A FRAGRANT May breeze pushed with soft persistent shoulders at the heavy curtains lowered over Max Rhyner's windows, pushed once and again, got a crimson fold aside finally, and entered. The room was cool and shadowy, richly furnished, and mostly garnets and browns in coloring, something slumbrous in the air of it. A painting or two on the walls, more engravings, a bronze here and there, vases full of flowers, making it look more like a lady's than a gentleman's room, a case of books, piles upon piles of music, and a cabinet organ—these were the principal features of the room. But if you had entered with that May breeze you would have taken but little note of furniture. All your attention would have been given to Max Rhyner, walking savagely up and down the room.

Mr. Rhyner was a noticeable person at all times. His rather tall and decidedly elegant form, the soft pallor of his artistic face, like the milky whiteness of a healthy babe, the long flaxen hair thrown all back from the face and falling in loose thick locks on his collar, the beautiful mouth, the changeful eyes of pale agate color, all had their charm and held the attention. But now there was still another reason for observing him.

One who had seen this man only in his ordinary moods would scarcely recognize him now. A bright red flush of excitement glowed all over his face, which was as sensitive to a blush as a lady's, his usually steady mouth

worked, and his brows were frowning blackly over eyes that burned with excitement.

If ever a man may be justified in getting himself into a rage, then was Max Rhyner justifiable; for the man he hated had rivalled him both in his ambition and his love. Not honestly either, he believed. And with this man ambition and love were two overmastering passions.

While he walked up and down, with his hands clenched behind him, the door was gently opened and as gently closed, leaving inside a gentleman considerably older than the occupant of the room, and different in every other respect; stouter, darker, more brilliantly handsome, but also less honest looking. One felt at once that Max Rhyner was a high-toned man, and quite as instinctively that Wyllis Carthorn was slippery. His handsome face showed talent, but it was insidious.

"Excuse me for coming in," he said, in a soft voice, affecting not to notice the other's agitation. "I knocked twice, and, since I got no answer, concluded that noises from the street prevented your hearing me."

There was a moment of silence, the two rival organists and rival lovers standing face to face, one struggling to calm himself, the other smiling and glancing about, with an affectation of seeing nothing out of the way, but showing in his mocking lips and dancing eyes his enjoyment of the other's discomfiture.

"What did you come for? What do you want?" Rhyner broke out, in spite of himself.

He had yielded to this man's smiling enmity, and forced himself to smile back in some sort, being too proud to own that such shafts hurt him. And all the time he knew that his rival watched every arrow to its place, and rejoiced to see it rankle. Now he would have no more of it.

"Why, do I interrupt you?" asked the other, with an expression of airy surprise and regret. "Perhaps you were composing. If so, I won't intrude."

But he made no motion to go, only stood looking at Rhyner with a smile of such easy triumph as might well have exasperated a calmer nature.

Max Rhyner took a step toward his visitor, as if he would have put him out forcibly, but stopped with his trembling hand grasping the back of a chair which he snatched round in front of him, as though to put an obstacle in his own way. The movement showed his strength, for he held the chair as if it had been a withe, and his opponent shrank a little.

"Carthorn, let's have done with this hide-and-seek," he said, hoarsely. "You hate me because, being a younger man than you, I rival you on your own ground, and you are mean enough to try to cut me out in concert engagements, and to disparage my musical knowledge and playing whenever you have a chance. I have heard all these things, and I know that you have sometimes succeeded in injuring me. You are an enemy. Be so openly, if you have any manliness in you, and keep away from me. I don't want to see nor hear you."

There is nothing more disconcerting to dishonest persons than straightforward talk. For a moment Mr. Carthorn stood silent and confounded. He hated this man, and, not content with trying to injure him, had taken delight in tormenting him with a veiled malice, smiling over his own triumphs, mortifying the other by an insinuated taunt on his failures.

But his address was too perfect to allow him to be long at a loss. The sudden color did not so quickly fade out of his face, but the smile, a trifle more disagreeable, came back, and with it all his airy cheerfulness of manner.

"You are excited, Max, and don't know what you say," he said. "As to this talk about enmity, it is all moonshine. Of course, we are rivals in our profession. That can't be helped, and it isn't anything unusual.

But, of course, also, we agree in everything else."

He bowed, smiled, and gave a flashing mocking glance as he struck this last blow. Well he knew that, dear as Max Rhyner's professional reputation was to him, the most careless word or smile of Ethel Moray's was dearer still.

"I will go now," he pursued, turning away. "You are out of sorts. But I shall bear no malice, though, by Jove!" he added, with a sudden gleam of anger; "a man doesn't like very well to be spoken to in the tone you have used."

Rhyner said not a word, only stood and looked him out of the room, then, when he was gone, locked the door after him, and threw himself down on a sofa, burying his face in the pillow, and clasping his temples tightly in both hands. He lay there a few minutes, perfectly motionless, controlling himself.

"How weak I am to let him upset me so!" he said, presently, sitting upright, all his excitement gone. "It is I who help him to his triumph."

He sighed. All his mood was changed from anger to sadness. He rose wearily and went to the organ, like one exhausted.

This man was of so highly wrought and sensitive a nature that strong emotions mastered him completely for the time, and, if continued, made him ill. Now his hands were weak and trembling, and his face pale. But music was his panacea for all the ills of life but one, and even there it was a relief. As he played, gradually his hands grew steady and strong, his color came back and his eyes brightened.

Over across the street, in the large house facing Mr. Rhyner's, some one leaned from an upper window and listened. Scarcely anything of her face could be seen, for a profusion of waved flaxen hair hung down over her cheeks and veiled her drooping forehead. But a glimpse here and there told what the face might be. What it was, no description could do full justice to. A wistful, childlike, angelic face, yet with a look of the latent strength in it. The pure dignity and simplicity of this girl's character was reflected plainly in her manner, and realized the ideal woman—strong, yet gentle, sweet, but not luring, pure, yet not cold, bright, but not bold nor courting observation. No one was more entirely unconscious of self; to remind her of herself, to call her attention to any-

thing in her manners or looks was to bring to her face an enchanting blush, and to her manner a confusion so sweet that one felt almost provoked to bring it as often as possible.

She had been sitting there some time, had seen Mr. Carthorn go into the opposite house and come out again, had bowed slightly to his smiling bow, and watched him across the street to her own door. Ethel's mother was a widow, and had two gentlemen boarders to eke out her slender income.

"How very sweetly Mr. Rhyner is playing!" Ethel whispered gently to herself. "But his music sounds mournful."

She listened a moment longer, then sighed. "It sounds like tears. Perhaps, after all, he is not so hard."

"After all" had a meaning, which was this: Mr. Carthorn had taken particular pains to undermine his dear friend Rhyner in the estimation of Ethel and her mother. "Poor fellow! he is like that angel, or archangel—which is it?—whose heart-strings are a lyre," he said, laughingly. "He is all music, and as hard as a rock to everything else. His heart-strings are the wire-strings of a piano or organ. But he is a good fellow and means well."

Everybody knows what the effect of such a speech would be on an unsuspecting nature. The patronizing praise would not be taken at its real value—the sugar-coating of a pill—but would seem to prove the speaker good-natured, and the blame would be all the more poisonous to its object for it. If Ethel had a certain faint uncomfortable feeling towards Mr. Carthorn, she was not clearly aware of it. She may have felt vaguely, but she did not perceive his malice; and she did think that Rhyner was not so amiable as he might be.

The tea-bell rang. Ethel started away from the window and began to arrange her long hair in a careless twist, looking with a steady serious gaze into the eyes of the reflection in the mirror.

"How sober you look, Ethel," she said, to herself. "Is it the music?"

Her toilet finished, she went back to look out once more before going down stairs. Max Rhyner had ceased playing, and was standing in one of his windows, the curtain held away by his hand, his face lifted to look up to her window. He knew her room, and had looked up involuntarily. It is always embarrassing to be caught so, and the organist dropped the curtain instantly and

turned away, but as instantly returned; for he realized in that breath that a pleasant half-smile lighted the face that looked down on him. He was too late, though he snatched the curtain away in eager haste. Ethel had disappeared.

"He is out of temper even when he plays so," she thought, with a heightened color, as she went down stairs. "I needn't have sympathized with him. It is only his way of playing. But," she added, after a pause, the momentary mortification giving place to her usual sweetness, "it is a beautiful way."

She went into the dining-room tranquilly, but with a slight seriousness in her face which Mr. Carthorn perceived and understood. His seat at table was opposite the window, and he had seen Max Rhyner's mistake, and saw him now still standing with the curtain lifted in his hand, looking eagerly over.

Carthorn began rapidly talking to Ethel about the concert that was to take place that evening, calling all her attention to himself that she might not glance across the street. He succeeded, and she did not see that pale face that was looking its penitence across to her, in spite of the sneers of malignant rivalry, caring nothing for it, if only she would see and understand his sorrow.

He dropped the curtain again, and turned away with a still paler cheek. "Carthorn is laughing now," he thought. "I have amused and delighted him. And, after all, she only happened to look down. I needn't care."

Carthorn certainly was smiling, Ethel noticed that. She saw him glance rapidly through the window behind her, then drop his eyes and smile quietly at his own thought.

They hurried through with their tea, and dressed for the concert, a grand affair, at which the rival organists were to play each one a piece. When they went out, Max Rhyner was just coming down his steps. Seeing him look across earnestly, and raise his hat, Ethel gave him a slight but pleasant bow. He hesitated, and made a motion as if to cross over and join them. Mr. Carthorn dexterously placed himself between him and Ethel, and intercepted the encouraging glance which she would have given. Rhyner shut his teeth hard and went about his business.

The concert was in Beethoven Hall, the finest in the city, and it was already crowded when they reached their seats. Mr. Carthorn was not to play till near the end of the concert, so he sat by Ethel and her mother a few minutes, perfectly well aware that Max

Rhyner was looking in at them from the dressing-room. It was only one look, then the pale face disappeared, but it was enough. Mr. Carthorn rose triumphant, and went smilingly into the ante-room.

Ethel had a bunch of violets that he had given her just at starting. She sat thoughtfully turning them round and round, her eyes downcast. "What a very agreeable gentleman Mr. Carthorn is, and how stylish," she thought, rather doubtfully though. And there could be no doubt that he loved her. On their way he had whispered to her a wish that he had the right to offer her his arm in the street in the daytime, and the look that accompanied the wish had been more than the words. She shrank from him a little then, but was it with aversion? she wondered. Then she, too, had caught that glimpse of Max Rhyner's face at the door of the dressing-room, and the piercing glance of his eyes fixed on hers. What did it mean?

The music came and went. She was too preoccupied to take much notice of it. But when Mr. Carthorn came out with a distinguished professor for a duet on the piano, then Ethel listened. She was a little annoyed when an acquaintance near spoke to her and disturbed her hearing the first strain of their music.

The duet was a brilliant one and brilliantly performed. Mr. Carthorn excelled in such music. His fingers flew over the keys with a fine clear touch, and came down with power at the heavy passages. It was effective and scientific, and when the applause rang out at the end, Ethel looked up at the principal performer and smiled, not knowing that it was only her ear that was pleased. He looked at her and smiled in return. She blushed crimson to see that in all that vast crowd he looked only at her, as though he laid their praises at her feet. It was but natural that she should feel a momentary pride, and half seem to accept his offering.

In a few minutes he was sitting by her side again, listening to an aria by Parepa. One or two other pieces, then came Rhyner's improvisation. Brilliant and admired as Carthorn was, his rival was a formidable one. The delicacy, grace and feeling with which Rhyner played went deeper into the souls of such of his hearers as had souls. He had an irresistible charm independent of scientific performing. He was a moving and fascinating player. Carthorn used to say sneeringly that Rhyner played to please the ladies, that

he was pretty and sentimental. But it was a slander. Strong muscles are not always the highest kind of strength, and even if they were, Rhyner had them.

He took his seat now at the piano directly in front of Ethel and Mr. Carthorn. Mr. Rhyner had not the way of flattering an audience that pleased some in the other; he merely bowed politely to their greeting, as he would bow to a ceremonious acquaintance. Mr. Carthorn always smiled and glanced about, as though meeting his oldest and dearest friends, whom he was delighted to see. The one was more popular with the vulgar, the other with the dignified and refined.

Carthorn now leaned back in his seat, bent to whisper a word in Ethel's ear, then smilingly fixed his eyes on the face of the man before him. He well knew how much of Rhyner's success depended on the mood in which he played, and he was determined to annoy him if possible. He had done it before. It was believed by more than one that, when a laugh and disturbance was raised once at a concert, just at the crowning moment of one of Rhyner's best pieces, it was Carthorn's foot that sent the dog yelping through the aisle. Now he calculated that the sight of those two sitting side by side so near him, and associated too with the greatest confidence and intimacy, would be enough to confuse his touch and his nerve.

For once malice was disappointed. Rhyner was so pale that every one thought him ill, and the ladies all sympathized with him, particularly Ethel. Moreover, looking down at her, in spite of himself, before he began, he met her earnest eyes looking up at him. He withdrew his gaze immediately, but, fleet as the glimpse into her tender questioning spirit had been, it gave him full life. At least she was not angry with him, and he thought that she sympathized.

His fingers touched the keys, and a flash of music ran from the lowest note to the very silvery summit of sound, and hung there trembling into silence. Ethel caught her breath, and her whole soul listened. The gentleman beside her frowned and bit his lip. That first *coup* showed that the musician had his subject perfectly in hand. A slight smile came to almost every face. Then Rhyner played, and played as never before. It was not alone grace and delicacy, it was power as well. No one could say that he played to please the ladies alone; but the

ladies were pleased. One lady at least was enchanted. Ethel Moray's eyes were fixed on the musician's face, and she forgot everything else. As his eyes lighted and lifted, as if the light raised them, as his lips parted slightly in that ecstacy of playing his own conceptions, as his form swayed lightly and gracefully, it seemed to her that the music came from him and not from the instrument, as though his motions, his very breath and expression were tuneful. She neither saw nor heard anything else, least of all the sharp breathing and the blackening face of the man beside her. When at length the music ended, and the player sat one instant recovering himself, like one who comes suddenly back from some profound abstraction, and looks to see where he is, and the enthusiastic applause broke forth, Ethel leaned impulsively forward, and, looking up with shining eyes into Max Rhyner's face, tossed him the bunch of violets she held.

He started up, caught them, bowed to her, then to the audience, and withdrew.

"I never in my life heard anything so beautiful!" Mrs. Moray exclaimed. "He excelled himself, my dear."

Ethel turned to smile assent to her mother's delight. But for that, she would have seen that in Mr. Carthorn's expression which would have banished her smiles entirely. When she looked at him he had recovered his self-control, and was smiling, but not very sweetly.

"I must go out and congratulate Rhyner," he said, hastily. "I will come right back."

She had not expected him to be envious, but she thought now that it was very amiable of him not to be.

There was no one in the dressing-room but Rhyner when the two organists met. The others were all out for a chorus.

"I come to congratulate you on your perfect success, Rhyner," Carthorn said, the moment he got inside the door. "You played wonderfully well, and it ought to make you good-natured enough to be friendly to me. You owe me civility, at least; for, in spite of the way you spoke to me to-day, I gave Ethel a bunch of violets on purpose to throw you."

Rhyner had felt a momentary impulse of forgiveness, notwithstanding his distrust of the man. He was happy, and could afford to be amiable. But, even as he smiled and opened his lips to speak pleasantly, the last words came like a poisoned arrow. He drew

back abruptly, and, snatching the flowers from his bosom, flung them upon the floor and set his foot on them.

"O well," said Carthorn, with a light laugh; and, turning on his heel, left the room, and went back to sit by Ethel.

Max Rhyner, flung from paradise down to purgatory, rushed out into the night. His heart was bursting with pain, and anger, and disappointment, and jealousy. Professional fame seemed nothing to him in comparison with Ethel Moray. If he had not her, he had nothing. Her lovely face was to him an inspiration. If he could have her to live always by his side it would be as though the divine spirit of music itself dwelt there. But, life without her! And worse than that, a life in which he should see her belong to a man whom he knew to be unworthy of her, a man who had stolen her by personating a character not his own. It was maddening.

He walked home, hoping to cool his head and tire himself with some calmness; but the recollection of the face with which Ethel had twice looked at him that evening was a better restorative than either air or exercise. Those eyes looked at him again, like stars of peace, over the tumult of his passions. Even if she had thrown the flowers at Carthorn's bidding, the brightness of her eyes and her smile were at no bidding but that of her own heart.

He went up his steps with a lighter heart, and waited to see her come home. His gas was dimly lighted, and he sat in the window with the curtain drawn back, so that she could not fail to see him. Presently they came. He heard them before they came in sight. Carthorn was telling a story of some sort, and the ladies were laughing. He could hear Ethel's low sweet laugh distinctly. Then he saw them cross over to the opposite walk, and go up the steps, and heard Carthorn's last remark as the door opened to admit them.

"It was quite tragical, I assure you," Carthorn said, aloud. "He threw them under his feet with an air worthy of Keen or Booth."

The ladies laughed slightly again, then disappeared, and the door was shut behind them.

A sharp thought, like a pain, ran through Max Rhyner's heart. Could it be that he was spoken of, and that Ethel's laugh was at his throwing away her flowers? It could not be! He would not believe it! But he waited in a new spasm of agitation for her to

go up stairs to her chamber. There had hitherto been a sort of unacknowledged understanding between these two, from window to window. Not a vulgar flirtation, but something delicate, and only half believed in by either. They very seldom bowed across, but when Ethel sat in her window, the musician would often sit in his, copying or reading music, or he would go to the organ and play for her. Once when he came back after playing a new piece, she looked down and nodded her thanks and admiration. If at night one came to the window and saw the other opposite, that one always paused an instant and looked out before closing curtain or blind. Trifling acts, but expressive of a delicate sympathy and friendliness, and inexpressibly sweet to Max Rhyner.

He watched impatiently now for her to appear. She usually retired and rose early, and never, or seldom, lingered down stairs after being out in the evening; he knew that. But to-night she lingered a few minutes. Presently, however, she came up, and immediately approached the window and drew the curtain down without pausing an instant.

If he had told that girl that he loved her, and been refused, the shock could scarcely have been greater. Never before had the tacit courtesy and sympathy between them been violated. If the shutting him out so abruptly had been in anger, he would have cared less; but she was not angry when she came home laughing, and she must have known then.

If Max Rhyner could have known the truth of those last few minutes, he would have been comforted. Ethel had come home in high spirits, ready to laugh at anything, and highly amused, therefore, at some story with which Rhyner had nothing to do. After they reached the parlor Carthorn drew out the bunch of violets, which he had gone to the dressing-room for before they came home.

"I'm afraid your tribute was not appreciated, Miss Moray," he said. "Rhyner dropped this, and didn't think enough of it to pick it up."

Ethel glanced at the crushed violets, blushed, and, without a word, went up stairs and closed her curtains. The slight hurt her, and, moreover, the manner in which he had accepted the flowers and acknowledged them seemed to her now hypocritical. Had he not appeared delighted?

So down went the curtain.

Mr. Carthorn, looking from the parlor

window, saw the curtain of the parlor window opposite drop, then the light inside blazed up, and the next moment heard a loud crash of music.

"He has got enough for to-night," he laughed, softly, listening to the angry gusts of sound that came across the street. "But how magnificently he is playing," he muttered, the laugh dying away.

Ethel could not have appreciated it, would scarcely have liked that stormy playing, but the rival organist knew the power of it, and that it was a power which he could never attain.

CHAPTER II.

CARTHORN offered himself to Ethel the next day. It was no surprise to her, it was scarcely disagreeable to her, yet she shrank from him.

"I don't think I wish ever to leave my mother," was all she could say.

"But if we live together?" he urged. "I should never dream of separating your mother from her only daughter."

"I mean I don't wish to be anything but her daughter," Ethel said, in a troubled way. "I would rather not think of anything else—yet."

"But at some other time you will?" he said, eagerly.

She looked at him imploringly. "I cannot promise what will happen in the future. I do not want to feel bound."

He dropped his eyes to hide the impatient light in them; but his voice was low and gentle. "I will not vex you, child. But I ask you not to forget. If you should ever need my help and protection call on me for them. You will need them some day."

Ethel turned pale; for the words seemed a prophecy. Her one fear and trouble stirred sharply. The thought of what might happen, what she constantly feared would happen, came back at his warning. Mrs. Moray was, apparently, a healthy woman, rosy, fleshy and cheerful; but she had organic heart-disease, and her attacks were frightful, though not frequent.

This was the one trouble of the girl's life. So far all had been sunshine.

Ethel scarcely controlled herself sufficiently to speak the acknowledgment that was required, but left the room and went to find her mother. She was not one of those girls who are tormented with a vivid imagination.

She was gentle and quiet, and ordinarily self-possessed. But now as she went to door after door, and, looking through, found no mother there, her limbs began to tremble.

Mrs. Moray was not in the dining-room, parlor, library, or her own chamber. Ethel dared not call nor inquire, but she ran breathlessly up stairs to her own chamber.

Half way up, turning her frightened eyes to look through the upper balusters, whom should she see but her own blessed mother, alive and well, tranquilly sorting out clean clothes from the basket the girl had just brought up from the ironing! Ethel sank down silently on the stair, and sat there recovering breath and calmness. She would not run the risk of startling her mother with a sight of her pale face. So she put her fair hair back, and kept quiet while the color stole back to her lovely cheeks, and the lines of pain smoothed themselves out of her white forehead. Then she got up and went into her chamber.

"Mamma," she said, blushing vividly, "Mr. Carthorn has offered himself to me."

Mrs. Moray looked up with a sudden smile of pleasure and eager inquiry. Mr. Carthorn was a favorite of hers, and she really wished Ethel to marry him.

"Well, dear?"

"I don't want to think anything about it, mamma," the girl said, earnestly, seating herself on a stool beside her mother. "I told him so, and he will be friends with me, and say no more about it now."

Mrs. Moray's smiling face fell a little, but for a minute or so she said nothing, only folded the linen out carefully and laid it in piles by her side.

"Aren't you satisfied, mamma?" Ethel asked, after waiting a little.

"If you don't want to marry him, I would not for the world urge you, my dear," her mother said, gently. "But I would be glad if you did like him."

Ethel leaned forward and put her arm around her mother who was kneeling on the floor. "Are you anxious to get rid of me, mamma?" she asked, in a tone of playful reproach.

Mrs. Moray turned her face, and the two kissed each other, but no word was spoken then. The mother went on with her work, and Ethel, her hand under her pretty chin, watched her absently and thought.

The clothes were all put away in the drawers, the basket set out in the entry for

the servant to take, then Mrs. Moray came back and sat down in a large chair by one of the windows. Ethel rose slowly and drew her stool to her mother's side, and sat leaning on the arm of her chair, and after a little while put her arm around her mother's waist.

"Did you refuse him positively, or promise to think of it?" her mother asked, then.

"I didn't promise anything, mamma, but he asked me to think of it," Ethel replied. "I don't believe I shall ever want to marry him."

"You might, if you don't like any one else better," her mother said, gently, without looking at her.

A swift red poured over Ethel's face and neck. "Certainly not, mamma?" she said, hastily.

Gentle as her tone was, Mrs. Moray's question had not been carelessly put. Her face brightened with a smile at the answer. "Then it is not impossible that you may some day be willing to marry Mr. Carthorn," she said. "It would be in every respect a good match for you. He has a good reputation, fame and wealth. There is no haste. You can have time to decide; and I have not much doubt that you will marry him."

She stopped a moment, seemed to hesitate about saying something, finally said it:

"In case anything should happen to me, you would then be provided for."

Ethel burst into tears, and buried her face in her mother's shoulder.

"We must think of everything," her mother said, tenderly, "and be prepared for everything. But what is possible is not always probable. Now, don't cry, dear. Dry your eyes, and try to love Mr. Carthorn a little. I'm sure it need not be hard."

Mr. Carthorn knew where his help lay, and that evening he had a long interview with Mrs. Moray. But he was somewhat disappointed in the result. He had expected that Mrs. Moray would urge her daughter, but she would not. "I should be glad if it were so, and I always say a good word for you," she said. "But I never did approve of urging. Girls should make their choice freely."

They parted so, and never met again in life. The next morning Mrs. Moray was found dead in her bed. She had died without a struggle. Unannounced and silently the dread visitor had come, and without a sign of pain or struggle the soul had passed away. Sooner than she expected Ethel was

in need of a protector. She had no relatives, no home, no way of supporting herself, and the little portion her mother left her was not enough for her needs.

In this trouble Mr. Carthorn surrounded Ethel like a providence. He had relatives, one in particular whom he made useful, a cousin. A very useful cousin she proved to be, this Mrs. Ayling. She was a brisk young widow, cheerful, bold, and kindly when she chose. She took charge of everything. She was mistress of the house, and Ethel was their guest, she said. They took all trouble of pecuniary affairs off the girl's hands. The rent, the furniture, the servants they would see to all, and that was to be her home just the same as before, only she was to have no care. They took charge of the funeral, and did everything beautifully, so beautifully, indeed, they were too delicate to tell Ethel that Max Rhyner sent the piles of white flowers that were used, or that he had begged to be permitted to see Ethel, if only for a moment.

"She does not wish to see any one," Mrs. Ayling said. "She is very much afflicted."

"But will you not tell her that I am here, and let her decide for herself?" he asked, trying to speak calm.

"My cousin desired me not to intrude on her," the lady replied. "And I would not wish to disregard his wish, as it must also be Miss Moray's. I am sorry, sir."

"Is your cousin Miss Moray's guardian?" asked Mr. Rhyner, losing patience.

"O yes! Didn't you know?" she replied, with the utmost simplicity. "They are engaged."

Max Rhyner said not a word more, but turned away in silence.

In one of those first days that followed, Ethel made the widow's lie true. She promised to marry Mr. Carthorn. What could she do, homeless, friendless, helpless as she was? And he had been so kind to her, she almost thought she loved him, if she could love any one in the world, after losing her mother. Besides, strongest argument of all, her mother had desired it. That would have been almost enough to make her marry one whom she was indifferent to, and she was not indifferent to him.

"I am so grateful to you for all your kindness to me," she sobbed. "I wish I could feel just as you wish me to. Perhaps I shall some day. I will do the best I can."

So when Mrs. Moray had been dead a

week, Max Rhyner, one day, saw poor little lily-pale Ethel in her black robes come down the steps, leaning on Mr. Carthorn's arm, get into a carriage and drive away. In an hour they came back, and the gentleman tenderly assisted his companion up the steps, putting his arm around her as she went in the door. There could be no doubt of it. Mrs. Ayling's lie seemed a truth.

The next week the house was closed for the hot months, and the family went into the country.

Max Rhyner never left the city. He wanted the noise, and the toll, and the excitement. He played night and day, and when he was not seated at the organ he was walking, walking incessantly.

His friends scarcely knew him, so thin and haggard had he grown, and he did not seem to know them at all. He passed them without notice.

September came again, and with it concerts; among the first, a grand concert which people came to town the earlier in order to hear. For a distinguished foreign singer was to give one night only, before departing from our shores for her Italian home. She was an old friend of Rhyner's, and he was to play for her.

The hall was crowded and brilliant, and in the very seats which they had occupied on the evening of the concert in May, sat Ethel and Mr. Carthorn. She had not wished to go, but he persuaded her. The change would do her good, he said, and she ought not to refuse anything that was likely to benefit her health, which had been very delicate all summer. She was pale and drooping, with a listless, pathetic look about her that sometimes frightened him.

So Ethel went, but she was ill at ease, and conscious, moreover, of a feeling very like irritation, which she had never known in the happy times when she had had her mother. Then all was freedom and confidence; now she felt too much taken care of and circumscribed. The influence of these two shut her in, and governed her every wish. She was hampered by them at every step. And yet, it was all done with such an air of fondness and consideration for her good that it seemed ungrateful to resist.

She sat there silent, and watched the stage, while Mrs. Ayling and Mr. Carthorn talked to each other across her, but let her alone. Somehow it gave her the feeling of being a prisoner between two guards, and powerless

to escape. But suddenly the impulse came over her to start up and cry out for help; for Max Rhyner came out and took his seat at the piano, and all her heart stirred and protested at the sight of him. She had not seen him since May, and had scarcely thought of him consciously during all that summer. She had scarcely thought of any one or anything but her mother. Now the sight and thought of him filled her whole heart. She controlled herself immediately in appearance, but her whole soul was in a tremor. What made him so pale and thin? Had he been ill? Why did he not look at her? She was just before his eyes, and he must sometimes glance at her unless he tried not to. She never removed her gaze from him, and as she looked, while the concert went on unheard by her, her mind and heart were enlightened. All the girlish doubt and ignorance faded away, all that had been vague became clear to her. She was no longer a child, she was a woman, and she loved Max Rhyner, and had loved him all the time. With this knowledge came another, almost sure, tingling at the point of certainty; he had loved her, perhaps! What else meant those acts, looks and tones which now came trooping up in her memory? What else meant the pains that had been taken to keep her away from him, and him away from her? O! the gladness and the terror of it. How should she know certainly? Why would he not look up? Everything depended on this one evening, for she might not see him again, and on his looking at her.

Wrapped in these thoughts and emotions she sat there and saw and heard only Max Rhyner. She did not know that her companions looked in her face almost rudely, and sought to divert her attention. She knew only that just before her, within a few feet of her, sat the man she loved, who she believed loved her, and that there were left but a few minutes in which to save themselves from utter separation.

"My dear, are you not well?" whispered Mrs. Ayling.

"Don't disturb me!" replied Ethel, quietly, without moving her eyes. She hardly knew who spoke, or what was said.

The concert was over, and he had not looked! The gayly dressed crowd were rising and rustling, chatting to each other. Mr. Carthorn and his sister were closing about her to carry her off, and Max Rhyner, with a bow to the singer, who preceded him, was going away from the platform, when suddenly

a noise arose, there was confusion and a hurried questioning. In the first outbreak Ethel cried out. No one knew that it was a cry to Max Rhyner not to leave her. But he turned and saw her looking at him, stretching out her hands to him.

There was fire somewhere in the hall, they said, and all was terror and confusion.

"Cling to me, Ethel!" Mr. Carthorn said, sternly. "We will go out over the stage."

But she broke from him and ran, and upon the stage some one ran toward her, and half lifted her up the steps, and held and drew her away.

Mr. Carthorn was close behind, scarcely aware that his cousin clung screaming to his arm. And in the outer crowded corridor the two met. Max Rhyner's arm was round Ethel, holding her close, and as they slowly made their way in the crowd, their faces were turned and looking at each other, with no hint of danger or fear in them, nothing but a half-dreaming incredulous delight. They had each other, sure without words, and the peril only brought them closer together. Let what would happen, they were united.

The corridor they were in was not the public one, but a private way for performers, and at a turn in it they came to a steep and narrow staircase. The press was terrible, the place half in darkness, and one pushed another away. To add to the danger and distress, they here first detected smoke, and though they were near the outside, it seemed possible that their retreat might be cut off. At the head of this stairway Carthorn came directly behind Ethel and Max Rhyner. It was impossible to get himself between them, but he thrust his arm in and grasped Ethel's hand away from the clasp which held it. She turned her head, and at the sight of his face, for the first time cried out in terror. It was a wicked face, full of rage and threatening. He neither believed in nor cared for the danger from the fire, and even if there were fire, he would have plunged into the midst of it for the sake of tearing Ethel Moray out of Max Rhyner's arms.

"Leave her hand! Take your arm away from her! She is my betrothed wife."

He could not get room to push himself between them, but as he spoke, he gave Rhyner a violent thrust. The other said nothing, but giving one look behind that said he would remember the insult, held closer Ethel, who clung to him. Carthorn was beside

himself with fury. He must and would separate them, and the only way to do so was to get in front of them. One less furious and desperate would not have dreamed of making such an attempt in such a place, but Carthorn, when enraged, stopped for nothing. He was next the railing, and by that he strove to make his way, bracing himself against it, and pushing with his full strength on Rhyner's shoulder. Where no space had been, his fierce strength made a few inches. He wedged his knee into it, and pushed again. There was a cry the whole length of the crowded way, the railing cracked, gave way, and Carthorn plunged headlong downward, with a score or more falling on him.

How it was they knew not, but Ethel and her protector got out in safety. They stood dazed and breathless on the sidewalk, Rhyner still holding Ethel's hand, and watched the others come out. First, the crowd that were safe, then, fear of the fire over, others bringing the injured ones, and some, lame and bruised, limping out by themselves. Then came the face they looked for, yet shrank from seeing, and by it was Mrs. Ayling screaming over the dead body of her brother. Carthorn's neck had been broken in the fall.

Death covers all, and the horror of his punishment might well win forgetfulness for this man's sin.

Max Rhyner had a sister, and he sent her to take care of Ethel in this new calamity. The engagement with Mr. Carthorn had been acknowledged, and something must be yielded to the speech of people. The rivalry, almost acknowledged as enmity, of the two organists was also well known.

"I will not go to the funeral," Max Rhyner said, to his sister. "It would only give people a chance to stare and make remarks. I am shocked and sorry, but I do not love him yet. Therefore I shall stay at home. Besides, I cannot see Ethel as I would, and so I would rather not see her at all just now. Give her these flowers; they are for her alone; but give the others for him. And, Elise, watch over her for me."

But that very evening at twilight, when Ethel came to her window, with one of his roses in her bosom, and looked with tear-pale face down upon him, all his prudent plans melted away. In five minutes he was across the street ringing the door-bell, and in five minutes more Ethel stood in the parlor door to greet him.

He went towards her with swift steps, drew her in and closed the door after them.

"Can I believe it?" he asked, passionately.

She answered his question indirectly: "I am glad you came. I was lonely and gloomy, and I have been so all summer."

She looked at him with tears in her tender eyes.

He left her side one instant, as if the happiness or the uncertainty were too much to bear, and walked up and down the room in uncontrollable agitation, her soft eyes following him. He caught their look, and went to her again. "I defy the world to stand between us, or to take you away from me! You are mine!"

Max Rhyner did not go to the funeral, but he sat with half-drawn curtains and watched the people gather, and when they came out again with his rival, now dead and powerless, to carry him to his last home, his heart melted with pity. He seated himself at the organ, and as the casket was being brought down the steps, the solemn strains of the Dead March in Saul came floating across the streets.

More forgiving and tender was that tributary strain than the musician's presence or any show of sorrow from him could have been. It melted the assistants to tears which they had not shed at sight of the lifeless face, or at sound of the warning or sacred word.

"That I should ever have thought you bitter, Max!" Ethel exclaimed, as they sat together that night. "Never, I think, was any one else so sweet."

"Never was any one else so sweet!" he echoed, with a smile.



PARTED.

BY ANNA M. TOMKINS.

"Those whom God hath joined together let not man asunder part,"
 Said the priest, their hands uniting, who had long been one in heart.
 Even so, yet, in the temple, were two severed souls, that day,
 Who had felt God's joining hands by man put wickedly away.
 Spirits parted by a distance that the eye can oversweep,
 Utterly as are the planets by the gulfs thought cannot leap;
 Whom no chance of good or evil that can evermore befall,
 Opened graves or shifted fortunes can remove towards hope at all!
 Lovely was the marriage pageant—Valor there with Beauty wed;
 But my eye would ever wander to the two whose hopes were dead.
 O ye happy wedded lovers! what is all your passion's height,
 Though ye walk on endless shores by awful oceans of delight,
 To that God—obedient—chaos of suspended hope that rolls,
 Sways and tosses in checked tumult 'twixt those separated souls?
 Souls all marked with one another, which can hardly think a thought
 That has not from dear communion something of its color caught,
 Where the rapture and the passion of the far-retreated years,
 Pulsate in life's stony strata, all unfossilized by tears!
 In the crowd they pass each other with a courteous "By your leave,"
 As the Spartan held the censer with the live coal in his sleeve.
 But they call on one another neath the altar of the Lord,
 How long? and the very heavens only echo with the word!

I have thought upon the slave under yoke and goad and lash
 Who hears the angels sing from where the devils howl and gnash,
 I have thought upon the nun torn out of a fond lover's arms,
 Walled up in the cruel cloister with the stone to clasp her charms,
 I have thought upon the friend who finds that death is in the cup
 Which his dearest brother filled him, and, heart-broken, drinks it up,
 But I never found a change, discord, heart-break like to this,
 That embittered all of her life and enfeebled all of his!
 Well, she wears a silken robe, and keeps her state as lady should,
 And her footprints down the rose path are not reddened with her blood.
 She will sing you tender ballads of old faith and constancy,
 Nor stop midway in her singing at the touch of memory.
 She has yielded, she, conquered, found the law within the law,
 Heaven can still restore our fortunes, howsoever man may flaw.
 But O never, till the rising of the resurrection day,
 Shall the mark of ancient sorrows from her spirit pass away.
 Come and stand before this altar, now the bridal train is gone,
 Priest ye need none for these nuptials, God is leaning from his throne,
 He shall hear, and he shall witness and confirm the solemn vow,
 "We were fashioned for each other, as it has been, it is now,
 As it was, it ever shall be! we shall meet nor part again
 In the trysting-place of spirits, on some dim Elysian plain,
 We shall meet, we shall remember, and to God upraise,
 From our soothed and happy heart-depths, the last ecstasy of praise."

A LITTLE UNPLEASANTNESS:

—OR,—

TRADING IN OCEANICA.

BY L. P. MILLER.

STROLLING along Circular Quay in Sydney, New South Wales, one afternoon, looking at the shipping, and blowing away the weary hours in a cloud of smoke from a much-loved old clay pipe, my attention was attracted by a schooner of one hundred and thirty tons burthen, lying at anchor off in the stream. There was nothing wonderful about her, either for build or rig; she was merely a handsome schooner; but the extreme neatness of everything on board, from rail to truck, was eminently gratifying to the eye of a seaman. I was sitting on an old spar, landed on the quay from some vessel, with my back against a mooring-post, when a man passed me, and, stopping on the edge of the quay, hailed the schooner:

"Adventure ahoy?"

"Ay, ay," was immediately responded; then a man appeared in the waist, looking towards the shore. He waved his hand to the person who had hailed, and disappeared; and in a few minutes a small boat containing two men pulled around the schooner's bow, from the further side, and headed for the boat-landing near where I sat.

As the boat approached, the stranger on the wharf stepped down from the sill, on which he had been standing, and moved towards the steps that led down to the platform; and much was I surprised to recognize in the schooner's captain (for such he was), an old friend of mine on the gold-fields of Australia, named Graham.

"Halloo! Graham," said I; "how are you, old fellow? What are you doing here in Sydney?"

"Murray, by thunder!" exclaimed Graham; "what, in the name of mischief, are you doing here?" at the same time extending his hand and giving me a warm grip. "Come off aboard the schooner, that one off there, the Adventure; I'm trading with her, have been on two trips, and am going out to-morrow or next day on another. Come off, we'll have a yarn; what have you been doing with yourself, anyway?"

Having nothing else to do, and as Graham was a good fellow, and had been a good mate on the diggings, I accepted his invitation, and was soon introduced to his mate, and went into the schooner's cabin. The latter was not large, of course, but numerous muskets, three very heavy doubled-barrelled shot-guns, a dozen cutlasses and half a dozen revolvers, evidently all carefully looked after and highly polished, were disposed in racks or arranged on the walls of the cabin, or around the mainmast, which came down through the fore part of it.

"Halloo! what sort of a hooker have you got here, Graham?" said I, in some surprise; "do you go 'trading' on such capital as that?" pointing to the muskets and cutlasses.

"Why," answered Graham, laughing, "I told you I was trading; and we have to carry all that stuff for safety. But that isn't all our armament, either. We've got a little brass cannon, a four-pounder, that we mount on the to'-gallant fo'-castle, in place of the capstan, unship the capstan and mount the gun; we aren't to be sneezed at, I tell you."

"No, I shouldn't think you were," said I; "but where in the Old Harry do you trade to, that you have to carry all this fighting gear?"

"Where do I trade to! Why, where *should* I go to trade, except down among the islands? I'm going to make a cruise among the King's Mills Group, this time. Shall touch at Tanna Island first, and get two or three Tannamen; they're good fellows, and we have 'em for interpreters. I know lots of 'em; had four with us last time. Then, if I can pick up a cargo of sandal-wood or oil, cocoanut oil, I shall run across to China and sell it, and bring a cargo of tea and silk back to Sydney, on owner's account."

"O ho! I understand; you're going on a sandal-wooding trip. Why didn't you say so at first? I thought you were going to do a little bit of pirating, when I looked at your armory," I answered.

Graham laughed, and produced a square

bottle and three glasses from a transom locker; and the mate (Moran) and myself joined him in drinking a glass of "old Holland," after which we adjourned to the deck.

In conversation with Graham and the mate I discovered that "trade" not only meant the exchange of one kind of goods for another, but was also applied to the goods exchanged; and that the "trade" taken out to exchange for sandal-wood and cocoanut oil consisted principally of gaudy calico, brilliantly-colored glass beads, tobacco, rum and cutlery, the last being the very meanest and cheapest it was possible to procure, made to order, in fact, and the other articles but little better. This wretched "trade" was traded for the wood or oil, and exorbitant prices demanded and obtained.

I had heard of "sandal-wooders" being taken by the islanders on more than one occasion, and knew that the King's Mills natives were ferocious cannibals; so when Graham, at supper-time, broached the subject of my accompanying him on his trip, I replied:

"Well, Graham, I don't know but what I'll go; I should like to see something of those Pacific Islands; but don't the natives there eat up everybody they can get their hands on?"

"Well, what if they do?" said Graham. "Let 'em eat, we needn't care a curse as long as they don't eat us; and we'll take the best care of that. You see our fixin's here (pointing to the guns and pistols); them's all for arguments to persuade the natives to let us alone. Come now, I want a second mate; will you go?"

"I'll go, yes; but I won't go as second mate, for I'm not a schooner sailor. Give me yards and square sails, and I know what I'm doing; but these fore-and-aft sails I'm not used to. I'll go as supernumerary, if you like."

"No you won't go as supernumerary or any other ary, not in this packet. We've got no real work to do till we get among the islands. I'll stand watch with you myself till you get used to schooner work, and you'll like it."

I agreed to go, and two days later we were bound away for Tanna Island, with a fine breeze and a pleasant sky. Nothing worth noting occurred until we reached the island. Here Graham found two of his interpreters of the previous trip, and took them on board; and another native, a chief of some kind or other among a tribe on one of the King's

Mills Group, also got a passage down to his native island with us. This chief or patriarch, or whatever he was, was well known to Graham, who had purchased sandal-wood of him on his previous trip; and we were all particularly careful not to annoy him on the passage down from Tanna, as he gave us to understand that he had as much sandal-wood as would load the schooner, and we wanted it, of course.

Captain Graham knew the character of the natives, and told us that probably the old chief had not more than a few boat loads, at most, which he magnified much to make himself of consequence among us; and this proved to be the case. He had four boat loads, each boat carrying about half a ton; and that we bought for two or three knives and about six yards of calico, with a pound of tobacco and a handful of beads thrown in.

When we arrived at the island, we put old Daisy (as the sailors called the native) on shore at once, he promising to have the wood down to the beach in the morning; and we then stood off with the schooner till daylight should come. Pistols and cutlasses had been distributed among the crew, as soon as we sighted the land; and Graham and I spent the evening in carefully examining and loading the muskets and shot-guns, the latter being heavily charged with buckshot.

With the first streaks of daylight we stood in for the land, and brought the schooner to the wind about two miles off. The boat, built something after the style of a whale-boat, but shorter and wider, was got ready; the "trade" being stowed away in the bow and under the stern sheets. Each man had a revolver stuck in his belt; two cutlasses and one of the shot guns were laid down in the stern, and the largest of the double barrels was stood up in the bow. A keg of water and some biscuits and beef completed our outfit, and soon after sunrise we pulled away for the shore, Captain Graham standing at the steering-oar, and four of us rowing, I pulling the bow-oar.

We had not pulled more than half way to the island from the schooner when a number of natives appeared on the flat white beach of a little cove, for which Captain Graham headed the boat; and as we neared the shore the natives made signs to us where to land. When within about two hundred yards of the beach, the skipper quietly remarked, half to himself and half to the natives:

"No you don't, not if I know anything about it." And just as quietly he gave the orders to us, "Hold water, your port oars, pull round, starboard," at the same time sweeping the boat round with the long steering-oar, till her head lay to seaward.

I was somewhat surprised at this movement, for we could see several pretty good piles of what I was assured was sandal-wood, near the beach.

"What's the matter?" I asked; "aint you going to land and get the sandal-wood?"

"Land be d—d! no," was the answer; "but we'll get the wood, never fear. Don't you see how shoal the water is here? Well, we should have to beach the boat, which isn't gospel in this trade, no how, unless you are inclined to be made soup of. These black imps have picked the place out a purpose, most likely; but they'll bring this wood to the place I pick out, see if they don't."

As we pulled out of the cove and along shore, the natives screamed and made motions for us to return, holding up pieces of the wood, to show that they were ready and willing to trade; but Graham took no notice of them. We kept on until we found a spot where the water was several fathoms deep close in to the shore, which suited Graham's ideas exactly. The steward, who had pulled the stroke-oar, now took the skipper's place at the steering-oar; the two seamen moved to the two after oars, to make as much room forward as possible; and Captain Graham took his station at the bow.

"Now, Murray," said he to me, "fleet aft onto the next thwart, turn round, take that half-grown cannon (the big double-barrelled shot-gun), and stand by to blow the first darkey that shows mischief clean to the devil; keep both barrels full-cocked, and don't take your fingers off the triggers for anybody or anything, but be kind o' careful, and don't shoot me. Pull in, boys, keep her sterning fair out to sea, steward, and be sure you don't let her swing broadside on to the beach."

In a few moments the boat's stern touched the rocks, and the skipper continued, "Lay on your oars, men, and stand by to stern off at once; Murray, keep your weather eye lifting now, and if there is any ugly-lookin' move made by the darkeys, let rip into 'em at once; there's no law here, you know, we've got to take care of ourselves."

"Do you always have to be as cautious as this?" I inquired.

"Well, yee; at any rate, I always am just

as cautious. There have been trading-ves-sels taken by the natives among these islands more than once, and I don't mean that they shall have our heeker, not through any fault of mine, anyway."

The natives soon made their appearance at our landing-place, but brought no wood; they were urgent that we should return to the shoal water of the cove, offering to bring the wood out to the boat if we would do so. But our Tannaman gave them to understand plainly that if they wanted to trade they must bring their sandal-wood down to where the boat now lay, and nowhere else.

At this they seemed displeased, and threatened not to trade with us at all; but the interpreter was not to be "bluffed" by them. Holding up a piece of calico printed in the most glaring colors—jet-black, scarlet, green, blue and yellow, in stripes six inches wide, looking like a rainbow gone mad—he told them, in their own Hingo:

"All right; you keep your wood, and we'll keep this splendid 'tappa.'"

The sight of the gorgeous calico was too much for the natives (no wonder; one look at it was enough to upset almost anybody), and very soon the sandal-wood began to arrive at the boat.

Now the trade commenced. Old Daisy on the shore, and our Tannaman in the boat, kept up an unearthly jabbering, each depreciating the other's wares and praising up his own, after the manner of more civilized nations; and Captain Graham excited the covetousness of the blacks by holding up the marvellous calico, brandishing the huge cast-iron knives, or letting a handful of colored glass beads, as big as marbles, run from his hand into a tin pan. But a dozen times, while the trade was progressing, he drew my attention to my own particular duty, by saying:

"Mind what you've got hold of, Murray; we're depending an almighty lot on you."

So I did "mind what I had hold of," though I could not detect any arms among the natives except their clubs.

At last we had received as much of the wood as our boat could carry, and Graham invited old Daisy to go off with us to the schooner, promising him a glass of whiskey. To any one who has ever been among these islands, it is needless to say that old Daisy accepted the invitation, and soon stowed himself away on the top of the sandal-wood. As all was now ready for our return to the

schooner, I laid the gun down to take my oar; but before I could touch the latter, Graham spoke to me in a way to make me pick up the gun again, pretty quick:

"Look out, Murray! d—nation, man, keep your gun and your place till we're clear of the shore; do you want these black devils to knock out all our brains? Stern, the after oars, stern off into deep waters; don't lay her round yet, steward, wait till we're a good ship's length clear."

But the natives showed no inclination to profit by my thoughtlessness, and we were soon all down to the oars, and an hour later were safely on board the schooner, and the valuable wood in her hold.

On the way off Graham told me that the natives knew well the difference between the destructiveness of a pistol-ball and a heavy charge of buckshot; and that, well-armed with revolvers as we all were, the big shot-gun probably had more influence in keeping them quiet than all our other arms put together. He told several yarns, some of them pretty tough ones, about the natives and their doings, and spoke of old Daisy's wife (or one of his wives), whom he had seen on the Adventure's last trip, as an immensely fat woman.

Directing the Interpreter to inquire of old Daisy regarding the welfare of his obese spouse, that worthy coolly replied that she had gone; voluntarily adding, by way of explanation, that she had got so fat as to be unfit for work, "so he clubbed her and ate her up!" This was a new plan of utilizing a wife to me, and I vowed that old Daisy should not have one of our four glass tumblers to drink his whiskey out of, for I'd never drink after him; but Graham and the other men had a good laugh at the circumstance. But I made old Daisy drink his grog-out of a tin dipper.

It was too late when we got on board to go for another boat load that day, but next morning we went again, carrying old Daisy with us. We remained about this island for a week, and then, having secured all the sandal-wood to be obtained there, we left for a new field.

Three months of very successful trading filled our hold two-thirds full of sandal-wood; and we had secured nearly thirty barrels of oil, besides. All the trading was conducted with the same caution as at first displayed; I constantly holding the big gun, ready for an instant discharge, whenever the trading was

going on, though no signs of treachery were ever detected. Graham was beginning to talk of starting for a run across to China in a week or two, when one morning a circumstance occurred which sent us into Hobart-town, in Tasmania, instead of Foo-Choo-Foo, in China.

We were near one of the largest and least known islands of the group, the evening previous to the occurrence which so altered our destination, and Graham remarked at supper that he "expected to get a good lot of wood here, for he didn't know of any trader having called at this island since the 'Spec' was lost."

"Wasn't it somewhere here she was taken?" asked the mate.

"Yes," answered the skipper; "there's nothing certain known of how she was lost; none of her crew ever got back to tell the story. But the natives on this island had lots of her trade among 'em, and much of her gear and sails; the Victoria (a gunboat) found 'em when she came down this way looking for the missing missionary barque that was wrecked about that time. I knew the Spec's skipper well, and he was a good sailor, too; but I always told him he was too careless when he was trading; and I think the natives took the boat first, and then attacked the sloop, or else boarded her in the night with canoes, and killed all hands; they told the man-o'-war they didn't, though; said the sloop drifted on a coral reef in a calm, when there was a big sea on, and all got drowned. But they lied, of course they lied!"

"Well," replied Moran, "they wont board us in the night with canoes; if they do, there will be a confounded row, that's all. Keep a good lookout in your watch, Murray, and don't be afraid to rouse all hands if you see or hear anything you don't like. We'll look out for our hides, for we've got too good a voyage aboard to get used up now."

"Light O!" sung out one of the watch on deck, at this moment; and the little cabin was soon deserted. The schooner was slowly head-reaching under short sail, and had got far enough past a point of land to open out the shore beyond, which had been hidden from view as we approached the island in the afternoon. A large fire was burning on or near the beach, but we were too far off to see who was near it or what they were doing. The mate suggested that it might be a signal for us, but Captain Graham thought such

was not the case; had it been intended for us, it would have been kindled on the other side of the point, for which we were heading at sunset, the schooner's course being always changed after dark when we were near the islands, to guard against any possible attack from the shore.

"Well," said the skipper, "we shall find out to-morrow if it means anything; just keep your wits about you to-night. Let the schooner crawl off as she's going now till eight bells (midnight), and then ware her. Call me at four o'clock, and rouse everybody if you've the least cause, or think you have." And with these instructions he went below.

I had the first watch, and the mate soon followed the skipper's example (he having to turn out at midnight to relieve me), and I was left alone, so far as they were concerned, though two seamen were walking in the waist, and the interpreter was looking over the rail in the direction of the island. The night was very still and the sea smooth, the schooner forging ahead not more than two knots; but there was probably a current there, as the vessel had got past another point and shut in the fire before the bell was struck for ten o'clock. By eleven it was a dead calm, and the sails hung motionless, save for the occasional flapping caused by the slight roll of the schooner. The helmsman had made the wheel fast by twisting the tiller-ropes together with a belaying-pin, and was seated on a bucket which he had turned bottom-up on the deck. [We didn't pretend to keep man-o'-war-discipline in that craft.] I was leaning against the rail, talking to him, when he suddenly stopped in the middle of a sentence, and asked, "Did you hear anything off there, sir?" at the same time pointing to the headland we had passed shortly before.

"No," said I; "did you?"

"Yes sir; I heard a crash like a tree breaking off, and then I thought I heard a yell," said the seaman.

"It's strange I didn't hear it," I said; "twas imagination, Tom."

"No imagination there, sir; I heard noises, dead sure," said Tom.

"Well," I answered, "the noises won't hurt us, at any rate; we'll keep a good lookout till morning. I don't think the schooner has been seen from the land yet."

"Wont you rouse up the captain and mate, Mr. Murray?" continued Tom. "I would, sir. I don't pretend to tell you your duty, sir, but I've seen more of these islanders than

you have, and you can't be too careful how you work round 'em. And this is one of the worst islands anywhere round, so they say."

I did not place implicit credence in all "they" said, but I knew that old Tom was a cool, trusty seaman, and that he had made a number of trading voyages previous to this one; so I replied, "Well, Tom, I don't suppose it will do any harm; step below, and wake Mr. Moran; I'll see what he has to say."

In a few moments the mate appeared, and having heard my report, and questioned Tom, he called the seamen from the waist, and asked if they had heard any sounds. They had not; but the Tannaman had, and came aft to report the noises, as the seamen were going away forward. The mate asked him what he supposed the natives were doing on shore, but he could not say, unless they were either fighting among themselves, or were having a cannibal feast; but neither hypothesis would account for the noises. Moran did not go below again, and when my watch was up I rolled myself in a blanket and had a nap on deck—boots, revolver and all. We were no further disturbed, and Captain Graham was not called till four o'clock, as he had directed.

After listening to our story he coolly observed that he didn't care how much the natives fought with and ate each other, and that I had done wrong in not calling him at once on hearing the seaman's report; but that we would find out if there was anything up, as soon as it was light. As the schooner was becalmed, the boat was got ready to start at once, two shot-guns and three muskets being put in, and having snatched a cup of strong coffee and a bite of bread and beef, we pulled away for the point at about five o'clock, daylight already enabling us to see that besides our boat the schooner was the only object on that part of the Pacific. We pulled in near enough to the shore to see the faint line of white made by the ripple on the beach, and coasted along to the extremity of the point beyond which we had seen the light, without discovering any signs of the natives. But as we rounded the point, Graham, who was standing in the stern at the steering-oar, suddenly exclaimed:

"Avast pulling; what the devil is that? By the Eternal! they have got a wreck there. Here's the devil to pay, men; pull ahead, and let's get out of this sight—if they haven't seen us already—pull ahead."

The object which had caused the captain's exclamation was a brig, apparently close in shore, and half concealed from our view by the trees on a low projection of land; and as we shot the boat ahead in obedience to Graham's orders, a few strokes sufficed to shut her in behind the point nearest her, as we were still following the shore line, and, having rounded the tongue of land which concealed the schooner from the natives, were pulling down the other side of it into a small bay, or rather a large cove.

We kept about a pistol-shot from the shore until we arrived at the low point on the opposite side of which we supposed the brig was ashore, without seeing any of the savages. Near the extreme end was a wide white beach which extended right up to the trees and bushes, the latter not being very thick at this point.

Graham gave up the steering-oar to the steward, loosened his knife in his sheath, took one of the double-barrels in his hand, and directing me to stand by with the big shot-gun, as usual when trading, ordered the steward to lay the boat's nose on the beach. As soon as she took the ground he stepped out into the shoal water, told us to lay on our oars as close in as we could and not touch the bottom, and moved cautiously towards the trees, with his gun ready for instant use.

We waited anxiously for a few moments after he disappeared among the bushes, and I raised the gun to my shoulder as I saw a sudden stir near where he had entered; but my alarm was groundless, for the movement was made by Graham himself. Casting his eyes behind him, to see the position of the boat, he laid down his gun, advanced on hands and knees to a bush, peered through it for a moment, and then beckoned to me to join him. Taking my trusty weapon with me, I was soon at his side.

"Look there," whispered Graham, opening the bush a little; "see what the black devils are at."

Looking where he directed, I *did* see. A large brig, whose wooden davits and black sails would have told she was a whaler, without the spare boats turned up on her skids, was ashore on a reef within two hundred yards of the shore, evidently hard and fast. She was careened from us, so that we could not see her deck; but the noise on board, an occasionally seen head, a whale-boat full of natives propelling themselves with paddles towards the vessel, and the crowd of savages,

of both sexes and all ages, on the beach, spoke plainly of one of the terrible tragedies with which the history of these seas abounds. The remains of a large fire were still smoking and smouldering near the water's edge; and doubtless it was the light of this we had seen the evening previous.

"What's to be done, Graham?" I asked; "we couldn't do anything with the brig if we had possession of her, for her back's broken; she's hogged full three feet amidships."

"O, the brig's done for; but what are they trying to do?" answered my companion. "There's two fellows in the maintopmast cross-trees; you can see 'em once in a while past the foretopmast (the brig was so nearly bow to us that the mainmast was partially hidden by the fore), and these black thieves don't go aloft for nothing, aboard ship. We're safe enough here, for all the natives are round the wreck; just step down to the boat, and bring up the glass; you'll find it in my jacket in the sternsheets."

I procured the glass (a small opera) and handed it to the captain, who looked earnestly through it at the brig for a few moments, and then turning to me said, with more excitement in his tone than I had ever heard before:

"By the Eternal! Murray, there are white men there yet alive. Look into her cross-trees;" at the same time handing me the glass.

The brig was not a quarter of a mile distant, and I soon satisfied myself that one of the two men aloft was a white man, and that he had some weapon; the second man appeared to be a native. Returning the glass, I told Graham what I had made out; and again he surveyed the wreck. Soon he spoke again:

"My God! Murray, what can we do? There's two or three of the natives going up the rigging, and one of 'em has got a cutting-in-spade; those men will be butchered right before our eyes. Ha! hold on a bit; that fellow in the cross-trees has got a hatchet; well done! hurrah! he's cut the topmast rigging and let the whole lot of black devils rip down on deck together. By thunder! Murray, we can't leave them chaps to fight it out alone; what say?"

"I am ready to go where you wish, Captain Graham," said I.

"All right," he answered. "But I'm going further in their way, so that I can see her deck for a minute; I won't be gone long, nor go far; get into the boat you, and wait."

I did as he directed, and told the boat's crew, who were anxiously eager for information, what we had seen; which drew from old Tom the remark:

"That's the 'imagination' I heard last night, Mr. Murray."

In a few minutes Captain Graham returned, and informed us that there were fifty or sixty natives on board the brig, and that they were trying to cut down the mainmast, with axes probably belonging to the vessel; but that they did not know enough to cut the shrouds away first. Even while he spoke there was a great outcry, and then a crash and a splash. "It's all over," said Graham, quietly; "but I'll take a look once more." He went up to our former lookout place, and almost immediately returned, seemingly much pleased.

"Those chaps have weathered 'em again," said he; "they have got across on the stays to the foremast, and are safe for a spell yet. But we must help 'em soon, if at all, for the foremast will be cut away now, certainly."

"Well, let's bring up the schooner and practise on 'em with the gun," said I.

"That would do if we could manage it, which we can't, in a dead calm," replied Graham; "we must tackle 'em with this boat and boat's crew, or else leave 'em alone. What is the word, men, will you face it? There are lots of natives, and they have got two white men penned up aloft in the brig; there is only one boat in the water there, that I saw, and that's a whale-boat, which these fellows can't paddle so fast as we can pull with two oars. There are some canoes, but you know what kind of dug-outs these islanders have—they can't trouble us much. Will you try to save those two men? yes or no?"

"Yes," was the unanimous response; and Graham at once made his arrangements for the attack.

I was to remain in the bow with the two double-guns, my own revolver and a cutlass for my amusement. Graham himself took the steering oar; and the two seamen, the Tannaman and the steward were to pull the oars. The muskets were in the stern, where Graham could put his hand on them at once, in case of need.

"Now, Murray," said the skipper, "don't waste a shot. Make sure work when you fire. You know how to use arms, and now is the time to do it."

"Yes," said I; "I know how to use all

these tools except the cheese-knife; I never used a cutlass in my life, and don't know how."

"Well, if you get near enough to a native to reach him with the cutlass, all you have got to do is to take a good swing, and with all your might hit him with the edge of it—that's all the cutlass-exercise I know, either. Now, men, settle to your oars, and pull gently to the point; and when I give you the word, lay back all you know. I hope to gain something by the surprise."

We rounded the point, and were in full view of the savages on the shore; but so intent were they on observing the proceedings on board the brig, that we arrived within two or three hundred yards of the vessel before our approach was noticed, and made known to those on her deck by yells and signals from the land.

"Now, men, give way—lay back, lay back," shouted Graham; "Murray, for God's sake keep cool and steady now, and show the metal you're made of; don't waste a shot, whatever happens."

A frightful uproar instantly arose from the brig, but in the midst of it all we distinctly heard the cheers with which we were greeted by the two poor fellows who had been so hard pushed for their lives—cheers which were taken up by our boat's crew, and returned with a will.

We creased the brig's bow at about fifty yards distance, and for the first time I could tell with certainty what kind of a job we had undertaken. Fifty or more of the savages, armed with lances, harpoons and spears, were on the vessel's deck—a decided hornet's nest to get into. They would have soon finished us, had we been among them. A dozen of them, at least, had swarmed into the boat; and, as we came in sight of her, she pushed off, and came straight for us, some of her occupants paddling, and the rest brandishing weapons similar to those exhibited on the brig.

"Now for it, Murray," said Graham; "aim low—don't hurry, don't hurry—make sure of your aim, and let 'em have it. Avast pulling—hold the boat;" and a moment later he continued, "stern, boys, stern; we can stern faster than they can paddle ahead; take your time, Murray; but don't miss!"

I had raised the gun to my shoulder once, but I trembled—trembled at the thought of shedding human blood, though in a just cause—a case of absolute necessity. But I

remembered the two men in the crosstrees, whose lives depended on our success—and the probable fate of their shipmates; and when I glanced along the barrels again, my hand was as steady as it is while I write this narrative.

We were about forty yards from the other boat, when I took a cool deliberate aim at the centre of the crowd of natives, and fired; and hardly had the first heavy charge of buck-shot done its work, before the second barrel was emptied with as good an aim as the first. I only waiting an instant for the puff of smoke to clear away, so as to "make sure work," as Graham had urged.

The howls of rage and defiance from the brig and the shore were insufficient to drown the shrieks of terror and mortal anguish that arose from the crowded whale-boat. One crimson object sprang into the air and disappeared with a splash, beneath the waters of the little bay; a tall native in the bow, armed with a boat-spade, brandished his weapon for a moment after I fired the second barrel—then dropped it, swung his hands out wildly as though seeking some support, and fell backwards over the gunwale of the boat; and one—and then a second, dropped down in her bottom, while several of the survivors were vainly striving to stop the blood that gushed freely from their wounds. Sixteen buck-shot, "eighty to the pound," in each barrel, at forty yards—just far enough to scatter—had told heavily on their unprotected bodies. Two or three of them were frantically paddling for the brig, as I picked up the second shot-gun and cocked it.

"Hold on, Murray; hold on—don't fire that one—load up—load up, and let 'em have it," sung out the skipper; "we must keep our arms ready, and work coolly. Shove a dozen buckshot into this musket (handing one of them to the man next him, who passed it to me) on top of the ball, and let fly into the boat again before she reaches the brig. Quick's your play, mate, quick's your play! Never mind any wad, let her rip, let her rip!"

"Let her rip" I did, merely stopping to drop a number, how many I have no idea, of the buckshot into the gun. I heard a roar and felt a jar, and then I picked myself out of the boat's bottom, having been kicked backwards over the bow thwart by the recoil of the overloaded musket. Looking towards the other boat, I saw that she was deserted, one wounded wretch alone being visible, lying half over her side. One or

more of them had fallen from the last fire, and the terrified survivors had taken to the water.

I commenced to reload the big shot-gun, and was ramming down the wads on the powder, Graham at the same time loading up the discharged musket again; having cartridges for his gun, while I had but loose powder and shot, he had finished loading, and was putting on the cap, when he suddenly stopped a moment, looking towards the shore, and said:

"Look here, Murray; I must kill that fellow—our only chance is to get the natives galled (frightened); I hate to do it, but I must."

Looking in the direction indicated, I saw a native swimming rapidly for the shore, the rest having probably reached the brig. Before I could look around or speak, I heard a report, and simultaneously with the sound I saw the fugitive's head droop beneath the surface, and his hands thrash about for a few moments, and then the water was suddenly and violently agitated, and sharp backfins seen two or three times above the waves, evidenced that the ocean cannibals—the sharks—were busy at their work. I looked at Graham.

"Don't blame me, Murray," said he; and he was ghastly pale, though cool and determined as ever; "don't blame me. It looks like murder, but it had to be done. Our lives or theirs, there is no other alternative."

"I don't blame you, Graham," said I; "but this is awful work. Those sharks—none of the savages can swim for us now, that's certain; and—"

"Boat ahoy!" came from the brig's crosstrees; "look ashore, look ashore!"

We looked ashore; and saw what was not at all calculated to reassure us. The natives were launching no less than seven good-sized canoes, capable of carrying from fifteen to thirty men each.

"Aha! here's hot work for us yet," said Graham; "steward, load up that musket, load it carefully, and make sure the powder enters the tube; a miss-fire may cost us our lives. Are you loaded, Murray?"

"All ready," said I.

"Then stand fast all, keep the boat steady, and I'll try if a bullet will do anything for us. Look sharp ashore, Murray, and see if I hit."

And as he spoke, Graham levelled a musket and fired. A native who was some distance from the water's edge sprang into the

air, but did not fall to the ground; he was evidently badly hurt, however, and staggered into the bushes, accompanied by the whole howling crowd.

"That was a good shot," I remarked, "and has done us good; see 'em hook it!"

"It's done us good and no mistake," said the skipper; "but I didn't aim at that fellow! at all! I fired at the ones around the canoes. But it's just as well. Load this gun, steward (handing it to him), and when you're loaded, we'll give the brig's crew a shot from the big swan-gun; that's what'll tell if anything will. If we can drive 'em below, and I can keep those cursed canoes beached, we can get the men from the cross-trees easy enough. Let 'em have it now, Murray—right amongst that crowd near the stump of the mainmast."

Some twenty of the savages were clustered near the place indicated by Graham (as we afterwards discovered, around a wounded native, one of the boat's crew), and having directed the men to pull a few strokes till I was at the distance I desired, the old shot-gun again gave its double roar.

The effect was all we could have wished. Three or four of the poor wretches fell, and others were wounded; but what delighted us was, that their companions, who up to this time had been on deck and along the rails, armed with the deadly whaling-gear, were so terrified at the slaughter occasioned by our fire, which they could not return, that they hastened to get out of sight. In twenty seconds not an unwounded man was to be seen.

"Cross-trees ahoy!" hailed Captain Graham; "now's your chance. Slide down the jib-stay to the boom-end, and we'll come underneath and take you off. We'll cover you with our guns till you reach the jib-boom—now for it, bear a hand before the black devils are out again."

The imprisoned seamen needed no urging, and we pulled to within about thirty yards of the brig, ahead of her, so that we could shoot down any native who might attempt to get out on the bowsprit; but no such attempt was made, the savages were too thoroughly frightened. The sailors rode down the jib-stay to the boom, and shook the gasket free; we pulled up with the boat, and in less than twenty minutes from the time the savages on shore descried our approach—though it has taken me much longer to describe the affair—the two men were safe with their friends, for such we had surely proved ourselves.

One of the men was an Englishman, and he was unhurt; he brought with him the hatchet with which the natives had been kept at bay. The other was a Sandwich Island Kanaka, and he bore traces of rough usage; his cheek was badly cut, his left arm almost useless from a blow with a club, and his scalp laid open to the skull with a frightful wound, five or six inches in length.

"Stow yourselves aft here in the stern sheets, men, out of the way," said Graham; "lay back with a steady stroke, my boys, don't wind yourselves, for we may have a race for it yet; though I guess they've got enough of it for one morning. Anyhow, their cursed old canoes are no match for us; these fellows don't know how to make swift canoes; it's a good job they don't, too."

I had not felt any fear after I fired the first shot—there was no time to be frightened; but I did certainly feel relieved when we got so far away from the unlucky brig that Graham told me there was no use in keeping the gun in my hands any longer.

We were not molested in any way on our return to the schooner, which we found about four miles off, working up under a light breeze. The astonishment on board as we came alongside may be imagined. They had heard nothing of the guns, and could not see the brig; and had supposed that we were driving a fine trade with the natives, as we did not return. Knowing Graham as they did, no uneasiness had been felt for our safety.

The brig was a Hobarttown whaler, the *Celia*, Captain Frederic Johnson; she had on board about two hundred barrels of sperm oil, and had ran into the bay where we found her, to get fruit, anchoring at some distance from the shore. The natives had furnished them with fruit in abundance, and seemed so friendly, that the captain, against the advice of his mate and persuasion of Kanaka, had resolved to stop all night at his anchorage.

It was a fatal resolve; for while the men were at supper the savages made an attack in great numbers, and though the brig's men fought desperately for their lives, and slew numbers of their assailants, they were overpowered and destroyed, with the exception of the two we had rescued. The Englishman was in the maintop hanging up bunches of bananas when the attack was made, and the Kanaka managed to fight his way to the rigging with a boat-hatchet, the handle of which was still stained crimson. He said he killed three men; and quite possibly he did.

After getting possession of the brig, the natives had paid out all her anchor-chain, letting the end (which was clenched around the mast where they could get at it) go out through the hawse-pipe, probably not knowing how to heave it in or unshackle it. They had then towed the brig in upon the reef, at high water, and as the tide fell she broke her back. The men had been discovered at daylight, but the savages had not troubled them during the entire day; they were very busy, however, in plundering their prize, and took all the dead bodies on shore—probably to feast on.

The wretched prisoners remained in the crosstrees a second night, suffering from thirst, but having plenty of fruit to eat, as the rigging was thickly hung with bananas, if they had had any appetite.

Some time in the night, the natives being very thick on the deck, and frequently looking up at the crosstrees, which were plainly visible in the firelight from the shore, the Kanaha fancied they were meditating an attack; and managing, despite his wounds, to ascend to the royal yard, he cut it adrift and sent it down on deck with a crash that made the savages scatter. This noise it was which had been heard by old Tom and the Tannaman.

The second morning after the capture, the natives had attempted to reach them, five of the blacks coming up the topmast rigging, the leader bringing a cutting-in spade; but the Englishman had cut the rigging at the top, and let them down by the run, by which they believed the whole number were killed. The savages had then cut away the mast; the two men sticking to their position as long as they dared, and then riding down the topgallant head-stay to the foretop, and ascending to the fore-topmast crosstrees. The natives had then commenced to cut away the foremast; and it was half cut through when the yells of the savages warned the seamen that something unusual was taking place; they did not see us until we were close to the brig's boat, being too intent watching the natives. Even

when they did see us they had but little hope that we should be able to defeat the crowds of blacks; but after seeing the deadly effect of the first fire, and the evident consternation it occasioned among the islanders, they began to gather hope; though they still feared that we might trust to a hand-to-hand encounter, when destruction would have been certain.

My story is told; but I may as well say what became of the brig. We stood in for the wreck with the schooner, all the arms being on deck, and the brass gun loaded with a round shot and a small bag of big nails. No signs of life greeted us as we approached her, the mate going ahead of us in the boat, carefully sounding his way. We brought the schooner to the wind about three hundred yards from the brig; and having drawn out the nails, fired the shot at the wreck. It struck her about the covering board and passed through her galley, making a great crash; but no natives appeared. Two or three shots were fired at the woods without starting anything up, and we then hauled off shore till next morning, when we ran in again, and cannonaded the wreck till we were satisfied that the natives had left her, when we cautiously went on board. From what we saw we concluded that the savages must have cleared out soon after we had retreated with the boat; as we found seven dead bodies on her deck or below, and they would not have left them behind had they not left in a hurry.

We merely put the bodies out of our way, and commenced taking out what oil we could. By sundown we had got one hundred and twenty barrels of it on board the *Adventure*, about all we could well get at, or well stow in the schooner. So we set the dismantled wreck on fire, and stood away to sea again. She burned brilliantly for about two hours, and then the light decreased, and finally went out in darkness. We returned to the British colonies instead of going to China; and the whole of the oil we brought in was divided among us, the *Celia's* owners declining to claim any part of it.





SINK OR SWIM:

—OR,—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE DEATH OF BUSH.

"WHERE is the nugget? What did you do with it?" inquired Harry.

"I buried it in the spot where I found it," said Bush. "I didn't dare to bring it here in open day. There are worthless fellows enough hereabouts that wouldn't hesitate to take my life, for the sake of it."

"But you can't help its being found out that you have it."

"No more I can, but in an hour after it is known I start for Melbourne."

"Will you go to-morrow?"

"Yes, my lad, we will both go to-morrow. It's share and share alike, you know. Half the nugget is yours, and if anything happens to me the whole, and all the money I have in Melbourne."

"Thank you, Bush, but I'd rather you'd enjoy it yourself. I'd return the compliment, but I am afraid all the money I have wouldn't help you much."

"You're young yet. There's time enough for you to become rich as I doubt not you will."

About half past nine o'clock Bush and Harry threw themselves down in the shadow of their tent, and courted sleep. They didn't take the trouble to undress, but merely wrapped themselves in blankets and lay down.

"I feel more sleepy than usual," said Bush. "Maybe it's the excitement of finding the nugget."

"That's what keeps me awake," said Harry.

As he spoke he began to listen intently.

"What's the matter?" asked Bush.

"I thought I heard somebody just outside."

"Somebody passing on their way to their own tent."

"It may be so. I hope whoever it is didn't hear what you said about the nugget."

"They wouldn't find it here at any rate. Good-night, Harry."

"Good-night."

Bush turned over, and it was not long before his deep breathing indicated that he was fast asleep. Harry, on the contrary, was wakeful. He had a nervous, restless feeling, as if something were going to happen, though

his forebodings were indefinite and took no decided shape.

At length he fell into a light slumber. How long it lasted he could not tell. But all at once he awoke, to find a man bending over Bush with a knife in his hand. He uttered a cry of horror, and sprang to his feet, but too late! The knife descended, penetrating the breast of the ill-fated miner, who awoke with a groan.

"Give me the nugget quick, boy, or I'll serve you the same way," said the murderer, turning to Harry.

By the uncertain light Harry recognized Henderson.

"Wretch!" he exclaimed, in a tone of horror, "what have you done?"

"There's no time for talking," said Henderson, fiercely, "give me the nugget, or (here he interpolated an oath) I'll send you after Bush."

He raised his knife, but Harry was too quick for him. Fearing danger in some form, he had placed Bush's revolver in his pocket when he lay down. He drew it out suddenly, and presenting it fired. The charge took effect in Henderson's right shoulder. With an oath he dropped the knife, and staggering out of the tent, fell just outside.

"Well done, my lad!" said Bush, feebly.

"Are you much hurt, Bush?" asked Harry, bending over the sufferer, and speaking anxiously.

"He's done for me, Harry. I shan't live till morning."

"Don't say that, Bush. Perhaps you're not so much hurt as you think for."

"There's no hope, lad. I'm going to die. I don't know why, but I had a presentiment that death wasn't far off."

By this time the occupants of two neighboring tents had come up. Seeing Henderson lying groaning just outside, they entered and asked what was the trouble.

It was soon explained.

Now Bush was popular among the miners, and Henderson the reverse, his character being thoroughly understood.

"We'll hang him to the nearest tree," they said.

"Wait till to-morrow," said Harry. "Then let the whole company of miners decide what is to be done."

To this at length they assented, but cast glances far from friendly at the prostrate wretch, with whose groans of pain were now mingled appeals for mercy.

"Comrades," said Bush, feebly, "come here a moment, I've something to say."

"Say on, Bush."

"That wretch has killed me. To-morrow won't find me alive. That I know all well. Now I want you to witness that this lad here is to have all I possess. There's a matter of fourteen hundred pounds with Bird & Bolton, bankers in Melbourne, and what I have here the lad knows. He is to have all. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Bush."

"I've papers and ink in my tent," said one, "I'll bring it, and draw up a line to that effect which you shall sign if you can."

"Do so, and quick," said Bush.

In five minutes, the paper was brought, and the man who proposed this plan, after asking Harry's name, wrote as follows:

"I, John Bush, being about to die, bequeath to Harry Raymond, here present, all that I have, namely, fourteen hundred pounds in the hands of Bird & Bolton, bankers of Melbourne, and whatever I may leave here."

"I don't know whether that's shipshape," said the writer, "but if you can sign it, we will witness it, and I think it will do."

The pen was placed in Bush's fingers, and he succeeded with some difficulty in affixing his signature, after which he sank back exhausted. The three men who had come up put down their names as witnesses, or rather two of them did, and the third, who was unable to write, made his mark.

"I'm glad that's done," said Bush, a smile of satisfaction crossing his face. "I can die more content. Give the paper to the lad."

The paper was handed to Harry, who received it with much emotion.

"Thank you, Bush," he said, "but I'd ten times rather you'd live to enjoy this money yourself."

"I don't doubt it, lad, but it wasn't to be. I hope the money'll give you pleasure. Then I can think that I have done some good."

The three men who had witnessed the paper next turned their attention to Henderson.

"What are you going to do with me?" he asked, nervously.

"You'll see in the morning," said one, grimly.

He was securely bound, and carried to one of the tents, where he was kept under secure guard. Meanwhile Harry watched beside the suffering man.

"I wish there was a doctor near by," he said. "No doctor could do me any good now," said Bush. "I've got my death-wound."

Indeed it seemed so. The knife had done its work so surely that not all the doctors in the world could have saved the miner from death. About four o'clock in the morning he died. Then Harry, exhausted with watching, fell asleep beside his dead comrade, and slept heavily till he was aroused by a rough shake.

He looked up, and recognized one of the three men who had come to their tent the night before.

"Are you coming to see Henderson swing?" he asked.

"What?"

"We've tried him, and he's to be hung, as soon as they can get a rope."

Justice is swift in mining communities. It was not yet seven o'clock in the morning, but the guilty man had already been tried and punishment was to be inflicted.

Harry shuddered.

"No," he said, "I don't want to see it."

"He killed your friend."

"I know he did, but I pity the poor wretch. I suppose he ought to be punished, but I don't want to see it."

"You're too soft-hearted, but just as you like."

An impromptu gallows had been erected, and a rope was soon forthcoming. Henderson was dragged to it, pale and trembling, imploring mercy at every step. But there was no mercy in the hearts of the rough men who had him in charge. He had foully murdered one of their number, and they were determined that he should pay the penalty. Among the hundreds who participated in the scene, there were others perhaps as reckless and criminal as he, who, exposed to the same temptation, would have acted in the same manner. But they too heaped execrations upon the guilty man, as he cowered under the gaze of the vindictive mob, and were apparently as anxious as any that justice should be done. It might have been from policy, but at all events, Henderson, as he glanced despairingly from one face to another, did not encounter one kindly or pitying look. The only one who pitied him was the boy, whose friend had been stricken down at his side, and he was not present.

I shall not linger on the details of the execution. No one of my readers, I am sure, can take pleasure in such a scene.

Half an hour after, as Harry still lay in his tent, a miner came to him.

"Is it all over?" asked Harry, sick at heart.

"Yes, it's all over. Henderson went prowl round any more."

During the day Bush was buried. The funeral ceremonies were slight. A grave was dug on the hillside, and the body was lowered down and hastily covered over. Harry procured a piece of board which he set up for a gravestone, cutting on its surface as well as he could his friend's name in rude capitals—
JOHN BUSH.

He took into his confidence the three miners, who have been already spoken of, and told them about the nugget, feeling that it might prove a source of danger to himself as well as Bush, unless he availed himself of the assistance of others. He offered to divide a thousand dollars between them, if they would help him get it safe to Melbourne. He had another reason also for desiring their company. They were witnesses to the paper which Bush had signed, and Harry thought it probable that their presence and testimony might be needed to satisfy Bird & Bolton, first of the death of Bush, and next of his rightful claim to the money belonging to the deceased which the firm had on deposit.

The three miners were quite willing to accompany Harry. The sum which he offered them would probably far exceed their earnings during the time occupied, even after deducting all necessary expenses. A day later, therefore, Harry, escorted by his three mining acquaintances, with the costly nugget in charge, started on his return to Melbourne.

CHAPTER XXXII.

HARRY DECIDES TO LEAVE AUSTRALIA.

"I WISH Harry were here," said Maud Lindsay, discontentedly. "It's so lonesome since he went away."

"Upon my word, that is complimentary," said her father. "You don't appear to value my company."

"Of course I do, papa, but then you know you are away a good deal of the time. Besides, you are older than I am."

"That is unfortunately true. I believe most fathers are older than their daughters."

"Have you heard from Harry yet?"

"Not since the letter of last week. He reported then that he had not found much gold."

"I wish he would make his fortune quick, so that he could come back."

"I begin to think you're in love with Harry, Maud."

"I begin to think so too, papa. Would you object to him for a son-in-law?"

"Just at present I might. I don't think you are old enough to be married."

"Don't be foolish, papa. Of course I don't want to be married till I am old enough."

"I can't promise so long beforehand. Besides, it is just possible that Harry may have somebody else."

"I hope he won't," said Maud. "We just suit each other."

"You speak confidently, Maud. Perhaps you may change your mind."

"No, I shan't," said Maud, positively. "If I don't marry Harry Raymond, I'll be an old maid."

This conversation took place on the morning of Harry's return to Melbourne. Indeed Maud had hardly ceased speaking when a knock was heard at the door. Maud rose to open it. She was overwhelmed with delight when, in the visitor, in spite of his rough garb, she recognised our hero, the loss of whose company she had been deploring.

"O Harry, how glad I am to see you!" she exclaimed, actually hugging Harry in her delight.

Harry was rather embarrassed at the unexpected warmth of his reception, but felt that it would be impolite not to kiss Maud in return, and accordingly did so.

"I am glad to see you, Harry," said Mr. Lindsay, advancing to meet him. "Have you just arrived from the mines?"

"Yes sir."

"I hope no ill luck has hurried you back."

"Partly ill luck, and partly good luck. Bush found a nugget of gold worth at least five thousand dollars."

"Then you had nothing to do with finding it?"

"We were partners, and he insisted that half of it belonged to me."

"That was generous. So you have come back to dispose of it. Is Bush with you?"

"No," said Harry, soberly. "He is dead."

"Dead! That is sudden."

"I will tell you about it."

"Take a seat first."

Harry seated himself, and gave a brief account of the murderous attack upon Bush, and his death, mentioning in the conclusion that he was the heir of the miner's property.

"Let me see the paper," said Mr. Lindsay.

Harry exhibited the paper signed by Bush just before he died.

"Who are the witnesses, whose names are written here?"

"The three men who came up at the time of the murder."

"You will have to send for them to prove the validity of this document, and satisfy the bankers that you are the Harry Raymond to whom the money is bequeathed."

"They are here in Melbourne. I brought them with me."

"You are sharper than I thought. What made you think of this?"

"I thought their testimony might be needed. Besides I was liable to be attacked, and perhaps murdered on the way, if it were discovered that I had the nugget, so I offered them a thousand dollars between them, if they would come up with me."

"It is a considerable sum, but I think you were wise to pay it. I know these bankers with whom your friend's money is deposited. If you desire it, I will take the matter in hand, and present your claim at once."

"That is what I wanted to ask, Mr. Lindsay. If you will be so kind, I shall be very much obliged to you."

"Then we had better lose no time. I have an hour to spare. Suppose you come with me now."

"But," said Maud, "I want Harry to stay with me."

"Business first, pleasure afterwards, Maud," said her father, "and this business of Harry's is of much importance."

"Well, Harry, come back as soon as you can," said Maud.

To this Harry readily agreed, and went out with Mr. Lindsay.

Messrs. Bird & Bolton were in their banking office.

"Good-morning, Mr. Lindsay," said Mr. Bird, as that gentleman entered. "Is there anything I can do for you this morning?"

"Not for me, but for this young man," said Mr. Lindsay, presenting Harry.

Mr. Bird looked at Harry in some surprise, for he was still clad in his rough miner's costume.

"You have fourteen hundred pounds left on deposit by John Bush, a miner, if I am rightly informed."

"Your information is correct, Mr. Lindsay."

"John Bush is dead. This young man, whom I previously knew, was his partner,

and to him Bush bequeathed all of which he died possessed."

"I suppose your young friend has proof to substantiate his claim," said Mr. Bird, cautiously.

"He has."

Here Mr. Lindsay produced the paper already referred to.

"This seems correct, but the witnesses ought to be produced. They might be men of straw, you know."

"Of course. In such a matter, you are right to be cautious. The witnesses are all in Melbourne, and shall be produced," said Mr. Lindsay.

"I have no doubt all will be satisfactory, but of course as a man of business, Mr. Lindsay, you will not be surprised that we require absolute proof."

"You are perfectly right in doing so. I should do the same in your place. We propose to bring the witnesses here, that you may satisfy yourself that all is genuine and as it should be. If you will appoint an hour that will suit your convenience they shall be on hand."

"To-morrow at eleven, then."

"Very well."

After a little more conversation Mr. Lindsay and Harry withdrew.

"There is one thing more that I would like your advice about," said Harry.

"What is that? Of course you shall have it."

"I want to sell my nugget at the best advantage."

"Where is it?"

"I will bring it to the hotel at any time. It is in charge of the three miners."

"You are rather careless to trust them."

"I don't know but I am," said Harry, "but I didn't know what else to do."

"I will go around with you to the place where they are stopping, and then will call with you upon a man who deals in gold. The matter may as well be settled at once."

The three miners had put up at an inferior inn in a narrow street running out of the principal avenue of Melbourne. Luckily they were at home when Harry called with Mr. Lindsay.

The latter found a certain reluctance on their part to give up the nugget.

"You see," said one, "this young chap has promised us two hundred pounds between us. Maybe he will forget all about that, and leave us to shift for ourselves."

"Do you think I would be so mean?" exclaimed Harry.

"The man is right," said Mr. Lindsay. "He wants to have everything made sure."

"But I can't pay them till the gold is sold."

"That's true, nor would it be advisable, for you want their testimony before the bankers. But I think I see a way to arrange matters."

"How is that?" asked Harry.

"I will advance one half the sum you promised at once, and guarantee the payment of the balance to-morrow afternoon, after they have rendered in their testimony at the banking-house."

This suggestion was accepted by all parties as the best practical solution of the difficulty arising from the conflicting interests of the two parties, namely, the three miners on the one hand, and Harry on the other. It must not be supposed that they had seen anything in him to inspire distrust, but it is a good rule to keep friendship and business apart, and appearances are sometimes deceptive.

It will not be necessary to follow out the business in all its details. There were some unexpected delays, but at the end of a fortnight the whole matter was settled, and Harry found himself, not indeed rich, but richer than he ever anticipated.

The gold nugget was found to be worth five thousand four hundred and fifty dollars. The money in the banker's hands, with accruing interest, amounted to seven thousand and seventy-five. The account was rendered in English currency, but for convenience sake I have reduced it to federal money. This then was the final statement of Harry's inheritance:

On deposit with Bird & Bolton,	\$7075.00
Sum realized from gold nugget,	5450.00
Total,	\$12,525.00.

From this amount must be deducted the thousand dollars which Harry agreed to pay to the three miners. When this was done, he was left with \$11,525.00, which for a boy of his age was certainly a very comfortable capital.

When this matter was settled, Harry began to bethink himself of home, and told Mr. Lindsay that he felt it his duty to go back to America as soon as possible, and gladden his mother's heart with the news of his good fortune.

"You are right, Harry," said Mr. Lindsay, promptly. "Your first duty is to your

mother. I will not say a word to dissuade you from it."

But if Mr. Lindsay forbore to dissuade Harry, Maud was not so forbearing. She was exceedingly dissatisfied at the idea of losing the society of our hero.

"Why can't we all sail in the same steamer, papa?" she said.

"Because, Maud, I am not ready to go back yet. My business is not finished."

"Then I shall never see Harry again."

"I think you will. I have invited Harry to visit us in England next summer, and I think he will accept the invitation."

"Will you, Harry?" asked Maud, eagerly.

"I will if I can, Maud," said Harry, "and I think I can."

"I am afraid you will forget me, Harry."

"I certainly shall not, Maud. You have been too kind for that. As soon as I get back to America I shall write to you, and let you know how I arrived."

Maud was forced to be satisfied with this promise. Harry made all needed preparations for his return, and a week from the time at which his affairs were settled, he took cabin passage on a steamer bound from Melbourne to New York. We must precede him, and inquire how matters have been going on in Vernon during his absence.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SQUIRE TURNER SPINS HIS WEB.

HARRY's disappearance inflicted a blow upon Mrs. Raymond from which she did not easily recover. Coming so soon after her husband's sudden death, she felt that her life had indeed become desolate, and but that she knew her life was necessary to little Katy, she would not have cared to live. But for Katy's sake she tried to bear up as well as she could against her double loss.

Besides, so far as Harry was concerned, she was not without hope that he might some day return. He might be dead, but of this there was no proof. Mrs. Raymond clung to the hope that whatever might be the cause of his absence, it was not occasioned by death. But in spite of this hope, it was hard to have day after day pass without any intelligence. The home seemed very lonely and sad now. Even little Katy, naturally a lively child, was subdued and more sober than she used to be.

But Mrs. Raymond had another cause for anxiety, and that a serious one. During her

husband's life she had always lived in comfort, and never felt any anxiety about the future. But now whatever money was to be earned for the support of the little household, must be earned by herself, for of course Katy was too young to earn anything, and must for some years be kept at school. How to earn money enough to meet their expenses was a difficult problem. She could think of no other way except sewing, and that even under the best circumstances, as my readers very well know, is very poorly paid.

Squire Turner occasionally called on Mrs. Raymond, feeling that it was for his interest to assume the role of a disinterested friend. One evening, about six weeks after Harry's disappearance, he took his cane and walked over to the little cottage. The widow had come to look forward with interest to his visits, feeling in her position the need of a friend. She welcomed him accordingly with an evident pleasure which he did not fail to notice.

"I hope you are well, Mrs. Raymond," he said, removing his hat, and taking the chair which the widow brought forward.

"I am well in health, Squire Turner," was the reply, "but I am very unhappy. I sometimes feel as if my sorrows are greater than I can bear."

"You have Katy left."

"Yes, Katy is a dear little girl. But for her I should not care to live. But for her and the hope that Harry may come back sometime—"

"While there is life there is hope," said the squire. "I mean while we are not certain of death, there is ground for hope."

"Don't you really think he will come back sometime, Squire Turner?"

"Certainly, there is a chance of it," said the squire, cautiously; "but it is not well to be too sanguine, for you know we cannot be sure of anything."

"If there was anything I could do," replied the widow, "but I can only wait, and the suspense is very wearing."

"Of course, I quite feel for you. Depend upon it, I shall do what I can to relieve your anxiety whenever I see clearly what to do. You give me credit for that?"

"Yes, Squire Turner, I know you are a true friend. The time was when I did you injustice, but I see more clearly now."

If Squire Turner had had any sense of shame he ought to have blushed at this testimony from the woman whom he had done so much to injure; but his feelings were not

very keen, and he only listened with complacency, perceiving that he had made good progress in securing the widow's confidence. All his plans seemed to be working well thus far. He was now ready to take the next step, and this was to get Mrs. Raymond into his power by placing her under pecuniary obligations.

"I hope you will excuse me one question which I am about to ask," he said, "and believe that it is dictated not by idle curiosity, but by my interest in your welfare. Do you not feel considerable difficulty in earning enough money to defray your expenses?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Raymond, "that is one of my troubles. Katy and I have few wants, but I find it costs a good deal for food, and fuel, and clothes."

"Of course."

"Especially as I have no way of earning except by the needle. Sewing is very poorly paid."

"That is quite true. By the way, Mrs. Raymond, I shall be glad to give you all the work I have in that line, and to pay you a fair price for doing it."

"Thank you, Squire Turner. It will be a favor to me."

"And if you find you can't meet your expenses, don't hesitate at any time to apply to me for a loan."

"You are very kind, Squire Turner, but I don't like to borrow money."

"I can understand your feelings about it, but you need not feel any delicacy."

"I am afraid I should never be able to repay the money."

"As to that, I can show you a way that will relieve your feeling."

"What's that?"

"You are aware that this house belongs to you with the exception of a mortgage of four hundred dollars which I hold. Now it is probably worth over a thousand dollars," he answered, suavely.

"Mr. Raymond considered it worth, with the land, twelve hundred dollars."

"Ahem!" said the squire, who had his reasons for underrating the property, "it was probably worth that to him, but I don't think it would fetch much over a thousand, if it were brought to a sale. However, that is not the purpose. I only mentioned it to suggest that the property might serve as ample security for any sum you might wish to borrow, so that you need not feel delicate about any loans you might be forced to ask."

"That is true," said Mrs. Raymond. "I did not think of that."

"Have you a supply of money on hand at present?" asked the squire.

Mrs. Raymond was forced to acknowledge that she had less than a dollar in the house.

"I thought it might be so," he said, "and therefore I came provided. You had better let me lend you fifty dollars."

After some hesitation Mrs. Raymond consented to take the money.

"If you will let me have a sheet of paper I will draw up a note which you can sign," said the squire, smoothly: "I know that it will be more agreeable to your feelings to regard the loan as a business transaction rather than as a favor."

How could Mrs. Raymond feel otherwise than grateful to the man who entered so delicately into her feelings? She unhesitatingly acquiesced in what he proposed, and brought forward writing materials, with which Squire Turner drew up a note of hand which Mrs. Raymond signed. He then drew from his pocket-book ten five dollar bills which he handed to the widow, depositing the note in his wallet.

"There," said he, pleasantly, "our business is at an end, and now we can talk as friends. I believe James is wanting some shirts. Shall you have leisure to make them?"

"I shall be very glad to do so."

"Then may I trouble you to buy the necessary materials? you will be a better judge than I on that point. He will bring over one of his shirts as a pattern, and you may make them up at your leisure, and send in a bill for work and materials together."

Of course Mrs. Raymond was only too glad to accept this commission, and readily agreed to do as requested.

Squire Turner continued, as he had begun, to act as a sympathizing friend of Mrs. Raymond. From time to time he supplied her with money as she required it, in each case, however, taking her note for the amount, and when the sum was sufficient to warrant it, securing it by an additional mortgage upon the property. When he proposed this it was ostensibly to spare the feelings of the widow, and prevent her from feeling any delicacy or sense of pecuniary obligations.

"You see, Mrs. Raymond," he said, smoothly, "you have no cause to feel grateful to me. Every pecuniary transaction between us is upon a strict business basis. I know you would prefer that it should be so."

"I know that you are very kind, Squire Turner, and I can't help feeling grateful, though you tell me there is no occasion for my being so."

This was what Mrs. Raymond said, and she felt that Squire Turner was indeed a very disinterested friend, though it would be hard to show in what respect he had been so.

Meanwhile, Squire Turner had kept in constant correspondence with Mr. Robinson, the Milwaukie lawyer, touching the land grant already referred to, and it became necessary for him to obtain Mrs. Raymond's authority to act for her in the matter. It was important for him to do this, without leading her to suspect that it was a matter of much moment. One evening he introduced the subject as if casually:

"By the way, Mrs. Raymond, your son Harry placed in my hands some time since a land warrant belonging to your late father, with the request that I would ascertain whether it was worth anything."

"I remember it now that you mention it, Squire Turner," said the widow. "I suppose it is worthless."

"No," said the squire, candidly. "I think we may get a little something for it. I suppose fifty or a hundred dollars would be acceptable."

"It would be more than I ever expected to realize from it. Do you really think it is likely to amount to as much as that?"

"I really do—that is, I hope so. If you are content to give me authority to act for you, I will do the best I can, and, of course, I shall charge you nothing for my services."

"How kind you are, Squire Turner! I will sign anything you think best."

"I have brought a paper properly drawn up, empowering me to act for you," said the squire. "I will see that you have no trouble in the matter."

Here he produced the paper, and Mrs. Raymond unhesitatingly affixed her signature.

"I am sure," she said, "I never expected after so many years that the warrant would ever amount to anything."

"It may not, but I think it will. I will do my best for you. In fact, I shall be obliged to go West next week on some other business, and will take Milwaukie on my way. I never was there, and, apart from your business, I shall enjoy seeing the city."

Was it surprising that Mrs. Raymond considered Squire Turner a very disinterested friend? She felt sure that he was putting himself to considerable trouble and some expense to promote her interests. As to that, it was certainly true that Squire Turner's sole motive, in making the Western journey on which he had determined, was connected with Mrs. Raymond's land warrant.

What success he met with will be told in the following chapter.

FROGGY'S WOOING.

BY LOUISE DUPEE.

Gayly spinning and sweetly singing,
A water-sprite lived in a brook;
There, with croaking and much loud joking,
Froggy made too his sly, wee nook.

Long green tresses amid the cresses,
The wee sprite was dainty and trim!
Great head splashing, great feet dashing,
Froggy was ugly, queer and grim!

Bright eyes glancing, gay feet dancing,
Froggy's soft heart was stolen quite.
Round eyes staring, great mouth flaring,
"An awkward old clown," said the sprite,

Green vest shining o'er heart love pining,
Froggy, in Sunday clothes arrayed,
Said, "O mother, I'll wed no other
Than the sprite that lives in the shade."

Said Ma Froggy, "Her floor is boggy,
And a vain little chit is she!
My son Johnny, so gay and bonny,
Should wed one of higher degree!"

"She's fair as snowlight, bright as Junelight,"
Said Froggy, speaking with sighs and tears;
"And her I'll marry, though I tarry,
Hearing no wedding-bells for years!"

Lightly tapping, then loudly rapping,
To his love's door Froggy had come,
Sent his card to her, like bold wooer,
But the servant said "not at home!"

With anger burning, his feet home turning,
Froggy to Ma Frog told his fate.
"Hide all the poison you set eyes on;
I shall do something desperate!"

Months sped fleetly, the sprite sang sweetly,
But, as midsummer 'gan to shine,
The sun, with anger at its languor,
Drank the brook like a cup of wine!"

Her wee hands wringing, no more singing,
Pale with fear and grief was the sprite!
Gayly croaking, as if 'twere joking,
Froggy a new home sought ere night.

Shrilly crying and almost dying,
The sprite in the sun scorched all day,
For feet so airy of water fairy
Fail on land, and there must she stay.

Lightly tapping, then loudly rapping,
Froggy came to her door again;
"Be mine, sweetness, and you with fleetness
I'll take to my house on the plains!"

Fear all vanished and grief all banished,
"I will," said the sweet little thing.
With heart beating he gave her greeting,
And carried his bride to the spring.

There, mid rushes and alder-bushes,
The wee house was bright as could be;
Ma Frog was keeping the tea steeping,
All dressed for fine company.

Fresh and rosy, with a real posy
In her green braids, the bride was rare;
Froggy stately, eyes fixed sedately
On Parson Toad, 'stead of his fair.

Days are sunny and full of honey,
And the gay little wife oft says,
"O, I was blinded, not clear-minded
When I thought Froggy'd awkward ways!"

A BOX OF BON-BONS.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

THERE never was a more tempting sight than that shop-window. There were mimic castles, all of sugar, glittering like frost in the bright gaslight, jars of candied fruit, and loaves of frosted bride-cake decorated with sugar flowers, one or two of the loaves out to show the richness of their hearts, tumblers of jelly as yellow as sunlight, great clusters of purple and white grapes with a frosty bloom on them, a dish of bouncing yellow oranges, and another of apples as red as a country girl's cheeks, and looking as if they would have burst their plump sides open if they had tried to grow any bigger, and around and amidst everything, arranged in the most attractive way, though in seeming confusion, new bon-bons of every kind. Bon-bons in jars, and bon-bons in boxes, chocolate bon-bons and cream bon-bons, cordial drops and jelly drops, sugared almonds and barley-kisses. And the boxes (fascinating affairs in themselves, with lovely landscapes painted on the outside, gilt borders and ribbon bows), were filled with a ravishing mixture of all these.

Dick stopped and looked in at the window with greedy eyes. He had had his first day's experience as a newsboy, and it had been a very discouraging one. The older newsboys jostled and pushed him out of the way, and screamed their wares so lustily that they completely drowned his weak, piping little voice. So in the whole day he had only sold three papers. If he had moderately good

success, Dick had determined to buy a little candy that night. It was so long since he and Lena had had a taste of candy! For his mother was very poor; she had to support them by sewing, and as she was very often ill that was hard to do. If it had not been she would not have let Dick, so young as he was, go into the streets to sell newspapers. Dick had been wondering, for a week beforehand, if it would be very extravagant for him to spend five cents for candy, provided he should make twelve cents on this, his first day's trade. This morning he had been so hopeful that he had even decided exactly what he should buy; one stick of barley candy, and an ounce of chocolate cream drops; Lena liked chocolate cream drops, and Johnny Riley had told him where they could be bought for four-cents an ounce. But that did not matter to him now; he couldn't buy any, and his heart ached so with disappointment that it was all he could do to keep the tears out of his eyes. And it was Thanksgiving night too! The store was crowded with people, and they all acted as if they had so much money that they didn't know what to do with it!

"Aint you gone home yet, Dick Halsted?" called out Johnny Riley, pausing a moment in his screaming as he went by with a great bundle of papers under his arm. "You might as well; business is awful poor for Thanksgiving night."

A gentleman, who was just going into the store, turned around and looked at Dick as Johnny Riley spoke. "Is your name Dick Halsted?" he asked, in a surprised tone.

"Yes sir," answered Dick, surprised also. "My real name is Richard, but they call me Dick."

"Well, wait here a moment, will you, my boy? I want to speak to you," the gentleman said. And then he went into the store, followed by a boy who was with him and who seemed to be an errand boy.

Dick saw him buy a great box of bon-bons; one of those that were closed so that the beautiful picture on their covers could be seen. And then he came out to the door. "You are to carry it to No. 35 — street, to Miss Lillie Douglas—stay, I'll write the name on the wrapper," he said, to the errand boy. "You may ring the bell and leave it on the steps. I don't want them to see you, because I don't want them to know who sends it." Then he went back into the store to finish his purchases, and the errand boy went up the street with the box.

A temptation assailed Dick, sudden, sharp and conquering. He ran after the boy, swiftly but slyly, dodging behind people, and now and then into a store door or an alley way, so that the boy need not, by any chance, see that he was following him. When they passed off the crowded thoroughfares into the more quiet streets where the private residences were he had to be more careful still. His heart beat so that he kept fancying the boy must hear it; but he was evidently in a hurry to get home to his Thanksgiving supper, and had no thought but to get the box safely delivered.

He ran up the steps of an elegant house, on one of the finest streets, set the box down carefully, jerked the bell furiously, and was off down the street like a deer.

Swiftly and noiselessly Dick stole up the steps, with his heart beating like a drum in his ears, caught the box, and was far down the street with it in his hands before the door opened.

He felt as if all the policemen in the city were in pursuit of him, and as if every distant sound he heard were a cry of "thief! thief!" But, gradually, as nothing happened to him and nobody seemed to notice him, he grew bolder.

He began to have a desire to see the contents of the box, and stopped under a lamp-post in a retired street where there were few

passers-by, took off the wrapper and opened the box.

Such a tempting array as there was in it! enough to make one's mouth water to see. Dick put his fingers in to take out a great delicious-looking cream drop, when whisk! out flew the bon-bons in every direction, into his face and all over the sidewalk, and out popped the queerest, the most dreadful-looking figure! A little old man, with a bushy white beard, and sharp black eyes glittering under his cocked hat. It would have given anybody a start, but it threw Dick, with his guilty conscience, into a panic of terror; he dropped the box and ran as fast as his trembling limbs would carry him.

Only a few squares, however; and then his senses, which had been almost entirely carried away by fright, began to come back to him. He remembered that he had once, a long time before, when his father was alive and they were not so poor, seen in a toyshop a box out of which a mouse would jump when the lid was raised; and, of course, this was one of the same kind, only the figure of the little man was covered with bon-bons to make his appearance still more unexpected and startling. And in the indistinct light, and with his guilt making a coward of him, it had been startling enough to poor Dick.

"What a goose I was!" he said, to himself. "I wish I had never touched the box. But then," suggested his greedy little "sweet tooth," "I may as well go back and pick up the candy!"

Nobody was passing; the street for its whole length was almost entirely deserted. He went back to the spot where he had dropped the box and began to cram the scattered bon-bons into his pocket.

He was so eager to find them all that he forgot his fears; and did not hear the sound of coming footsteps until a hand was laid upon his shoulder. Then he looked up with a cry of fright, and there was the gentleman who had bought the box standing beside him!

"O, don't tell my mother!" cried Dick, trembling and sobbing. "Take me to jail, or anywhere, only don't tell my mother! It would kill her to know it!"

"Tell your mother what, my boy?" said the gentleman; and then seeing the bon-bon box he seemed to understand the whole.

"You heard me tell the boy to leave the box on the steps, and you followed him and took it; was that it?" he said, severely.

Dick only hung his head and was silent.

"It can't be, then," the gentleman said, musingly. "Dick Halsted's son wouldn't have been a thief!"

"I aint a *real* thief," said Dick, humbly and chokingly. "I never stole anything in my life before!"

"Was your father's name Richard Halsted?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes sir," answered Dick, hesitatingly. He felt almost as if he would rather the gentleman would hand him over to a policeman, at once, than talk to him about his father and mother. It made him feel so badly to think of them now!

"Well, I am going home with you to see your mother," said the gentleman.

Then Dick was in despair. It would be too dreadful to have his mother know that her little boy was a thief. He begged and prayed the gentleman not to tell her, and he at last promised that he would not, on condition that Dick should promise never again, as long as he lived, to take what was not his

own. That promise Dick was ready enough to give.

And the gentleman went home with him, and it turned out that he was an old friend of Dick's father, and had tried often, unsuccessfully, to find his family, since he had heard of his death.

O, how Dick wished that he had resisted that dreadful temptation and waited at the store door, as the gentleman had asked him to do, and then he would not have felt ashamed to look him in his face, as he did now!

The gentleman was rich and generous, and better days dawned for them. Dick and Lena were sent to school, and after a while—not until he had fully proved his honesty, for people are always suspicious of one who has once yielded to temptation, you know—the gentleman took Dick into his counting-room. And I am happy to tell you that his trust was not misplaced. Dick had learned a lesson from the box of bon-bons; that was his last as well as his first theft.

A BOY'S PIECE ABOUT A RUNAWAY.

THE horse is a anamale who is sometimes called a brute. He is called a brute, I suppose, because he often gets fool things in his head, no man can tell what, and acts like a brute. This one I am going to tell about did. You never saw a more so.

It was a hotter morning than a haymow last week. And that was the morning. And dusty, Jeeminy! I was full of it; and in your eyes, and in your hair; and everything, till you couldn't live. Well, that was the morning which this fool horse choosed to run away.

He was hitched on to a spring wagon. My! didn't he snake that wagon down Main street in a hurry? It was the hurrahest thing out. It made me laugh for a while, till I saw there wasn't anybody in the wagon. Then I was frightened that some man would get run over in the street which was a shooping before him and trying to stop him. But he didn't. Neither did the horse. For he salled right on, and no matter.

Cracky! but it was fun. Which would have been much more if there wasn't any

dust. Because it was so thick and flying so you couldn't see hardly whether the wagon was behind or the horse was before, or not. But mother she said she thought it was. This was maybe because she had her spectacles on and the dust didn't get into her eyes. I suppose so, for I couldn't see it.

But O, didn't he whirl that wagon! If it had been full of eggs, I couldn't helped of laughed. It was so jolly to see that old animal a running fit to split himself, and nothing at all to run for, except just hot and dusty. This was because he is called a brute I reckon. Or may be he is called a brute because this.

At any rate they stopped him, after he had run down all the street and made all the dust there was. Then he stopped, and didn't break the wagon, nor the harness, nor anything. Then he stopped. Which showed that he was only in fun. And I got in the wagon with the man that caught him, and rode up street, and he trotted along just as if he was an animal something like a sheep, and wasn't a brute at all.

CURIOUS MATTERS.

ISLAND CALAMITIES.—The inhabitants of small and remote islands are remarkable for their attachment to their native soil; and it is, perhaps, fortunate that they should have this feeling, for otherwise their isolation exposes them to great disadvantages. We are not now alluding to such matters as the alleged deterioration of race produced by perpetual intermarriage, but rather to the shock of actual calamities, which fall more heavily on small insular communities than on larger countries. Undoubtedly the vine disease caused more misery in Madeira than it would have done in a French commune; and when the island of Rhodes, a few years ago, was visited by an earthquake, the effects of the calamity were much more severely felt than they could have been in a continental region. The following is a very curious instance of the sufferings to which a small self-supporting island is liable:

Some years ago a shoal of grampuses visited Pabbay, one of the Hebrides. The natives slaughtered the grampuses and obtained quantities of oil. But presently upwards of three thousand ravens, headed by a white field-marshal, assembled to devour the carcasses, and when they had picked the grampuses' bones clean they proceeded to feast on the corn. Guns were brought into requisition, but without effect, and a winter of famine appeared imminent. A famous bird-catcher, named Finlay, then endeavored to kill them singly, by climbing the rocks and catching them while roosted; but these efforts caused no apparent diminution in their numbers. Suddenly a bright idea struck him. Instead of killing the birds, he took six of them alive, plucked off all the plumage except the tail and wing feathers, and let them go. The rest immediately left the island.

PASSING IT ROUND.—The "smiting," which was in vogue long ago in the land (Egypt), is a habit which does not appear so shocking to us perhaps, as it must be to other foreigners. There is much more use of the hand among Anglo-Saxon populations—of the argument called a "blow"—than on the continent.

But in Egypt, whoever can hit, cuff or kick, does it freely. Sir Anthony Absolute's mode of ruling a household, and its results, may be seen any day in the streets. There was a curious illustration of this rule the other morning near Shepherd's Hotel. Two men had a dispute over some matter of sale, and from words one of them, the larger and stronger, resorted to a sounding box on the eye of his antagonist. The latter put his hand to his face, looked round with glaring orb at the crowd which had been collected by the controversy, and, singling out a laughing donkey-boy, administered to him a tremendous cuff on the side of the head. A few yards away there sat a child of eight or nine years of age against the wall of a house, innocently sucking a piece of sugar-cane. The donkey-boy at once charged him, and kicked him in the ribs. The little fellow looked up, uttered a cry of rage, and seizing a large paving-stone which lay close at hand, flung it—at the donkey-boy?—O no, certainly not! but at a poor street dog, which lay asleep close at hand. The dog went off howling, and no doubt bit a small puppy to ease its mind, and what revenge the puppy took is beyond my knowledge, but no doubt he did something vindictive in his turn.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.—It was the custom in Babylon, five hundred years before the Christian era, to have an annual auction of the unmarried ladies. In every year on a certain day, each district assembled all its virgins of marriageable age. The most beautiful were put up first, and the man who paid the highest gained possession of her. The second in personal charms followed her, and so on, that the bidders might gratify themselves with handsome wives according to the length of their purses. When all the comely ones were sold, the crier ordered the most deformed one to stand up, and after demanding who would marry her for a small sum, she was adjudged to him who was satisfied with the least; and thus the money raised from the sale of the handsome served as a portion to those who were either of disagreeable looks, or had any other imperfection.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

COFFEE CUSTARD.—Take a large cup of fresh ground coffee, break an egg into it; mix it up well; put it into a coffee-pot with a pint of boiling water. Boil it five minutes, add a cup of cold water, and let it stand ten minutes. Turn it off very clear into a saucepan, add a pint of cream, and give it one boil. Have ready eight eggs well beaten, one and a half large cup of sugar; turn the coffee and cream boiling hot on the eggs, stirring all the while. Put the custard into a pitcher, set it into boiling water, and stir it all the time until it thickens. Served in cups to eat cold.

FRENCH CUSTARD.—Sweeten with loaf sugar a quart of milk; flavor it with peach or vanilla; put it into a flat saucepan to boil, and beat to a perfect froth the whites of eight eggs. When the milk boils, lay on the eggs in spoonfuls—that is, in lumps—until it hardens a little. Skim it off carefully, and lay it on a dish. When you have cooked all the whites, beat up the yolks, and stir them into the boiling milk until it thickens. Turn this over the whites, ornamented with bits of colored jelly or marmalade. Whites of eggs, prepared in this way, are a pretty ornament to any sweet dish, particularly custards.

ALMOND CUSTARD.—To blanch almonds—put them into a deep dish, pour boiling water over them, cover them up, and let them stand three minutes. Then take them out, and put them into cold water; rub off the skins with your hands. To make the custard—blanch and pound very fine a quarter of a pound of almonds, put them into a quart of milk to boil, and sweeten it to the taste. Beat up eight eggs, strain them, then turn the milk and almonds boiling hot on the eggs, stirring them all the time. Boil it in a pitcher, as before directed.

APPLE FLOAT.—Stew six large apples; lay them on a sieve to drain and cool; then put them on a flat dish, with about two spoonfuls of fine white sugar, a very little essence of lemon, or the juice of one, and the whites of two or three eggs. Beat all this to a froth with an egg-beater; fill a glass bowl, or

custard-cups, with soft custard. Lay this froth on as high as it will stand.

APPLE MERINGUE.—One and a half pound of white sugar; one quart of water boiled down to a pint and a half; rich sirup; beat to a stiff froth the whites of six eggs; add the sirup, slowly stirring the eggs all the while; if not stiff, add a little sifted white sugar; have ready a nice dish of preserved apple, leaving space to spread over the dish the froth smoothly; sift on a little fine white sugar; set it in a moderate oven for about three quarters of an hour. It should be a very light yellow. To be eaten cold.

APPLE JELLY.—Take a dozen good tart apples, cut them into quarters, add a pint of water, and let them simmer about half an hour. Set a sieve over an earthen pan, turn the apples into it, and let them drain; but do not stir the apples after the juice is drained out. Let it stand and settle about half an hour; then take a pint of juice to a pound of white sugar, boil it ten minutes, and strain it into moulds or jars.

JUMBLES.—Rub to a cream a pound of sugar, and half a pound of butter; add eight well beaten eggs, essence of lemon or rose-water to the taste and flour to make the jumbles stiff enough for rolling out. Roll out, in powdered sugar, about half an inch wide and four inches long, and form them into rings by joining the ends. Lay them on flat buttered tins, and bake in a quick oven.

GINGER SNAPS.—Take one pint of molasses, one teacup of butter, one spoonful of ginger, and one tea-spoonful of saleratus; and boil all the ingredients thoroughly; when nearly cold, add as much flour as can be rolled into the mixture.

BREAKFAST BUTTER CAKES.—One quart of sour milk, one tea-spoonful saleratus, a little salt, one and a half cup of boiled rice, two table-spoonfuls molasses or half cup of sugar, a little ginger, and flour enough to make a stiff batter.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

Having read some pretty big snake stories in the papers of late, I thought I would send you one of "early time," one which I have often heard told by the old man whose name I only give in part, but who is well known by the old pioneers of this country. Abijah C—, a very worthy old man, and one of the early pioneers of Southern Ohio, when relating some of the adventures of his early pioneer life to a crowd of listeners (for all who know him love to hear him talk), often gets off some rather tough yarns. One he tells, although a "stunner," he is willing to vouch for its truthfulness, is about an adventure he once had on the prairies of Illinois. The story runs as follows (I will give it as near as possible in his own language):

"Ha! young men, you talk about your hunting adventures and snake stories; if you'd seed the sights I have in my young days, then you might talk. I'll relate to you an adventure I once had with rattlesnakes on the prairies of Illinois. It is now nigh on to forty years ago when I went there to look at the country, and entered some government land. In the course of my travels I had occasion to cross a piece of prairie that I was told by old hunters was full of rattlesnakes. But nothing daunted, I first took their precaution of wrapping long prairie grass round my legs from the ankles up, and then started in. I soon stirred them up lively, and then war begun. Whenever one would strike at me, it would get its fangs fast in the grass round my legs; then with my bowie knife I would coolly whack off his head. After I got across I thought I would count the heads, and boys, believe it or not, there were just one hundred and ninety-nine snake heads hanging to my legs."

A few days ago a clergyman who resides not a thousand miles from the beautiful and pleasant city of Henderson, Ky., had occasion to make a trip into the interior of Indiana. Stopping at a farmhouse for dinner, the farmer took his horse to the stable and then bade the clergyman to walk into the house and take a seat. On entering the house the gentleman was closely scrutinized

for some moments by the farmer's wife, who unable to restrain her curiosity, asked:

"You sell lightning rods, don't you?"

"No, madam," replied the gentleman.

"Then you are a life insurance agent, I guess, as I haven't seen anybody else travelling of late," again queried the old lady.

"No, madam, I am neither," answered the gentleman.

"Well, really, if it is not too impudent in me, I would just like to know what you are?"

"I am a Catholic priest, madam," was the polite answer.

"You don't say so!" fairly shrieked the old lady. "A Catholic priest, and you can't marry. What a fool!"

And with a look of the deepest commiseration the old lady placed her specs upon her nose, took a critical survey of her visitor, and with a sigh she turned away muttering *sotto voce*, "he can't marry; poor fellow, I feel so sorry for him."

The gentleman asserts, however, that the old lady showed her appreciation of his calling by preparing for him as substantial a meal as he ever sat down to.

Two worthy domestics, occupying residences vacated by the owners for the summer, were talking across the railing a day or two since, when the individual who removes the ashes ventured to ask Biddy if she could tell him the cause of the war abroad. Miss Biddy, who had plenty of time to read the papers, delivered herself pretty nearly as follows:

"Well, it is pretty hard to tell the exact difficulty, but from what I hear it appears to me that it is something like this: Suppose Mrs. Spain wanted a girl, and my missis should say that she would recommend Bridget Dolan. Then suppose Mrs. France should say to my missis, you mustn't give Bridget Dolan a recommend because the Dolan family will become too important. Then my missis says she won't do it, but that don't satisfy Mrs. France, who wants her to promise that she not only never intended to give Bridget a character, but will positively

consult Mrs. France before she assents to Mrs. Spain having any other girl. My missel then gets mad and says she'll not do anything of the kind, and so they begin to tear each other's chignons."

Pat, who had placed his basket on the fence and drank in the explanation without moving a muscle, resumed his tour, after remarking:

"And is that what's the matter, bad luck to 'em! I thought somebody had been trod on."

It was election day, and Grimes having assisted on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of as much old rye as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way to their homes. They had to cross the Wissahickon creek by a footbridge constructed by a single log thrown across, and hewed flat on the upper side, but without any handrail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs, in crossing, but with our party it was felt to be not devoid of difficulties under the existing circumstances. However, the creek must be crossed, Grimes' friend took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the further side. It was now Grimes's turn to face the music, and making a bold start, he succeeded in getting about one third the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it now being about up to his breast, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation, "I guess I'll wade!"

A clock peddler was tramping along, hot, dusty and tired, when he came to a meeting-house wherein sundry Friends were engaged in silent devotion. The peripatetic tradesman thought he would walk in and rest himself. He took a seat upon a bench, doffed his hat, and placed his clock upon the floor. There was a painful stillness in the meeting-house which was broken by one of the clocks which began striking furiously. The peddler was in agony, but he hoped every moment the clock would stop. Instead of that it struck four hundred and twenty times by the actual count of every Friend in the meeting; for even the best disciplined of them could not help numbering the strokes. Then up rose one of the elder Friends, at the four

hundred and thirtieth stroke, and said: "Friend, as it is so very late, perhaps thee had better proceed on thy journey or thee will not reach thy destination, unless thee is as energetic as thy vehement timepiece."

A tall, long-legged Yankee from up country, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accoutred with a swallow-tailed coat and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ankles, boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over a half inch of brim, stalked into a city hotel lately to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have:

"Wall, I swan, I don't know," said he, casting his eyes down the long array of fricandeaux, cotellettes, ragouts, altogether, "kickshaws" on the bill of fare, which confounded him with their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all, "what would you take, squire, if you were in my place? I can't eat all ef I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till the snow flies."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the waiter.

"Wall, squire, you're 'bout right, I reckon; bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your billed vittles. You tax all the same they say, and it's hard choosin', so I'll jist try one plate *through the lot—I will if I bust!*"

"Where's your wife, John?" asked a rural mother, of her son, who had been to the city.

"I haint got any."

"Why, you wrote us as how you's going to marry a rich York lady."

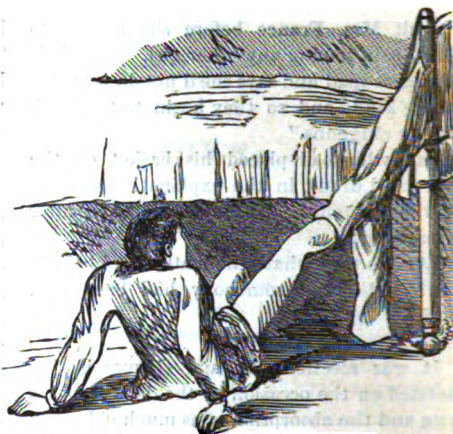
"So I was; but just as we was about to be made one a policeman came in and took the gal off for stealing; and I shouldn't try to marry another New York lady, if she was worth her weight in gold."

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith—on the sick list to-day?" "Yes sir; got the ague." "Do you ever shake?" "Yes, shake like thunder." "When do you shake again?" "Can't say when—shake every day. Why do you ask?" "O, nothing in particular—only I thought if you shook so bad, I'd like to stand by and see if you wouldn't shake the fifteen dollars out of your pocket which you have owed me so long."

OUR PICTURE GALLERY.



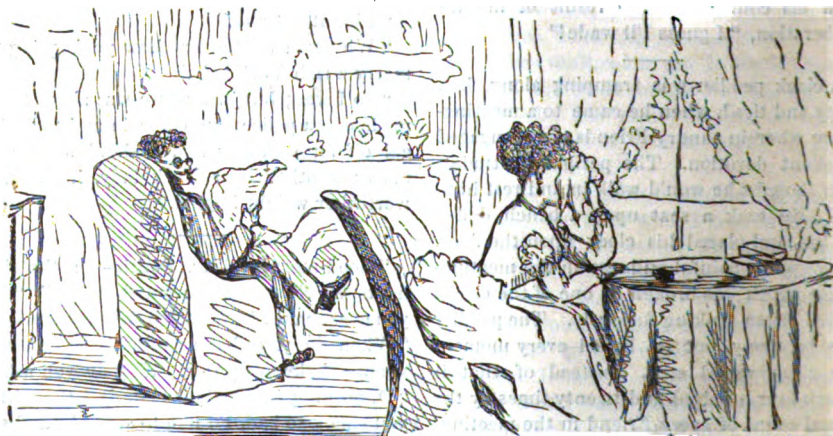
The chap who wears glasses and looks with his mouth.



One way to remove tight pants.



ELDER SISTER.—“Have you brought my gloves, Polly?”
POLLY.—“Yes, sister, and your long curl, too, which was lying on the dressing-table.”

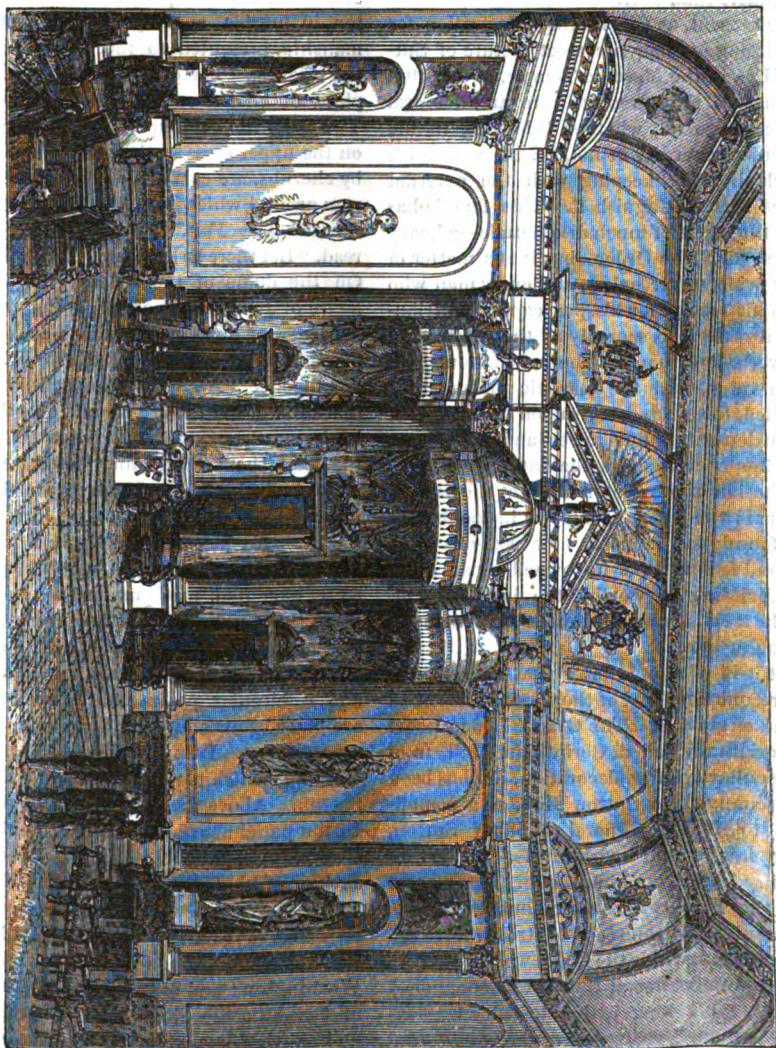


WEeping WIFE.—“Such a shame!”
HUSBAND.—“What is the matter now?”
WEeping WIFE.—“My new fall bonnet has not come home, and that hateful Mrs. Dasher will wear hers to church to-morrow and lead the fashion for the whole congregation!”

BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

VOL. XXXII.—No. 6. . . . DECEMBER, 1870. . . . WHOLE No. 192.

SUTTON HALL, MASONIC TEMPLE, BOSTON.



This Magazine, tried by time and sanctioned by the approval of multitudes of readers, closes its thirty-third volume with the present number. We are proud of its record

since under our care. We have endeavored, by every appliance of the publisher's art, to render it satisfactory to all, and have succeeded in a measure far beyond our warmest

hope. A patronage, second to that of no periodical in the country, attests to the appreciation of our efforts, and affords us an encouragement that will strengthen us in the coming year in our endeavor to make the Magazine all that is to be wished in a vehicle of light literature. We design to have as able a corps of writers as at any time in the past, the same elaborateness of illustration will be sustained, with much improvement in print, that will render BALLOU'S MONTHLY more acceptable than ever.

We present, as the leading illustration for the closing number, a correct picture of Sutton Hall, in the Masonic Temple, of this city, a structure that presents rare architectural attraction to all, whether belonging to the Masonic Fraternity or not, the internal finish of which is in keeping with the external graces that distinguish it. This temple has been the cause of much disquietude—a heavy burden upon the Order—but it is a matter of great pride, nevertheless, and every man who holds his receipt for his *per capita* contribution, regards it as sacredly as though it were a government bond. The association gives it its value, and the masonic visitor, thus supplied, looks admiringly upon the pile, with its battlements and its towers and its bastions, and then contemplates the interior with the satisfaction of proprietorship that the patriot, who paid the poll tax, enjoyed in looking at the foundation of the new post-office, in Boston, feeling that he owned a part of it. The building is worthy the institution of which it is the embodiment and sign in Massachusetts.

But it is of the interior that we speak at the present time, and of the portion illustrated by our engraving. The Grand Lodge Room was originally called Corinthian Hall, from the peculiarity of its decoration, but has been since changed to Sutton Hall, as a compliment to Major General William Sutton, whose labors and sacrifices for the art of Masonry have won him the highest respect from the Fraternity throughout the State. He has always been ready to stretch forth the helping hand, when the Order was in distress, and his beneficence at times of personal need has been for a long period tested. He lives now, in ripened years, one of the best beloved among his brethren. His genial smile gives a cheerful warmth in every masonic circle that he enters, and to-day no grander name presents itself among the distinguished names that embellish the Order, than that of Wil-

liam Sutton. He needs not honors to give grace and dignity to a character that clothes him like a garment.

This Sutton Hall is the most delicate and graceful in its finish of any in the building. It is seventy feet long, forty feet wide, twenty-two feet high, and is finished with attached columns with pedestals, dentil and modillion cornice, and coeval ceiling. In the east there are three projecting canopies which rise above three elaborately carved chairs, and beside the Master's pedestal is a bust of Sutton, in marble, an exquisite piece of workmanship, presented to the Grand Lodge by the original. The chair of the Master is a piece of choice carving, rich and elegant. Two beautiful columns support the back, and on the upper cross section, which is supported by cherubs, are carved the Square and Compass around which appears the motto, "*Sit Lux, et Lux Fuit*," which all good Masons read, "Let there be light, and there was light." On the dome of the centre canopy is the figure of Justice, supported on the right and left by two figures, one holding a book and the other a tablet, representing Education and Intelligence. Above the canopy is the representation of the rising sun, and over the chair in the south we see the meridian sun, and in the west the setting sun, indicative of the masonic duties which devolve upon the three principal officers of the Lodge. In front of the three are placed, respectively, Doric, Ionic and Corinthian pillars, admirably and correctly executed, mathematically representing these three orders of architecture. In each of the four corners of the hall, forming a prominent feature, is a niche with columns and a circular pediment. In these niches are placed four allegorical statues in marble, representing Faith, Hope, Charity and Wisdom, which also were the gift of General Sutton. Above the niches are four portraits. In the panel above the statue of Faith is that of Washington, the illustrious Mason, the saviour of his country; over that of Hope, the statue of Warren, whose life was its exemplar; over that of Charity, the ardent and enthusiastic Lafayette, the friend of Liberty and of Washington; and over that of Wisdom, that of Franklin, the grand exponent of natural and political law. These four are rightly bestowed. In the west there are four columns, similar to those on the east, which form a screen for the organ, and admit of the organist's sitting inside of the instrument. The side walls are divided into panels by seven

columns, the centre space on the south side bearing a projecting pediment with a cornice and draperies successfully represented in fresco beneath. On the opposite side is a full length representation of Tacita, the goddess of Silence. She is represented with a peculiarly truthful expression, one hand resting on her heart and the forefinger of her other hand pressed upon her lips. At her feet, on a tablet, is the motto, "*Audi, Vide, Tace,*" hear, observe and be silent. In the remaining panels are several portraits of Past Grand Masters, among which are those of Hurd, Wilder and others, there being room for quite a number more. At the destruction of Winthrop Hall, a splendid gallery of portraits of distinguished masonic brethren was burnt, a subject for the deepest regret, as they cannot be replaced. The cove of the ceiling is divided into panels by ribs, extending from above each column to a large moulded and decorated cornice rib which encloses the central area of the ceiling. In the four corners of the coving there are represented, in relief, the Bible, Square and Compasses resting on a cushion, Pot of Incense, the Beehive, the Winged Hour-Glass and Scythe. Four historic seals are also represented in this hall, two in the east and two in the west. One has the armorial bearings of the Freemasons of London as early as 1410, that were officially recognized in the heraldic court of that city in 1477, and subsequently conferred to them by act of incorporation. In 1783, Lord Montacute—or Montague, which name is somewhat in doubt—Master of the Grand Lodge of England, combined with this the coat of arms of his own family, which is represented. The third gives this nobleman's coat of arms entire, and the fourth is a fac-simile of the seal adopted by the Grand Lodge of Massa-

chusetts in 1850. In the ceiling is a fine piece of fresco painting representing the Genius of Masonry—a beautiful female floating through space, holding in her right hand the Square and Compasses, and in her left the Plumbline. Attendant on this figure, and gracefully resting on the clouds, are two cherubs, one bearing an olive-branch and the other the decalogue on a scroll. Above the figures appear the moon, stars and a comet in a deep blue sky. This picture excites universal admiration. Two massive chandeliers, of twenty lights each, are suspended at the ends of the hall, the ceiling above them being frescoed with a representation of seraphim supporting those illuminators. The floor of this hall and the anterooms are covered with rich Wilton carpeting. The furniture of the hall, which is upholstered in green plush, is of the most elegant workmanship. The altar in the centre of the hall is of black walnut, elaborately carved, on which is emblazoned the Allseeing Eye, the Pot of Incense and the Beehive; and the Secretary's and Treasurer's desks are ornamented with the jewels implying their respective offices. These ornaments are inlaid in gold. The hall is heated, as is all the rest of the building, with hot air, which enters from beneath the platform surrounding the hall, and it is also ventilated by flues at the top and bottom by flues in the walls, which carry the foul air to the roof of the building.

As in Sutton Hall, the whole interior wears the same air of tasteful elegance, and well may Masons of Massachusetts be proud of a structure so charming, and the hope is that they will use all laudable endeavor to free the Grand Lodge from the incubus of debt that now depresses it.

AN EMPEROR'S TOOTHPICK.

The instrument depicted herein is a dagger that belonged to that august colored man, Soulouque, or Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti, a tyrant that his people deposed and sent wandering in the world, a dark specimen among the uncrowned vagabonds. He was of the mulatto persuasion, an unpopular color among the blacks, usually, though in his instance they were his friends and made him emperor in 1849. He surrounded himself with a grand court, established orders of no-

bility, and was installed in 1852, with honors similar to those conferred on the first Napoleon. He admitted a constitution to be formed, but claimed the right at any time to do as he pleased. In 1855, he attempted to conquer the neighboring republic of San Domingo, with ten thousand men, but signally failed, and, like the last Napoleon, lost his empire as a penalty, ignobly retreating from his country, on the election of Geffrard as his successor next year. He had been prudent,



He thought proper never to return, and his people got along very resignedly without him. He returned to Jamaica where he lived the last years of his life. He was a man of ability, but weak in vanity, and a victim to the spirit of revolution he had always invoked and encouraged. And the accompanying picture represents the imperial dagger, that we hope was "guiltless of his country's blood," but which must have been a tempting toy in the hands of a tyrant—if he were a tyrant, which we would not injure his memory by intimating without better authority than we have.

The implement is a very beautiful affair, and worthy the high position it held as protector of the august potentate of the Antilles. It is of exquisite workmanship, the hilt and scabbard of gold, elegantly chased, and was doubtless a rare ornament embellishing imperial authority. The dagger, however, is hardly in keeping with the court dress imputed to his predecessor Christophe, whose sole uniform, it was said, consisted of a cocked hat and a pair of spurs. It was the practice, however, at the time these dignitaries were in power to laugh at the pretension of such, but the day and the disposition to laugh have passed, and now we recognize colored rulers in the same Hayti, and accredit representatives of their government to our own. "The whirligig of time" brings about strange changes, and even we ourselves are not what we were. We wonder to find ourselves accepting positions and adopting sentiments we should not then have thought of.

AN EAST INDIAN GROUP.

As the old Athenian carried about a brick—in his hat probably—in order to give an idea of the house he occupied, so we present a combination of faces to give an idea of the Scinde, or Sindh, country, where the missionaries are laboring with great benefit, as is published in the reports of the missionary societies on Anniversary week. They are fine character-faces, and strike one far more forcibly than the brick could, in pronouncing the quality of the house, of the people they represent. There is a brightness and intelligence about these faces that impress one very favorably, and we cannot wonder, as we look upon them, that they should feel the irksomeness of British rule; with all the promptings of patriotism inspiring them it must be hard to be a British subject to people of a stamp like those before us, and yet it is to the Brit-

however, and acting upon the principle that leads men to seek the good of the greatest number, represented by the formula No. 1, he had laid up treasures, not in heaven, but in Europe, and went thither to enjoy them.

ish government that India has become the country it is, and gratitude and hatred hold companionship in the intelligent Hindoo mind. Coffin says: "Unchristian as the dealings of England have been, yet she has laid the foundations of a new empire in the East, which is developing with wonderful rapidity. 'What shall we do with it?' is a question which ere long will demand the consideration of British statesmen. The present style of arrogance and assumption will not always be tolerated. An Englishman expects every Hindoo to make a respectful salaam as he passes. We have been astonished to see everybody bowing to us on the streets, but upon inquiry find that such homage is exacted

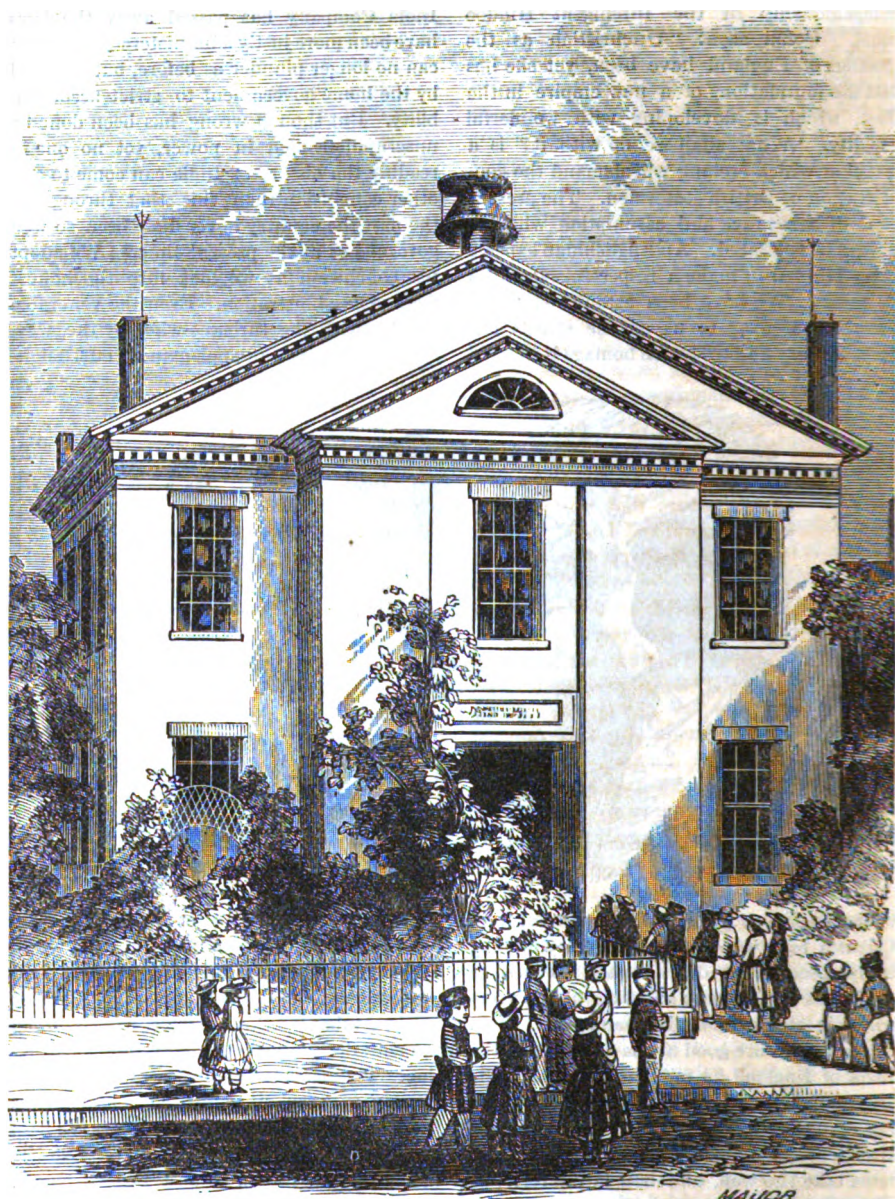
be modifications in the laws to suit the advancing wants of the people. Since the East India Company has passed away the laws have been more justly administered. Officials can no longer plunder as before, but are held by the home government to strict accountability. But though wrong has been done by unscrupulous men in power, yet no one in reading the history of India can come to any other conclusion than this, that through all the past the country never has been so well governed as at the present time." We adopt his conclusion as we look into the honest faces of our illustration. Even the venerable Hindoo with the turban—who, by the way, greatly resembles an appleman of our neigh-



by the English. A rich native merchant from Calcutta narrowly escaped a horsewhipping lately, because he did not stop his carriage and make obeisance to an officer of the army who was riding along the same road. Men whose names are good at the counters of the Bank of England for millions of dollars, who are learned in a half dozen languages, who can read the Rig Veda, or Shakspeare, Racine, Humboldt, Cicero and Homer in the original, must take the wall, and bow in humble supplication to the merest stripping of an ensign with epaulets on his shoulders! It will not always be so. Seventy thousand Englishmen in the country will not forever administer law to one hundred and eighty millions of people. Christian civilization will infuse new blood into these ancient Aryans. The time is not far distant when natives will have a voice in the government. With each year there will

be modifications in the laws to suit the advancing wants of the people. Since the East India Company has passed away the laws have been more justly administered. Officials can no longer plunder as before, but are held by the home government to strict accountability. But though wrong has been done by unscrupulous men in power, yet no one in reading the history of India can come to any other conclusion than this, that through all the past the country never has been so well governed as at the present time." We adopt his conclusion as we look into the honest faces of our illustration. Even the venerable Hindoo with the turban—who, by the way, greatly resembles an appleman of our neigh-

WARREN STREET CHAPEL.



We were at Nahant somewhere about 1840, and while standing by the shore, watching the pulsations of the sea, we were attracted by a loud clamoring of children's voices on the slope above us, and saw a man, hatless, running down towards us followed by a troop of some fifty boys who were shouting with all their might. We could not divine the cause

of the excitement, but as the turbulence seemed pleasant, we waited, and in a moment the crowd had surrounded us—a smiling and happy group—and we were introduced to the Rev. Charles F. Barnard, the minister of “Warren Street Chapel.” The “Chapel,” by name, had borne no other significance than any chapel—a place of worship—with the

usual solemn associations, but a conversation with Mr. B., relating to his peculiar mission, made us acquainted with the grandest scheme for the improvement and betterment of the poor we had ever known, of which this chapel was the centre. It was a scheme to minister to the temporal as well as spiritual wants of the poor—to instruct and elevate in a social as well as moral scale—to infuse a cheerful element into religion and cultivate a healthy taste, that should reach the heart through the intellect, and bring all the higher qualities of which the nature is susceptible under the spiritual law. All legitimate influences were employed to affect this, of which this coming down to the seaside was one, where, through the enjoyment of the hour, a good lesson could be taught, that the young participants would carry away with them to remember among the pleasant and beautiful things of their lives. It was one of the happiest scenes we ever saw—a picture that stamped itself fully upon our memory, and placed the name of Barnard far up on the list of benefactors of the race.

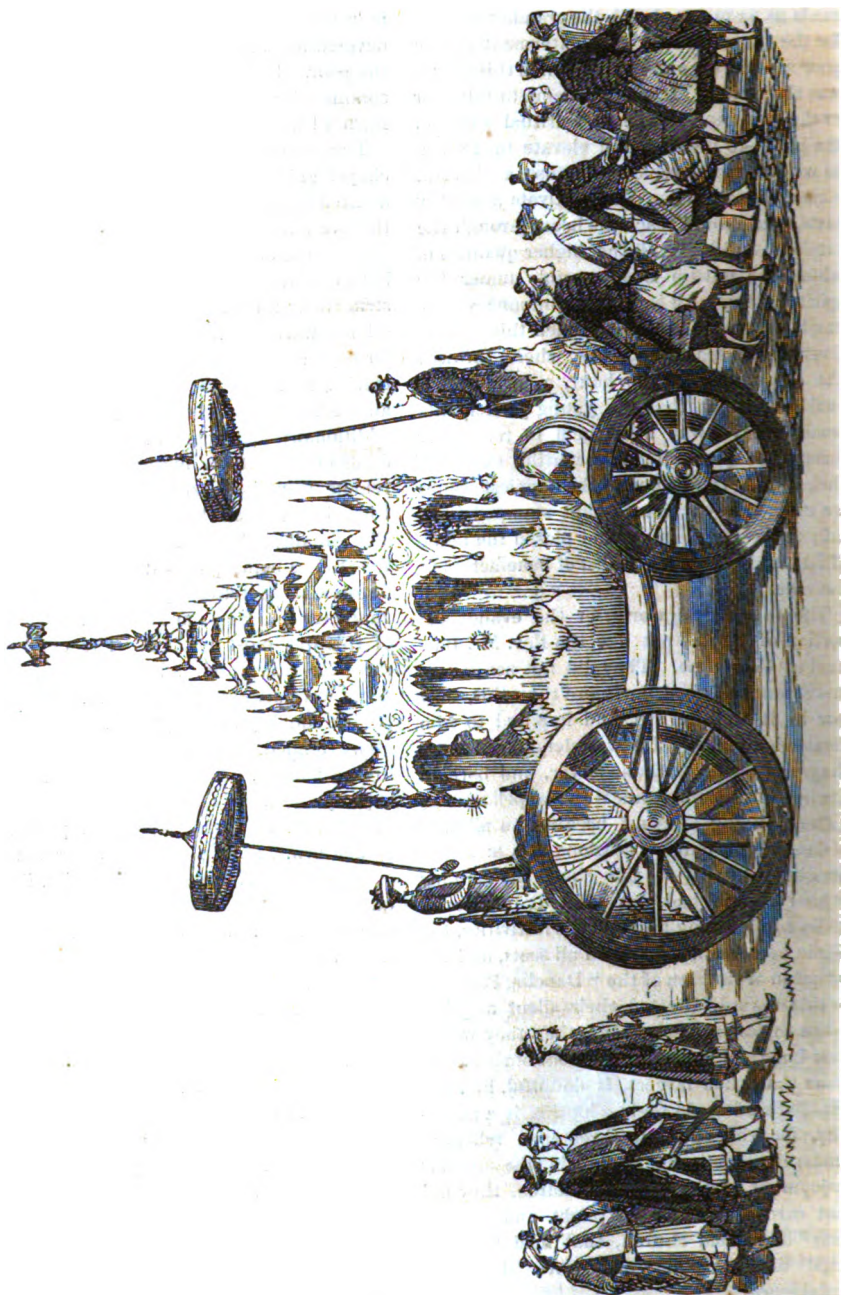
The theological world, or the evangelical portion of it, did not like the Rev. Mr. Barnard at this time. They did not see in his movement any good, but, more than this, they saw in it infinite evil, and imputed to him great wickedness. He was denounced from the pulpits with Catholic fervor, and bore on the lips of the uncanonical the appellation of "The Dancing Parson," because he allowed of dancing on public occasions as a means of amusement. Up to this time, the Sunday School Picnic had not existed; and even while condemning him and his festivities, the picnic became in vogue with all sects, and the adoption of the plan of the "Dancing Parson," in this regard, attested their silent acquiescence in its principle. Whether they would ever have introduced amusement of this kind, more than their fathers, is doubtful, had not Mr. Barnard made their adopting it a necessity, for the children threatened rebellion under the ascetic rule, and seeing the superior enjoyment of the Chapel children, they did not care about the "straight and narrow way" of the old church, that held them to rigid accountability and gave them no indulgence.

This is the æsthetical view of the Chapel. Of its utility, the work of more than forty-five years can attest. It was an outshoot of the "Boston Ministry at Large," a Unitarian organisation, having among its sympathizers

Drs. Channing, Lowell and others, since passed away. The venerable Doctor Tuckerman was at the head of this ministry, and devoted his life to its object—the benefit of the poor. It was founded in 1826, and was conducted by Dr. T. till 1882, when Mr. Barnard was associated with him.

The necessity, resulting from growth, for a chapel and school became soon apparent, and, assisted by the Boston Fraternity of Churches, the present structure was erected in 1835-6. The charge of the Chapel was placed in the hands of trustees, and after many years of struggle with debt has become free. Evening schools were at once opened in the building, for boys and girls, benevolent people volunteering as instructors. Herein were taught all the rudimental branches, the girls being additionally instructed in sewing, and hundreds of respectable mothers in Boston, and remote from it, boast the education of the Chapel that fitted them for the duties of life. The Sunday school was very fully attended, the studies being pleasant and easy, and the devotional exercises by Mr. Barnard of a character to impress and benefit. The result of this was most marked. The children of the poor came from all directions and the doors were always open to them. There was perfect equality in everything. The parents, also, attended, and there were no empty seats in the Chapel. A system of visitation was kept up and a wide social feeling encouraged, that bound teachers, pupils and parents together firmly and lastingly. There were no questions of sect mooted. Catholics, Protestants and Jews—all who had souls to save—mingled under the teaching of universal truths.

This was the beginning, and thus it is at the present time, in other hands than Mr. Barnard's, who some years since left the field, under the pressure of untoward circumstances, to Rev. Mr. G. Babcock, the present pastor, who has occupied the position since 1865. Associated with him, are men who were attached to the Chapel from the first, some of them as pupils, who are still as ardent and earnest in the work of the institution as when they began with it in the long years ago. The Chapel, however, does not stand alone, as then, but branches have proceeded from it, and its example is felt in many directions and in other institutions, attesting to the wisdom and benevolence of the principle that underlie this sublimest of "Boston notions."

AN EASTERN EMPEROR'S STATE CARRIAGE.

The Burmese prince, who is represented in such luxurious state in our illustration, is a mighty power, and is absolute "lord of life and limb." His subjects speak of him as "golden"—the highest symbol they know. In

addressing him they speak to the "golden ear," and throw themselves at his "golden feet." The honor of drawing his carriage, is eagerly sought, and they bow to it when empty, even making obeisance when passing his palace.

CHILDREN OF THE POOR.

BY B. P. SHILLABEE.



There is no light, the sun shines not for those
Whom poverty and orphanage o'ergloom;
Young becomes old by pinching shadows froze,
With not one beam their darkness to illumine!
Bleared eyes look out through clouds of gath-
ing rheum,
And what should glow, in youth's glad open-
ing years,
Ages in atmospheres of misery's doom,
And drowns in overflow of bitter tears.

O, deep the misery when the chill airs press,
And pierce, with frosty shafts, the flimsy
shield!
The childish smile succumbs to cold distress,
And the soul dies, by wretchedness congealed;
Where in God's universe is God concealed,
That these, his children, thus his loss should
know?
Where is the love his fatherhood should yield,
That such disparity the world doth show?

This is the dumb propounding of the look
 Set sternly on the lines of sorrow's face;
 Misfortune's drear and melancholy book,
 Whose lessons we do not half heeding trace—
 Turning to things of beauty or of grace—
 Forgetting, if we can, the pleading tear
 That met our gaze out in the public place—
 A gaze so full of wretchedness and fear!

That look a tale discloses to the heart;
 It needs no questioning, for hunger's plea
 Demands no aid from rhetoric's subtle art.
 The sunken cheek, the hollow agony,
 The weary eyes, that peer beseechingly,
 More than the uttered word the truth proclaim,
 And in our better sight we plainly see
 What prompts the generous act, how'er the
 hint we shame.

A background dark upon the scene of life—
 The darker shown by the pervading glare;
 A dismal foil amid the tinsel strife
 Of fashion's votaries fitting here and there;
 The dull, dim contrast glooming everywhere,
 And forcing notice by its sombre shade,
 Till, from the frequent presence of despair,
 We shrink in pain, or give ourselves to aid.

O men of means, cast not the chance away
 Of doing good, at pity's mute appeal!
 Give of your plenty as thus, day by day,
 Such opportunities for you reveal;
 Allow the generous fountains to unseal,
 And out upon the arid fields of time
 Their treasures flow, the woes of man to
 heal,
 And thus your name illume with rays sublime.

A BIT OF ORNITHOLOGY.

The study of the habits and peculiarities of birds is one of the most interesting connected with the science of natural history. There are so many ways they possess that seem beyond instinct, that we impute reason to the little brain that conceives and executes in the bird economy; and then, again, there is evidence of more than reason, even, in some things, as in the construction of a bird's nest, for reason would fail in performing that which the little builder accomplishes from a design that is older than reason: For instance, the Weaver, of whose wonderful nests this article treats, what mind could have devised a scheme like it? Christopher Wren could not surpass his little namesake, the Jenny Wren, as a builder in her sphere, though Jenny might never have conceived a cathedral. And yet the nice calculation of distance, the avoidance of and defence against enemies, the estimate of possibilities, good or bad, all are so wise that we deem the bird must have thought and reasoned about it, as one might plan to build a house. It is very creditable to reason, and there are no mistakes made in bird-architecture. Take an oriole's nest, for instance: What power of calculation is shown in the position of the nest, at the end of the pendent twig, as if to defy the schoolboy's approach to it. Then the manner in which it is hung. We have before us a specimen, a tight-woven fabric, suspended from the very end of a twig by means of a horsehair, wound round it in the

bight securely, the ends drawn through the fibre of the nest and tied as tightly as though a sailor had done it. In this the young brood were safely raised, and it was only obtained by the breaking of the limb, after the nest was vacated, in an autumnal gale.

But birds' nests are not exclusively our theme, though the same question may arise at every step as to where instinct ends and reason begins. In the modes of procuring food, the habits of migration, the precautions for defence of the young, the wonder meets us. Who ever studied the house-martens without delight and astonishment? The erection of bird-houses has ever been a practice, and the first twitter of the tenant's returning to them in April gives one a feeling of keen pleasure. It is so interesting to watch the tiny occupants as they inspect the premises before taking possession, and, when there is more than one apartment, the formation of neighborhoods before beginning spring housekeeping, often resulting in trouble, but ending in compromise! A friend of ours in Marion, Mass., has a perfect palace of a bird-house, with eight apartments, each with a separate and elegant portico, and each year they are all occupied. This year a bluebird has taken possession of one of the apartments, and has fraternized with his black brethren very cordially, symbolizing, it is supposed, the adoption of the fifteenth amendment among the birds.

We present the portrait of a singular bird,

whose earnest gaze and grave bearing suggest the wisdom that has ever been claimed for the species, though, like many of the human sort, who pass for Solons, the wisdom has small foundation in fact. The owl family has numerous ramifications, and of 150 known varieties more than forty are found

farmer's chickens, instead of his rats, in which case he is not to be encouraged for his virtues. He is an habitual night rover, and from this fact receives a bad name from good people who go to bed at sundown.

The accompanying portrait is one of the Long-Eared Virginian Owls, though the por-



LONG-EARED OWL.

in this country. The ancient Greeks and Romans consecrated the bird to Minerva, but his position has degenerated to a catcher of mice and such "small deer," and superstition places him among the birds of ill omen. This is unjust, however, for he does much good, where he does not take a fancy to a

trait would answer, from its general family resemblance, for the Cat-Owls of New England. This is a strong, bold and voracious bird, and deserves the detestation of the farmer, with whom he is constantly at war. The rifle has thinned out the race, however, very much, and the survivors are not so de-

structive. The Virginia Owl is, by nature, a terrible destroyer of game, snatching up grouse, partridges, hares, ducks, sparrows, squirrels, and other furred and feathered creatures, and sometimes striving after larger quarry. Of this the wild turkey is an especial favorite, but the turkey is a wary bird and understands the taste of the owl, therefore she is constantly on the qui vive for a raid. The usual mode in which the owl catches the turkey is to find out the spot where his prey roosts at night, and then to swoop down suddenly upon the slumbering bird before it awakes. Sometimes the owl is baffled in a very curious manner. When the turkey happens to be aroused by the approach of the foe it ducks its head and spreads its tail flatly over its back, and the owl, striking upon the slippery plain of tail-feathers, finds no hold for its claws, and glides off the back of its intended victim, which immediately dives into the brushwood before the owl can recover from its surprise at the unexpected failure.

The eared owl of New England is susceptible of being tamed, as we have proved in our own experience. We caught one when very young, and it soon became a pet, coming when called by night or day, and showing unmistakable affection. It would steal unscrupulously everything of a meat kind that it could "lay its hands on," and it was amusing to observe its mode of proceeding before making his meal. It would stand upon the morsel with claws deeply imbedded, look down upon it while swinging lazily to and fro, until appetite was fully whetted, and then it would make the pounce, gobbling up the titbit instantly. It died by drowning in a pall of water. The English eared owl is likewise susceptible to taming influence. An anecdote is told of a young owl that was put in the same closet with a cat and her kittens. Pussy regarded him at first with a very suspicious look, but the bird, feeling pleased with the dim light and pussy's soft warm coat, soon nestled up to her. This act of confidence on the owl's part appeared to affect the cat favorably, and she at once purred him a welcome. From this time they were fast friends, and many a mouse did he receive from the cat in common with her kitten. When he grew large enough, he used to sit on the side of her basket, and would never settle quietly for the night until the cat and her kitten were asleep. A warm affection grew up between the owl and the kitten, the only cause of discord being when

the latter would play with a living mouse. This evidently struck the owl as cruelty, and he would pounce upon the suffering animal and kill it in a moment; but he would never take it from his friend the kitten, when dead.

The white owl is the one best known in New England. Its plumage is very handsome, its breast of spotless white, and its habits social. At least its instincts lead it to come near human habitations, and it is no infrequent thing to have one of this description enter our cities, and, perching on some high pinnacle of a church or otherwise, provoke observation while gravely surveying things going on beneath him.

We also present a view of the nest, or barracks, of the Weaver Bird, one of the most remarkable of the myriad structures made by the feathered tribes for the rearing and sheltering of their young. The Weaver Bird is a social little body, and loves neighborhood. These birds congregate in large families, of five or six hundred, and live together in one harmonious community. As if on a contract many hundreds of them club together, and build an immense roof on the side of a tree, or perhaps several, one above the other. This they make of stalks, leaves, etc., with a cement of clay, so thick and strong that it is impervious to the rain, and a warm and comfortable habitation for the little builders. We wish we could refer the reader to a weaver bird's nest in illustration, but the weaver bird is a native of Africa, and we have therefore to content ourself with a simple engraving of the nest, which hardly does justice to the perfect honeycomb arrangement of the huge fabric when completed.

When the structure has been finished by the united labors of the combination, the under surface of the roof is divided among the members, and they commence building their nests beneath this shelter. Each of these dwellings has its own entrance, but it sometimes happens that one door serves for three windows, for one apartment is on the right, another on the left, the third in the background. Some of the neighbors are on such friendly terms that they allow one doorway to serve for two families. Then there seems to have been some calculation as to the expense of construction, seeking to economize in the expense to the individual, as each one makes use of his neighbor's side wall as a portion of his own house, yet the additions are so contrived as never to leave the thin partition walls exposed to the weather.

The nests, which are about three inches in diameter are formed of the finer leaves and grass than the roof, very closely woven, and the inside of them is lined with down. As the population increases new nests are built over the old ones. Those which have been forsaken are turned into streets and avenues leading to new structures. The naturalist Vaillant examined one of these roofed cities and counted in it 320 houses or

of flight, and remain empty until the next season. When and where this association is formed it is not known, or if it is dissolved and a new one formed each season. This would be a most interesting point to ascertain.

The Mandarin Duck is the most beautiful member of the duck family, and a more magnificently clothed bird is rarely to be found than the drake when in his best dress. The female is plainer. The crest of the male is



THE WEAVER BIRD'S NEST.

nests. Each of these must have contained one pair, making a colony of 640 members. It would be interesting to watch the proceedings of such a community for the course of the year, especially to note the mode of managing the young among so many. How nice the instinct must be to keep the families from mixing and getting confused in such a mass. It is supposed that the barracks are deserted when the young ones are fledged and capable

varied green and purple upon the top of the head, the long crestlike feathers being chestnut and green. From the eye to the beak the color is warm fawn, and a stripe from the eye to the back of the neck is soft cream. This duck is a native of China, and are held in such esteem that they can hardly be obtained at any price, the native disliking to see them pass into foreign hands. A gentleman who wrote to China for a pair received

in answer that it "would be easier to send him a pair of mandarins than a pair of mandarin ducks." This bird has the power of perching, and it is a curious sight to watch them perched on the branches of trees over-

their lofty cradle to the ground or water. Such a nest has been found at an elevation of twenty-five feet from the ground, and one has been known to take possession of a deserted crow's nest in an oak tree. The mode



THE MANDARIN DUCK.

hanging the water. This latter peculiarity is held somewhat in common by the Mallard, which sometimes builds her nest in a tree at some elevation from the ground, so that when her young are hatched she is driven to exert all her ingenuity in conveying them from

of hatching out ducks in China is by placing the eggs in boxes of hot sand, and keeping them in the house or boats in the river. Some of these boats, it is said, will be stepmother to three or four hundred ducks, and the number, as must be imagined, is very great.

COVENT GARDEN MARKET.

Our illustration represents one of the very few market places in the great city of London, a pillar of the portico of St. Paul's Church at the right. It represents a busy scene, the day before Christmas, when people are out buying their green decorations for the great festival on the morrow. Here are to be had the spruce, holly, mistletoe, and Christmas trees, now so popular, the latter introduced by the late good Prince Albert, a graft of German custom of great antiquity. To Covent Garden Market, at this time, come the rich and the poor to make their votive purchases, and the market presents a festival appearance with its array of dress, enlivened by the busy tongues of sellers and buyers.

Covent Garden Market proper is an extensive square piece of ground opposite St. Paul's Church. Although twice almost rebuilt, the east front of this church is that designed by Inigo Jones, for the Duke of Bedford of that day, who, wishing to erect a place of worship for his tenants, suggested that "one not much better than a barn" would do. The architect replied that he should have the handsomest barn in Europe; and he kept his word, for St. Paul's Church, Covent Garden, was built after the model of a Tuscan temple, and was long after extravagantly praised. The market, the property of the Duke of Bedford, and not leased out, yields a large clear annual revenue. The grandfather of the present duke, in 1880, reconstructed and built the present market at a cost of £50,000. It consists of three sides of a quadrangle, with a Doric colonnade around it, supported by granite columns. Its arrangements are in divisions suitable to the salesman, the purchaser and the visitor. The productions of the hothouse, and of the growth of those who spare no expense in producing the finest fruit in all seasons of the year, and flowers, herbs and vegetables of the best kind are here exhibited for sale. The promenade in the avenue, in which the best fruit shops are situated, affords a very gratifying sight to the visitor. Above the entrance on the eastern extremity are galleries for the sale of plants and flowers of a superior description. Every bit of ground on the north part is utilized by a lower grade of salespeople; and early in the morning, up to noon, all

round the market there occurs, what Londoners are accustomed to and seem to delight in, a "block." The afternoon affords a very agreeable inspection and instructive promenade. But it is early in the morning, long before average Londoners get out of bed, just when the fruit season has set in, that Covent Garden Market is exhibited to the best advantage. The bustle and confusion is bewildering. It is almost as great as Christmas approaches—quite as much so for two or three days previously, for then the market shows its wealth of green.

The spectacle then presented is eminently suggestive of the old English custom of "bringing home the Christmas." The holly bough salutes us in every direction, and we are once again reminded that this evergreen is especially recommended to the general estimation by the picturesque forms of its dark glossy leaves, and the ornamental nature of its clusters of rich red berries. In addition to the holly, for a cheerful embellishment of this gay season, we have the laurel, the bay, the mistletoe and the ivy. The laurel and the bay were dedicated even by the ancient Greeks and Romans to all purposes of joyous commemoration, and Christians, borrowing the custom from them, have used their branches as emblems of peace, of victory and of joy. Of course, their application is obvious to a festival which includes them all. The ivy has nearly gone out of fashion, which is to be regretted, for it has many claims on our sympathies. In Herrick's time, however, it was a great favorite, and was invariably mingled with the laurel and holly.

But the supply of all descriptions of evergreen plants is abundant; and as we gaze upon the animated scene of their sale, to be dispersed among thousands of happy homes, and think of the many generations that have come and gone since the fragments of an ancient ceremonial were appropriated by the latest theological dispensation, we might very safely conclude that there are worse places for meditation than Covent Garden Market the day before Christmas. The market itself has ever been resorted to by purchasers of Christmas garlands.

The sale of evergreens at Christmas time in our own city is very extensive, probably rivaling that of Covent Garden, for we are



COVENT GARDEN MARKET AT CHRISTMAS.

getting to accept all the incidents of Christmas, and caste is endangered where the wreath or cross does not adorn the windows. But our devotion extends, ridiculously enough,

months beyond Christmas, and long after Lent will be seen in some windows the faded symbols of Christmas, as if pining at the thought of such inattention.

A REPUTATION AT STAKE.

BY MRS. R. E. EDSON.

PART SIXTH.

CHAPTER XVI.

WEST INGRAHAM, Esq., sat in his office in a rather disagreeable frame of mind. There was no apparent reason for this mental disturbance that one could see. He had more business than he could well attend to; he was in perfect physical health; his finances were in the most satisfactory condition, and his fame was spreading itself like a green bay-tree. And yet he was in the dumps. I am sorry to record it, because he was such a grand specimen of an earnest, upright, pure-hearted man. So strong, too; so impregnable against temptation, so fearless and energetic in whatever he undertook. But it is always my fortune to have my heroes go back on me, and after I have been to a good deal of trouble to set forth their virtues and manifest perfection, to do something which proves them only a piece of the common clay, after all. It is rather annoying, not to say disheartening.

Mr. Ingraham had taken a violent and unreasonable antipathy to the Rev. Mr. Russell. He "wondered what people saw so very attractive in the man—everybody seemed to put themselves out to praise him up to him lately—and as for his preaching, he thought it altogether too emotional, not to say sensational"—and everybody knows what an overwhelming term of reproach that latter word has got to be.

He was led into this train of thought because he had met a few hours before Mr. Russell and Mrs. Huntington riding in a coach. He didn't see her, but of course Mrs. Huntington's daughter was there also. He wondered if he took all his lady parishioners out driving, and was generally as assiduous in his attentions as he was to them. A low light rap interrupted these pleasant reflections, and brought him to his feet. He opened the door very promptly; he never made his callers wait under a pretence of being so immersed in business that he didn't hear till they repeated their summons three or four times.

"Good-afternoon, Mr. Ingraham?" said a quiet, ladylike voice, and one of those abom-

inable brown masks known by the general name of veils, which make all women's faces look like bronze casts, was thrown aside, and revealed, greatly to his astonishment, not to mention any other emotion, the beautiful, brilliant face of Grace Huntington.

"Miss Huntington?" he exclaimed; then he wheeled out a chair and tried to look unconcerned and indifferent, and to appear so, in which attempt he failed most lamentably. I think Grace saw it, and maybe took a sort of malicious pleasure in it. Something certainly brought a sudden pleasant light to her eyes which was not there when she came in.

"Mr. Ingraham," she began at once, "can you give me your professional attention for a short time?"

"With pleasure," he responded, with perhaps a little unnecessary fervor.

"I have come to you in this matter because you were my father's friend," she said, "and because I did not like to go to a stranger with what may be only fancies. You know, of course, of my father's insolvency?"

"What! You surprise me, Miss Huntington. Can it be possible that this is true?" he asked, in astonishment.

"Yes, everything has been given up, and Chestnut Villa is in the hands of the creditors"—a slight flush rising to her forehead as she went on. "I want to go back to the time Mr. Gates entered into the business. Up to that time everything was favorable so far as I know. I think it was three months after this when I overheard my father and Mr. Gates talking of embarrassments. Shortly Mr. Gates went South, found things in a very unsatisfactory condition, was compelled to sacrifice largely, and closed up the business. The night after he returned with the money he had been able to get out of this very dilapidated business, the safe was broken open and robbed of every dollar in it, and some besides."

"I see," he said, with an approving nod. His professional interest was roused, and his embarrassment was rapidly disappearing.

"Then," she resumed, coloring slightly, "Mr. Gates proposed marriage to me. My

refusal angered him, and he left me with an implied threat I did not then understand. I soon learned his meaning, however. He knew of my mother's previous marriage, and that she deserted her husband. He went to my father and told him the story, making it appear as he chose, and intimating that the man was yet living. You know something of my father's pride and passionate, implacable temper. I will not dwell upon this portion of the story, since you know how it resulted. Something like two months ago Mr. Gates withdrew from the business, as you know. He had previously married Miss Montgomery and bought your cousin's estate."

"Why haven't you put this matter into some one's hands before this?" he interrupted, excitedly, rising and pacing the floor.

"You forget the relations existing between us," she said, in a low pained voice, "and only *his* misfortune impels me to do it now."

"Pardon me for speaking so thoughtlessly," he said, in a tone of regret and sympathy. "Besides, my action before the failure would have been premature."

"And to-day, since my mother's departure—"

He looked up questioningly.

"She has gone to him," she said, quietly. "Since she left a woman came to me with a story which is not pleasant for me to tell, but I suppose it is necessary, in order for you to thoroughly understand the case."

Then, as briefly and delicately as possible, she repeated the piece of history Mrs. Orley had revealed to her.

"I had no one to advise me," she said, when she had closed the recital, "and I thought perhaps, as he was an old acquaintance you might—be—be—"

"What, my dear Miss Huntington?" he asked, kindly, coming and standing before her.

"Willing to undertake this case," she replied, faintly.

"With all my heart," he responded, with such fervent sincerity that one could not doubt. "You are sure you have told me everything you know having any bearing on the matter?" he said, thoughtfully.

"Unless it is the conduct of Dick Mallory," she said, hesitatingly. "I presume that is only my fancy, I have thought about this so much," smiling just a little wearily.

"Leave it all with me now—let me do the thinking," he said, eagerly; "you have borne too much already."

"I think I will," she answered, feeling a sudden sense of delight and security in this resting and leaning on his greater strength. "But about Mallory. He was, as perhaps you remember, the watchman in the building at the time of the robbery, and was discharged at once by my father for neglect of duty. Last June Mallory sent to us, by Mr. Russell, the sum of one hundred dollars, saying it was a debt he owed to my father. Now I know father never loaned money to his men, and though I have no thought Dick committed the robbery, it has occurred to me that possibly he might have known or suspected who did it, particularly if it was Gates."

"Miss Huntington, you should join the profession at once!" he declared, with such very evident admiration—professional, of course—that Grace for the first time lost her composure and blushed vividly.

"Now, where can I find this Mallory, do you think? Is he at Arcadia?" he asked.

"No, I think not, but Katie Leeds is," she said, with a laugh.

"Ah!" he said, laughing also. "I think I comprehend. Well, I don't see why I cannot go up to Arcadia at once—say to-night. The train which leaves at half past four will be in Albany before midnight. That will give me a night's sleep, and a chance for the first train for Arcadia in the morning, with the enticing prospect of an early interview with Miss Leeds as an inspiration. What do you say—shall I do so?"

"I am going to leave everything to you," she said, with such a beautiful confiding smile that West Ingraham was lifted to the seventh heaven—a heaven from which Mark Russell, minister though he was, was shut out and utterly forgotten.

I have a strong suspicion that Mr. Ingraham was in love; has such a thought occurred to you, reader? He certainly exhibits some of the admitted symptoms in such cases made and provided. Alas! another evidence that my hero is only human.

Mrs. Huntington stood by the window of the ladies' room in the Albany railway station, waiting for the morning train for Arcadia, when West Ingraham passed the door, saw her, turned hastily and came in.

"How happens it you are here?" he asked. "I thought you took the morning train from the city yesterday."

"I did, but we were delayed by an accident happening to a freight train in advance of us, and did not reach here until dark, and so I,

being very tired, waited for daylight. Are you going to Arcadia, Mr. Ingraham?"

"Yes. I am going with you, if you will let me. Perhaps I can be of some assistance to you, and I wish to see Mr. Huntington."

"You know—"

"I know all about it, my dear Mrs. Huntington," he interrupted, gently. "Your daughter told me. I saw her yesterday."

Mr. Ingraham went with her into the car, but when she was seated he said:

"I have a little business to attend to, I will be in by-and-by;" thus delicately taking himself off, lest his presence might in some way embarrass her at a time when she needed, he felt, the tenderest consideration.

Just before they reached Arcadia he came in and sat down by her.

"You will want a close carriage," he said; "it will be pleasanter for you."

"Thank you for the suggestion; yes," she replied, with a grateful look.

"I will get it for you; you need have no care about it. And now shall I go with you, or do you prefer going alone? Do not hesitate about telling me. If you would like to have me take the responsibility of all inquiries, and so forth, I will gladly do it. If you would feel more at ease without me, I will leave you after seeing you in the carriage."

"I should like to have you help me find Mr. Huntington, I shrink so from seeing these people, but I—I don't know how he will receive me," she said, in an agitated tone, "and I would rather—"

"My dear madam, you did not suppose I intended intruding myself at your meeting, I hope. It would be an unpardonable rudeness in me to do so. I only wish to know where Mr. Huntington is. I am not ready for my business with him yet."

"I shall not forget your kindness, Mr. Ingraham," she said, in a choked voice.

In a low wood-colored farmhouse, with small old-fashioned windows, and bare white floors and smoke-stained walls, in a low rush-bottomed chair, by the kitchen fire, sat Richard Huntington, his arms crossed listlessly on his breast, and his eyes downcast, with a dreary, hopeless look in their gray depths.

"Papa," said a childish voice, with a little trill of excitement in it, "there's a covered carriage coming right up under the windows. You don't suppose it's my mamma and Grace come back again, do you? O, if only it was!" the soft eyes flashing with delight.

"Hush, my boy," was the reply. "No, no, I don't deserve that," he added, as if to himself.

There was a sudden round of carriage wheels and Theo ran towards the window.

"Why, it has gone back again, papa!" he exclaimed, in a surprised, disappointed tone. But just then the door slowly opened. Theo turned quickly, his face flushed, and with a little hysterical "O mamma!" he sprang across the floor.

Richard Huntington rose slowly to his feet, trembling in every limb. The sunshine came through the small high windows and fell full upon him. O, how old, and wan, and haggard he looked! He lifted his eyes in a weak, hopeless way to the face of the handsome fresh-looking woman who stood just inside the door, her cheeks flushed, her eyes shining, holding her boy to her heart.

"Now come to papa," Theo cried, suddenly unclasping his arms. "You see papa isn't very well," he added, with a touch of the old gravity in his face.

"Richard," she said, "*may I?* Is there any welcome in your heart for me?"

"You don't mean that you would come back to me now, Amy?" he asked, incredulously, but nevertheless leaning eagerly forward for her answer, the muscles about his mouth twitching convulsively.

"Now—any time when you will let me; any time when you will take me back," she said, pantingly.

"But I am ruined—I am penniless; I haven't even a roof of my own to cover my head."

"That is how I dared come, Richard. I thought maybe you would take my love, now you had lost all the rest," she said, gently.

"Amy, you don't mean to tell me you love me after all this?" he cried, a sudden glow overspreading his face, and something of the old fire leaping to the gray eyes.

"Richard, I have never ceased to love you for a single instant—I could not!"

She looked up; he held out his arms.

"I don't deserve it," he said, brokenly. Then he strained her to his bosom with a sudden, wild, passionate force, and then as suddenly his arms relaxed, and he sank back into his chair, his face deathly in its whiteness.

"O Richard! my dear husband, you are weak and ill; why did you not send for me?" she cried, bending over him in swift alarm.

"Send for you? O my wife—if only I had

dared! I thought you hated me—why didn't you? Didn't I give you cause enough?" he asked, almost sharply.

"No," she said, with a beautiful smile, "there never could be cause enough for that!"

"Don't!" he cried. "I cannot bear it—these coals of fire. Amy, I know it all, now, the story I would not listen to when you implored me to hear you. She wrote it all to me—all you didn't know as well."

"Who wrote it to you, Richard?" she asked, faintly; "not his wife, not Luke Venner's wife?"

"And don't you know yet?" he asked, wonderingly. "It was *you* who was Venner's wife. He only told you that story to torture you."

"But, Richard, he not only told me so, but he showed me his marriage certificate, and it was dated more than a year previous to mine, which he said one of his friends made out at his request, to hoodwink my father. How fervently I thanked God then, *he was* not alive to know of my disgrace."

Mr. Huntington took a crumpled and stained letter from his breast-pocket and put it in her hands.

"The Margaret Gardner you used to know, and the Mrs. Orley who kept house for me, are one and the same, and she sent me that," he said. "Thank Heaven the reading will bring you relief, instead of bitter remorse, as it has brought me."

He sat and watched her changing face as she read, saw the soft glow steal into her cheeks, and an unconscious pride light up her dark eyes.

"And this is the pure, delicate, loving spirit I crushed with the iron heel of my anger and pride," he said, under his breath, "and I, what I was—what I am!" a faint groan breaking from his lips. But she did not hear, for just then she dropped the letter with a little cry of joy.

"Thank God! thank God! At last I can look the world in the face without a blush—my reputation is no longer at stake! O Richard! if you could know how I have suffered all these years; haunted with a perpetual fear of discovery—not of my sin, but of my misfortune, fearing the world's scorn and disbelief, fearing, most of all, yours, my husband. I am a free woman at last! There is no stain on my name; and, Richard, I do not come to you now begging for a place in your heart and by your side; I come and take it as

my *right*, and I *will* not be cast off. Henceforth, under all circumstances, I shall keep boldly at my post."

She stood erect, her eyes soft yet flashing, a very queen of a woman, the barrenness and poverty of her surroundings detracting nothing from her innate royalty of spirit and bearing.

"But if I were unworthy, or even guilty, would you stay by me then?" he asked, with strange sudden eagerness, looking wistfully in her face.

"Nothing but death can ever separate me from you," she said, solemnly.

CHAPTER XVII.

WHEN West Ingraham left Mrs. Huntington at the farmhouse he bade the driver take him at once to the residence of Katie Leeds. He found that young lady engaged in the praiseworthy occupation of cleaning the pantry. I doubt if she was particularly glad to see him at just that time. I doubt if any woman ever is greatly delighted with callers under such circumstances, even if it be the handsomest and most fascinating man imaginable; or if she very fully appreciated the politeness and suavity of his manner. I incline to the opinion that she was thinking a great deal more of her soiled and unbecoming dress, uncombed hair, and water-soaked hands, than of anything about Mr. Ingraham's looks or manners.

Gentlemen calling on ~~these~~ fair friends at unseasonable hours will please make a note. Don't repeat that ~~whole~~ nonsense about a "lady's being always at her ease, and self-possessed under any circumstances." I don't believe the woman has yet been born who can sit down in her "old gown," her hair twisted up in a "pug," her hands like overgrown wrinkled marrowfat, with a decided parboiled feeling about them, and feel, or appear, as well as if she was dressed up in her double-skirted, ruffled taffeta (which she *knows* is becoming), with a bow at the throat, and her hair in "crimps." I wouldn't believe such an unreasonable thing if I said it myself.

But Katie, as I think I have previously mentioned, had a very decided weakness for young Dick Mallory. And so when Mr. Ingraham began to talk about him she rather forgot about the rent in the side of her shoe which she had been trying to keep out of sight under her skirts, and listened with a pleased face while that gentleman called him

"a fine young fellow," and when he inquired, very carelessly, where he was now—that is, if she had heard lately, she replied very promptly that Dick was at Syracuse, and that he was "doing tiptop." He expressed great satisfaction, saying that he used to know him, and he thought of getting him to do a little job for him if he wasn't engaged. Possibly he might take a run out to see him. That was all, he wouldn't detain her longer, but would mention to Dick, if he saw him, that he had called on her. Then he talked a moment about the weather, the news of the neighborhood, etc., and took his departure.

That same evening he was closeted with Dick Mallory at his boarding-house in Syracuse for two hours.

"I will send you word when I am ready for you, and you will come at once to Arcadia," he said, when they stood together on the doorstep at parting.

"That I will," was the quick response. "I'm ready to bear my part of the blame; I've been a cowardly scoundrel not to do so before. But I'll do all I can to make up."

The next day Mr. Ingraham, instead of returning to Arcadia, or yet to New York, took some of the connecting central routes and went down to Reading, and from there to Williamsport. Two days afterwards he arrived in New York, and went at once to see Grace Huntington, even before going to his own house, where Aunt Mollie was in a fever of anxiety lest "something had happened to Mr. West," which was, by the way, a chronic difficulty with the simple-hearted old lady when her idol was out of her sight.

Grace had been in a fever of expectation for eight-and-forty hours. She hadn't slept nor ate a great deal in the time, and her pulses were going at a fearful rate. She had received a despatch from her mother, a simple "all is satisfactory, save your father's health, which is delicate."

She felt as if she could not stay away from him, but she must wait for Mr. Ingraham, and be governed something by this business. Perhaps she ought not to have undertaken it without first consulting her father; perhaps he did not want the business looked into, maybe his name would suffer as well as Gates's. But, then, Mr. Ingraham knew, and his judgment was reliable. She always came back to this; it was the anchor to which she clung in those long hours of anxiety, uncertainty and suspense. She had not told either Winnie or Mr. Russell, though she had seen

them both during the time. Somehow she shrank from telling any one but *him* of this. It was a sort of confidence between them. She was thinking of it in that light, a faint flutter of gratification in her heart, and a soft smile just curving the rich crimson of her lips, when he came. I think he suspected she was glad to see him, for he held her hands and looked down into her eyes, which conduct mere business relations didn't exactly demand.

"Well?" Grace said. "You see how curious I am; pray have the mercy to relieve my suspense as quickly as possible."

The least perceptible bit of coolness came into his face. Yes, that was it, she was simply curious about this business. Well, no wonder, she had a right to be, and he—well, he was a fool, that was all.

"I have met with the best of success—I have got proofs enough to convict Gates half a dozen times over. But before going further I must see your father and get his authority to proceed in the matter," he said.

"Have you seen Mallory?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes, and he is an invaluable witness. He awaits my summons to appear against him at any time. Why, it is the most transparent piece of villany that ever I saw! I don't see how it ever succeeded; it wouldn't if your father had looked it up sharp. But to begin with this robbery, though this was not properly the beginning. However, it is what I should advise the arrest to be made on.

"It seems that young Mallory, before he came to Arcadia, had sometimes drank to excess. He had joined some sort of temperance organization, and probably Gates knew the whole story—he has a peculiar faculty for learning things, I judge. The night he came home from his Southern collecting tour—of which more anon—he gave Mallory a bottle purporting to contain two spoonfuls of brandy mixed with cayenne, he having taken a like quantity from the bottle, to scare away the chills during a night ride on his way home. He gave it to him, remarking that it would warm him up—it was a chill raw night, you remember? It was the night I first saw you, and so I remember," he said, suddenly lowering his voice. But Grace said perversely:

"It was a chill raw night"—go on."

"And that if he was not so temperate," he continued, composedly, "he would advise him to drink it. As it was he would give it to him, and he could do what he chose with it

—throw it in the river if he didn't want it. Well, after he had gone, and left the bottle in Mallory's hands, the old appetite rose up within him. I think, by the fellow's story that he struggled hard to overcome it, but the end of it all was he drank the liquor, as Gates very well knew he would, though he probably drank it sooner than he calculated on. Mallory says it had a "strange taste." Of course it was drugged, two spoonfuls of brandy would not make a man insensible for four or five hours, as Mallory says he was. The first thing he distinctly remembers was of looking up from the room where he was lying and seeing a light in the office. His first thought was that Mr. Huntington had not yet returned home. Then, as the confusion of his brain wore off, he remembered that he had left—that he waited for him to do so—before he took that draught, which he now began dimly to realize had had a very strange effect on him. His next thought was of fire, and this roused his still dulled and bewildered faculties to that degree that he sprang up and started to go out. He then realized for the first time that his lantern was out, though he was sure he left it burning, and what was more, he was unable to find it by groping about in the dark. He looked up at the office window and it was all black pitchy darkness. Could it be his half-wakened fancy had imagined it? He started out, feeling his way, and had got as far as the outer door opening at the foot of the stairs, when the door was quickly but cautiously opened from the inside, and Mr. Gates, with his lantern in his hand, turned very low and carefully shaded, came out. He started violently and then said, laughingly:

"How you startled me, my good fellow! I had to return with Mr. Huntington, who by the way has just gone out—I suppose of course you saw him?—and so took your lantern, not seeing you about; here it is; keep a good lookout for burglars, for we've got a little more money on hand than I like to have, though Mr. Huntington thinks it's perfectly safe. Be sure you don't go to sleep.' And with a light laugh he hurried away.

"Mallory says he had no suspicion that all was not right till he went back into the little room where he usually sat when not going his rounds, and saw that it was near one o'clock. Then, even, he did not think of a robbery, but rather doubted about Mr. Huntington's having been there at that late hour. Immediately on the discovery of the burglary the

next morning, Gates came to him and said: "I'm sorry you didn't keep any better lookout, Dick, particularly when you knew about the money. You are sure you heard nothing during the night?" This more as a command than a question.

"Not after I saw you, sir," he replied.

"I do not think you saw me, Mr. Mallory," he said, in an odd tone. 'I do not think you saw or heard *anything*. But still if you insist that you did, I shall feel obliged to mention the circumstance that I very unwisely let you know that we had a good deal of money there. You see what the natural conclusion would be. I suppose, also, that my word would go very much further than yours. Of course it would pain me greatly to do this, but if you force me to it, why you must expect to take the consequences.'

"Mallory says he shall never forget the cruel look that was in his eyes when he said this. The consequence was that he kept silence about the affair, though he says he knew from that moment who the guilty party was, and has never taken a moment of peace since, feeling as if he was himself equally guilty, for two reasons; first, in suffering himself to be tempted by his appetite, and secondly, by keeping back what he knew and saw. The only thing he could do to satisfy his conscience was to return the money, and he was working with all his might, determined to save every dollar till he had enough to pay it all up to Mr. Huntington. So much for Mallory's story.

"I next went to Williamsport and Reading and saw Mr. Copley. Your father told me about Copley's conduct at the time I was in Arcadia, also about Gates's settling up the business both in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and the sacrifice he was obliged to make in order to do so. I had some doubts about it at the time, but he seemed quite satisfied, and it was none of my business. I found Mr. Copley to be a man of strict integrity and probity, a man well known and implicitly trusted in the community where he resides. His statement—most abundantly corroborated—is that he never lost a dollar on any sales made for Mr. Huntington, and he himself paid into Gates's hands sixteen thousand dollars. He knew of five thousand more he had received at Princeton for the carriages sold to go South, which was, by the way, a far better price than Mr. Huntington had expected to get. Gates stated to him that Mr. Huntington was dissatisfied with his way of

conducting his business, and desired him to close it up at once, which was done.

"From the fact that he brought back but fourteen thousand and seventy-seven dollars, you see there were some six or seven thousand unaccounted for. Copley said he went to Trenton from Reading, and so I just ran up and took the pains to inquire if he had, at such a time, made any investment of funds at any of the banks, and found, not at all to my surprise, that seven thousand dollars had been deposited in the — Bank to the credit of Mr. Edmund Gates on the twenty-fifth day of October last. Two months later there is another entry of the same amount, but the whole was withdrawn last April, just previous to the date of his marriage and the purchase of the Morley property in Arcadia.

"I propose to return immediately to Arcadia, acquaint Mr. Huntington with the facts, and have Gates arrested at once. I expect in the meantime to find other proofs of his villany, and his conviction is, I think, sure. And now I must go. I hope you approve of what I have done, and are not sorry you trusted me?" he asked, rising.

"I am more than satisfied, Mr. Ingraham," she replied, cordially. "I have little to promise you, now, but if it is decided as you think, you shall be liberally rewarded both for your kindness and promptness, as well as your zeal and ability."

"Miss Huntington," he said, coloring, "this is the first time the thought of payment has ever occurred to me."

"But it is right and reasonable it should, nevertheless."

"Grace, I did it because you asked me to," he said, with sudden warmth. "Perhaps I did want you to feel indebted to me—I hoped it would soften your heart towards me."

"O Mr. Ingraham," she interrupted, gayly, "here is my good friend, Mr. Russell, coming up the street. I have not told him a word of this; I can now, can I not?"

He looked up with a sort of cool surprise.

"I cannot imagine why you should ask me as to how far you should give your confidence to Mr. Russell, Miss Huntington," he said, stiffly. "Good-morning."

An expression of mingled pain and delight crossed her face, followed by a soft warm glow, but she did not tell Mr. Russell the business she had proposed; indeed she seemed so absent and nervous that Mr. Russell soon took his leave, he having only called to leave a note from Winnie, conveying the intelligence that

another letter had been received from Arthur, in which he wrote that he had received a letter from a New York publisher wishing to engage him to write a series of articles on California, also upon such other topics as he might be inclined to take up. Some articles which he had written for the "Alta California," had met and attracted the gentleman's attention, hence his proposition. The payment would be very liberal, and he had accepted the offer. Appended to this Winnie wrote:

"I know, dear Grace, this will make you as proud and happy as it does me. My heart is so full I can only say over and over, softly, to myself, 'thank God! thank God!'"

Two days afterwards Grace received a despatch from West Ingraham, saying Gates had been arrested that morning, and requesting her to come to Arcadia immediately, adding that her father wished to see her.

It was two o'clock, and she resolved to take the half past four train, which would leave her at Albany at eleven, or thereabouts. But before she went she must see Winnie a moment to talk over the good news from Arthur. Making her preparations as speedily as possible she took — Avenue on her way to the railway station, having just half an hour to spare for her call. To her great delight she found Mr. Russell making preparations to take the same train. He was going to Fonda, almost the whole distance, and the journey which had looked rather formidable before, instantly lost all its terrors. She related as briefly as she could the business which called her there, and the opinions of Mr. Ingraham in the matter. But not until they were in the cars, well on their journey, did she refer to the cause of the separation which had taken place between her father and mother. Somehow it seemed as if he had a right to know, he had been such a delicate, generous friend to them in their dark days. And so she told him the whole story, keeping nothing back, not even one item of Mrs. Orley's confession, though her eyes drooped and her cheeks burned when she concluded the painful recital. I think this must have been the reason that she did not notice the strange look that had been growing for the last fifteen minutes in her companion's face. The soft golden-brown eyes were absolutely black, and the smiling genial face was pale and grave, with a sort of unsuppressed eagerness in it.

"Grace," he said, abruptly—he had never called her Grace before—"I have a favor to

ask of you; it is that you go with me to see this Gates as soon as we reach Arcadia, to-morrow."

Something unusual in his tone struck her, but she only said:

"Certainly, if you wish me to. I thought you were going only as far as Fonda, though."

"I have changed my mind," he said, with a faint smile.

I think there was very little sleep came to either of our travellers, though the train got in on time, and there were six long quiet hours before the gong sounded for breakfast.

Mr. Edmund Gates was not to have his trial for a week, as witnesses had to be summoned from some distance, and in the meantime he was put in charge of the sheriff, and thither Mark Russell and Miss Huntington went at once when they reached Arcadia.

"Ah! this is an hour I had not anticipated," Gates said, coolly, when Grace, accompanied by Russell, entered the room. But notwithstanding his suave tone, a hot angry fire leaped to his eyes.

"I am particularly gratified," he continued, "because I understand this to be done at your suggestion, Miss Huntington. It is so pleasant to know whom to thank for favors. Not wishing to be behindhand in generosity, I make haste to say that it pains me very much to relate that there is a slight impediment in the way of your contemplated marriage with your good friend, the popular and eloquent young divine."

A hot flush rose, not only to Grace's face, but also to Russell's. An exultant smile parted Gates's lips.

"I am pained for you," he said, in a mocking tone, "indeed, my tender heart has kept me all this time silent, even though I heard of the charming intimacy growing up between you, and which could have but one *respectable* meaning. I hope things have not already gone too far; one doesn't like to marry his sister, or even enter into a *liaison* with her."

Mark Russell sprang to his feet, his face white as marble, and his eyes gleaming, and laid his hand heavily on Edmund Gates's shoulder.

"Tell me," he cried, in a clear, ringing voice, "if Grace Huntington is my sister, and tell me the truth, as you hope for Heaven's mercy for your many sins; now, sir!"

"I don't know as I have any desire to tell you anything but the truth, especially as you seem so desirous of hearing it," was the slow

answer. "The woman who deserted you, and murdered your father, because she was too good and pure and all that sort of thing to live with any one less perfect than herself, is the mother of this young lady, and the discarded wife of Richard Huntington."

The cruel exultant smile was still on his lips. At last he had struck Grace Huntington's heart, he thought. Mark Russell's face suddenly kindled; he let go his grasp on Gate's shoulder and turned to Grace, who had risen, and stood pale, stunned, surprised with the suddenness of the revelation.

"My dear Grace—my sweet sister," he said, joyfully. "I knew all this when you told me Margaret Orley's confession, for I remembered my mother's departure, child though I was, and I had not forgotten the name of Venner, though I had little love or respect for it. My Uncle James Russell—my great-uncle—gave me his name, and it was all he had to give, but I bless him for that, for it gave me a name I need not blush for. When he died I was taken to the orphan asylum, where I remained until I went to live with Mrs. Lester. I knew all this, dear, when you told me that story yesterday, but I wanted *him* to confirm it, and that is why I asked you to come here with me this morning. I intended having the truth out of him, some way, but did not expect to get at it so easily and quickly."

"O Mark, I am so glad!" Grace cried, with a little hysterical sob, hiding her tearful eyes on his shoulder.

"Mr. Gates, you have done us a greater favor than you thought," Mark said, turning towards him. "If it were possible to save you from the present trouble to which your crimes have brought you, and the ends of justice still be subserved, I should be tempted to try to do it, just because of this happiness you have given us."

They turned and went out, then, and the last glimpse Edmund Gates had of them she was leaning on his arm and smiling fondly and proudly—but with only a sister's fondness and pride—up into his face.

"They shall not complete their triumph," he cried, fiercely, "as sure as they think they are of it. I can elude them in one way—and I will!" And a vindictive gleam shone from his eyes, even while his bearded lips grew ashy and cold.

When Mark Russell and Grace reached the door they met Mr. Ingraham on the steps. He took a step forward, then caught sight of

Russell, and stopped and coolly awaited their approach.

"I heard you had come, Miss Huntington," he said, "and been driven up here. I was not aware you had an escort, however. I will only trouble you to say that your mother wishes you to come directly out to the old Allen farm—you know where it is?"

"Yes; but, Mr. Ingraham, I want your congratulations first," she said, with a bright smile. "Mark, come here, please, and acknowledge our new relationship. This is my brother, Mr. Ingraham; the child which my mother left did *not* die!"

Possibly there has been a more thoroughly happy man than West Ingraham was at that moment, but I rather doubt it, and so did he.

As the three rode out through the beautiful country road, the summer's greenness and the autumn's gold blending in soft harmony on the hills and in the sunny valleys, the warmth of summer and the glory of autumn blended in their hearts as well.

"The Montgomeries are wounded in a vital spot," Ingraham said, laughing. "Alicia has gone home and refuses to go to see her husband, and the whole family are in sackcloth and ashes for the 'family honor.'"

When they were alighting at the door of the little farmhouse, Mr. Ingraham said to Grace:

"Your father is falling, I think, very rapidly. I tell you this to prepare you for the change you are to see in him."

At that moment Mrs. Huntington came out, and for an instant mother and daughter were clasped in each other's arms. Then she turned and motioned for Grace to follow her, but she put out her hand.

"Mother, stop a moment. I want to ask you a question. What was your child's name—the boy whom Mr. Gates says died of grief and neglect?"

"His name was Mark, but why do you ask?" turning quickly.

"Only for this, mother—I have brought him back to you!"

By-and-by Mrs. Huntington lifted her tearful face from her son's breast.

"You forgive me, Mark?" she asked, wistfully.

"I have nothing to forgive, dear mother; this hour makes amends for everything the past has denied," he said, gently.

Grace had slipped quietly by them into the house, and when they came in a few moments later they found her kneeling by her father's

chair, one arm thrown about his shoulder, and her face buried in his bosom, while Theo's soft arms were about her neck, and he was kissing her hair and dress, and repeating over and over in a perfect passion of delight, "Gracie has come! Gracie has come!"

"She has forgiven me, Amy—our girl has forgiven me!" Richard Huntington said, looking up with a happy smile on his wan face. "You said she would, but I dared not believe it; I've never forgotten for a single hour the look that was in her face when she said that 'some day I might need help and pity, and the forgiveness and mercy I never gave,' and bade me ask it 'if I dared.'"

"Don't, father—dear father," Grace whispered, pleadingly. "I am sorry for it, now, and all I ask is your love and blessing. We will be happy together again, dear father."

"The mercy I never gave," he faltered; and covered his face with his hands.

CHAPTER XVIII.

MRS. LESTER and Winifred had been out for a walk. The evening—or rather late afternoon—was soft and lovely, and Mrs. Lester happened to remember just before they reached home that Mark had spoken to her about a parishioner of his who was ill, and wished her to look after her. She had been there once, and expected Mark would have been home ere this to attend to such duties himself, as she fancied the old lady was not quite satisfied with her as a substitute, as she talked continually of "Mr. Russell," and the comfort his calls always were to her. But nevertheless she decided to go, and so Winifred went on home alone. The sitting-room was a cosy sunshiny room, looking south and west. But the sunshine had faded out of it before Winnie came in, all save a faint amber glow that lingered like a benediction of peace. She had barely laid aside her hat, when a quick step came through the long hall which separated their tenement from that of another tenant's.

"The first door on the right," she heard Mrs. Marshall say, and the thought occurred to her that it was some one who had some business with Mark, who had been waiting in Mrs. Marshall's for them to come in. The quick steps paused, and there was an impatient rap, but before she could cross the room the door was flung open, and without so much as a "by your leave," little Winnie Lester was caught up in a pair of strong arms,

and very nearly strangled to death. She did, however, have barely time before this happened to cry out, "O Arthur!" in just the happiest, most delighted voice you ever heard. As to what happened afterwards I, if I know, am not going to tell. You would say it was "silly" if I did, and very likely it would be, only I am not quite sure *they* would agree with us.

Arthur Huntington had received a despatch from his mother, saying that his father was ill and wanted to see him. The railroad was so nearly done that he had got through in ten days, and he had only stopped to take Winnie along with him to Arcadia.

"Hadh't I better wait, Arthur?" she asked, softly. "He might not like to have me come; you can let me know if he does, and then I will come, gladly. But if he is ill I wouldn't like to do anything which would pain him ever so little."

"But I want you to go, Winifred," he said, gravely, so gravely that Winnie hardly knew the voice, and so she said no more, but set herself to get ready.

To Arthur's great delight he found Dick Mallory waiting for him at the station when they reached Arcadia. He had telegraphed that he was in New York, but had not mentioned when he should reach Arcadia. But if he had come in the three previous trains, or either of the ninety-nine succeeding ones, he would have found Dick Mallory there waiting, just the same.

"There's a good deal of excitement about this Gates affair in Arcadia, to-day," Dick said, when they had got well under way on the road.

"I suppose so," Arthur replied. "When is the trial to take place, or has it taken place already?"

"Don't you know?" he asked, in surprise. "Why, the judgment has taken place before the trial—he's dead," he said, in that awed tone we all unconsciously adopt when speaking of death.

"Dead?"

"Yes; that is what I meant by the excitement in Arcadia to-day. You see this was the day set for the trial, and Ingraham—I never saw such a fellow to ferret out things!—had got the most overwhelming proofs against him, enough to convict him twenty times over, and he knew it. When his counsel told him about it he smiled and said 'he didn't deny it, it was all true,' but added, 'nevertheless I shall escape.' He was confined

in Sheriff Ritchie's house, in a room fixed up expressly to keep prisoners under arrest in, before they come to trial.

"Well, between one and two o'clock there was a cry of fire and everybody was out in a hurry. We saw the flames bursting out of Ritchie's house the first thing, and made a rush for it with the two engines, but 'twas no use, we couldn't save it. But that was not the thing. After we had made sure the family were all out, somebody for the first time remembered that Gates was shut up in one of the rooms. The smoke and flame were rushing out of the windows, but when it lifted we saw something swaying against the burning building. Some of the boys dared the flames and went half way up a ladder, when the 'something' fell. It was Gates, and he was dead. He had fastened a rope round his waist, and attached it to a piece of chain, thinking to let himself down, after he had kindled the fire, and escape in the confusion, they expect. But the chain caught in an iron staple outside the window—and, well, I don't like to think of the terrible death he died, bad as he was," he concluded, with a shudder.

"And so," Mallory said, after a little pause, "the property is all your father's again—I mean all *he* had, and there is no need of a trial, for, as I said, the judgment came before it."

"How is my father?" Arthur asked, in that same strange grave voice which had once before startled Winnie, and did now, so that she reached out and touched his hand with a little shy, caressing, pitying touch. He smiled down tenderly in the face uplifted to his, but there was something grave, almost painful, in his face still.

"They think he is failing, sir. This trouble somehow seemed to break him all up; he just sunk right down under it. Miss Grace would have come to meet you, but he isn't willing she should go out of his sight," Mallory, said, soberly.

Richard Huntington had indeed failed, and the most careful nursing and the tenderest love were powerless before the steady, silent sweep of that incoming tide, whose returning waves should bear him out—out into the solemn unknown sea of eternity. He looked up eagerly when Arthur opened the door, lifted his arms, then let them fall suddenly, and turned away his face.

"I—I dare not!" he gasped. "I dare not ask for mercy from him—I never granted it!"

"Father, you need not ask it, I have forgiven you long ago," Arthur cried, quickly, coming and bending over him and clasping his hands. "I had too much need of forgiveness myself to withhold it from others."

"And so had I," was the quick cry, "but it only hardened me. I have something to tell you all, but how can I ever do it while you all forgive me? I never knew the meaning of 'heaping coals of fire on one's head' till lately," he said, with a faint groan.

There was a moment of silence, and then he said, half starting up, but holding to Arthur's hands with a pitiful clinging clasp:

"I must tell you now; I can't bear it any longer. I shall go crazy if I do. You see I wronged her, Winifred Lester and her mother, and that was why I hated them so, and why I was determined you should not marry the girl. 'You all thought it was because she was poor; it would been the same if she had been worth a million. It was the old stolen draft case, and I presented that draft and drew the money and put it into my business! I thought for a good while that I had cheated Heaven, and was prospering in spite of the declaration that the 'Lord will by no means clear the guilty.' You see I knew this Darrell, the servant of Gordon, years before. He came to me one morning and told me about the draft he had, and said I might have it for two hundred dollars. Gordon was sick, and wouldn't ever be any better, and he had nobody to leave the money to, and I might as well have it as any one. He knew I did business at the bank, and held an order of Lovell's payable there, at the time. I had casually mentioned it to him the night before, saying I was going to begin a little business with it in Arcadia. His plan was that I should present both checks, and if the cashier noticed it particularly, I should explain, and then of course I should not get it—that is, myself. But he calculated on the hurry of business at that hour, my known relations with the parties, and a certain forgetfulness which was a well-known failing in the cashier. I didn't listen to him at first, but I did at last, and the money on both drafts was counted out to me without a word, and only a casual glance. But even after I had drawn it I started half a dozen times to carry it back, but Darrell threatened to tell the whole thing if I did, and I waited and waited, till the story of the loss came out, and then I dared not tell. And so I kept this money and built up a fortune with it, and when it toppled and fell,

I knew it was God who had done it, no matter what instruments he used. The whole structure was riddled through and through with the arrows of divine recompense."

"Father," Arthur said, calmly, "I knew all this a year ago—or at least I was told it was so. I knocked down the man who told me the story, and for it I came near losing my life. Burke was one of Darrell's aliases."

"O my God! my punishment is greater than I can bear!" he cried, in a voice sharp with agony. "And I in my hardness of heart disowned and cast you off for it—for believing me better than I was! O my boy, is—is it possible that you can—can forgive me?" he faltered.

"Dear father! I have long since forgiven you, but here is the one you have wronged most, ask her. Winnie, my darling, come here."

She came quickly forward, her dusky blue eyes swimming in tears, and put both her pretty white arms about the neck of Richard Huntington and kissed him softly.

"We will never mention it again," she said, brightly. "We will let the dead bury its dead. I had rather have your love and approval, and—and," blushing brightly, "your consent to my union with your son, than all the money in the world."

He caught her hand and looked into her face with a wild fierce eagerness. He had not seen her till she stepped forward. She smiled softly; a quick glow overspread his face.

"My child—my darling!" he said, and folded her in his trembling arms.

A moment after, when she turned away, his lips moved faintly, and Grace, standing near, heard these words:

"The mercy I never gave!" scarcely above a breath.

But she remembered them, for they were the last words Richard Huntington ever spoke. He dropped into a sweet childlike sleep, from which he awoke, let us believe, to find yet another and more abundant forgiveness awaiting him from One whose love is as far above our love as the heavens are above the earth.

But though forgiven of men and of God, did he not still suffer loss? Was not his soul dwarfed and cramped by this sin, whose soil only the Infinite knows how long it shall take to efface?

After the funeral they all went back to New York. And one day very soon after,

West Ingraham made another effort to procure a housekeeper. But I think he had learned wisdom by experience, and this time he did not beat round the bush, but asked the woman he wanted, and whom he meant all the time when he was talking to her mother.

"I know of no man in the world I think so highly of," Grace said, smiling oddly, "unless it be my brother Mark."

"Grace," he cried, a sudden light dawning on him, "I believe you knew all the time how insanely jealous I was of Russell. Why, for two months I wouldn't go to hear him preach, though I had never missed a Sabbath before since he came here! But I can have no exceptions in this case, Grace. I shall not be satisfied with your 'thinking highly' of me, either. Aunt Mollie does that, and yet I don't propose to marry her."

"Ah? Perhaps you couldn't do better."

"Grace, don't you care for me, after all?" he asked, very humbly, so humbly that I am most sure it was a ruse.

All I am going to say is that it succeeded to a charm, to the unbounded delight and gratification of the plotter—and, quite probably, of his victim!

"Now I'll tell you a little secret which I heard at Arcadia the other day," Ingraham said, after he "came to himself." "I don't know how the story leaked out, but it did. It seems Frederic Montgomery sent a proposal of marriage to Miss Georgia Castlereagh, who returned an answer that she was already engaged to Rev. Mark Russell."

"To Mark!" Grace cried, in astonishment.

Just then the door opened and who but the same Mark, accompanied by Arthur Huntington and Winnie Lester—I beg pardon, Winnie Huntington, she having borne that title three whole days.

"Winnie, dear," Grace cried, hastily, "the secret of the 'Fonda exchanges' is out." And then she told the story with some embellishments and interpolations.

"But what could I do?" asked Russell, trying to hide his embarrassment at the sudden revelation of his secret which he had guarded so religiously. "Here is Winnie going to Chestnut Villa with her husband, who informs me that he has bought the old place back, and you and Ingraham wouldn't like to have a minister round always in the way, and Mother Lester goes with Winnie, and mother and Theo belong to us all by turns, so what can I do?"

"I don't exactly see," Grace replied, with assumed gravity; "but, my dear brother, are you quite sure your regard for Miss Castlereagh is not based on her grandfather? Are you positive that you 'love her for herself alone,' without the slightest reference to the bones of her ancestors?"

"And then there is Paul," interposed Winnie, "you're surely not going to desert *his* colors?"

At this moment a boy with very black eyes and very white hair came to say to Mr. Ingraham that he was wanted at the office "to once," to use his own expression.

"Why, that is the boy who brought my flowers!" Grace cried, in surprise, and then dropped her eyes in confusion.

"Yes," said Russell, quietly, "that is the boy I thought it was at the time. He is Mr. Ingraham's factotum; but of course I wasn't going to tell my friend's secrets."

The Huntington property, after all the debts were settled which the creditors held at the time of the bankruptcy, was about twenty thousand dollars, seventeen thousand of this they all firmly insisted should be settled on Winnie in payment of that old, old debt, the stolen draft. The remaining three thousand was put at interest for Theo.

"There is one thing I want to know, Mr. Ingraham," Winnie said, one day soon after the settlement. "Did you have any suspicion who had the money, when you gave up the case so suddenly, and without excuse?"

"Yes, Winnie, I knew. I saw the cashier, and he said—he is quite an old man, now—that it had been slowly impressing itself on his mind that Mr. Huntington presented both the drafts from Lovell. One he knew was his own, and the other might have been this. Perhaps I did wrongly to give it up as I did, but I couldn't go on with it—he was *her* father."

"West Ingraham," she said, enthusiastically, "I never admired you so much in my life as I do at this moment! I always knew you had a clear head and an unsullied conscience, and now I am sure your heart is right. And so you cared for her then, did you?"

"Cared for her! Why, Winifred, I have loved her from the first moment I ever looked in her face—how could I help it? my regal, beautiful darling!"

"O, spare me!" she cried, putting both hands over her ears in mimic entreaty.

VOICELESS.

BY GARRETT MAR.

Alas! my life is mute!—desire
Is mine—strong yearning; utterance never!
In dreams I snatch the tuneful lyre
And pour forth raptured words of fire;
In dreams I ray sweet influence round,
Till flowers seem springing from the ground,
And wake the same dull clod forever.

O soul of mine! hast thou no art
To testify thy mighty yearning?
In all things beautiful, thy heart,
In all things glorious—claims its part;
The sculptured form, the pictured face,
The poet's vision—all but trace
The thoughts within thee powerless burning.

And must this being never speak?
And must it perish unsuspected?
Are all its fierce attempts too weak,
Or only like the madman's shriek?
That when at last it utterance gains
Tells but of dungeon, scourge and chains;
To duress evermore subjected.

Ah well, rejoice ye souls that shine
With power God-given of self revealing.
Yours is a happier fate than mine;
In lifelong silence I must pine.
I hail you, brothers, kindred own,
Yet walk among you all unknown;
The fountain waits for death's unsealing.

WHY OUR WEDDING WAS POSTPONED.

BY N. P. DARLING.

"How are you, Althof?"

"Why, Thornhock, how do you do?" and my old friend grasped me by the hand. "You're looking finely, my boy. City life agrees with you, for a wonder."

"Yes," said I; "but, my dear fellow, when did you come in?"

"This morning, on the boat."

"And you were coming to see me?"

"Well, yes, if I could find time. I came in on business, you know, and that must be attended to first. Where can I see you this evening?"

"At No. 48 M— street. I'm boarding there. Bang-up place, my boy, but I shall stop there only for a short time longer—going to run an establishment of my own."

"What! you aint going to—"

"Marry? Well, I am. I've found the woman at last."

"Going to be married?"

"Yes. I've bought a house, and it's all furnished, and everything in readiness. Claribel selected the furniture. You shall see her to-night, so don't fail to come. We'll crack a bottle of wine together, and talk over old times. By the way, that's a splendid diamond ring, Althof. If I am not too inquisitive, where did you get it?"

"O, I'll tell you about that to-night. I bought it, but not in the regular way. It's a very valuable ring, but it isn't worth quite what it cost me."

"I've seen a ring very much like that."

"Have you, though? Indeed! Perhaps it was the very same. But never mind, I'll tell you all about it to-night, and in return you will introduce me to the lovely Claribel, for I suppose she is lovely, at least, in your eyes."

"You shall judge for yourself, Althof. She is one

———"whom to call

Pretty, were but to give a feeble notion
Of many charms, in her as natural
As sweetness to the flower, or salt to ocean."

"Indeed! Well, good-day, Thornhock. Don't forget that I'm coming to see you to-night, and so take your lady-love to the theatre, instead of remaining at home to entertain your friend."

"Never fear that. Good-morning," and Althof hastened down Broadway, while I strolled leisurely towards home.

Perhaps I may as well mention here, that I have the misfortune to be quite wealthy. I was once a very ambitious young man. It

was my intention, if possible, to make the name of Thornhock famous, but unfortunately for my good resolutions, my uncle, Timothy Kosh, died, and by his last will and testament I was made sole heir to his vast property. That smothered all my ambition. I had wealth, and it seemed to me that it was my duty to enjoy it.

Up to this time I had resided in P——, my native place, but after coming into my property, I thought that a winter in New York was just what my system required, and I packed up accordingly, and departed for Gotham.

It was at the fashionable boarding-house, presided over by the affable Madame De Lizma, that I first saw Miss Claribel Glaverneck. She was an orphan, and supported herself by her pen, she informed me. She said she was the author of that deeply interesting novel, entitled, "*Viola; or Sixteen times Divorced. A Tale of Chicago.*"

I never saw the work. It was sufficient for me to see the authoress. Knowing that she was an orphan, I could but pity her, and knowing my pity, she could but love me in return.

I escorted her to the theatre, and to the opera, and we rode together in the Central Park. I bought me a span of splendid horses, especially for that purpose, because I knew that Claribel was fond of riding. And she could drive, too, and liked to make a sensation, while holding the ribbons, by indulging in some rather fast driving.

I must confess that I was rather proud of her, and I fancied that the young men of my acquaintance envied me exceedingly. Such a really stylish woman could hardly be found in the whole city, as Miss Claribel Glaverneck.

One of my acquaintances insinuated that she cared more for my money than she did for me, but what cared I for such insinuations? The poor fellow was only envious, of course, and upon my honor I couldn't blame him.

Before I had known her a month, I was sure that she loved me. Every glance of her beautiful eyes, every action told me so. Ah! what exquisite bliss it is to feel that we are beloved by a beautiful woman! There's nothing like it, I assure you.

I remember one night—ah! shall I ever forget that night? Methinks not—we had been to a concert, and before retiring to our rooms, we went into the public parlor. No

one was there—we were alone. I had given her several strong hints before that time, regarding the state of my heart, but now, this night, I had determined to tell her all.

She seated herself upon the sofa and I placed myself beside her, and for several minutes, "the beating of our own hearts was all the sound we heard." This growing rather monotonous, I broke the silence with my own dulcet-toned voice.

"Claribel," said I, taking her little hand in mine, "Claribel, there is one thing that I can no longer conceal from thee, and that is my love. Perhaps you have suspected that I loved you, long ere this. I hope you have, for otherwise the shock to such a delicate organization as yours must be terrible. If you feel like fainting—if you experience a sensation of weakness in your spinal column, as though the marrow had all run out, just say so, and I will continue my story in the New York Ledger—excuse me, my dear, I am rather frustrated—I mean to say, that I will finish my declaration to-morrow morning if—"

"Go on, go on," she murmured.

"I will, my darling, I will. I have told thee of my love, O, canst thou, dost thou return it? Wilt thou be mine?"

She raised her glorious eyes to my face.

"How beautiful she looked! her conscious heart

Glowed in her cheek."

I was almost sure of her answer before, but I had the blessed certainty now. With a convulsive sob she buried her face in my bosom, and clasping her white arms around my neck, she answered in a voice between a chuckle and a sob:

"O Alexander, how have I longed for this hour! I do love you, and I will be thine."

"My love, give me thy lips."

We kissed—a lingering "sweetness long drawn out" was that first sweet kiss of love; and while our lips met, I slipped upon her finger the betrothal ring.

Let us drop the curtain. When that scene comes up before my mind's eye, I—well I lose all control of myself. Let us hurry on. I don't feel at all well, I assure you. "John, wet a napkin and bind it around my head. There, that will do;" and now we will return to my friend Althof.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when he arrived.

"Take a chair, my dear fellow, and help yourself to a cigar."

I don't know whether I have told you that Althof and I were schoolmates? Well, we were, and the friendship that we conceived for each other in our youth had never been allowed to grow cold.

And so we sat there in my parlor, smoking and chatting in a free and easy fashion, Althof telling me all the latest news from P—, who was married and who was soon to be, who was dead and who was ill, and in fact anything and everything that he thought might possibly interest me.

"And now about the ring," said I, when Althof declared that he had told me all there was to tell.

"O yes, the ring, to be sure. I had quite forgotten that. I wish I could find the owner of it."

"What! you told me you bought it."

"O yes, I paid for it, Thornhock, but I wasn't intending to purchase diamonds when I got this."

"Explain yourself, man. What do you mean by your did and your didn't?"

"Well, keep cool, my boy, and I'll tell you all about it, although I've never told the story before, and I wouldn't now except to a particular friend.

"Perhaps you didn't know that I was in town about a fortnight ago?" continued Althof, lighting a fresh cigar.

"No, of course not."

"I meant to drop in and see you, but I'd forgotten both the street and number, and so, as I couldn't call on you, I concluded to visit the theatre and pass the evening there.

"I went to Niblo's, and got a seat in the parquet, with an ancient looking female, who had evidently loved and lost a man, while she was in the bloom of her youth—for I am positively sure she had never been married—sat on my left hand side, while for a pleasing contrast, a magnificent young lady, dressed in the very height of the fashion, sat next me on the right.

"I imagined myself the personification of autumn (my gorgeous red hair answering for the 'glowing tints' of that most poetic season, you know), with the glorious summer on one side, and a bitter cold winter on the other. I believe this to be the most poetic fancy that ever flashed across this brain of mine, Thornhock, and therefore I consider it worthy of mention."

"Yes, yes, very good. Go on."

"O, don't be impatient, my dear fellow. I am going to tell you all about the affair, if

you'll only give me a chance, although I declare, to begin with, that I'd rather not."

"Well, I won't interrupt you again."

"Don't then, lest like Cesario in *Don Quixote*, I go mad," said he, tapping the ashes from his cigar.

"As I said before, the young lady on my right was a magnificent looking creature. If you will allow me to quote from Tom Moore, she seemed

"'As one, who knew her influence o'er
All creatures, whatsoe'er they were;'

and when she turned her dark eyes on me, upon my honor, Thornhock, I felt a thrill through every nerve.

"I am not a ladies' man, as you know. I admire the sex, of course, as what reasonable man does not, but I never possessed the power, or the inclination, to make myself extremely agreeable to them. I never courted a woman in my life, and until that night at the theatre, I don't know that I ever saw the woman whom I was extraordinarily desirous to call mine own.

"The young lady was accompanied by an old gentleman, who sat behind a large hooked nose, that resembled a parrot's bill, and who peered out at you through a pair of the blackest and most villanous looking eyes that I think were ever turned upon my face, whom I took to be her father, and I know I wondered at the time, how it could be possible that such a demoniacal looking old sinner *could* be the father of such a beautiful woman.

"Well, I kept one eye on the young lady and the other on the play, giving an occasional glance at the old gentleman's nose, to satisfy myself that he wasn't preparing to hook me up, and carry me off to the abode of the demons."

"Meantime I found that the old gentleman was keeping his 'evil eye' on me, though what he found to interest him in my very uninteresting face was more than I could imagine. I was very sure I had never seen him before, though it was possible that he thought mine a familiar countenance, and was trying to remember where he had seen it. Be this as it might, I became so exceedingly nervous under his steady gaze, that if the first act had been ten minutes longer, I should have been obliged to leave the theatre.

"But the curtain fell, the old gentleman whispered something to the young lady, then arose and went out, and I breathed free again.

"Will you allow me to look at your programme?" I said, turning to the young lady.

"She handed it to me, and as our fingers met, a tear fell from her dark eyes, and splashed upon the paper.

"I'm the most tender-hearted fellow in the world, where there's a woman concerned; and a woman in tears is a sight that I never could look upon unmoved, and especially such a woman as this.

"Lovely and gentle, and distressed—

These charms might tame the fiercest breast,

and mine isn't one of the fiercest by any means.

"I wanted to inquire into the cause of her sorrow, and I would have been glad to have said something to her of a soothing nature, but I couldn't think of anything to say. My feelings were overcoming me very fast. I tried to read the programme, but a mist came before my eyes, and jumbled the letters all together in one confused mass. Then I looked up at the young lady, and at that moment another tear dropped from the end of that Grecian nose, and inundated her rosy thumb nail. This was too much. I could restrain myself no longer, and so I spoke.

"O, why that tear?" I asked, in a whisper.

"You will notice, Thornhock, that this question wasn't original with me. I had read it somewhere before. Besides, I don't generally express myself in that style in ordinary conversation.

"O, why that tear?"

"O, do not ask me. I—I—cannot tell you. I'm very—I'm very unhappy—hush! he's coming," she whispered, seemingly very much agitated.

"Coming? If you mean your father—"

"Alas! he is not my father."

"Not your father?"

"No, no, thank Heaven for that; but I am—I am in his power!"

"Darn it!" said I, 'that's too bad,' forgetting in my sympathy for the young lady, the inelegance of my expression; but she didn't appear to notice it. 'But can't I help you, my dear young lady?' I asked.

"O, if I could only trust you!" she murmured, looking up into my face through her tears.

"O, if you only would?" I answered. 'I feel that I could go through fire and water to servé you, my dear young lady.'

"But 'tis useless. There is no hope for

me. You cannot help me. I am in his power. Hush! he comes.'

"Well, he did come this time, sure enough, and so I straightened myself back in the seat, and the young lady dried her tears, and if the hooked-nosed gentleman suspected anything, he didn't let his suspicions appear in the expression of his face. On the contrary, he looked quite cheerful, as though the spiritual comfort that he had probably just been imbibing, had proved a comforter indeed.

"Ah, little did he suspect, that, concealed in the folds of the young lady's dress lay her own white hand, clasped in the broad palm of your friend Ned Althof.

"Until the curtain went down on the last act, we remained joined together, palm to palm. She felt that she had my sympathy, I'm sure, and that might have been worth something, even if I could render her no material aid, or at least I thought so.

"The old gentleman went out into the aisle first, the young lady followed, and I came close behind her. She lingered a moment and her companion pressed on into the crowd.

"Now tell me," I whispered, 'tell me quickly, O, cannot I help you in some way? If you are in his power, tell me how. Has he any claim upon you? What right—'

"He is my husband," she whispered, in a snickering voice.

"Husband! The d—!"

"She sprang forward and caught the hooked-nosed gentleman's arm, turning back, just once, to give me a roguish smile, before disappearing in the crowd."

"Ha, ha, ha! Althof, you was sold indeed," cried I.

"Sold! Bah, I haven't told you all yet. Of course I realized in a moment that I had made a confounded fool of myself. I don't know why it is, Thornhock, but I never can get the country air out of my clothes. Everybody knows that I came from the country, and this fair damsel knew it, I suppose, the moment she fixed her glorious orbs upon my innocent looking countenance.

"And so," thought I, as I wended my way back to my hotel, 'this young lady, being of a mischievous disposition, thought that she would amuse herself a little at the expense of a countryman.'

"It didn't trouble me a great deal, because I should probably never see the lady again, and luckily for me, I had no acquaintance

with me to tell the story at home, and so I was pretty well satisfied with myself, notwithstanding the pleasant little game that had been played upon my tender feelings.

"Some people can't enjoy a joke at their own expense, but I can. I remember that I was in excellent humor when I entered my room at the hotel that night. 'If I ever meet that young lady again,' said I, 'we'll laugh over this together,' and I essayed to take out my watch for the purpose of winding it up for the night. Bless you, Thornhock, there was no watch there!

"I assure you, my dear fellow, that I never felt quite so much like a fool as I did when I made that very important discovery. I began to see the *joke* of the thing then, and I saw it much more distinctly, when, jamming my hand (the very hand that had clasped hers!) into my pocket, I found that my pocket-book, containing nearly three hundred dollars had also disappeared!

"I couldn't believe it at first, and I searched every pocket carefully, before I could be satisfied that I had actually been robbed by such a really stylish looking woman."

"O Althof, my boy," cried I, breaking in upon him, "I didn't think you was so verdant, upon my soul, I didn't. But never mind, live and learn. When you've been in the city as long as I have, it won't be so easy to take you in."

"Hold! Just wait till I get through with my story. She didn't make such a 'soft thing' out of me, after all. In searching the second time, I found in the pocket where my money had been, this diamond ring, which must have slipped from her finger while she was drawing out my pocket-book."

"O, that's the way you bought it?"

"Yes. It cost me, reckoning my watch at eighty dollars, just about three hundred besides, and a jeweller who examined the ring, said that the diamonds were worth three hundred and fifty. So you see I'm only about thirty dollars out of pocket, at the worst."

"And so ends your story."

"Yes, for the present; but if I ever meet the young lady again, I shall offer her the ring at a slight advance on the cost price. And now that I have told my story, let me hear yours, which must be much more pleasant to relate, inasmuch as you have succeeded so much better in your love affairs than I have. And, by the way, when are you to be married?"

"Our wedding is to take place next week.

But before I tell you how I won my love, allow me to introduce you to her. I'll just step across the hall, and learn if she is ready to receive us," said I, rising, and leaving the room.

"I rapped at Claribel's door, and the dear creature opened it.

"Uncle Fernando has come," said she, "and he's very impatient to see you."

She had told me before, that she had an uncle in Baltimore, and we had been expecting him on for several days, and so I hurried in to see the old gentleman, whom I found to be a very genial sort of person, although there was an expression about his face that was anything but prepossessing.

"And now, Claribel," said I, after exchanging civilities with her uncle, "I want to introduce a very dear and valued friend to you. He's in my parlor. Shall I bring him in?"

"By all means, Alexander. I shall always be happy to receive your friends," replied the dear girl. Thinking of Althof's misfortune, and my own happiness, I was obliged to stop and kiss her rosy mouth once or twice before I could tear myself away; but Uncle Fernando didn't see that. Then I ran back into my room.

"Come, Fred, prepare yourself, for I'm about to introduce you to one of the most dazzlingly beautiful women you ever beheld. You think I'm proud of her, I suppose. Well, I am, for she's a woman to be proud of, even if I do say so. Come."

I led the way, and Fred followed close at my heels. I flung open Claribel's door and discovered her standing in the middle of the room, looking as royally beautiful as any queen that I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with.

"Claribel," said I, advancing with a proud step, "this is—"

"O!" screamed she, falling into Uncle Fernando's arms.

"Bless my eyes!" ejaculated Althof, springing forward. "Hang me if that isn't the one that robbed me of my watch and money!"

"The game's up," said Fernando, dashing out of the room, and bounding down the stairs, and so out into the street.

"O Claribel!" I cried, "what does this mean? It cannot be so, I will not believe that you are—"

"Pshaw! Thornhock, when you've been in the city as long as I have it won't be so easy to take you in," cried Althof, repeating my own words.

But I did not heed him. I ran to Claribel, and throwing my arms around her, begged her to explain it all, as I felt sure that she could.

"Do you know this ring, young lady?" demanded Althof.

"Yes," said Claribel, releasing herself from my embrace, "it is the one you gave me, Alexander."

"O! Fool, fool, fool!" I yelled, snatching the ring, and stamping it under my feet.

"And now you can do with me as you will—I am in *your* power," said Claribel, addressing Althof.

"No, no, let her go," I groaned. "You are free, Claribel. Go, and never let me see your face again."

"Then our wedding must be postponed, I suppose?"

"Yes, adieu."

We left the room together, and all that night I was busy packing up preparatory to my departure from Gotham. Althof helped me, and the next morning we shook the dust of that city from our feet and returned to P— together. And now I have told *why* our wedding was postponed.

THE WAGS' FAMILY.

A CHRISTMAS STORY.

BY GODFREY TURNER.

In a town which we will call Middletown, because it was of the middle size, dwelt a worthy shopkeeper bearing the odd name of Jeremiah Wag. By dealing in all sorts of commodities, and steady attention to his business, he had managed to keep up his respectability, and doubtless would have considerably increased his store, but for the gradual increase of his family. For several years after his marriage a new little Wag was ushered annually into the world; and though there had latterly been somewhat less of regularity, as many as ten small heads might be counted every evening in his back parlor. Jerry, the eldest boy, was, however, almost fourteen years of age, and therefore began to "make himself useful," by carrying out small parcels and assisting behind the counter. All the rest were, to use their parent's phrase, "dead stock," and "were eating their heads off;" for, sooth to say, they were a jolly little set, and blessed with most excellent appetites. Such was the state of family matters at the time when our narrative commences.

Now, on the opposite side of the street, exactly facing the modest board on which Jeremiah's name was painted, with the usual announcement of certain commodities in which he dealt, was another board of a very different description. On it were emblazoned the arms of her majesty, with the supporters, a lion and a unicorn, as the country folks said, "a fighting for the crown."

The establishment indicated by this display was upheld by a very different class of

customers to that which patronized the shop. Two or three times in each day some private carriage or postchaise would stop to change horses at the King's Arms, and occasionally "a family" took up their quarters there for the night; but the latter was a piece of good luck not often to be expected, as there were no lions to be seen in Middletown save the red rampant guardian on the signboard.

It was haymaking time, and business was very "slack" with the worthy Jeremiah; but he said that he didn't care much about it, as the country folks were earning money, part of which he trusted would find its way into his till in due course. So, after rummaging about among his stock to see if he was "out of anything," he took his stand at the door, just to breathe a mouthful of fresh air. Titus Twist, the landlord, made his appearance at the same moment in his own gateway, apparently with the same salubrious intent, and immediately beckoned to his neighbor just to step across.

"Well, how are you, Master Wag?" said he, when they met. "Did you observe that green chariot that stands down in the yard there, and came in more than an hour ago?" Jeremiah answered in the negative. "Well, continued mine host, "it belongs to one of the oddest, rummest little old gentlemen I ever clapped my eyes on. He's been asking me all sorts of questions, and seems mightily tickled with your name above all things. I think he's cracked. Howsomever, he's ordered dinner; but hush! here he comes."

The little gentleman in question seemed between sixty and seventy; but, excepting a certain sallowness of complexion, carried his years well, his motions being lively, and wearing a good-humored smile, as though habitual, on his countenance. His dress was plain but good, and altogether becoming his apparent rank.

"I shall be back in a quarter of an hour," said he, to the landlord; "I'm only going over the way to the shop to buy something." And away he went, and, of course, was followed by Jeremiah, who, immediately on entering his own house, skipped nimbly behind the counter to wait upon his new customer.

After trying on some gloves, and purchasing two pairs, the little strange gentleman looked round the shop, as though examining its contents to find something he wanted.

"Anything else I can do for you, sir?" asked Jeremiah.

"You sell almost everything, I see, Mr. Wag," observed the old gentleman. "Mr. Wag? Your name is Wag, I suppose?"

"Yes sir," replied the shopkeeper, dryly.

"Wag, Wag, Wag!" repeated the stranger, briskly. "Funny name! eh?"

"It was my father's before me," observed Jeremiah, scarcely knowing what to think of the matter.

"Very good name!" continued the little gentleman; "like it very much. Got any children? Any little Wags, eh? Like to see 'em. Fond of children—little Wags in particular—he, he, he!"

"Much obliged to ye for inquiring, sir," replied the senior Wag; "I've got just half a score, sorted sizes. That's the eldest!" And he pointed to young Jerry, whose lanky limbs were at the moment displayed, spread-eagle fashion, against the shelves, from the topmost of which he was reaching down some commodity for a customer.

"That's right. Bring 'em up to industry," said the little gentleman. "Well, I can't stay now, because my dinner's ready; but I see you sell Irish linen, and I want a piece for shirts; so, perhaps, you'll be so good as to look me out a good one and bring it over to me."

"You may rely," commenced Mr. Wag, but his new customer cut him short by adding:

"I know that well enough," and briskly made his exit.

The industrious shopkeeper forthwith selected certain of his prime articles, folded

them in a wrapper, and, at the appointed time, carried the whole across to King's Arms.

He was immediately ushered into the presence of the eccentric elderly gentleman, who was seated alone behind a bottle of white and a bottle of red. "Suppose you've dined, Master Wag," said he; "so, come! No ceremony, sit down and take a glass of wine."

"I'm very much obliged to you, I'm sure, sir," replied Jeremiah, "but I have just brought half a dozen pieces of Irish for you to look at and choose."

"Phoo, phoo!" quoth the small stranger, "I don't want to see them. I know nothing about 'em. Leave all to you. Only meant to have had a piece; but, as you've brought half a dozen, I may as well take 'em. 'Store is no sore,' they say. There's a fifty pound note! Reckon 'em up and see if there's any change."

Jeremiah stared at this unusual wholesale mode of dealing, stammered his thanks, and observed that the goods would not amount to half the money.

"So much the worse," said the little gentleman. "Must see if I can't buy something else in your line presently; but sit down now; that's a good fellow! I want to have some talk with you."

The bashful shopkeeper hereupon perched himself on the extreme front edge of a chair, at a respectful distance from the table; but was told to draw up closer by his hospitable entertainer. Then they took three or four glasses of wine together, and gradually Jeremiah found himself more at home, and scrupled not to reply to the odd stranger's questions respecting his family and occupations. And so they went on chatting till they appeared as two very old and intimate friends; for Mr. Wag was of an open unsuspecting disposition, and talked as though he had no objection that all the world should know all about his affairs.

"Well, but, my dear Wag," said the stranger, "can't you tell what part of the country your father came from?"

"No sir, I can't," replied Jeremiah; "he died when I was about eight years old, and the London merchant to whom he was clerk put me to school, and after that apprenticed me to old Hicks, who lived over the way where I do now. Well, there I served my time, and then married his daughter, and so came in for the business when he died; but I've in-

creased it a pretty deal; and if I'd more capital could make a snug thing of it by going into the wholesale, and serving village shops with grocery, and so on."

"Why don't you try it?" asked the little gentleman.

"It won't do unless one has got the ready to go to market with," replied Jeremiah, knowingly; "and then one must be able to give credit, and ought to keep one's own wagon to carry out goods. No, no, it won't do. Many a man has made bad worse by getting out of his depth; and, as it is, thank God, I can live. The only thing that puzzles me now and then is what I shall do with all the children."

"Harkye, my worthy Wag," said the odd stranger, "I have not got any children; so, if you'll let me pick among the lot I don't care if I take two or three off your hands."

"Sir!" exclaimed the astonished shopkeeper.

"I mean what I say," replied the old gentleman, demurely. "Take me with you. Introduce me to your wife and family, and let us all have a friendly cup of tea together in your back parlor. Don't stare, my good Wag, but fill your glass. I don't want to buy your little Wags, but I happen to have more of the ready, as you call it, than I want; so I'll put them to school or what you like. What say you?"

Jeremiah rubbed his eyes as though doubtful if he were awake, and then uttered his thanks for such extraordinary kindness in the best way he was able, and about an hour after the whimsical little old rich gentleman was sitting by the side of Mrs. Wag, with a little curly-headed Wag on each knee, while the rest were playing round or gazing open-mouthed at the stranger with childish wonder.

By degrees all stiffness wore off, and, before the evening concluded, nothing could exceed the merriment of the whole party. The eccentric elderly gentleman had learned to call all the Wags by their names, and he played, and frolicked, and rolled upon the floor with the little people, in a style that made the parents suspect, with the landlord, that he must be "cracked."

However, at parting, he became more serious, and invited Jeremiah to come and breakfast with him in the morning, and to bring with him a copy of the names and birthdays of his children, as entered in the family Bible.

Mr. and Mrs. Wag, of course, lay awake for

an hour that night, talking over the strange incidents of the day, and perhaps building a few castles in the air, after the style of affectionate parents for their children.

On the following morning Jeremiah dressed himself in his Sunday suit, and repaired to fulfil his engagement. His new old friend received him in the most cordial manner, and they breakfasted together, chatting over family concerns as on the preceding day. When their repast was ended, the little gentleman read over the list of the young Wags, and smilingly observed:

"A jolly set of them! We must contrive to make them all good and happy Wags, if we can, eh? Eldest, Jerry, almost fourteen—useful to you in business. That's right. Leave him there, eh? Next, Thomas, almost thirteen—fond of reading—told me so. A good school first, eh? Then three girls running, Mary, Anne and Fanny. Pack them off to a good school too. Never mind. Then comes William, eight, and Stephen, seven. Think I know where to place them. Just the right age. Perhaps can't do it at once, though. That's all I can take at present. The other three, Sarah, Henry and Philip, too young. Well, my worthy Wag, you will hear what I mean to do with them before long, and a friend of mine will call upon you some day to consult about the best way of increasing your business. Settle all in time. No more to say now, but good-by—eh? Paid the landlord's bill before breakfast, 'cause don't like to be kept waiting. Didn't mean to have stopped longer than to change horses when I came yesterday. Glad I have, though. Hope you won't be sorry. Hallo! waker! is my carriage ready?"

"At the door, sir," shouted the landlord, in reply.

"That's right!" exclaimed the extraordinary elderly gentleman. "Good-by, my worthy Wag! Remember me to Mrs. Wag, and give my love to all the little Wags. Ten besides yourselves! A dozen Wags in one family! Never expected to see such a sight as that! Ha, he, he! See it again, though, hope. Wag together, all of you, like a bundle of sticks, hope!" And, laughing and uttering similar incoherent sentences alternately, he walked briskly along the passage to his carriage, into which he forthwith jumped, and, having repeated his valediction to the astounded shopkeeper, ordered the postilion to drive on.

Thus Jeremiah was prevented from ex-

pressing his grateful feelings for such wonderful promises, and so stood gaping in silence till the carriage was out of sight.

"Why, you seem regularly 'mased, neighbor!" exclaimed the landlord.

"Enough to make me," replied Mr. Wag. "If one half what I've heard this morning should come true, I shall be a lucky fellow, that's all!"

"The old fellow's cracked," observed Titus Twist. "He's a gentleman, however, every inch of him, that I will say for him. Didn't make a word about nothing. All right. Used to good living, no doubt. More's the pity, as he's cracked. He certainly ought not to be allowed to travel without a servant, as he does."

"Well," observed Jeremiah, "I don't know what to say or what to think about it; but, if he is cracked—humph! I don't know. It may be so. However, there's no harm done yet!"

"So he's been cramming you, eh?" said mine host. "Made you a present of the moon, perhaps? They do fancy strange things, and think themselves kings, and very rich in particular."

The truth of this latter assertion made an impression upon our worthy shopkeeper, who communicated it to his wife; but she had taken a great fancy to the odd old gentleman, and was not to be shaken in her conviction that he would really be "as good as his word."

"Well," observed her husband, "time will show; and, at all events, it was no bad thing to sell six pieces of fine linen at once. We don't have such customers every day. However, the best thing we can do is to keep our own secret; for, if the neighbors were to hear of it we should never hear the last of it."

Mrs. Wag agreed in the propriety of her spouse's suggestion, but, nevertheless, was unable to refrain from dropping hints to sundry gossips concerning her anticipations of coming good fortune; and the vagueness and mysterious importance of her manner created a sensation and caused many strange surmises. Some decided that the Wags had been so imprudent as to purchase a whole lottery ticket, and blamed them accordingly, while others shook their heads, and hinted that, with so large a family, it would be a very fortunate circumstance if Jeremiah could manage so as not to go back in the world; and, for their parts, they never liked to hear folks talk mysteriously about good

luck; so, for some time, the stranger's visit appeared to have produced results the reverse of beneficial; but, at the end of a month, an elderly gentleman, dressed in black, entered the shop, and requested a private interview with Mr. Wag; and as the back parlor was full of little Wags, then undergoing the ceremonies of ablution, combing, etc., he proposed that they should adjourn to the King's Arms.

When they were seated there, the stranger very deliberately proceeded to arrange a variety of papers upon the table in a business-like manner; and when his task was completed, apparently to his satisfaction, he smiled, rubbed his hands, and thus addressed the wondering shopkeeper:

"My name is Stephen Goodfellow. I am an attorney, living in London; and there (handing a card) is my address. You will probably guess who my client is, but my instructions are to conceal his name. Well, he has consulted me as to the best mode of carrying your intention of increasing your business into effect, and I have, consequently, had interviews with certain commercial gentlemen, and, ahem! the result is, that as the thing must be done gradually, I have to present you, in the first place, with this order for a thousand pounds. You will then be so good as to sign this document, by reading which you will perceive that you *cannot* be called upon for repayment before the expiration of three years. Ahem! don't interrupt me. That will do to begin with; but, after a little while, as you must give credit, and some of your commodities, particularly grocery, amount to considerable sums, you may want more, so—ahem!—yes, this is the paper. You are to put your usual signature here; and, mark me, in precisely six months from this day, an account will be opened in your name with the London bankers, whose check-book I now present you with. They will have assets in their hands, and instructions to honor your drafts for any sum or sums not exceeding four thousand pounds. You understand?"

"I hear what you say, sir," stammered Jeremiah, "but, really, I'm so astonished that—"

"Well, well," observed Mr. Goodfellow, smiling, "it certainly is not an everyday transaction, but my respected client is a little eccentric, and so we must allow him to do things in his own way. He has taken a fancy to you, that's clear, and when he takes anything in hand he doesn't mind trifles."

"But so much!" exclaimed Mr. Wag. "One thousand—four thousand—five thousand pounds! It is like a dream! Surely, sir," and he hesitated; "surely the gentleman can't be in—ahem!—in his—right senses?"

"Sound as a bell," replied the lawyer. "I hope you may have as clear a head to carry on your new business. At present you are a little bewildered, that's plain enough, but no great marvel. However, my time is precious, so just let me have your signature, and I'm off."

He then placed the papers before Jeremiah, who, after a little more demur, and a great deal of trepidation, wrote his name twice, and received the money order and the banker's check-book. Mr. Goodfellow then ordered a chaise, and chatted familiarly till it was ready, when he shook Mr. Wag by the hand, wished him good luck, and departed.

"I told you so!" exclaimed Mrs. Wag, when her spouse related the morning's adventure. "He seemed so fond of the children. I knew how it would be. But you should have asked his name. I wonder who he can be! Some great lord, no doubt. Well, bless him, I say! God bless him, whoever he is. O Jerry! my dear Jerry Wag! I feel as if I was a going to cry. How foolish! Well, I can't help it, and that's the truth." And the good housewife wiped her eyes, and then threw her arms round the neck of her dearly beloved Wag, who, albeit that he was unused to the melting mood, found his eyes suddenly grow dim, and so they performed a weeping duet together.

Much marvelling, of course, there was in the town and neighborhood at the steady increase in Mr. Wag's "concern," in spite of his very plain statement that a kind friend had advanced him a considerable sum.

"Who could that friend be?" was the puzzling question, which no one could answer; but his unremitting attention to business, the punctuality of his payments, and other evidences of his prosperity, sufficed to insure him general respect, though certain envious busybodies would venture now and then to hint significantly, that "all is not gold that glistens."

So matters went on pleasantly with the Wags, till winter, when Tom and his three sisters came home for the holidays, and the latter assisted their mother in preparing for the festivities of the season.

It was Christmas eve, and the whole of the

family were congregated in the little back parlor, when young Jerry started up at the well-known sound of a customer at the shop door, at which he arrived with a hop, step and jump; and, jerking it open, beheld a little old gentleman wrapped in a large cloak.

"Please to walk in, sir," said Jerry Wag.

"Hush!" whispered the stranger, placing his forefinger on his mouth; "I want to surprise them. You're all together to-night, I suppose?"

"Yes sir," replied Jerry, smiling, for he thought he knew to whom he was speaking.

"That's right," said the odd elderly gentleman, advancing cautiously towards the darkest part of the shop and throwing off his cloak. "Now for a Christmas frolic! Come here, you rogue! Why you've grown taller than me. That's right! a thriving Wag! Now, mind, you go back as if nothing had happened, and give me hold of your coat-tail, so that I can't be seen. That'll do. No laughing, you young monkey. There, step along."

Jerry did as he was bid, save that, though he bit his lips unmercifully, his risible muscles would not remain inactive; and thus the oddly joined pair made their way into the family apartment just as the eldest daughter had exclaimed, "Now, mamma, it's your turn to wish!"

They were sitting in a semicircle before the fire, and the stranger and his shield, of course, stood behind them.

"Heigho!" said Mrs. Wag; "there's only one thing I wish for to-night, and that is the addition of one more to our party."

"Name! name! You must name your wish!" cried three or four juvenile voices, in full glee.

"I wish I could tell you his name," said Mrs. Wag, "but your father knows who I mean. Don't you, my dear?"

"I can't mistake you, my love," replied Jeremiah, affectionately, "and I wish he could see how happy we are. It would do his heart good, I really think."

"Who can he be?" exclaimed the eldest daughter.

"Perhaps it's somebody like me?" cried the little odd gentleman, stepping briskly forward.

"It is! it is!" shrieked mamma, and up jumped the whole party, and down went Mrs. Wag upon her knees, while, utterly unconscious of what she did, her arms were clasped round the neck of her benefactor,

whose bodily frame, being unable to sustain her matronly weight, gave way, and so they rolled together on the floor.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the eccentric elderly gentleman, as soon as he recovered breath, but without attempting to rise. "This is a Christmas gambol, eh! Master Wag?—eh! my merry little Wags? Needn't ask you all how you are."

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah, "allow me to assist you. I hope you are not hurt."

"Hurt?" cried the little gentleman, jumping up, and offering his hand to Mrs. Wag. "Hurt! Why, I feel myself twenty years younger than I did five minutes ago. Never mind, ma'am. Like Christmas gambols. Always did. Happen to have such a thing as a bunch of mistletoe, eh?"

"I am sure, sir," whimpered Mrs. Wag, "I shall never forgive myself. To think of taking such a liberty; I—I—can't conceive how I could—"

"As often as ever you please, my good lady," said the eccentric, handing her to a chair; "but sit down and compose yourself, while I shake hands all round." And, turning towards Jeremiah, he commenced the ceremony, which he went through with from the eldest to the youngest, calling them all by their names, as correctly as though he were a constant visitor.

A right merry Christmas eve was that. The young Wags were, ever and anon, obliged to hold their sides, as they laughed and screamed with delight at the funny stories told by the funny little old gentleman, who romped and played with them with as much glee as though he had been the youngest of the party. So the hours passed quickly away till the unwelcome sound of "bed-time" was whispered among the little circle; and then one after another departed, until Mr. and Mrs. Wag were left alone with their honored guest.

The hearts of both were full, and they began to endeavor to express their feelings; but the singular old gentleman stopped them by saying:

"Needn't tell me. Know it all. Shall run away if you go on so. Remember, I told you I had more of the 'ready' than I knew what to do with. Couldn't have done better with it, eh? Out at interest now. Best sort of interest, too. More pleasure than receiving dividends, eh! Never was happier. So come, let us wind up for the night. I've a memorandum or two for you

in my pocket-book," and he placed it on the table, and began to turn over divers papers, as he continued, "Hem! ha! Yes. Those two. You'd better take them, my good sir. They'll admit William and Stephen to Christ Church—what they call the Blue-Coat School. Capital school, eh?"

"My dear sir!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Don't interrupt me, that's a good fellow," said the old gentleman. "Hem! Do you ever smoke a pipe?"

"Very rarely," replied the wondering Mr. Wag.

"Well," continued his guest, "take that paper to light your next with. Put it in your pocket, and don't look at it till I'm gone. Hem! Tom's master says he will make a good scholar; so, if you've no objection, I was thinking he might as well go to college in a year or two. Not in your way, perhaps? Never mind. I know some of the big-wigs. See all right, and enter his name. Should have one parson in a large family, eh?"

Here Mrs. Wag could no longer refrain from giving vent to her overcharged feelings by certain incoherent ejaculations, which terminated in a flood of tears.

"Humph!" said the old gentleman, "my spectacles want wiping." And he took the opportunity of rubbing them and blowing his nose, while Jeremiah was comforting the wife of his bosom, and telling her not to be so foolish, although he could scarcely avoid snivelling himself.

"Hem! ahem!" resumed their guest; "I think I've got some of the mince pie sticking in my throat. Stupid old fellow to eat so much, eh?"

"Better take another glass of wine, sir," said Jeremiah. "Give me leave, sir, to pour it out?"

"No, no!" exclaimed Mrs. Wag, starting up and smiling through her tears, "let me! Nobody else! God bless you, sir!"

"And you, too?" ejaculated the old gentleman, gayly; "come, that's a challenge! Glasses round! and then we must say good-night. Don't let us make a dull end of a merry evening."

Warm benedictions were forthwith uttered, and the "compliments of the season" were wished, with more than common sincerity, by all three, as their glasses met jingling together. Then, the whimsical guest tossed off his wine, jumped up, shook his hosts heartily by the hand, wished them good-night, and sal-

lied into the shop to find his cloak. Mr. and Mrs. Wag followed, and expressed a hope that he would honor their Christmas dinner by his presence on the following day; but all they could draw from him was:

"Can't promise. Ate and drank a little too much to-night, perhaps. Getting shockingly old. See how I am in the morning. Enjoyed myself this evening. A jolly set of Wags altogether. Merry Wags all, eh?—young and old. Well, well, wag along happily, my dear Mr. and Mrs. Wag! Good-night!" And after once more shaking hands with them, he nimbly whisked himself out at the shop-door, and trotted across to the King's Arms.

No sooner were the worthy couple alone than curiosity led them to examine the piece of paper which their benefactor had presented to Jeremiah for the purpose of lighting his pipe, and it proved to be the promissory note which the latter had signed for the first thousand pounds. The donor's intention was plain enough, as it was regularly cancelled, so Mrs. Wag was obliged to use her pocket handkerchief once more; and her spouse, after striding three or four times across the room, felt himself also under the necessity of taking out his and blowing his nose with unusual vehemence. Then they congratulated and comforted each other, and said their prayers, and offered up their thanksgivings with a fervor and sincerity that proved they were not unworthy of their good fortune. Then they retired to rest, though not immediately to sleep, for they were each beset by strange waking dreams, and beheld in their minds' eye a black clerical Wag, two long-coated little blue Wags, with yellow nether investments, and other Wags of sorted sizes, but all very happy.

On the following morning, being Christmas day, our fortunate shopkeeper equipped himself in his best apparel, and, before breakfast, stepped across the road, and found Mr. Titus Twist rubbing his eyes in his own gateway. Mutual salutations and "compliments of the season" were exchanged in good neighborly style, and then mine host exclaimed:

"There's a box here for you, Master Wag, left by that queer little old gentleman. I'm sure he's cracked! In he comes here yesterday, just after dark, posting in his own carriage. Well, he orders up anything as we happened to have ready, and I sets him down to as good a dinner as ever any gentleman

need sit down to, though I say it, because why, you see, our larder's pretty considerably well stocked at this season. So down he sits, rubbing his hands, and seeming as pleased as Punch, and orders a bottle of wine; but, before he'd been ten minutes at table, up he jumps, claps on his cloak and hat, and runs smack out o' the house, and never comes back again till past eleven at night, when he pays his bill, and orders horses for six o'clock this morning."

"Is he gone, then?" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"Off, sure enough," replied Titus; "but he's left a great box for you, which I was just going to send over. So, I suppose, you and he have some dealings together."

"Yes," said Mr. Wag, "I shall have cause to bless and thank him the latest day I have to live; but I wish he had stopped here to-day. Well, God bless him, wherever he has gone. Hark ye, neighbor—you have often heard me speak of having a friend—well, that's him. I don't know why, but he's taken a fancy to me, and my wife and family, and has done for us more than you'd believe, if I was to tell you. However, we can chat that over another day, as I can't stop now, as Mrs. Wag and the children are waiting breakfast. But where's the box? I'll take it with me, if you please."

"If two of the strongest fellows in my yard can take it over, it's as much as they can," replied Titus. "However, they shall try; and I hope you'll come over this afternoon and crack a bottle of my best to drink the little queer old gentleman's health. But, mind me, he's cracked to a certainty, and you'll find it out some of these days."

The box was accordingly delivered, and on being opened was found to contain a dozen separate packages, each directed for one member of the Wag family, the largest for Jeremiah the father, and the smallest for little Phillip, a "rising three" year old Wag. Their contents were far too various for precise specification, but could not have been more judiciously appropriated nor more gratefully received, so that Christmas day was a day of rejoicing; and the only regret felt by one and all the Wags was that their very kind friend had not stayed to spend it with them.

When the festive season was over matters went on as usual with Jeremiah, save that perhaps there was more of cheerfulness in his manner while pursuing his course of steady industry. The fact was that he never

now felt perplexed about money affairs, which were wont formerly to occupy much of his time by day, and cause him many sleepless hours by night. Those who had called for payment were as welcome as those who came to pay, and consequently his credit stood high; and the travellers and London houses strove, by tempting bargains and peculiar attention in "selecting the best articles to complete his kind orders," to keep his name upon their books. So he went on and prospered in all his undertakings, and in the course thereof visited the metropolis to make purchases, and, when there, called upon Mr. Goodfellow, who gave him a hearty welcome, but could not be persuaded to reveal the name of his eccentric client, though he scrupled not to say that he was in good health, adding, with a smile, "and in perfect possession of his intellects."

Jeremiah next endeavored to worm the secret from his bankers, but with no better success. The partner who received him assured him that the steady increase and respectability of his account had wrought such an impression in a quarter which he was not permitted to name, that their house would feel much pleasure in making advances whenever anything advantageous offered itself for purchase.

"It is wonderful!" exclaimed Jeremiah.

"A good character, my dear sir," observed the banker, "is everything in trade. We are dealers in money; and nothing pleases us more than placing it where we know it is safe, and have every reason to suppose it may be useful."

"But," observed Jeremiah, "you know nothing about me."

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Wag," said the banker; "you are what we call a good man, and have got a back."

"A back!" exclaimed the bewildered shopkeeper.

"Yes," said the banker, smiling, "that is, a good friend to your back; and though he chooses to keep himself in the background, depend upon it he'll not forsake you so long as you go on as you have done. Therefore, buy away for ready cash as largely as you please, and we'll honor your drafts."

On this hint Jeremiah subsequently acted, by making purchases which enabled him to serve his customers "on terms that defied all competition." Therefore, and by dint of strict attention and civility, his trade continued to increase till he was obliged to add

warehouses to his shop, and employ a regular clerk and collector, besides shopmen, porters and wagoners.

In the meanwhile young Tom Wag studied Latin and Greek with a neighboring curate; William and Stephen were, in due course, admitted into the Blue-Coat School, and the education of the other children went on precisely as had been recommended by their eccentric benefactor, whose advice Mr. and Mrs. Wag considered equivalent to commands. Still they were often uneasy about him, and more particularly after another Christmas eve had passed without his appearance. Poor Mrs. Wag was sure he was ill, and would occasionally charge him with unkindness for not letting her know, that she might go and nurse him. But again months and months rolled away, and at last autumn arrived, and with it brought the grand denouement of the mystery, as suddenly as their former good luck.

All the Wags who were at home were sitting round a tea-table in the little garden at the back of the house, and Mrs. Wag was sedately filling their cups, when one of the younger children exclaimed, "Who's that?"

Jeremiah looked round to where the child was gazing and beheld his benefactor stealthily approaching from the back door, with an arch smile on his countenance, as though wishing to take them by surprise; but perceiving that he was discovered, he stepped nimbly forward, according to his usual custom, and holding out his hand, said:

"Well, my dear Wag, how are you? How are you, my dear Mrs. Wag?—and how are you, young Jerry Wag, Mary Wag, Sarah Wag, Henry Wag and Philip Wag?"

All expressed their delight at his appearance, according to their different ages and abilities, but all were evidently delighted, and none more than the strange little gentleman himself, whose eyes sparkled with gratification as he took his seat, looked round at the joyous group, and begged to join their family party. Mrs. Wag felt somewhat tremulous at first, and doubtless her visitor perceived it, as he turned his attention to the little Wags till she had finished her table arrangements and handed him a cup of tea.

"Thank you, my good lady," said he, "that's as it should be. All merry Wags together, eh?"

"We—we—thank God!" whimpered Mrs. Wag; "we are. Yes! But it's all your doing, sir. I wish I could thank you as I ought."

Here Jeremiah, perceiving that his spouse was too nervous to make an excellent speech, "took up the cudgels" of gratitude; but, saying that there could be no doubt of his sincerity, displayed no great oratorical talents. Brief, however, as his speeches, or rather ejaculations, were, the funny old gentleman stopped him by the apparently funny observation:

"So, my good Jeremiah Wag, you don't know where your father came from?"

"No sir, indeed," replied the shopkeeper, marvelling at the oddity of the question.

"Well, then, I do," said his benefactor; "I was determined to find it out, because the name is so uncommon. Hard work I had, though. Merchant, to whom he was clerk, dead. Son in the West Indies. Wrote. No answer for some time—then not satisfactory. Obligated to wait till he came back. Long talk. No use. Well, well. Tell you all about it another day. Cut it short now. Found out a person who was intimate friend and fellow-clerk with your father. Made all right. Went down into the north. Got his register."

"Really, sir," stammered Jeremiah; "it was very kind of you, but I'm sorry you should have given yourself so much trouble; but I'm sure, if I have any poor relations that I can be of service to in employing them, now that your bounty has put me in the way of doing well, I shall be very glad, though I never did hear talk of any."

"No, Master Jeremiah," said the eccentric old gentleman, "you have no poor relations now, nor ever had; but your father had a good-for-nothing elder brother, who left home at an early age, after your grandmother's death, and was enticed to go abroad by fair promises which were not fulfilled. So, not having anything agreeable to write about, he didn't write at all, like a young scamp as he was, and when the time came that he had something pleasant to communicate, it was too late, as his father was no more, and his only brother (your father) was gone nobody knew where. Well, to make a short story of it, that chap, your uncle, was knocked about in the world, sometimes up and sometimes down, but at last found himself pretty strong upon his legs, and then made up his mind to come back to Old England, where he found nobody to care for him, and went wandering hither and thither, spending his time at watering-places, and so on, for several years."

"And pray, sir," inquired Jeremiah, as his

respected guest paused, "have you any idea what became of him?"

"Yes I have," replied the little gentleman, smiling significantly at his host and hostess. "One day he arrived in a smallish town, very like this, and terribly low-spirited he was, for he'd been ill some time before, and was fretting himself to think that he had been toiling to scrape money together, and was without children or kindred to leave it to. No pleasant reflection that! Well, he ordered dinner, for form's sake, at the inn, and then went yawning about the room; and then he took his stand at the window, and, looking across the road, he saw the name of Wag over a shop-door, and then—You know all the rest! The fact is, I am a Wag, and, Jeremiah Wag, you are my nephew, and you, my dear Mrs. Wag, are my niece, and so let us be merry Wags together."

Here we might lay down the pen, were it not for our dislike to strut in borrowed plumes; and that inclineth us to inform the gentle reader that no part of this simple story is of our invention, except the last disclosure of the senior Wag's relationship to his namesake, which we ventured to add, fearing that the truth might appear *incredible*. The other facts occurred precisely as we have stated. An elderly gentleman, bearing a name more singular than Wag, returned home from India with a handsome fortune, somewhat more than a half century back, and sought in vain for relatives; but one day, from the window of an inn, at which he had arrived in his own dark-green travelling-chariot, he espied the shop of a namesake, whose acquaintance he instantly made. His expressed hope was to discover that they were connected by some distant tie of consanguinity; but failing in that object, after most minute investigation, he never withdrew his patronage. For many years he watched over the rising fortunes of the family, and as the young people arrived at maturity, provided for them as though they were his own children, to the extent of many thousand pounds; and when he died he left among them the whole of his property. Now, though the heart and conduct of this good man were truly benevolent, there can be no question respecting the motive of his actions, for he often avowed it. He was determined to *keep up* the respectability of his *name*; and the few who now bear it move in a much higher circle than would have been their lot but for him whom they consider as the founder of their family.

LOST AND FOUND.

A TALE OF CALIFORNIA.

BY JOHN CLERKE.

A GROUP of flashily-dressed men stood in the sitting-room of Wilson's Exchange—then (1864) the principal hotel in San Francisco—puffing their after-breakfast cigars and engaged in lively conversation, fully half of which was sustained by one of the number who, as it appeared, had just arrived from the diggings.

"Has Morrison Flat grown any since I was there last summer?" asked one of the party.

"Yes, a great deal," replied the gentleman from the interior. "A great many new buildings have been put up, most of them fire-proof—brick or stone. There are more miners, and they're doing better than ever—rich strikes till you can't rest. Dust is plenty and freely circulated, and the boys are all doing well when they attend to business."

"That's good. And how long are you going to stay with us this time, Tom?"

"A week or ten days—perhaps a fortnight. I left the house in charge of Charley Williams, and you know he's one of the most faithful men in the business."

"O, then we'll see a good deal of you. Drop in this afternoon or evening—you know the way, and will be well treated."

"Thank you, I'll do so with pleasure."

The others having taken their departure, Tom Redburn took a seat in the rear part of the room, lighted a fresh cigar, and leaned back in his chair with an air of leisurely enjoyment. He appeared to be about thirty-five years old, a little over medium height, and strongly built. His eyes were black and deep set, features pale and regular, waving hair, heavy beard and mustache of jet black. He was elegantly dressed, and sported a magnificent diamond ring and pin, and a massive fob-chain, to which was attached one of Tucker's costliest watches. His manner was easy and courteous—Tom Redburn prided himself upon his gentlemanly demeanor—but a little coarseness would occasionally crop out in his conversation, the result of his habitual association with rough and reckless characters. The expression of his countenance was pleasing; and an unsophisticated observer would have taken him for a gentleman of wealth and liberal tastes, unincum-

bered with business cares. But there were those who, watching him as he sat there smiling through the wreaths of blue vapor that curled about his head, compared him to a tiger couching for a fatal spring.

He had not long been seated, when a tall, elderly gentleman, of dignified but careworn aspect, approached and accosted him.

"Excuse me, sir, but I heard Morrison Flat mentioned in your conversation a few minutes ago. Do you reside there?"

"Yes sir," replied Tom, rising and placing a chair for the old gentleman. "Be seated, sir. Can I be of any service to you up that way?"

"I wish," said the old man, "to obtain some information, which you can perhaps furnish me. Do you know a lawyer at Morrison Flat named Leighton?"

"Lawyer? Leighton?" said Tom, musingly; then, as if a sudden thought had struck him, "O yes; you mean Walter Leighton?"

"Yes, Walter Leighton. What is he doing, and what are his circumstances?"

"Well, he is doing very little good, and his circumstances are what I would call rather precarious. If you have any claim against him you might as well put it in the fire, or at least lay it away for a good long spell."

"It is true, then. My poor boy! I heard that he had fallen into dissipated courses, and the fact that he has not written home for more than a year, and the strangely reticent and despondent tone of the last letter we received, confirmed the report. Still I could not, and cannot yet, believe that Walter is irretrievably fallen. You do not think he is beyond recovery?" The old man's voice quivered, and he raised his eyes appealingly to Tom's face.

"O no, no, no!" responded Tom, evidently moved by the sight of the old man's distress; "I don't mean to say that he is anything so bad as *that*. The fact is, Walter's been in a hard streak of luck for some time and has got discouraged; but he has good stuff in him, and brains enough to carry him through when he once gets started on the right track again. Walter's a gentleman, sir. I spoke too hastily at first—I would not have hurt

your feelings for the world, sir; but I did not know you were his father." Tom's voice and manner showed that his sympathies were touched.

"O, thank you for so much encouragement," said the old man, taking Tom's hand and pressing it warmly. "I will save my boy yet. I am not, however, his father, although for years he has been to me as a son, and I fondly hoped that he would stand to me in the stead of my own poor boy, whom I drove from home by my cruelty twenty-three years ago."

Tom started.

"Twenty-three years ago!" he repeated, in a tone of surprise; and bending his eyes eagerly upon the old man, he seemed to await further revelations.

"Yes, twenty-three years," continued the old man, drearily. "It is a long time for a man to mourn his first-born and only son, not knowing whether he is alive or dead—not daring to conjecture what may have been his fate if dead, or what may be his condition if alive. He was a fine, handsome manly boy. I was proud of him, and his mother idolized him. In an evil hour I was led to believe him guilty of a grave offence. Without taking sufficient pains to ascertain the facts, I charged him with the crime, and, regarding his solemn protestations of innocence as signs of impotence and depravity, I treated him with the utmost severity—even his mother's earnest entreaties failed to soften me towards him. I was then a hard, proud man; he had wounded my pride, and I was resolved to punish him. Yet God knows his punishment was light compared to what I was made to suffer."

The old gentleman paused to wipe the tears from his furrowed cheeks, and to restrain the emotions which threatened to overcome him. At length he said:

"Pardon me for wearying you with the story of an old man's sorrow. I forgot that it could have no interest for you."

"Go on, I beg of you, sir," said Tom, who seemed to be strangely affected. "Your story interests me very much—more than you can imagine."

The old gentleman proceeded.

"My poor boy bore manfully for a time the harsh discipline to which I subjected him, but always protesting against my cruelty. At length he suddenly disappeared. I was troubled at this, which I had not expected, but I kept my fears to myself, and tried to

comfort myself with the thought that he would soon tire of the wretched life I was sure he must lead, and return to claim his father's forgiveness and protection. My wife, however, gave way to the most violent grief, and, although she refrained from reproaching me in words, her sorrow continually accused me of having robbed her of her darling.

"Not long after his flight I learned that my boy was innocent of the offence for which I had punished him. My pride and self-complacency were at once vanquished. My remorse was extreme. I would have given worlds to clasp my noble boy—for whom my former admiration was now redoubled—in my arms and ask his forgiveness. But the moment I was assured of his innocence I knew he would never return to me of his own accord.

"I immediately, however, took energetic measures to bring him home. I advertised for him in the leading papers of every State in the Union. I wrote to relatives and acquaintances far and near, and to the police authorities of the principal cities, offering a large reward for his return. I made several journeys in the hope of meeting with or hearing of him; but all in vain. During all these years I have not heard any tidings of him, nor obtained the slightest clue to his fate.

"His mother's grief and mine was partly assuaged, about three years after his departure, by the birth of a daughter, who has been to us all we could have hoped or wished; and when, some years later, the widow of a dear friend in dying committed her son, Walter Leighton, to my care, I took him into my household as a substitute for the son I had lost, and reared him as if he had been my own. His conduct justified my confidence in him, and the brilliant talents which he early displayed were a source of satisfaction and pride to me. When he had completed his studies and been admitted to the bar, I was surprised and grieved to learn his determination to try his fortune in California, and only gave a reluctant consent in the hope that after a year or two of travel and adventure he would settle down more contentedly to the practice of his profession. It was not until after his departure I learned that a partial engagement existed between him and my daughter Alice, and that his migration was prompted by the romantic notion that he must achieve his own fortune before demanding the hand of an heiress in marriage.

"My wife never abandoned the hope that

her own son was yet alive, and latterly she was strongly impressed with the idea that he was in California. Before her death, which occurred a few months since, she exacted from me a promise that I would seek him here. It is less with the hope of finding him than of rescuing Walter Leighton that Alice and I have made the voyage hither; yet it may be God's will to restore to me my son. How it would rejoice my old heart to find him an honorable and useful man! but whatever he might be, I would willingly give the remnant of this old life for the privilege of throwing myself at his feet, and saying, 'Thomas Goldbrook, your father asks your forgiveness for the wrong he did you so many years ago!'

The old man bowed his head and wept. As for Tom Redburn, his naturally pale cheeks became almost ghastly; his breath came in short quick gasps as if he were strangling; his hands gripped the arms of his chair until the blood almost started from his finger ends; his heavy mustache scarce hid the tremor of his lips, and the eyes that had often looked into the muzzles of levelled pistols without blenching, were strangely clouded. Accustomed as he was to control his emotions under all circumstances of surprise or peril, he found it difficult on this occasion to resume his self-command. His strong will triumphed, however; and when Mr. Goldbrook, having overcome his outburst of grief, again looked up, he beheld Tom Redburn's face as placid as a spring morning.

"It is perhaps foolish to ask the question," pursued Mr. Goldbrook, "but it can do no harm—have you ever met or heard of a man in this State named Thomas Goldbrook? He was in his thirteenth year when he left home, and if alive must now be near thirty-six. He had black eyes and hair, and was thought to resemble me—but I am sadly changed from what I was then."

Tom Redburn had expected this question, and tried to prepare himself for it. Yet he hesitated and stammered a good deal in attempting to answer it evasively, and at length said:

"Mr. Goldbrook, I find it impossible to withhold from you the slight ground of hope I am able to offer you; neither would I raise expectations that may be disappointed; you must not, therefore, allow yourself to be excited by what I tell you, for nothing may come of it. I believe I have seen your son."

"Where? tell me where, that I may go to

him instantly! O my God! where is he?" exclaimed the old man, springing to his feet, and seizing Tom Redburn by the shoulder. Tom, however, laid gentle hold of him and replaced him in his chair, saying:

"My dear sir, I warned you not to get excited. I didn't say I knew where your son was, or even that I had seen him—only that I *believed* I had seen him. Be calm now, sir, do."

"Pardon me," said Mr. Goldbrook, "I could not help it. For years I have believed my son to be dead, and now the faintest assurance that he yet lives excites me beyond my self-control. But can you give me no clue to his whereabouts?"

"Not at present," replied Tom, "but I may be able to do so soon. I suppose it was your intention to visit Mr. Leighton at Morrison Flat immediately?"

"Yes, I had thought of going there in a day or two; but Alice will remain here for the present, with a lady friend."

"Then let me advise you also to remain here for the present—at least until you hear further from me. I shall return to Morrison Flat by this afternoon's boat, and I hope before many days to send you some good news."

"I thought you would remain here a week or ten days."

"I have changed my mind. I return to-day."

"Why cannot I go with you?"

"It would prevent your meeting with your son as early as you would if you stay here."

"I must stay then. But I have not yet learned your name. It was a strange providence that led me to speak to you."

Tom drew a card from his pocket-book, wrote upon it the name "Thomas Redburn," and handed it to Mr. Goldbrook, who looked at it attentively, and exclaimed:

"Redburn! why, that was my wife's name."

"Indeed," said Tom; "a curious coincidence. We may perhaps trace a relationship."

"I should think so, only that my wife had no near relatives of that name living. However, we will inquire into it by-and-by. I must now go and give Alice the information I have gained from you. I will see you again before you leave?"

"Certainly. I will be in the hotel much of the time until I go to the boat."

When Mr. Goldbrook had left him, Tom Redburn lighted another cigar, crossed his legs, folded his arms, and stared fixedly at a dark spot in the wall opposite, as if he

expected some strange thing to manifest itself at that precise point. He watched it until he had smoked his cigar out, but nothing unusual appeared. Then he arose to his feet, stamped twice or thrice on the floor, said to himself in an audible voice, "yes, I am right," and prepared to go out.

Just then Mr. Goldbrook returned to him and said:

"My daughter wishes to see you, Mr. Redburn. Will you accompany me to the ladies' parlor?"

Tom readily assented. He desired the interview, although he dreaded it; his habitual coolness had so well-nigh deserted him while conversing with the father, how should he maintain his self-possession in the presence of the daughter, if she was the elegant and accomplished lady he had pictured to himself?

He found her all he had imagined, and more; but her self-possession was so perfect that he found less difficulty than he had feared in retaining his own.

Briefly and modestly she thanked him for the interest he had taken in the object of her and her father's quest, and then proceeded to ask him two awkward questions:

"From what my father has told me, I am satisfied that your sudden return to Morrison Flat is prompted solely by what he told you of our objects. Is it not so?"

"It is," he replied, after some hesitation.

"Then pardon me for asking you what induces you to sacrifice your pleasure and convenience, perhaps your business concerns, to the interests of persons who are entire strangers to you? Such sacrifices are not made without a motive."

"Pardon me, Miss Goldbrook, if I do not fully answer you now. I assure you I am not altogether disinterested, but my motive is not a mean one. Trust me, and you will not regret it."

"I will trust you. How soon shall we expect news from you of Thomas—and of Walter?"

"Of Walter in ten days at furthest; of Thomas in perhaps a fortnight—perhaps longer. California is a large State to hunt over for a lost man."

She gave him her hand at parting. He could not desist the temptation to press a kiss upon it, and when he found his rudeness was not very severely rebuked he was sorry it had not been her lips. Tom Redburn was an impudent fellow.

Early in the afternoon of the second day

afterwards, the stage dropped Tom Redburn at the door of his own establishment in Morrison Flat. It was a large two-story brick building, the lower part of which was occupied by a liquor saloon containing two billiard tables, and a large room in which were a number of tables laden with the devices appurtenant to faro, Spanish monte, rouge-et-noir, roulette, and other diversions adapted to the elucidation of the great first principle of gaming that "The more you put down the less you take up." The upper part of the building was divided into a number of small rooms, for the accommodation of short-card players, and for dormitories.

Tom scarcely noticed the surprise occasioned by his sudden return, but hurried through the liquor saloon into the gambling room, then returned and inquired of a bar-keeper:

"Have you seen Walter Leighton to-day?"

"No," was the reply; "he has not been here for four or five days. I guess he's sick."

"I saw him a little while ago," said a lounge, "down at Dick Sampson's cabin, where he stops. I reckon he's there now."

Tom called a boy and sent him after Leighton, who presently put in an appearance. He was quite young—not more than twenty-seven or eight—and but for the marks of dissipation noble-looking. He was clad in a seedy suit which looked all the worse because it was originally of fine texture and genteel cut; his hat was the traditional "shocking bad" one, and his naked toes protruded from his boots; his shirt had long cut the laundress's acquaintance, and its color was guiltless of a tie. He appeared to feel his degradation painfully, but it was unnoticed by the people he met—they were accustomed to the spectacle; he was not.

Tom Redburn greeted him cordially.

"I want to see you privately, Walter," said he. "Let us go up to my room. You look shaky, and blue about the gills. Shall I mix you something?"

"Nothing, I thank you," replied Leighton, as much to Tom's satisfaction as surprise.

When the key had been turned on their privacy, Tom said:

"Walter, I've been considerably astonished within the last few days, but not more so than by your declining to drink just now. How long has this been going on?"

"For about a week," said Walter.

"And what has brought it about?"

"I will tell you if you promise not to ridicule my sentimentalism."

"Ridicule it? no indeed! Why, Walter, you don't know me, old fellow. I've hardly begun to know myself, in fact. You'd hardly believe, now, that only three days ago I was overcome with sentiment until I whimpered like a schoolgirl. Go on, if you please."

"Well, the first thing that checked me was a dream of my mother. She seemed to gaze upon me with a look of mingled pity and reproach. At last she said, 'Walter, it is time to rise.' I awoke, and lay awake till daylight thinking over my dream. 'It is time to rise,' I repeated to myself when I got up and put on my clothes; and though my stomach craved its usual stimulus I did not go after it. I suffered much from nervousness during the day; but Dick Sampson prepared me a strong decoction of Chili pepper, which soothed my nerves and stimulated my appetite so that I was able to eat a little. I had some terrible dreams that night, but I dreamed that my mother came to me again, smiling, and said, 'Walter, go on!'

"The next was a day of torment; but my physical sufferings were trifling compared to my mental agony. I was comparatively sober. The glamour with which liquor had shrouded my senses was dispelled, and I could see myself the degraded wretched being I was and am—a miserable sot, the butt of disreputable persons, the scorn of respectable people, dependent on the bounty of a coarse and illiterate miner for a shelter and a place to lay my head! I hardly know how I refrained from laying violent hands on myself; I believe Dick Sampson feared some such thing, for he staid with me all day, and watched me closely. The night brought me some refreshing slumber, and in my dreams a dear friend bent over me, kissed me, and spoke words of forgiveness and encouragement. I have ever since been growing stronger in mind and body."

"I can tell you," interrupted Tom, "the name of the angel of your dreams—Alice Goldbrook."

"How do you know that?"

"I have seen her, and talked with her."

"When? where?"

"A few days ago, in San Francisco. She and her father have come to look after you, and a truant son and brother who ran away from paternal discipline many years ago."

"Good God!" exclaimed Walter, shrinking back into his chair.

"The old gentleman," continued Tom, "would have come up here immediately to visit you, but I persuaded him to remain at the Bay until he heard from me again."

"O, bless you for that, Tom!" exclaimed Walter, springing from his seat; "they must not see me. I will hide myself in some remote place, where they will not hear of me again."

"Not so fast, old fellow," replied Tom, pushing him back into his seat; "I have promised that they *shall* see you soon, and I always keep my word. Don't interrupt me. Of course, I intend that they shall see you only under favorable circumstances. They don't know the worst, perhaps, but they know enough, and they will forgive all. They will not wait long to see you. You must prepare yourself. You must commence practice again."

The idea seemed to Walter so absurd that he actually laughed,

"I have no office," said he, "nor so much as a last year's almanac in the way of library."

"Never mind that," said Tom; "I have thought of it, and I have arranged a plan which cannot fail to bring you out all right if you will only promise to be guided by me."

"I am helpless of myself. I promise."

"Listen. I hold myself in a great measure responsible for your fall; I will set you on your feet again. I had promised myself the satisfaction of reforming your intemperate habits, but you've cheated me of that. You can take no further advantage of me—I have your promise. There are five hundred dollars in that purse. Go and clothe yourself in the best suit you can find, leave a little change with the barber, and return here as soon as you can."

"Tom Redburn—God bless you!" The poor fellow broke down with emotion, and could not utter another word, but stood wringing Tom's hand and sobbing like a child.

"There, there," said Tom, shaking him off; "don't be a baby. There is no time to lose now. We'll talk about gratitude hereafter."

So Walter dried his tears and went. The sensation of possessing so much money gave him courage, and such an air of dignity that the clothiers and other tradesmen he patronized waited upon him with alacrity. In a short time he was so completely transformed that his worst enemy would hardly have recognized him. When he returned to Tom Redburn, that fastidious person declared him faultless except in one particular.

"Here," said he, "is a watch and chain I picked up at the Bay. Wear them until I call for them. And now, go immediately and see Judge Moltrop. He has offered his office and library for sale, with the intention of returning to the States. Don't leave him till you make a bargain with him, and come to me for the funds."

"But, Tom, how am I to repay you?"

"Nonsense! I am in your debt more than you have any idea of; and besides, I have a great deal of business for you, as soon as you are ready for it."

On the following day bills were posted announcing that the Magnolia building—Redburn's establishment—with all its fixtures and furniture, was for sale, and referring parties wishing to purchase to Walter Leighton, Esq., attorney, in the office lately occupied by Judge Moltrop. The announcement caused many prominent citizens to drop into the saloon, from curiosity and other motives. In the mines at that time no disgrace was attached to Redburn's profession, and no one was ashamed to enter a gambling or drinking saloon.

"Well," said a portly, well-dressed man, from whose waist dangled a massive seal cut from auriferous quartz, "wonders will never cease! Now, if I thought that Walter Leighton would keep straight, I'd give him the suit our ditch company's going to commence against the Great American Water Company. I used to think he was a match for the oldest of them. But this is a mighty big thing, and I don't like to risk him on so short a probation."

"I'll guarantee him," said Tom Redburn.

"Well," said the other, "if you say so, I'll do it. I never knew you to be mistaken in a man."

Again that day Tom Redburn's guarantee sent Walter a client with a liberal fee. Business flowed in upon him. Some of Judge Moltrop's clients declined to trust him, but many of them, by the judge's advice, left their business in his hands. He seemed at a single bound to have regained the respect and most of the confidence of his fellow-citizens. His extraordinary "turn of luck," as it was called, did not fail to excite envy and jealousy. One day a pettifogger, who spent most of his income at the Magnolia, yet managed to preserve his physical and mental balance, accosted Tom Redburn in a crowd, with some warmth:

"Tom, why do you take so much pains to

send business to Walter Leighton? I've been a better customer to you than he has been, and I don't get drunk. You'll get in trouble by recommending such a man as he is, that can't take care of himself."

"My friend," replied Tom, civilly, "if you had half his brains you wouldn't have any occasion to be jealous of him."

The crowd laughed immediately, and the pettifogger retreated.

Tom was on good terms with the editor of the two local papers. As soon as he had got Walter fairly under way, he called upon them, bearing presents of various appetizing cordials and refreshing beverages, and induced them to publish divers paragraphs, announcing Walter's succession to Judge Moltrop's office and business, and the commencement of important suits in which he had been retained as counsel. These paragraphs were couched in complimentary terms, and produced an excellent effect.

On the tenth day after Tom Redburn's interview with Mr. Goldbrook and his daughter, the latter were sitting in the parlor of Wilson's Exchange, silent and anxious. The time had passed very tediously to them; the novelties of the Golden City had grown wearisome, and they had more than once regretted having committed themselves to Redburn's direction. What if he should fail them? His interest in them was probably only a sudden fancy, which would fleet as quickly as it came. And then, what meant those strange phrases and mysterious allusions (they were ignorant of the dialect of the green cloth) which they had once or twice heard in connection with Redburn's name? However, the appointed time had nearly expired, and if he did not redeem his promise they would be free to act as they thought best.

"Do you think we will hear from Mr. Redburn to-day, father?" asked Alice.

"I hope so, my dear," said Mr. Goldbrook, "but yet I can't help doubting."

"Is Mr. Redburn a relative of yours?" inquired a young man who had been a fellow-passenger with them on the steamer, and who appeared to be deeply sensible of Alice's attractions and his own worthiness.

"Not that we know of," she replied.

"Did you ever know him before?" he asked.

"Never."

"Do you know what business he follows?"

"I do not—I never inquired."

"Then I will tell you; he is one of the

most notorious gamblers in California. He has a large gambling-house at Morrison Flat, and is worth a great deal of money won by cards. Is it not so, sir?" said he, to a gentleman who sat opposite.

"It is true," replied the person appealed to; "but he has the reputation of being perfectly fair in his profession, and his word is as good as any man's bond. He is known as 'Gentleman Tom.'"

Alice and her father looked at each other in dismay. The stranger's testimony in regard to Tom's probity had little weight with them. They could not conceive of an honorable gambler.

Just then the clerk entered and handed Mr. Goldbrook a letter and a package of newspapers. The letter was from Tom, and very brief. It referred to the papers for tidings of Walter, and promised definite news of Thomas Goldbrook in a short time. The papers were the Morrison Flat Enquirer and Argus, in which were marked paragraphs conveying more encouraging tidings of Walter Leighton than they had dared to hope for.

"If he is a gambler," said Alice, "he has kept his word so far. But if Walter had fallen so low as he represented to father, how has he become so suddenly prosperous, and why do the papers speak so highly of him? There is some mystery about this. Father, we had better go to Morrison Flat immediately."

The next mail brought two letters from Walter. They were penitent, but manly and hopeful. They alluded, however, only in general terms to his late wretched condition and present flattering prospects, but furnished no elucidation of the mystery which perplexed Alice. The letter to Mr. Goldbrook had this postscript:

"P. S. Mr. Redburn wishes me to request you, and I join him in so doing, to defer your intended visit to this place until you have definite information from him in regard to your son, which he promises will be very soon. I am not in his councils in regard to this matter, but I have great faith in his discretion."

Alice pondered long over this postscript. At length an idea struck her, but she kept it to herself, although it grew almost to a conviction. "We will still trust him, father," she said, and Mr. Goldbrook assented.

A purchaser was soon found for Tom Red-

burn's establishment, and he proceeded at once to close his business. He had been very fortunate, and had invested large sums of money in San Francisco property and in hydraulic mines. The cash in his various "banks" at closing amounted to near a hundred thousand dollars. According to all precedents, he ought to have devoted his building to the uses of a mission, or an asylum for decayed gamblers and drunkards, but his moral and religious training had been so long neglected that he never thought of what he should have done.

Walter Leighton had regained his old firmness of port and freshness of appearance, and had become so accustomed to his new circumstances as to be perfectly at his ease in every society. His business increased so rapidly that his energies were taxed to keep pace with it. His "luck" was a staple subject of conversation, and the more it was talked about the greater it grew.

It was then that Mr. Goldbrook received a brief note from Tom Redburn, inviting him and his daughter to meet Walter Leighton and Thomas Goldbrook at the American Hotel in Morrison Flat, "as soon," said the note, "as you can come."

Two days, thereafter, they were whirled by the stage to the door of the hotel, where they were received with great politeness by Tom Redburn in person, and escorted to the apartments he had caused to be especially prepared for their reception. "And now," said he, "while you brush off the dust I will fetch the truant and the prodigal."

Presently he returned ushering in Walter Leighton. The meeting was a very affecting and affectionate one. Tom Redburn (doubtless he had no right to look on) envied Walter Leighton when Alice encircled his neck with her arms and pressed her lips to his. In spite of the stern stoicism in which he had schooled himself for many years, some tears were wrung from him by the scene, though he afterward humorously described it as a "triangular passage-at-arms."

"But you promised, Mr. Redburn," said Mr. Goldbrook, interrupting the billing and cooing of the remated turtle-doves, "to bring my son—Thomas, where is he?"

"Father," said Tom Redburn, dropping on one knee and bending his head reverently, "if you can receive me, such as I am, and forgive me for the years of sorrow I have caused you, I am your son, Thomas Goldbrook."

"Come to my heart, my dear boy!" cried the old gentleman. "For whatever you may have been, I forgive you as freely as I feel that you have forgiven me." And they clasped each other in a close embrace.

"My brother! I knew it!" exclaimed Alice, laying violent hands upon Tom, and hugging and kissing him with real feminine fervor.

"My more than brother! my generous preserver!" cried Walter, rescuing the victim from his sister's hands, and folding him in a hearty masculine embrace.

Walter Leighton is now a distinguished advocate of San Francisco, where his accomplished wife is one of the leaders of society. Some promising olive-branches have gathered around his table. Old Mr. Goldbrook and Tom are permanent members of the household, the latter, who bids fair to remain an old bachelor, having become quite an exemplary member of society, and a director in many useful and benevolent enterprises. As a son, brother and uncle, those who know best declare that he is incomparable.

HOW SHALL WE MEET?

BY E. E. BROWN.

How shall we meet in our future home?

As we parted here on earth?

Will the spirit carry its loves and hates

Into the heavenly birth?

Will the heart be moved, in that world of bliss,
By the feelings that stirred its depths in this?

When we meet with the lost ones, face to face,
In the light of that better shore,

Will the cankering cares of this changeful life
And its harassing doubts be o'er?

Then, Father above! speed on the day

When the mists of earth shall be cleared away!

Year after year our round we tread,

In a spirit of sad unrest,

Striving to hold, with clinging clasp,

The phantom joy to our breast;

Heaping dust o'er hopes that have died,
And smiling above the graves we hide.

Father divine! O, teach us how

To patiently wait thy will;

To bear the burdens upon us laid,

And trust in thy goodness still;

Till death shall the pearly gates undo,

And swing them aside to let us through.

MASKED BATTERIES.

BY DORA DALE.

YES, he loved her—dearly!

He had done some mad things before in the course of his life, and yet, I think, never any that seemed to him so utterly insane as this. He sat quietly on the piazza of the Clarendon, puffing away at his cigar, pretending to himself that he was making up his betting-book for the next day's races, but all the time seeing a lovely fair face, and the entrancing winning smile of a pair of deep violet eyes.

He was an odd fellow, and yet, with all his eccentricities, I know no one who possessed more friends than Erroll Courtayne. You would hardly call him a handsome man—his features were too irregular—yet there was something better than beauty in his high white forehead and frank brown eyes that always met yours so fearlessly, and a fascina-

tion in his low tones and gentle courtly manners that was felt by men as well as women. He had been a good deal of a wanderer; Paris, London and Vienna knew him almost as well as New York and Philadelphia, and rumor had bestowed his hand and affections upon the different beauties of a dozen seasons; but, notwithstanding, he came back to America, feeling that it was good to be at home again with an untouched heart. Perhaps he rather prided himself upon his extra fastidiousness, and, therefore, it was something of a shock when he discovered that his safeguards had fallen at one blow—gone down like a house of cards under the soft white hand of Cecil Adair.

Courtayne had met her first at Harewood, that dangerous hotbed of the *dolce-far-niente*, where more flirtations budded, and then blo-

somed into engagements, than at any other country-seat in the State. Beautiful Ida Lechmere knew so well what elements promoted harmony that she avoided discords by a species of clairvoyance, and you were sure of meeting only the most charming and delightful people in the mansion of which she was *châtelaine*. Cecil and she had been friends from their earliest girlhood, and perhaps their affection for each other was all the more sincere because they never raved about it, after the manner of gushing women. And Mrs. Lechmere knew just what a favor she was doing Cecil when she invited her for a fortnight at Harewood, without including Mrs. Meredith and Tina.

Cecil was an orphan, and had been left under the guardianship of her father's only sister, a wealthy widow, with one daughter. A clever, scheming woman, though of fiery temper, she kept upon good terms with Cecil only because of what the world would say did she cast her off—for Cecil, just now, was a reigning belle, and Tina Meredith's little candle had been extinguished in the blaze of her cousin's success. We called her "the Refuser," after the heroine of one of Laurence's novels; I think that even that transcendent personage had not a larger list of killed and wounded. And Cecil carried such a charm with her—she was so kind and gentle even when she put love away from her—that the man who dared to accuse her of being a coquette would have found himself blackballed even by those who had suffered most for the sake of her blue eyes.

Erroll Courtayne had unconsciously interested her, simply because he had seemed in no haste to worship at her shrine, and she made some little exertion (rare effort for Cecil!) to become acquainted with him. She really began to like him, in her calm way, during their sojourn at Harewood, and was aware of being gratified when she met him, a few weeks later, at hot, dusty, tiresome Saratoga. She was staying at the Clarendon, with quite a large party, including the Merediths and Lechmeres, but had found it somewhat stupid until the day she happened to meet Courtayne, walking down to the springs. And this brings me back to the evening when Courtayne first admitted to himself that his fate had met and conquered him at last—that he loved Cecil Adair.

One of Erroll Courtayne's best gifts was his unerring tact; tact so delicate and trustworthy that it almost resembled the quick

instincts of women, who reason invariably from their hearts, never their heads. He was clever as well as eccentric, and he had no mind to lay his heart's best jewels at Cecil's feet, to be rejected as scores of others had been. So many men had loved her, dare he be presumptuous enough to imagine that he would succeed where they had failed? Most women can be reached through their universal fault, vanity; unassailable here, alas! for Cecil ignored herself and her own loveliness persistently; verily the man who laid siege to that hitherto impregnable fortress had no small task before him. As he sat pondering thus, in a dreamy sort of way, he caught a snatch of the conversation going on in the smoking-room behind him.

"It's all very well, I admit, to say that there's nothing like a charge with the bayonet," said Captain Delmar, in hot dispute with Erricson, a brother officer; "but you could never have carried those rifle-pits in that way. Depend upon it, it was our masked batteries that saved you."

His frank, peculiarly merry smile danced in Courtayne's brown eyes, as he rose and threw his cigar over the railing.

"You have seen too many bayonet charges, my queen," he said, to himself. "I'll borrow a hint from Delmar's theory, and see what masked batteries amount to." And having thus apparently settled the point with himself, he sauntered indoors, and sat down to ecarte with Erricson, which lasted, I am sorry to say, into the "wee sma' hours."

Tina Meredith would never pardon me if she knew that she had not yet received notice in this veritable history, but, being a decided character in her own peculiar line, she deserves a paragraph by herself. It depends upon what light you look at Tina in, whether you like her, or quite the contrary. If you are a man you would rave about her hair—fine as silk and of the lightest brown—think that her babyish pouting red lips, and her wide-opened gray eyes, that smiled one moment and filled with tears the next, were the most lovable orbs you ever looked into. I have no doubt that you would be fascinated with her droll childish mistakes, and her frank (?) way of showing up other women's failings; yes, indeed, sir, you would be just dolt enough for all such blunders. Whereas, a woman in your place would take, possibly, three minutes to discover that the innocent-looking eyes could be wonderfully clever in their own interests, and that the pretty soft

white kitten could scratch sometimes, and scratch venomously. But then, of course, you would accuse me of "feminine jealousy" if I told you all this unglossed truth about pretty Miss Meredith; O dear! what blind bats you men are, where women are concerned. So I will merely add that Tina Meredith, at eighteen, was the most artful little cat I ever had the pleasure of knowing, and that if I were to pick out my most delicate and subtle colors with which to paint her portrait, I never could do her justice.

Tina and her lady-mamma were a finely matched pair; what one did not manoeuvre for the other did, and, between them, they were pretty sure to be successful in any plan that they undertook. Some months previous Mrs. Meredith had quietly hinted to Tina that Erroll Courtayne was "decidedly the best," and they were both very heartily vexed when Ida Lechmere wrote that she "had room but for one more—so sorry! shall expect the Merediths in October." Very often, during the year that Tina had exercised her wiles upon the unsuspecting men of her acquaintance, Cecil had noticed, with secret amusement, the many artifices which her cousin resorted to when she wished to entice Cecil's lovers away; and had smiled her calm, securely indifferent smile as man after man held steadfast to his allegiance to herself. But perhaps the secret of Cecil's amusement lay in the fact that she cared so little for them; would she permit Tina to quietly undermine her in what touched her more nearly?

I think you would go far to find a prettier picture than Tina Meredith, as she sat in her rose-lined basket-phaeton, holding her pink and white reins in her mites of hands, and looking up into Courtayne's face with a childish expression of intense interest, as he endeavored to explain to her the merits of the different horses entered for that day's races. Pretty creature! she had skillfully extracted all the information needful from Mr. Lechmere at breakfast, and had "hedged" her bets with a degree of cleverness calculated to inspire admiration in the oldest *habitué* of the turf; but that did not prevent her from displaying charming ignorance, or from paying flattering attention to every word that fell from Courtayne's lips. Cecil, coming down the piazza with Ida Lechmere and Captain Delmar, had full benefit of the tableau.

"O Cecil! do hurry," called Tina, as they came within speaking distance. "I have

asked Mr. Courtayne to go with me—you don't mind, dear? Your silver-gray dress and cerise trimmings are lovely, but I could not have the conscience to ask you to spoil their effect against these rose-colored cushions. It's so dreadful to be confined to certain colors." And she gave a plaintive sigh, and shook her brown curls solemnly.

"To be sure, green doesn't suit you," said Ida Lechmere, returning the pin thrust with tranquillity, though she knew it was aimed at Cecil, not her matchless self. "I noticed you last evening; never wear that dress again, dear. Cecil, I don't think my phaeton cushions will quarrel with your taste if you like to drive over to the races with me."

Now, be it remembered, that Tina's scratch was repaid with compound interest, for (ambitiously desiring to meet Cecil on her own ground) Tina had rashly ventured to array her pretty person in a pale sea-green dress, at the hop the night before, and had been punished for her temerity by looking almost ghastly, for the first time in her life. And secondly, if there was anything that she envied Mrs. Lechmere, it was her phaeton, with its laps lazuli lining and liveries, and her beautifully matched roans, now tossing their impatient heads in the sunshine. So she gnashed her teeth mentally at the fair and imperious Ida, but whispered softly to Courtayne, with dewy eyes and a grieved child lip:

"I didn't quarrel with Cecil, but Ida is so very odd! I never could wound the feelings of others as she does." And Courtayne, being shrewd and wise in his generation, did not suffer his secret enjoyment to escape him, but gave her some pretty nothing in reply, over which she smiled as delightedly as a child with a bon-bon.

The somewhat scattered party arrived at the race-course in due time and met on the stand; Cecil and Mrs. Lechmere with a certain distinguished major-general, and his chief of staff, Colonel Creighton, in attendance. But the general, though a superb soldier and matchless tactician in his own proper place, was sadly out of his orbit in the society of the *grandes dames*, and Cecil was conscious of being bored, as he stood talking at her elbow; and she wondered, with a touch of secret vexation, why Courtayne considered it necessary to remain glued to Tina's side, when Delmar and Erricon were also talking with that pretty plotter. And then she scolded herself for the vexation, and pick-

ing up her lorgnette endeavored to take a little interest in the horses as they were being led up and down by their fancifully attired jockeys.

To those of us who have been season after season at the races, there is nothing more stupid than a *rechauffee* of a morning on the grand stand, neither am I enough of an adept in turf language to give you a good description of a race between the far-famed "Kentucky" and a rival favorite, "Wild Rose." On that special day there was nothing very exciting to chronicle, for "Kentucky" fairly walked over the course, and the field was badly beaten. And I should not have taken you out to the races at all, were it not to tell you of a little incident that befell Cecil, and was the first gleam of her awaking from her unconsciousness.

At the conclusion of the races Mrs. Lechmere telegraphed across to Cecil her desire to leave immediately, before the rush, as she knew that her roans were apt to be restless in a crowd. They were sitting near the staircase, and ought to have managed the matter easily, but somehow, through the *gaucherie* of the general aforesaid, they got to the head of the flight just as everybody else in the vicinity started also. Cecil abhorred a crush, so she drew back a step or two, and braced herself against the railing, until, seeing that Ida was half way down, and not wishing to be far enough behind to cause annoyance, she moved forward again. Just as she set her foot on the second step there was a sort of creak—a crash! and the crowd swayed back against the stand as the upper half of the railing broke and fell; fortunately outward. Cecil almost lost her balance, not quite; but Colonel Creighton, who was just behind her, flung his arm around her waist, and lifted her up on the stand again. But for a second she had been in a really perilous position, and she was glad to get into the nearest seat, and shut her eyes for a brief moment, as the noise and panic surged below her. She had not even collected her scattered senses sufficiently to thank Colonel Creighton for his timely aid. (Do not weave a romance or a probable lover out of the colonel; he was a married man with several children, and staid enough to have been president of this glorious land!) She had hardly recovered from her dizziness when some one put a bottle of strong aromatic salts in her hand, and said, his calm low voice having a strange tremor:

"You are not hurt? I have had a horrible fright about you!"

She opened her eyes; Erroll Courtayne was standing beside her, a trifle paler than usual, and looking down at her with an unconcealed thankfulness, that, for some reason, brought the color and bloom back to her lovely face.

"Hurt? no, only a little giddy," she said; and then, somehow, she found herself with her hand in his, thanking him, and—well! I can't tell you what made that amused smile quiver under Colonel Creighton's mustache as he watched them. His turn came an instant after, although he disclaimed the thanks so gracefully spoken with Cecil's loveliest smile; and then Tina was seized with one of her helpless demons, and sent a messenger to beg Courtayne to find her phaeton, and he was obliged to go back to her, and leave Cecil to be escorted down the lower staircase by Delmar and Creighton. Ida Lechmere never gushed, but she possessed herself of Cecil's hands, and uttered several warm thanksgivings because of her escape; and then she dismissed her groom, and told Delmar that he might ride "tiger" for the nonce, and protect them from the roans' restive tricks on the way home.

I have told you that Cecil was very calm and tranquil (in this, as Mr. Grant White says, "non-emotional age," all our heroines, and many of our real personages endeavor to repress all enthusiasm, you know;), but her calmness and tranquillity did not extend much below the surface, and her heart beat high and warm in her bosom as she drove home that morning. Her repose was a species of armor, under which she hid her real fire and depth, and she had acquired it from her dread of Mrs. Meredith and Tina, at first, until now it had grown to be second nature. For Mrs. Meredith could be both stingingly disagreeable and openly violent, a combination which, you must allow, would be trying to the nerves and temper of any one who was dependent upon her, as Cecil was to a certain extent. Not in a pecuniary sense, thank fortune; though no heiress, she had a very nice income which satisfied all her requirements; but she did depend on her aunt for a home, and Mrs. Meredith contrived at times to make that home very bitter to her. Cecil had taken a mental vow that, disagreeable as her surroundings were, she would bear them with patience until that day came when she should find her conquering hero—she had too

fine a sense of honor to marry for an establishment. And Tina almost believed it now, for had not Cecil been *mad* enough to refuse Clifford Vane and Murray Harcourt, this season? One with a rent-roll of fifty thousand, and the other of ninety thousand a year! After such insanity as *that*, Tina washed her hands of her cousin, and was torn with inward rage because she had been unable to bring down either of those golden birds by her charming wiles or babyish innocence.

There was a ball that night at the Clarendon, and Cecil may be pardoned for wondering "what he would think" of her, as she glanced at herself in the mirror of her aunt's parlor. She was a very great beauty—said to be the loveliest that New York had seen for twenty years—and other women paled by contrast with her. She was a fair brunette, with blue eyes—even rarer beauty than the much-admired *blonde aux yeux noirs*. Her hair was purplish black and very luxuriant, worn in soft braids wound around her head like a coronet, and her eyes were deep blue, with long curling lashes that lay lovingly against the fair smooth cheek, where the roses of York and Lancaster blended in a complexion of marvellous beauty. I can give you no adequate description of the enchanting mouth, or its calm sweetness when in repose, because when she smiled her whole face changed and glowed into its fairest loveliness. That night she wore a gauzelike dress of black and white, water-lilies on her bosom and in her hair, and around her slender throat a superb necklace of emeralds, which had been her mother's, with the sparkle of a tiny diamond, like a dewdrop, linking each stone. Tina, looking like a miniature edition of the last Paris fashions, and an exceedingly pretty one, too, could have stabbed Cecil with satisfaction as she surveyed her.

"O you angel! I am reconciled to your jetty locks when I see the effect of those water-lilies. What a pity that they fade!"

"That is a disadvantage," said Cecil, good temperedly. "Tillman disappointed me, and I was forced to supply the missing daisies which should have accompanied this dress by lilies. You have a lovely bouquet, Tina; I have not seen such tuberoses this season."

"Isn't it a love?" said she, triumphantly, as she nestled them against her face, first on one side and then the other, to see which pose looked the most natural. "I wonder if Erroll Courtnaye is as rich as they say?"

Cecil saw the connection of ideas, but she had not yet fallen from her proud estate sufficiently to begrudge Tina the flowers, even from Courtnaye—there was nothing petty about her. So she said, carelessly:

"I never took the pains to inquire; ask Ida," as the door opened, and Mrs. Lechmere entered.

"Have I kept you waiting? Tina, that ravishing dress atones for half a dozen green ones!"

"Thank you!" said Tina, crustily. When there were no men at hand to be upon her guard for, her sweetness sometimes turned wonderfully acid.

Cecil had been in the ballroom for a good half hour before Courtnaye made his way to her, and the unusual flutter of her heart was chilled by the cool sparkle of his eye. What change had come over him since the morning? She almost began to think that she had fancied the look which she longed, almost passionately, to call back again. But as she tormented herself in true womanly fashion, she unconsciously bent more and more to him; never had he realized her power of fascination so fully as he did that night.

It was growing late, and the ballroom floor was less crowded when Cecil yielded to Captain Delmar's persuasions for one last waltz. He finished it very cleverly, at the balcony end of the room, and then took her outside, congratulating himself upon securing the beauty for a few moments' *tete-a-tete*. And he growled a mental malediction upon Ericson, who followed them an instant after.

"Delmar—I beg a thousand pardons, Miss Adair—Creighton wants to see this fellow in the smoking-room for five minutes. About your leave, Fred, and as I knew that you were anxious for an extension, I thought it would not do to let the opportunity pass."

With a sigh Delmar resigned himself to his fate.

"Let me take you back?" said he, offering his arm to Cecil.

"If you will not be gone long, it is cooler and pleasanter to wait here," said Cecil; "if you see any very agreeable person you may send him out to entertain me." And with a laughing adieu she took a seat directly under one of the ballroom windows.

Now, Cecil had no intention of placing herself in the unenviable position of an eavesdropper when she rolled that chair almost into the shadow, and most certainly she had no idea that a pair of keen brown eyes in the

window above her saw the movement and recognized her immediately. But what she heard was the end of a sentence, in Ida Lechmere's voice, with a little ring of annoyance in her tone—"mistake her entirely. Cecil always seems colder than she is." Miss Adair raised her hand to put back the curtain and proclaim her vicinity, but Courtayne's answer made her shrink back in her chair.

"Almost the Ice-Maiden," said he, carelessly; "indeed I have no mind to be crushed under the wheels of such a calm conquering Juggernaut."

"Courtayne!" ejaculated indignant Mrs. Lechmere.

"Don't shower exclamation points with dagger tips at me," said he, with a slight laugh. "What did you mean, pray, by counselling matrimony to me a few seconds ago?"

"Pray don't discompose yourself; I never advised you to try to scale inaccessible heights," she returned, with cutting emphasis.

He smiled a little. Fair Mrs. Lechmere was more out of temper with him than she had ever been in her life, for he was one of her favorites.

"I have no right to catechize you," she continued, after a brief pause, "but I confess I am curious to know why you flutter so closely around Tina Meredith."

"She is very lovely," he said, with admirably-feigned warmth.

It was too much for Ida's patience.

"You improve as you grow older, Courtayne! I congratulate you upon your taste and penetration; do you propose sacrificing at that shrine? I don't doubt that Mamma Meredith would be delighted to deck you with triumphant blue ribbons."

"I may give her the opportunity," said he, hotly; "don't think it a sacrifice on my part! Any man might be proud of Tina Meredith."

But as he spoke, acting a lover's warmth skillfully enough, he shot a glance out into the darkness which betrayed him to the clever-witted Ida. Swiftly her look followed his; she saw the fleecy dress, the regal head, with its coronet of lilies, and the trembling crouching figure that strove to hide itself in the shade of the curtains—saw, and recognized Cecil, and felt, with instinctive quickness, that this unaccountable freak of Courtayne's was connected with her, that he meant to be overheard! Her sunny smile answered his pretended anger, and the merry malice for which she was famed lurked in her reply.

"Fie! we won't quarrel just yet, *mon ami*, though I never dreamed that you were to be captured by such very light artillery. If it's completely settled I'll go and compliment Tina." Then, in a rapid undertone, as she passed down the room, "Detected! Tell me the motive for all the nonsense you've been treating me to, sir, or I shall feel it my duty to execute some flank movement, and thereby defeat you without mercy."

He looked down into the imperious laughing eyes, and read that his secret was suspected by them.

"I ought to have known that you would find me out," he said, with comical resignation, as he placed a chair for her in a secluded corner of the piazza.

Cecil, sitting alone in the darkness, looked after the tall graceful figure of Courtayne, as he took Ida away from the window, with the keenest pain that she had ever known. He had never intended to wound her so deeply, and his kindly heart would have revolted against his new tactics, had he but seen the hot tears that fell slowly from those lovely eyes. Her woman's heart was touched at last, and with a rude shock; Cecil had found her hero only to lose him! When Delmar entered he noticed nothing unusual in Miss Adair's manner, and attributed her rather weary voice to the fatigue of the ball. She refused to dance again, and bade him good-night at the foot of the staircase with a kindness and warmth that, wellbred as he was, very nearly surprised him into showing that he observed it.

Cecil Adair was a very noble girl in more respects than one, and she showed her freedom from all pettiness in the undisturbed sweetness of her manner toward Tina, after that night's revelations. And Tina, for the next week, was enough to have tried the patience of a saint; the pinpricks and insinuations that she devised, and the numberless occasions upon which she contrived to pat Cecil on the back were inconceivable, unless you have seen the same game played. Ida Lechmere's tongue fairly ached to repay the pretty creature's impertinences, and she did manage to make Tina hate her, although, as her promise to Courtayne bound her to loyal silence, she could not sting her as severely as she desired.

Saratoga grew hotter, more dusty and more crowded than ever, it seemed to Cecil, and she found it hard to maintain the same even demeanor toward Courtayne. If she had but

known how her calm persistent friendliness baffled and annoyed him, she was sufficiently like the rest of her sex to have exulted a trifle; as it was, she steered skillfully between the rocks of pique and coldness, and never posed sentiment for him. Mrs. Meredith began to think that no matter how attentive Courtney was, Tina did not progress rapidly enough, and after revolving many plans in her fertile brain, determined to assist fortune.

Some of the party had agreed to go to Luzerne for two days, and Ida had wasted half an hour's persuasions upon Cecil to coax her to join them. But she was resolute in declining, although she came down at an early hour to see them off.

"At the last moment, wont you go?" asked Ida, coaxingly.

"What a tease," said Cecil, playfully. Then her voice sank wearily. "Don't press me, Ida; my spirits are not quite up to the usual standard."

"You dear solemn owl, what's happened to you lately?" said Tina, with sweet playfulness; "you are not going to settle down—yet?"

Then the women crowded up to kiss Cecil, and the men shook hands with her, Courtney, perhaps intentionally, coming last. It was silly, foolish, unworthy of her customary self-control, but Cecil knew that her hand shook as she barely touched his.

"Good-by," she said, speaking coldly because she was trembling.

"If we were only going on a picnic in the Harewood grounds," said he, softly. "Do you remember?"

The color flashed up in her face; she gave him the hurt anger he had been longing to see, in her proud reply:

"My memory is excellent, but I remember nothing that Mr. Courtney has forgotten?"

Had she but looked in his face again she would have seen his scarce-hidden satisfaction at provoking her, but she turned aside immediately, angry at herself for speaking so, and Courtney carried away with him a picture of the tall queenlike figure, around which the scarlet folds of her cashmere shawl draped itself so faultlessly, and the half-angry half-dewy eyes that had glanced up at his.

No sooner were the party fairly off than Aunt Meredith put her plans into execution by informing Cecil that she intended going back to New York, and from there to Newport. Cecil could not refrain from a surprised exclamation.

"So soon! You mean after Tina's return?"

"No," Mrs. Meredith said, decidedly. "I have not felt well here, and I mean to leave directly. Tina will follow us with the Woreleys; I have already arranged with her."

Cecil understood instantly; she was the obnoxious person to be removed from Tina's path. Inwardly, she stifled a sneer; outwardly, she assented so calmly that Mrs. Meredith thought for half a second that she had made a mistake, and wavered between staying and going. But she was a woman who was always prudent, and another look at the lovely face warned her how dangerous delay might be; so she ordered up her maid, and worked with such energy and despatch that they were off by that evening's train, and at Albany took the boat for New York.

Once back in Thirty-Fourth Street Mrs. Meredith began to feel impatient to move again, but Nemesis awaited her there in the provoking form of a sprained ankle, which she twisted in getting out of her carriage the day after her arrival. Cecil's position was anything but pleasant after that accident; her aunt was excessively irritable, and after the doctor's visit on Sunday she broke forth in one of her rages, and abused her niece to her heart's content. The hot July weather did not add to their comfort, and Cecil dragged herself up stairs that night with a hard pain in her temples, and a longing to run away and indulge in a good cry. But her own private miseries were driven out of her head when she reached her room, by finding her maid Ellen, a bright pretty Irish girl, sitting on the floor, with her apron thrown over her face, sobbing bitterly. Cecil was always kind and considerate to a servant, so she asked, gently, if anything was the matter. The girl sprang up as soon as she heard her mistress's voice.

"Indade, miss, I beg your pardon, but then thafes of tares took me unbeknownst. It's me little orphan niece Rosy, she that's wid Barney O'Flaherty's wife, has the fever, and O mirra! mirra!"

Whenever Ellen was in distress she took refuge in almost unintelligible brogue, and therefore some moments elapsed before Cecil ascertained that Mrs. Meredith's fine-lady maid had kept Ellen running and waiting upon her all the day, and prevented the girl's going to see the sick child. Like all the Irish, where sickness is concerned, Ellen was positive that Rosy was "struck wid death," and refused to be comforted.

"It is too late for you to go out to-night, Ellen," said Cecil, "but you can go early in the morning. I will dress without you, of course."

"Och! thin it's yourself that's an angel!" burst forth Ellen.

Cecil laughed merrily. "Not a helpless one, I hope. Whereabouts is the place? Mrs. O'Flaherty's?"

"Down in Second Avenue, between Eleventh and Twelfth Streets; quite a decent place, sure, over a bit of a cigar shop," replied Ellen, wiping off her tears, and unbraiding Cecil's beautiful hair.

"If the little girl has not a contagious fever—"

"The doctor called it '*interfeting*,' or some such name," interposed Ellen.

"I will walk down there myself in the morning, and take a basket of fruit and jelly. I need the walk. There! never mind thanking me. Put out the gas; good-night!" But the little incident had done Cecil good, and after one or two low sobs in the starlight she fell asleep.

The next day was, if anything, more sultry than the previous one, and Cecil resolved to go out early in the morning, if she meant to accomplish her errand without discomfort. But her aunt was particularly exacting; it almost seemed as if she knew that Cecil had some plan of her own for spending the morning, and, after the lame ankle had been bathed, she fretfully told Cecil to take the last new novel and read to her. So Cecil read until her throat ached, and her aunt fell asleep; and then, finding that it was lunch time, she concluded to wait for that meal, thinking that, as it was now so warm, she would ride down town instead of walking. After lunch she put on the coolest white suit that she possessed, tied a blue veil over her face, and, taking her basket of delicacies, started out, imagining that she was quiet and unobtrusive looking enough to pass unnoticed, whereas, she only looked a little more stately than usual, and rather like a disguised princess.

She walked over to Madison Avenue, meaning to take a stage, but there was none in sight, so she went on to Twenty-Third Street, and then down to Third Avenue. The streets struck her as looking strangely deserted, but seldom being in town at that season, she thought nothing of it, though she noticed knots of queer rough-looking men clustered on the corners, and finally at Fourteenth Street a great crowd in the middle of

the street, shouting and yelling in anything but an encouraging manner. She stood still for a minute and looked behind her. No car in sight in either direction; it was odd, certainly, but perhaps there was a procession to account for the temporary aberration of the New York working mind; she had come nearly all the way, and might as well finish her mission, so she turned at Fifteenth Street and walked rapidly down to Second Avenue. More knots of men, fortunately below her, near the Cooper Institute; and in a state of heat and some annoyance Cecil found the "decent house" and the little cigar shop. That, too, looked as if its owner had locked up and gone for a holiday, and after Cecil's second rap Ellen opened the door with a surprised exclamation:

"O me dear young lady, it's never yourself to-day of all days!"

"I told you that I would come," said Cecil, a little shortly, as she went up the stairs.

"O, then you don't know! Sure, the man has all struck because of the draft and the naggar, and they say there'll be mournin' in all New York before the week's over. O me dear Miss Cecil, I wish you was safe at home. Bad luck to me that tould you about Rosy at all!"

Cecil stood still for a moment and grew a little pale; a mob was not a pleasant thing to encounter, but, like all New York girls, she was so accustomed to go about alone and be treated with perfect civility, that she could not believe herself in any danger now.

"Nonsense, Ellen. I don't believe a word of it!"

"Then, indeed, you may," said the girl, frightened out of her customary respectfulness; "do ye hear that?"

A series of frightful cries and shrieks came up the avenue. Ellen looked and bolted the door, and then followed Cecil up into the room where sat a pleasant-faced woman with a baby on her knee, and Rosy in a little cot by the window.

"It's Miss Adair," said Ellen, "and, sure, we must kape her here till thin's past. When'll Barney be home?"

"I'm proud to see you, miss," said Mrs. O'Flaherty, rising, "but it's ill luck that sint the likes of your ladyship here, the day. My man went out for a bit of ile for Rosy, there, an' if you'll wait till he gets back he'll be pleased to take you and Ellen home, for I'd not dare have yees try it alone."

Cecil's companion having returned to her,

she thought their alarm much exaggerated, but she thanked Mrs. O'Flaherty, and said she would be much obliged to Barney. And then she threw off her hat, for the room was like an oven, and went over to see Rosy.

"My poor little girl; you look as if grapes would be just the thing," said she, taking the hot wasted hand in hers, and placing the basket on the cot. "Ellen, please make her some lemonade. You will find lemons at the bottom, under the fruit."

Rosy thought she had never seen anything half so lovely as Cecil's face, and after she got over her first awe she chatted away quite briskly as she ate her grapes and sipped the lemonade. Cecil sat patiently for half an hour, though the heat and smell of the small room made her head ache. Outside, the howls and yells appeared more distant and less frequent, and she was about to say that, as it seemed so quiet, she would venture out with Ellen, when the girl herself, who had been watching below, ran up with face as pale as ashes.

"O, thin, here they come, screaming like demons! O mirra! will you look at 'em, tearing!" She pointed to the window, and going to Rosy's cot, Cecil looked out. What she saw was a rabble of men and boys, armed with sticks and paving-stones, hooting and yelling curses, in hot pursuit of a solitary figure, with something in his arms. The fugitive was swift of foot, for he had distanced his pursuers by several yards, and as he came nearer Cecil saw that he wore the well-known gray uniform of that pet regiment—dear to the hearts of all Gotham—the famous Seventh. The man wavered as he came closer, and suddenly sprang into the recess-door of the little cigar shop below. What he carried was a poor little negro boy, of perhaps ten years; the child's clothes were half torn from his body, and blood trickled from his arm as his protector set him down carefully behind him. Cecil could hear the hard panting breath of the runner, and her great blue eyes filled with indignation, as she said, hurriedly:

"Ellen, run down instantly and open that door!"

Ellen wrung her hands helplessly; she appreciated far better than her mistress the dastardly hatred that animated the mob, and she feared turning their wrath upon themselves. To do the girl justice, she was more frightened for her mistress than for herself; but while she hesitated the crowd came nearer with a cry of joy, as they spied their

victim. Suddenly a clear soldierly voice uttered a single word of command:

"Halt!"

There was an uncertain pause of half a second, a pause which the soldier seized to say, in the same clear tones (though something louder) which Cecil had so often heard entreating her for a waltz:

"Wait a moment, my men; I have something to say to you first."

Good God! had she heard aright? was that Erroll Courtmayne, to whom she had said an angry good-by a few days ago at Saratoga? The horror of the discovery half dazed her; she could not make sense of the words his voice was uttering; she could only watch with dumb fascination that surging crowd and the stones in those cruel hands. What he said seemed to have temporary effect, and perhaps he might have been successful in drawing their prey away from them, had not an ugly brute chosen to start the fight by throwing a stone, which hit the door in which the fugitives were standing. Before another word could be uttered Cecil was down the stairs; she flung the door open and dragged the little negro inside; a stone grazed her cheek, but she never heeded the pain; her soft white arms clung around his neck, and the blue eyes of the woman he worshipped looked up into Erroll Courtmayne's.

Do you think that her beauty would have been potent to save him? Then you may not be aware what fiends those rioters were; had you but seen the cruel hungry faces of that mob of '63, as I saw them, the sight would never die out of your recollection. They were like tigers athirst for blood, and Courtmayne groaned aloud in his agony at his inability to save her, when suddenly he heard behind the fierce multitude the sound he had been waiting for—the steady tramp, tramp of a squad of the Seventh Reserve Corps. No place this for Cecil, and he sprang backwards into the house as the first ring of snare-ketry told the mob of their presence.

With a shiver of self-consciousness, Cecil released herself from his arms, as they stood together in the dark hall. What was her boasted calmness and self-possession worth? They had forsaken her in the hour of trial, and she, proud Miss Adair, had gone mad and betrayed herself. Well, she would cover it up as best she could, and with white lips, but steady voice, she said:

"Don't think I was posing for Wallack's. How came you here?"

"Cecil!" He caught her up again, and pressed her against his wildly beating heart with so passionate a gesture that it gave her positive pain. "It is too late for more fencing between you and me! I love you better than my life! that life, for which you perilled your own just now!"

She made no answer; the look that brightened her face like a glory was enough reply.

"My dear, dear young lady!" sobbed Ellen, on the stairs. Then a man's voice said, outside:

"Let me in; sure it's only meself—Barney." Cecil pulled back the bolt, and a big burly Irishman, with a good-humored face, cautiously walked in. He stared at the group as if they were ghosts.

"Barney," said his wife, appearing, "whin thim folks is gone, ye'll show the young lady and gintleman out the back way, wont ye?" The man pulled his hat off civilly enough.

"Dade I will that," said he, "mayhap yees would like me hack; it's a coachee I am—and the boys wouldn't make no disturbance wid me on the box. I belong to the 'Union,' too, but masha, who'd ever hurt a baby like that, though his skin is a dirty black one!"

But it was fully seven o'clock before Court-naye would allow that it was safe to take Cecil home, and long ere that, Ellen and Mrs. O'Flaherty, with genuine Irish courtesy, had shown the pair into the cigar seller's vacant sitting-room, where Court-naye bathed Cecil's bruised cheek, and petted her to her happy heart's content. He had left Saratoga when he found Cecil gone, and came after her to New York, but had been pressed into service at the Seventh Regiment Armory the night before, where he found his own corps. He had started out to go and see Cecil that morning, but finding a crowd of boys torturing a little black boy, he had interfered with that pastime, and turned their resentment on himself. He had been asked to take command of the squad detailed for Second Avenue, and his real object in parleying with the rioters had been to gain time for the soldiers to arrive.

They found Mrs. Meredith in a state of dreadful panic, and very angry with Cecil for her expedition. Cecil said that Mr. Court-naye had escorted her home, and added a brief explanation which made her aunt sink back on her couch. If she had not been enraged at Cecil's capture, she would have fainted away on the spot, just for the sake of being disagreeable. Cecil knew the symptoms, and

made a diversion by suggesting fears of the rioters; so Mrs. Meredith sent for Court-naye, and (as Cecil laughingly declared afterwards) consented to be passively ladylike about a matter in which she had no voice, only as he promised to stay with them until civil law and peace reigned again in New York.

The three days "Reign of Terror" passed happily enough for the lovers; and when Cecil teased Court-naye about his "strategy," and begged to have the theory of "masked batteries" explained to her, he retorted by gravely lamenting that such a disciple of the "non-emotional" school should have so disgraced her code as to be purely natural, for five minutes!

Beautiful Mrs. Lechmere received a long letter by the first train which left New York, going northward, and, sitting on the piazza of the Clarendon, felt that her time had come to annihilate Tina. And pretty, plotting Miss Meredith brought vengeance straightway upon herself by remarking:

"What are you smiling about, Ida? Does your letter contain something pleasant?"

"I think so; perhaps your opinion may differ," said Ida, sweetly. "News for all of us."

"Some miserable man is captured," said Delmar, trying to be witty; "or Mrs. Lechmere would not look so triumphant."

"Don't you dare call him 'miserable,'" said she. "Fate has met Cecil at last. She is going to marry Court-naye." It was a double shot, for Delmar colored scarlet, and Tina turned livid.

"I don't believe it!" she gasped. Mrs. Lechmere's low laugh rang blithely out.

"My dear little skeptic!" and Ida's eyes were demurely malicious. "It's an attested fact, and Cecil says her wedding is fixed for October. I suppose I may tell Court-naye's secret now—he confessed his attachment to me some weeks ago."

Tina was in such a rage she forgot Captain Delmar's proximity, and showed her claws.

"Cecil must have been indebted to you, then, for the knowledge of his sentiments," said she, venomously. "When she left here she was looking forlorn enough, poor thing; she showed her anxiety plainly enough."

Then Ida calmly crushed her.

"I used to give you credit for penetration," said she, with a plaintive voice, in capital imitation of Tina's best efforts in that line; it must be, that in this case 'a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous—blind!'"

And Tina was silenced!

UNDER THE MISTLETOE.

BY ALICE B. BROWN.

Hark! the Christmas bells are chiming,
 But it scarcely seems a year
 Since, a gay and happy party,
 We were all assembled here;
 O! how fast the moments flitted—
 Lips and cheeks were all aglow;
 How the lads and lassies flirted
 Underneath the mistletoe!

But no luring wiles enticed me—
 Eyes of witching black and blue
 Cast no syren spell around me,
 For I thought alone of you.
 When your winsome lips were brighter
 Than the holly-berries' glow,
 Can you wonder that I kissed you
 Underneath the mistletoe?

When I read—O joy eternal!
 That your heart was mine alone,
 'Twas the purest, happiest moment
 That my life had ever known.
 Wilder wailed the wintry tempest,
 Faster fell the feathery snow,
 But 'twas springtime bloom and brightness
 Underneath the mistletoe!

Hearts to Cupid were succumbing,
 For the little laughing sprite
 Aimed his arrow oft and surely
 On that merry festal night.
 And no mortal could conjecture
 How we whispered, soft and low,
 All those sentimental nothings
 Underneath the mistletoe.

How the fleet hours passed unheeded
 Till I reached my fair one's door,
 And, with laughing look behind me,
 Homeward took my way once more;
 But my heart was warmly throbbing
 Through the wintry chill and snow,
 Thinking of those blissful moments
 Underneath the mistletoe.

When to-morrow's sun has faded
 Evergreens will wreath the walls,
 Sounds of festal mirth and music
 Echo through the lighted halls;
 And my bride shall be the maiden
 Who, one happy year ago,
 Filled my soul with sweetest rapture,
 Underneath the mistletoe!

 THESPIA BEFORE THE MAST.

BY W. H. MACY.

"WHAT say ye, boys, let's get up a theatre!
 That will be the very thing to interest all
 hands."

The speaker had been stretched on the
 barrel of the windlass, his head braced up
 against the pawls, in an attitude which
 seemed well adapted to produce permanent
 distortion of the spine. Under the inspira-
 tion of this luminous idea, his naked feet flew
 upward with a vigorous kick at empty air,
 and were brought down to the deck with a
 force that threw him up into a sitting pos-
 ture with the elasticity of a Jack-in-the-box.

"A good ship" was the Concordia, in the
 most extended sense of the phrase, as seamen
 employ it; and a happy set of lads we were,
 accordingly. On this particular evening we
 had been racking our brains for a new species
 of amusement to beguile the idle hours. We
 had tripped it on the 'light fantastic' and the

heavy unelastic toe, to the screeching of the
 cook's fiddle (I beg the sable artist's pardon,
 violin), alternating the orthodox "main-
 decker" of "two sets and a haze" with the
 more elaborate quadrilla. We had should-
 ered scrub-brooms and handspikes to march
 and countermarch round the tryworks in
 Indian file, and to drill in the manual upon
 original systems not to be found in Hardee or
 Upton. We had crossed single-sticks, paro-
 died Sullivan and Deaf Burke, and grappled
 each other in wrestling matches. We had
 interchanged autobiographies from the cradle
 upwards, sung every song, sacred or profane,
 that had ever haunted our memories, and de-
 voured every word of letter-press on board,
 even to the advertisements and law-notices
 in an eighteen-months'-old newspaper. A
 new sensation was demanded by the ex pop-
 ularly and Jam Stark, public-spirited youth that

he was, had struck a lead, which, if vigorous-ly worked, promised to yield golden returns.

"Can't we have a circus, too?" suggested Joe Downer.

"A circus?" No! Who ever heard of a circus without horses?"

"But there's the mincing-horse, for one," retorted the joker, "and there's the Warner, the backwoodsman, who tells us he is half-horse and half-snapping-turtle, so we can muster a horse and a half."

"To say nothing of the Flemish-horses," said Charley Burrows, from the windlass-end. "Then here's the finest chance in the world for ground and lofty tumbling—tight and slack ropes always ready, horizontal bars at any undesirable height, and—"

"We get enough of those performances while on duty," said Stark, impatiently. "For recreation we must keep to the legitimate drama. Here, Ryan," he continued, to the young man who had come forward after being relieved from the wheel. "We are going to start a theatre. Are you ready to take a part?"

"O yes! Count me in, by all means," answered Ryan, who was always ready for a lark. "You'll find me a very Nick Bottom. 'I could play 'Tricks rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.' But what are we to do for scenery?"

"I'm afraid," said I, "that some of our contrivances will be as ridiculous as Bottom's Moonshine and Wall."

"Now, don't begin to raise stumbling-blocks or throw cold water on the matter at the outset," said the enthusiastic Stark. "There's no knowing how much may be done with limited materials until we set ourselves to work with a will."

Stark, as the originator of so glorious a project, was made manager-in-chief by acclamation, while Ryan, Downer, Charley Burrows and I resolved ourselves into an executive committee on the spot. Many difficulties, which, at first sight, appeared insurmountable, were overcome by dint of ingenuity and patience. A few days afterwards a poster on the mainmast announced to such of our shipmates as had not been "in the cabinet" that "Concordia Saloon would open that evening (Wind, weather and whales permitting), with the prison-scene in *Pizarro*, followed by an original song, and to conclude with an afterpiece entitled, 'The Deputy Shepherd,' now represented for the first time on any stage!"

Inquisitive glances from the quarter-deck were directed at us, in the vain hope of getting a peep behind the scenes before the curtain should rise. But neither scenery nor curtain was visible. The ship was put under short sail in the dog-watch, as usual; and as soon as darkness settled down upon the sea, we began to prepare the stage on the star-board bow, as the most eligible place. There was no room for both actors and audience under deck, to say nothing of the heat, which, in that latitude, would have been intolerable.

A couple of tall-blocks were lashed aloft, and an immense drop, ingeniously contrived by attaching to a studding-sail-yard a vast extent of palm-leaf matting, manufactured by the savages at the Gilbert Islands, was hoisted into its place abreast the foremast, side and back, screens of the same material separated stage from green-room and effectually hid the preparatory mysteries from curious eyes. The only way to anticipate, was by ascending the fore-rigging high enough to look over the drop.

All hands, including of course captain and officers, rallied to a focus and began clamoring for music with all the enthusiasm and impatience of a Bowery audience. Whereupon the orchestra, represented by the cook with violin, and an Irish boy with triangle, from some mysterious place of concealment, started off in a barbarous piece, full of knots, gnarls and spasmodic starts, which the talented leader called "*de Railroad Overturn*, juss as dey plays it to Christy's."

But Joe Downer, who had been cast for the part of the incorruptible sentinel, was also the next helmsman, in right of succession. The two parts were certainly incompatible in the same individual. But Captain Bradley, who had entered into the spirit of the thing, was not to be balked of his sport, and disposed of this difficulty in a summary manner.

"Haul the mainyard in aback!" said he. "Put the wheel down and lock it!"

This arrangement was, of course, satisfactory to all parties.

"No duty called the jovial tars,
The helm was lashed a-lee,"

"Hoist away the rag!" was the cry, and up went the curtain upon a scene at once historic and histrionic.

Downer, *solus*, harnessed up in a labyrinth of crossbelts, shedding a halo round him from an immense crescent of bright sheathing copper which surmounted his forehead, and

bearing stiffly at "support" a ponderous king's arm which proclaimed him a soldier, despite the anachronism of two centuries, paced back and forth before a wall of dingy deal boards, over which floated the gorgeous flag of old Spain. A single lantern hanging from the battlements illumined his lonely beat; but the moon, most auspiciously rising at the moment off the starboard bow, added materially to the scenic effect.

"Moonshine and Wall!" said Charley Burrows, in a burst of enthusiasm.

Enter Rolla (Tom Ryan), from behind the fore-scuttle, enveloped in twenty yards of blue "dungaree," with a Russia cap pulled over his face, a pair of real *Japanese* sandals on his feet and four fathoms of ratline-stuff, such as monks have worn from time immemorial, wound round his body. Downer, at this sight, makes the sign of the cross, and, in so doing, forgets to "support" his musket. It drops heavily upon his toes, drawing from his lips an expletive which is not to be found in the authorized text of this popular drama, but which was greeted with rapturous applause from pit and gallery.

Rolla (in a sepulchral voice, quivering with suppressed laughter), "Inform me, friend, is Alonzo the Peruvian confined within this dungeon?"

Sentinel (with tears in his eyes, and spasmodic movements of the left foot), "*Of course he is!*"

This was too much for the holy father's risibles. He vanished down the fore-castle-ladder, roaring with laughter, and the old Castilian limped after him, as the curtain came down by the run, amid the grand explosion that followed from all hands.

Pizarro was postponed to another occasion, and the indignant remonstrances of Manager Stark were drowned in uproarious peals of mirth. He alone had no conception of the ludicrous character of the opening scene, as he had remained in the background, dressed and booked up for the part of Alonzo, and waiting for his cue. The audience, however, were all in good humor and hailed with applause the advent of Burrows. He was rewarded with nine cheers at the conclusion of his original song, which was given with full orchestral accompaniment of steel and catgut.

"The Deputy Shepherd," though it might have been new to the stage, could lay no claim to originality, being simply an adaptation of a chapter from "*Pickwick*." The

scene was illustrative of "an affecting interview" in the snugger of the Fleet Prison. The part of Sam was assigned to me; and Burrows, in virtue of his beardless face, filled the role of mother-in-law, Manager Stark was Stiggins the "Shepherd," while Ryan found ample scope for his humor in the part of the Senior Weller. This last is one of the most unctuous of Dickens's creations, and not the less so, from his seeming unconsciousness of his own absurdities. Sam's wit, in many cases, smells of the oil, seeming elaborated for the occasion. But the old gentleman, a strange compound of shrewdness and veridancy, is never more ludicrous than in his serious moments, and in fact, is most irresistibly funny when he has the least intention of being so.

Ryan, made up to Falstaffian proportions, and perspiring furiously under his load of slop-chest monkey-jackets, stuffed out with oakum, sits alone on the stage, hat and whip in hand, roaring the family name "Weller!" at measured intervals. This is my cue to rush from the green-room, and the well-known dialogue begins. Everybody's feelings are elevated at the appearance of "the red-nosed man," buttoned up in a clerical garment manufactured for the occasion, with his hole-y gloves on and bearing the inevitable cotton umbrella. We happened to have on board a veritable specimen of this truly nautical instrument, brought from home by a youth from the rural districts. He had been assured by a shrewd dealer that it was indispensable for a night-watch on shipboard.)

But the climax of merriment was reached when Burrows entered in female habiliments, looking of course the very counterpart of the late "Susan Clarke, Markis o' Granby Dorking." The bonnet especially claimed attention as a masterpiece of art; having been improvised from a palmleaf hat of the first magnitude, and decorated with streamers of rainbow hues. In style it may have been a Navarino, a Solferino, or a Sebastopol—I pretend to little knowledge of historical or geographical millinery.

The "performance" of hysterics, though evincing a want of feminine tact, was, on the whole, highly creditable to Burrows; but tears were difficult to manage without the aid of onions, a luxury to which we had been strangers for at least a twelvemonth.

The "wanity" imbibed by the Shepherd and his flock, so far from being "warm, my dear young friend, with three lumps of sugar

to the tumbler," was simply a molasses-and-water cocktail, dashed with limejuice, the compound being known to the initiated as "Lyman Johnson." A strictly temperance beverage, and a wholesome one withal; presuming that the limejuice, as in our case, is the real article, and not based upon sulphuric acid. The reverend gentleman's discourse upon the vice of intoxication was not, therefore, so ironical as it might have been under other circumstances.

But the alliterative saving clause before mentioned, "wind, weather and whales permitting," had not without good reason been inserted in the bills of the evening. A tropical squall was gathering; such a one as is manufactured from a clear sky at ten minutes' notice, and spends its whole fury in ten more. It was found expedient to hurry up matters, and to clip the programme a little. But the elements were too quick for us. Just as Mr. Stiggins was in the midst of one of his most brilliant, because most incoherent, passages, while old Weller divided the applause by his masterly counterfeit of apoplectic sleep, the squall met us, butt-end foremost.

"Throw down the topsail halyards clear!" roared Captain Bradley; but there was hardly time to obey the order, ere the stage suddenly inclined to an angle of forty-five. The signal lantern suspended over our heads was extinguished, the side-screen of matting was blown in upon us, enveloping the whole *corps dramatique* in its folds, and the rain followed, a perfect deluge while it lasted. Burrows, encumbered by his ample skirts, "fetched away" in his chair, and laying hold of his obese partner, Ryan, with a desperate clutch, they both rolled together into the lee scuppers. The shepherd, still unsteady on his legs, was thrown heavily against the galley-door, and sobered by a drenching from the bucket of Lyman Johnson, which still more than half full, had obeyed the law of gravitation in company with various other little matters. I, alone, as became the ready and active Sam, maintained a position to windward of the foremast, but narrowly escaped a fractured skull from the spar attached to the drop-curtain. One end of this had been let run in the confusion by some one who was trying to clear the buntlines belayed to the same pin.

The force of the wind was all spent in the first blast. The ship righted again, and the danger was all over; but the rain poured in torrents for a few minutes, while high above

its rushing, rattling sound rose shrieks of laughter from all quarters at our ludicrous plight. Everybody lent a hand to clear the wreck and secure the "properties," while we actors made an ignominious kind of exit from the stage. But Ryan, sustaining his part to the last, bawled, "A-do Samivel!" while Mrs. Weller wept bitterly because "her best bonnet was ruined."

"Of course something would happen to spoil our first appearance," growled Stark, who, though a good shipmate in the main, had that infirmity of temper which conceals from its possessor all the humor of a joke whereof he himself is one of the victims.

But the irascible manager was laughed into good humor again, and the dramatic essay was pronounced, both forward and aft, a grand success, as far as it went. We were given to understand that the quarter-deck, which offered many advantages as a Theopian temple, would be at our service for the next performance. Our shipmates were inoculated with the stage fever, and several recruits joined our ranks. We were enabled to extend our operations, and Concordia Saloon became a fixed fact. Even an army of "supers" could be raised, equipped and drilled at short notice. Truly a motley army! with hardly two soldiers who were compatriots—but what of that?

"It's the Cosmopolitan Theatre," said the manager, triumphantly.

"No pent-up fore-castle contracts our powers. But the whole main and quarter-deck are ours," added Tom Ryan, striking an attitude.

"All the ship's a stage," continued Joe Downer. "'The officers and sailors merely players.' But don't ask me to shoulder a musket again. My toes are black and blue yet; and, furthermore, I'm opposed to *sogering*, on principle."

In due time we essayed Macbeth in full force and played it successfully. True, Burrows was not exactly Mrs. Siddons, and Stark played the part of a double assassin in murdering King Duncan and the immortal bard at one and the same time. The scenery, too, required the aid of a lively imagination to render it satisfactory. But the ghosts and apparitions shot up through the skylight with startling effect. The stout Thane of Fife and the usurper made the fire fly in the death-scene, as they "laid on" with weapons of sixpenny hoop-iron, clumsy enough to have served the muscular patriot Wallace and the

redoubtable Guy of Warwick. Altogether, our rendering of the great tragedy was all that could have been expected of amateurs, under the disadvantages of place and materials.

But the theatrical season was to close with the cruise on the equator; for the next was to be made in a higher latitude. As we had in rehearsal at the time we anchored in the coral-girt haven of Kooeaya, an original drama written by Stark and Ryan expressly for us, it was determined to bring it out under royal patronage, and finish up the campaign by a grand performance on shore.

The use of the great council-house was obtained, an application to King Rooca-tari, and the resources of the ship were freely drawn upon in preparing for the occasion. The theatre was handsomely decorated with bunting and pieces of gay-colored cloth, and brilliantly illuminated by fragments of candle stuck up in every available spot.

Nothing could have been better adapted for a stage than the raised platform which extended across one end of the spacious building. Indeed Stark averred that the savage architect who had superintended its erection must have had this very matter in view.

"Boys, we must all do our very best to-night," he said, "for this is an era, both in our own history and in that of our patrons. It is not only the first night of our literary banding, but it may be called the inauguration of the Micronesian drama!"

"And the drama may do as great a work," said Tom Ryan, "in the cause of civilization as the church, the newspaper or the gallows. These are not available for us, as they require more time and labor to introduce them. We'll leave them for our successors, but

"The play's the thing,
Wherein we'll catch the conscience of the king."

But, as we soon had occasion to learn, a less susceptible subject than the usurper Rooca-tari it would have been difficult to find.

This man was no King *Dei gratia*, but a sort of savage Bonaparte, who had gone into the business with no capital but his own brute courage and audacity. He was even now at war with a tribe from the other side of the mountain who espoused the claims of a powerful rival chieftain. The precarious tenant of a tottering throne, upheld only by spear and war-club. A king, in short, with no "divinity to hedge him in." His "con-

science," if he could be said to have any, moved in an orbit too eccentric to be "caught" by a party of sailor-actors.

Our audience, in point of numbers, was all that could be desired, the gentler sex being largely represented. But it was soon apparent that the decorations had more attraction for them than all our histrionic efforts. The gay bunting of the drop-curtain, in a double sense, obscured all that was behind it; and *tappa* was more potent than Terpsichore; for not even a grand dance, introducing the whole company in the opening scene, could fix their attention.

The new piece had been written specially for a nautical audience. The principal character was, as all gallant tars are known to be, an Admirable Crichton in all branches of knowledge and the embodiment of every moral virtue. Of his sweetheart, it is sufficient praise to say that she was worthy of his devotion. All the other characters were so unfortunate as to have business on *terra firma*, and were necessarily incarnations of evil, under the comprehensive name of "land-sharks."

But the beauties of so truthful a picture of civilized life were lost upon Rooca-tari and his unappreciative subjects. In vain we played at the king. In vain we lavished our best efforts, watching for an indication of the dawning of anything like dramatic taste in his benighted mind. He might have been a tobacco-sign sculptured in black walnut, save that his eyes rolled covetously now and then towards the draperies of red and yellow cotton. His subjects, male and female, took their cue from royalty and followed his example.

The warriors had come, armed to the teeth, like Puritans of old to the house of prayer. For scouts were out on the mountain, and the rebellious tribe of Areo-nooa valley were just then more than usually turbulent. A night attack was not improbable at any moment and the warlike Rooca-tari was not the man to neglect any precautions. The body of the house presented, therefore, a scene more unique and imposing than anything we could display on the stage.

Our officers and shipmates were all present except a small guard or anchor watch. The ship lay very near the shore and all hands had been furloughed for this occasion. Our boats lay in readiness at the water side to receive us, actors, scenery, properties and all as soon as the evening's entertainment should be over.

"Stark, what do you think of the prospects of the English drama among the Kooeyans?" asked the waggish Downer, while we were preparing for the second act.

"Think?" returned the disappointed manager, "why, it's only casting pearls before swine. I was in hopes the royal presence might be worth something to us; but this wooden-headed barbarian has about as much appreciation of our work as old Doctor Johnson had of music when he said it was not so disagreeable a noise as some others."

"He hasn't moved a muscle since the curtain rose," said I, "except such as were required to roll his ugly eyeballs about. But I'll wake him up in the next act, see 'I don't."

"How in the world are you going to manage it?" he inquired, in surprise. For I was cast for an unimportant part, as one of the misguided handmen.

"Never mind," I answered, ominously; "you'll see."

"If you can galvanize him into life," said Stark, "do so; and I'll acknowledge you to be a worker of miracles."

The curtain rose upon a melting interview between Jack and his sweetheart. (The hero was called Jack, of course; as it is well known every seaman ought to be; such being the generic name of the whole fraternity in song and story, if we except Tom Bowline and Black-eyed Susan's William.)

Pending this parting scene between the lovers, Jack's ship, the Thunderbolt, is supposed to be lying at "short-stay-peak," with the foretop-sail loosed and flaunting the blue Peter. A gun fired from her is to notify them that she is ready to break ground, and to be the signal for them to break a ring, and exchange their final vows, according to established precedent in such cases. It fell to my duty to give this cruel signal by a rap upon a small but sonorous native tom-tom which stood in a corner of the council-house. But while preparing our stage during the previous day, I had peered into the mysteries of a smaller building adjoining the theatre. I resolved now that the Thunderbolt's parting salute should be such as became a first-rate man-of-war. It should be no popgun, but one of her main-deck battery.

This little temple I had found to be devoted solely to the keeping and storage of the *pahu* or great drum. This was a gigantic instrument, hideously decorated, and the heads of which are supposed to be made of the skins

of hostile warriors slain in battle. There was only one instrument of the kind in the tribe, and it was never sounded except upon occasions of great solemnity. Indeed no hand was permitted to touch it save that of the king himself, or the high priest Orotoo, who at that moment sat in the theatre at his majesty's elbow. The only exception was in case of invasion by an enemy, when, like a fire-alarm, it might be sounded by the first person who chanced to be near the temple at the moment; and its first stroke was a summons for every able-bodied man to be under arms. Knowing my cue, I waited quietly near the tom-tom in the corner till the moment drew nigh when I was to thump on it. Then, without saying a word to any of my shipmates, I glided swiftly out of the door and into the small temple. The *pahu* stood on an elevated stand, and was reached by ascending several steps built for the purpose.

Without stopping to reflect upon the consequences of my mad freak I bounded up the steps and seized, with sacrilegious hands, the mammoth drumsticks, two highly polished clubs of the *toa*, or iron-wood. Bringing them into position for beating the long-roll, I threw all my muscular power into the work. The effect upon my own ears was truly deafening. I can liken it to nothing that I have ever experienced, before or since. But those of my seafaring brethren who have served on board a turreted monitor, and assisted in "bombarding Sumter from a kettle," may have a correct idea of what I mean.

I could, of course, know nothing of its effect upon others until I paused. As the reverberation partially died away a new sound took its place; a chorus of unearthly yells from many voices blended, no less startling and terrific than the infernal din of the *pahu* itself.

Realizing, for the first time, the possible effect of my rashness, I cleared the flight of steps at a single bound. Rushing into the theatre I found it deserted by all the natives while the last of my shipmates were crowding through the door which led to the beach, loaded with the portable articles brought on shore during the day. Jack's voluminous white trousers flashed through the darkness down the coral slope, and Burrows had torn off his feminine skirts to join the general stampede in light marching order. The flag of our country was trailing in the dirt, having been snatched from its place and dragged through the door without rolling up.

The yells of the armed warriors receded inland, as they rushed in the direction of a defile by which the enemy might be expected to make an inroad. A night attack by the rebels of Areonova valley was the only solution of the alarm that had yet occurred to them. That any one of us white strangers should have dared to profane the temple, and to lay hands upon the sacred *paku*, was a possibility which had not once entered the mind of Roosa-tari.

But I had not escaped unobserved from the temple. I caught sight of a female face peering round the corner of the council-house as I rushed from one door to the other. While all the males had rallied to arms at the first sound, this daughter of Eve, impelled by curiosity, had discovered the trick.

We had hardly hoisted our boats on board the Concordia, when the warriors were heard returning, the shouts approaching nearer and nearer, till the whole force were assembled on the beach abreast the ship, and Roosa-tari's canoe was soon paddling alongside.

He at once sought an interview with Captain Bradley who was quite innocent of any knowledge of the author of the alarm. But the meddlesome female witness had been brought off in the canoe, and she was not long in pointing out the impious wretch. I was ordered to report at head-quarters and the captain attempted to reprimand me. But he broke down in a paroxysm of laughter,

as a vivid recollection of the scene in the theatre came up afresh in his mind.

This unaccountable conduct served only to add to the fury of the irate Roosa-tari. I doubt not he would, at the moment, have destroyed the ship and every man on board, had he felt strong enough to do it; but entertaining a wholesome dread of our firearms, he found it inexpedient to make the matter a *casus belli*. A few pieces of the coveted cotton cloth soon changed the current of his thoughts, and he departed richer if not wiser than he came.

I should hardly have ventured on shore again had I found the opportunity. But the ship was ready for sea; and the next morning a fresh trade wind was filling her canvas and wafting us onward towards the great Northwest.

"Didn't I tell you I'd wake him up, boys!" said I, as we were stowing the anchors. "I'll warrant you never saw all hands called quicker than that."

"But you spoiled our new play with your infernal war-drum," grumbled Stark, dropping the corners of his mouth.

"I improvised a *play* of my own, far better adapted to move an audience than yours was. The *paku* was the greatest *hit* of our dramatic season. It's

"The thing
Wherein I caught the conscience of the king."

AN EVENING WITH A CATAMOUNT.

BY C. A. STEPHENS.

IN the spring of '64 I was one of those living skeletons, rescued from the den of famine and death at Salisbury. All through the long summer I had lain amid the odors of a hospital; and it was August before I was able to return to my home at Bangor, Maine. It had been a "touch and a go" with me, and the weakness of a constitution sapped to its very roots still held me down.

"Keep in the fresh pure air, my boy; and exercise what you feel to," was the advice of our old physician. "You'll come up little by little."

But it was slow work. September, with its myriad colors, came, to find me restless and impatient, but far from strong.

"Can't you plan to take a trip up to the

Lakes, and around Katahdin?" said the doctor one day, as I was complaining, and berating him for not giving me something to set me on my legs. "Nothing better than that. The grand scenery there will occupy and interest your mind, which is as much at fault as your body just now."

I hailed the proposition. It had been one of the pet dreams of my boyhood. Old John Clives the trapper, whose stories used to be the delight of my early years, was just setting off on his fall tour up the west branch of the Penobscot; and I gladly put myself under the old man's care.

Forty years' experience in that singular region had made him familiar with both its physical features and the many curious

legends which the Indians tell of Potmoola, the strange being or demon who used to inhabit Katahdin and the surrounding wilderness. The old fellow was never tired of repeating these; they were a part of his life, and served to beguile the long canoe journey up the Penobscot, and past lake after lake, linked together by it, where the Aboljacknegesic and the Aboljacarmeguscook pour their clear cold waters into the west branch, within a few rods of each other. Here we left our canoe, and struck off in a north-easterly direction, for a chain of ponds, known as the Katahdin ponds. Here Clives was intending to put down his traps. Near the shore of one of the largest of these we stumbled upon an old logging-camp, which we took possession of and established ourselves for a stay of some weeks.

It was our fifth day there, if I remember correctly; Clives had got his cordon of traps set, and had gone that afternoon on his first round to visit them, telling me I need not expect him till late. I had been fishing along the shore of the pond for nearly a mile from our camp, when turning into a little nook in the shore, overhung by alders, under which a small brook came in, I espied a raccoon digging in the mud.

The recognition was mutual. He eyed me a moment, with his cunning visage turned askew, then scuttled away among the bushes. Hoping to make him take up a tree, I dropped my pole and gave chase. But there were no trees to his liking very near, and I was about giving up the race, when Mr. Graycoat stopped at the foot of a large yellow birch, and looking round at me as if he thought it a more than usually good joke, suddenly disappeared.

Coming up, I found there was a large opening in the trunk near the ground, and looking in, saw that the tree was entirely hollow—a mere shell some three or four feet in diameter, lighted by several other holes and clefts up and down the trunk. I could see the coon up some fifteen or twenty feet, clinging on to the side and peering curiously down to see what I was about.

If I had brought my gun I could easily have taken him off his perch; but that was at the camp a mile away. A long pole was the next thing that suggested itself—my fishing-pole; but that was too far off. Just then, however, I saw a long dry one, lying on the ground at some distance, and ran to get it. I had stooped to pick it up, when all at once there

came a cry—a scream, so shrill and piercing that I involuntarily cried out myself. It seemed to come from over my head; and glancing up to the treetops, I saw a large gray creature, crouched upon the limb of a maple in the attitude of springing. To turn and run was my first and very natural impulse. In an instant there was another shriek, followed by a heavy spring among the leaves, which shook the ground behind me.

Back towards the hollow tree I sped. Why, I hardly knew. But the cavity at the root gave me the idea as I approached, and diving into it I scrambled up on the inside like a chimney-sweep. It was my turn to climb now, and I went up with as much alacrity as the coon had done. He, meanwhile, went up higher, throwing down a shower of punk and dirt into my eyes, which were, I presume, open to their fullest extent.

I was scarcely in ere the creature was at the hole, making a strange purring noise. He might almost have reached my feet without climbing at first. Perhaps the quantity of rotten wood which was falling blinded him. The coon and I were both doing our best in that respect. And if the shower in his eyes bore any proportion to that in mine I don't wonder he hesitated. But be that as it may, I had great reason to be thankful for the delay. For while he was snuffing and purring at the root, I managed to wriggle up some twenty or thirty feet, to where a large limb had grown out. The root of the limb had not rotted away with the rest of the wood, but extended out into the inside of the cavity, affording me a sort of seat. Here, with a long aliver, or slim, in my hand, such as are often seen along the inside of decaying trees, I sat prepared to act upon the defensive.

I did not have long to wait. For the cloud of dust subsiding a little, the creature perceived me, and uttering another scream, began climbing up after us. The aliver which I held was six or seven feet long and sound, though covered with rot and dirt. I got out my pocket knife, and quickly sharpened the hard wood down to an acute point. It thus became quite an effective weapon. And as soon as the catamount—for such I judge it to have been—came within reach, I gave him a "jab" in the face with my spear—then another, and another, dealt down upon him with all my strength. His claws were occupied in holding on. A new shower of dirt rattled down into his eyes.

I redoubled my thrusts. It grew too hot for him, and I had the inexpressible pleasure of seeing him slide down to the bottom, growling and snarling with rage. But in a moment he was up on the outside. I heard his claws in the bark; and could see him as he passed the rifts and holes in the old trunk. But the aperture at the top was too small to admit anything but his head or one paw at a time.

Seeing the coon he commenced a series of cries and screeches, and thrusting in first one paw and then the other, tried to reach him. Bad as was my own situation, I could not help thinking that I was much better off than the coon. He was between two implacable foes. But he bore it very philosophically. When the catamount's claws came too near he would shrink down a little towards me, keeping an eye to both of us, with a coolness that struck me as rather admirable under the circumstances. I don't know what he thought of his chance. He didn't let it rob him of his self-possession; and his queer quizzical face was as much of a joke as ever.

Finding he couldn't get in at the top, the panther began to descend, and coming down to the hole, just above my head, looked in. Quick as a flash his long paw popped in and clutched up my cap with I don't know how much hair. I had to crouch close to keep my head from following it.

Such claws! they must have been five or six inches in length, and shot out of his toes with the rapidity of thought. Once within their grip, all escape would be impossible.

Withdrawing his foot, he would eye me a moment, then thrust it in again and strain to reach me, with a display of muscular activity truly wonderful. But getting out my knife, I gave him such sharp pricks that he soon got sick of that sort of exercise; and after glaring at me for a long while, went down to try at the bottom again.

Whenever his head appeared within the opening I let the punk and shins go at him, in such quantities that he soon had to dig them out to get a look at all.

Lying stretched out on the ground, he would fix his eyes first on one, then on another of the holes along the trunk, and at the least movement spring up, fixing his claws into the bark, and in a moment be at the top, looking down at the coon, till, finding us all still beyond his reach, he would go back to watch again.

I could see him quite distinctly from my

loophole. A long, lithe body—six feet, I thought, with the large cat head, strong legs and broad feet, from which his claws were uneasily protruding and receding, and a long tail switching to and fro with restless impatience—the very embodiment of strength and ferocity.

How to escape was the next question, after the momentary peril had ceased. Would the catamount go away of his own accord? He didn't act like it. His movements seemed to indicate that he meant to try a siege.

Night had come on—but the moon was rising over the treetops. I remember thinking whether this were not nearly as bad as Salisbury, but believe, I decided that it wasn't thus far. I looked up to the raccoon, he was reconnoitering through a crevice.

Suddenly the idea struck me that if I could force the coon out the panther might seize him, and perhaps be satisfied with one of us. But I confess that it was not without some self reproach that I began to put this plan in execution. We were companions in danger, and to drive him out to certain death was truly the very climax of selfishness. But the instinct of self-preservation is not to be subjected to moral tests.

Again sharpening my stick, I stood up on my seat, and drove the coon up before me. He offered no resistance, though manifesting the greatest reluctance to go out at the top. But I forced him out. The moment he appeared in sight the catamount leaped up after him.

Poor fellow! he made one frantic attempt to get back into the tree, then turned to battle with the ascending monster. One sharp cry of fear and agony, and his life-blood was feeding our savage besieger. After sucking at his throat for a few moments, the cougar sprung down and ran off into the forest, with the coon in his mouth. I saw him disappear among the shadows, and heard his footsteps die away in the distance.

It was an opportunity not to be neglected. I was not long getting down. Crawling out of the tree, I made a bee-line for the camp, in nearly an opposite direction, at about my best paces. It was ten o'clock when I got in. I found Clives wondering at my absence, and considerably alarmed. I told him of my adventure; and the next morning we moved our camp down to the Millinocket Lake. We didn't like the neighborhood. A catamount is not, in my very humble opinion, an agreeable companion to spend an evening with.

THE FATE OF MORNING DAWN.

AN INDIAN ROMANCE.

BY A RESIDENT OF KANSAS.

DURING the month of March, in 186-, in passing through an "Indian Reservation," in the beautiful State of Kansas, the day being cold and very unpleasant, we stopped at an Indian house to warm ourselves, and rest our jaded horses, for we had driven tolerably fast that morning. While enjoying the comforts of a good warm stove, the lady of the house, who, although a full-blooded Indian, was intelligent, and well dressed, related to us the following story, the incidents of which occurred not very far from the locality at which we had stopped. I cannot vouch for the entire truth of the story, though there is nothing improbable in it. Incidents of this kind have always been, and are now, common in savage life.

About six miles in a south-western direction from the beautiful young city of Topeka, the capital of the flourishing State of Kansas, stands a very singular looking hill, or mound of earth and stones. It is considerably higher than the other hills by which it is surrounded. When seen from a distance, in the twilight of evening, with its sharp outlines distinctly marked against the horizon, it reminds one of the pictures of the Pyramids as seen in the school geographies. At its base, and surrounding it on two sides, winds a placid and tranquil stream of clear water, flowing smoothly and silently over a pebbly bed, housing its banks, up to the very edge of the stream, fringed with green grass and numerous wild flowers of the most beautiful hues. The little stream is called Shunga-Nunga, and takes its name from a young Indian brave, who was slain on its bank in battle many years ago. The mound itself is known in the Indian tongue as Shunga-Naxie, but better known to the white settlers as "Battle Hill." On the very top of this elevated spot, is a stone enclosure, about twelve feet square. The stones surrounding the enclosure are not laid up, as in ordinary walls, but are stuck in the ground endwise, like palisades—the ground within is not level, but a little concave, as if scooped out by continued blasts of wind, which have swept over and around it, for a long time.

This lonely spot, around whose summit the

violent winds of the prairie whistle almost unceasingly, is the resting-place of the brave young warrior, above alluded to, as well as the lovely young creature, who was his early bride. Here they sleep in undisturbed solitude, save when some curious person is attracted hither by the singular appearance of the mound, or visits it, drawn by a sympathetic interest in their melancholy history. The beautiful little stream flows as calmly to-day, at the base of the hill, as it did before the fierce untamed denizens of the forest engaged in deadly conflicts upon its banks, and the wild birds of the prairie sing the unwritten music of nature, as sweetly to-day, as they did on the evening after the interment, when they sang the first requiem to the early dead. But to our story.

Very many moons ago—long before steamboats or railroads were invented—long before the white man left the impress of his foot upon the green grass of the wide-spreading prairie, and a long time before the "poor Indian" had learned the evil habits of the white man, in drinking fire water, and in the use of bad words—there roamed over and around the country here, the "Prairie Band" of the Yankton Sioux. Here they built their villages—here were their hunting grounds—here they kindled the war fires, and danced the war dance around them, before they started on the war path against their hereditary foes the fierce Kiowas.

Among the young warriors of this band, Shunga-Nunga was the fleetest in the chase, the bravest in battles, and the foremost in every occupation of savage life. In the race he could outstrip the swiftest runner in the flight, none were more courageous, and none more generous or magnanimous in victory. His intelligence and prowess soon indicated who ought to be the leader of the band, and he was accordingly chosen.

Well and faithfully did he fulfil the expectations of the tribe. Between the Yankton Sioux and the Kiowas there existed the most implacable hatred, and nothing but blood could appease these wild and untamed beings. In one of the war expeditions against the Kiowas, led by Shunga-Nunga, they came

upon an encampment of the enemy on the banks of a rapid stream a little after sundown of a beautiful day in autumn.

It is the custom among all the Indians of this country never to attack an enemy in the night time, but just about daybreak in the morning.

As soon as the discovery of the encampment was made, the leader of the Sioux ordered his warriors to lie down and not move without his orders. At daylight every arrangement was made for the attack on the camp. The Kiowas were not asleep, but lay awaiting the attack of their foes, and they received the invaders with all the savage ferocity of these wild and fierce people.

The battle was long and desperate. Many of the Kiowas were slain. The voice of Shunga-Nunga was heard amid the din and confusion of the battle, encouraging his braves to deeds of desperate daring, and he himself fought like a hero, dealing death blows on every side. At length, being exhausted, and left almost alone, he threw himself into the stream, and swam to the opposite side. Here, more dead than alive, he crawled up the bank, and into a thicket, and night coming on he eluded his pursuers.

How long he lay concealed he never knew; for, being exhausted by his superhuman efforts against the enemy, and faint from loss of blood, he fell into a swoon, and was unconscious for several days. When he recovered, he found himself lying in a wigwam on a bed of buffalo-skins, and a beautiful young Indian maiden of sixteen summers beside him, bathing his temples with cold water, to allay the scorching fever which had been raging in his system, depriving him of his senses for several days, but which was now abating through the tender care of his attentive nurse.

On his return to consciousness, he opened his eyes and attempted to rise, but was gently waved back by his careful attendant. She motioned him to be quiet, that he was not yet completely recovered, and he must remain still.

"Lead me to the Kiowas," said the half-conscious sufferer; "my arm is yet strong, I must revenge the death of my comrades."

She begged him to be quiet, saying that he was safe and out of danger, and in due time he should learn all about his condition, and how he came to be in the place he then was. This assurance calmed his excited temper, and soothed his feelings, and he again fell into a gentle slumber.

It seemed that the Kiowas, in pursuit of Shunga-Nunga on the morning after the battle, had traced his steps into the thicket, and found him in the half dead condition already described. He was immediately carried out, a council held over him, and it was determined that he must be slain forthwith. Twenty war clubs were already raised over the doomed victim, and were about to descend on the prostrate foe, when an aged warrior stepped forth and stayed the uplifted arms of the executioners.

"Stand back," said the old man, "and hear me before you strike."

Then placing himself near the prostrate man he said:

"It is known to all the tribe that I have always been a brave—that I never shunned the battle myself, nor withheld any of my sons from the conflict, when their presence was needed. It has pleased the Great Spirit to take from me, in the late battle, the last of my sons, who, you all know, fought like a warrior until he was slain. I am now old, and have not one to whom I can look for aid in my declining years. I am like a lonely tree in the forest, which has been stricken by lightning. I have not one branch left. Let me take the young man. If he gets well, I will adopt him, and he shall supply the place of those of mine who have passed to the happy hunting-grounds."

The old man waited quietly their reply. The grim warriors looked at each other for a few moments, and then all signified their approval by the usual "grunt," so common among these savages. The wounded man was conveyed to the cabin of the old man, and placed under the care of his only daughter, who, as has already been seen, soon restored him to his usual good health.

According to the custom of the Indians he was adopted into the family of the old warrior, and he seemed to be happy in his new relationship. With them he went on the war path, with them he scoured the plains in pursuit of the wild buffalo and antelope, with them he caught fish in rapid mountain streams, and, very soon, by his superior skill and prowess in these pursuits, he gained the respect and good-will of the whole tribe, and was a favorite with every one, but a single warrior.

This one, who for more causes than one, looked upon the stranger with an eye of envy and jealousy. He saw the rising greatness of Shunga-Nunga, and he became envious; be-

alides, he saw, or thought he saw, a growing intimacy between him and the beautiful *Wauhonsa* (Morning Dawn), his adopted sister, whose hand and whose affections he was anxious to secure for himself. Indeed, he had already made proposals for her hand, but had received but little encouragement from the young woman's father, as well as from herself. He tried every means in his power to interrupt the growing affection between Shunga-Nunga and Wauhonsa, but in this he was entirely unsuccessful. Falling here, he changed his tactics, and sought to revenge himself upon his successful rival.

This young chief, on account of the impetuosity of his temper, was called "Rapid Water." In battle he was like the whirlwind, sweeping on, regardless of danger, tearing and destroying everything that opposed him, and never showing quarter to those he had overcome. Cruel and relentless to the conquered, he had no sympathy or generosity in his nature. This character of his made him to be feared by many of his tribe, but lost him the respect of the brave and virtuous—while in true courage and bravery he was very far excelled by his rival Shunga-Nunga.

Days, weeks and months passed on, and Shunga-Nunga and Wauhonsa seemed to live for each other. They were almost always together, except when he was called away by the sterner demands of savage life, and never seemed so happy as when in each other's presence. While he endeavored to anticipate every wish of hers, and to gratify every want, she reciprocated his feelings, by leaving nothing undone which might please him. For him she called the choicest wild flowers of the prairie, and wove them into chaplets to entwine his forehead. For her he chased the deer to its wildest haunts, that he might bring her the choicest venison, and the softest skins to decorate her person. But, in savage life, as well as in civilized, "the course of true love never did run smooth," so in this case there was no exception to the rule.

Notwithstanding this apparent degree of happiness existing between these lovers, to any one at all practised in the study of human nature, it was evident from his absent-mindedness, and the moments of sadness that he was subject to, that all was not bright and promising in the future of Shunga-Nunga. Wauhonsa was not long in detecting these moments of gloom and sadness, which pervaded the spirit of her lover, and in the most tender tones of anxiety and love she inquired:

"Why is the face of Shunga-Nunga overcast with sorrow? Does he discover anything in the conduct of Wauhonsa that renders him unhappy? or does he sigh after an earlier love, and a fairer face, now far to the east? and does he wish to return to the loved ones towards the rising sun? If so, he is free. Wauhonsa will mourn for him when he is gone, but does not wish to detain him here, if he desires to go."

Here this simple child of prairie life gave way to a flood of tears. Shunga-Nunga was deeply affected at this outburst of nature, and clasping the weeping girl to his bosom he said:

"Wauhonsa is dearer to me than my own life—dearer to me than aught else in the world—and it is the fear of losing her that overshadows my brow with sadness and gloom. I feel that Rapid Water and I cannot live here in peace—one of us must fall. Wauhonsa has not failed to detect his growing hatred to me. I am a stranger in the tribe, he is a relative. I do not fear to meet him in single combat, and thus settle our differences, but were I to conquer him I should be no better off—I should have to fight the whole tribe. The only way for Shunga-Nunga is to submit to the loss of Wauhonsa—and to lie down and die."

"Never!" said Wauhonsa; "let us fly from this cruel place at once, to-night, and by to-morrow's sun we shall be beyond the reach of Rapid Water and his friends."

"And leave your father and his tribe for a stranger?" said her lover.

"Ay! Father, tribe and nation; your home shall be my home, your people shall be my people, for, in the presence of Gitche-Manito I here swear that before I give up Shunga-Nunga, and become the wife of Rapid Water, I will throw myself from yon overhanging cliff into the turbulent stream below, and end my life and my sorrows together."

Then said Shunga-Nunga:

"Far beyond the blue hills, towards the sunrise, is my home; here live my friends, they will be yours. A thousand warriors, brave and true, will welcome my return, and will defend us both when there. There we will flee, and should the Rapid Water follow us, he will be met by stout hearts and strong arms, always ready to meet danger in defence of friends. This night we must go. The morning light must find us far away from here. Only last night, in answer to the importunities of Rapid Water, I overheard your

father promise that he should carry you home to his wigwam at the next full moon—by that time you shall be beyond his reach!”

Accordingly, as soon as night had thrown its mantle of darkness over hill and valley, and all was hushed and still, they each mounted a horse, and, turning their faces towards the rising sun, they left the lodges of the Klowas for the far-off hunting-grounds of the Yankton Sioux.

It is not necessary that we should follow them in their flight, and tell all the incidents of travel that befell them on their journey—how, when Wathonza was wearied and worn by fatigue and loss of sleep, Shunga-Nunga lifted her gently off her horse, and watched over her while he slept, and rested her weary frame—suffice it to say, that, after a long and fatiguing journey, they reached the home of the Yanktons, and dwelt together in happiness and seeming security for a long time.

As soon as it was discovered that the young Sioux had carried off the prize, Rapid Water raved like a maddened buffalo, and vowed the most terrible vengeance against his successful rival. He called the tribe together, and made a fiery speech, to inflame their passions. He spoke of the shame and disgrace that would attach to the tribe by having one of its members carried away by an enemy; he dwelt upon the many wrongs inflicted upon the Klowas by the Yanktons, and he aroused them into frenzy when he said these wrongs remained unrevenged; he appealed to their honor, and asked them to wipe away the stain left upon the tribe, by having one of its daughters carried captive into an enemy's country; he asked to have her restored to her friends, and her captor punished.

An expedition was soon planned into the country of the Yanktons, by Rapid Water, to wreak his vengeance upon Shunga-Nunga, and recover, if possible, his lost love. This latter was not to be surprised. He had lived long enough with the Klowas to understand them perfectly. He called his band together and told them what they might expect—that Rapid Water was a great brave, and would not lose so valued a prize without an effort to recover it. That they must hold themselves in readiness, and be on the alert and ready to fight at any moment, as the Klowas were very sure to follow, and that they were liable at any moment to fall upon the Yanktons like a pack of hungry wolves. The warriors gave

the warwhoop, put on the war paint and prepared for battle.

One fine evening while the Yanktons were engaged in wrestling and running foot races—favorite sports with Indians—their attention was attracted by an unusual howling of wolves. This was recognized at once as a trick of the Klowas to lure their enemies into the hills in pursuit of wolves, and then, while they were scattered about, to fall upon them and destroy them. But the Yanktons were too cunning for that. They posted themselves carefully, and awaited the attack.

Early the next morning, about daylight, the enemy were seen dodging from tree to tree, and hiding behind hillocks and rocks, and endeavoring to steal upon the Sioux. The latter stood firm and met them bravely. The fight commenced with great fury just at the base of the hill, or mound, described in the first part of our story. The battle raged terribly on both sides of the little stream at the foot of the hill for several hours. Many had fallen on both sides, still they fought bravely and desperately.

For a long time the victory remained doubtful. Rapid Water saw his numbers dwindling away, many of his bravest men lay dead and dying beside the stream. He saw that unless some bold and heroic feat was achieved, the day was lost. He saw the tall form of Shunga-Nunga moving rapidly among his braves, encouraging them by his presence, and he thought if he could destroy him the victory would be won. Then calling several of his bravest men to his side he said, “follow me,” and rushing through the enemy, to where Shunga-Nunga then was, he engaged that warrior in single combat. All the braves on both sides gathered around their chief, and fought so desperately that but few were left alive. Shunga-Nunga had wrested the tomahawk from the hand of his adversary and was about to despatch him, when one of Rapid Water's men came up behind, and with one blow of his war club on the head of Shunga-Nunga, prostrated him before his foe.

Just at that moment, Wathonza, who had been a spectator of the fight from the top of the hill, came rushing down from the hill like a bloodhound in pursuit of her prey, threw herself upon the prostrate form of her husband, and begged them to spare his life.

“Upon one condition,” said Rapid Water, “and that is that you leave this place immediately with me for the home of your fathers,

and abandon one who can no longer protect you, and who is unworthy of you. Upon these terms he may live, if not he dies, and you will be carried back, whether you will or not."

Wauhonza, turning towards her husband, was horror-stricken to see the pallor on his face. She saw, at the first glance, that he was dead; then turning towards Rapid Water, and drawing a knife which she had concealed upon her person, she said:

"See, there lies all that was dear to me in the world; come, lead on, I am ready to go with you;" and, springing upon him like a mountain cat, she plunged the sharp instrument to his heart, and they sank down by

the side of her dead husband, she having received several fatal blows from the tomahawks in the hands of her own brethren.

The few Kfowas that remained alive, seeing their chief slain, and the battle lost, turned and fled, leaving the Yankton-Sioux in possession of the bloody field.

The slain in battle were all buried together in one grave, friend and foe, on the banks of the stream at the foot of the hill, while Shunga-Nunga and Wauhonza were conveyed to the top of the mound and both interred in one grave. There let them rest.

Shunga-Nunga gives name to a stream, and Wauhonza to a county and a flourishing town in Kansas.

UNCERTAINTY.

BY M. A. ALDEN.

Sometimes I tremble to think what our two fates may be—

Stand as it were on the brink of a beautiful treacherous sea,

Gazing with hope, that is fear, over the far stretching blue,

Waiting thereon to appear the sail with its promise of you.

Phantom-like first, like the gleam

Of a great white bird o'er the deep,

It floats as a misty dream

Floats o'er the blank of one's sleep.

Cometh it near and more near.

O joy! I am watching it now,

As steadily on it doth steer

Shoreward its glistening prow.

I look though I cannot see,

For the face I know is there;

The form that is dear to me,

Beyond all the vessel doth bear.

Onward ever it comes, over the smiling sea,
On to its haven and home, onward ever to me.

Why grow the waters black, black till my soul is afraid?

Why does the vessel slack? Where has the sunlight strayed?

The heavens are one dark cloud, over the soothing sea

Comes the mist like a shroud. What shall our two fates be?

THE NOBLE HEART.

A LEGEND OF PALMYRA.

BY GEORGE L. AIKEN.

AURELIAN's legions swarmed around Palmyra and the city seemed doomed to fall into his power; yet Zenobia showed no signs of yielding. Her soldiers were brave and trusty and her two generals experienced and skilful. But one was treacherous, although she knew it not. Antiochus had sold himself to Rome. It was a princely bribe the emperor had offered to win this general to his purpose; to make him governor of the city, to hold it in

def for Rome, and give him for wife the peerless virgin, Julia, Zenobia's daughter.

Antiochus was not proof against this offer and resolved to betray his country to Imperial Rome. To further his intent he sounded his colleague general, Zabdas, who held the chief command. Zabdas was a dark stern man, an Egyptian by birth, who had entered the service of the Palmyrene queen, and by his bravery and knowledge of the art of war had

gained her many victories. He it was whose victorious arm had beat back Sapor the Persian emperor, and driven his myriads before him like the sands of the desert before the simoon's blast.

This was the man that Antiochus sought to make a traitor of. They met upon the esplanade before Zenobia's palace, which, built upon the brow of a hill, looked down upon Palmyra. The Roman embassy were even then within the walls making known Aurelian's terms to Zenobia. Antiochus darkly hinted at the offer he had received from Rome. The Egyptian led him to the verge of the hill.

"Cast down your eyes, my lord," he said—"you seldom do—look down the mountain side, down to the marble pavement stretched below, and tell me what you see?"

"The height's too great," answered Antiochus, bewildered by the question. "Nought but the fragment of a tattered robe that clings to a jutting bush."

"Two years ago," continued Zabdas, "a power, like Rome, essayed to win me to its aid. The messenger stood here, as we stand now; proffered, as you did now, rewards for actions which, being done, had raised me up so great, that men would bow before me as a god, and else so mean the dust and scum of earth were fit companions for me. How answered I the herald? I dashed the villain over this parapet! The vultures and hyenas did their duty; and there lies all that is left of him."

Antiochus slunk away. He had his answer. He knew he must be wary of this Egyptian; in him he had a foe to dread.

Zabdas mused as he slowly entered the palace.

"Rome panders with him," he murmured, "Julia the price! O Isis! price of treachery! and yet what angel but might turn a devil to win so exquisite a meed for sin? If he wrong her," he continued, passionately—"if he betray Palmyra—if he should bleach the roses from her cheek, or set the current of her tears abroad, may thunder rive me, if I will not fall upon him like an avalanche and crush him into dust!"

These words revealed the secret of his heart; the stern and iron man of war loved the gentle Julia. But he was soon to learn how hopeless was this passion.

Zenobia had sent her answer to Aurelian, and informed him that she would give him battle to the last. Zabdas approved her de-

cision, for he was her chief counsellor, and she consulted him upon her every action; but there was one who seemed ill at ease at the prospect of the continued war. This was Zabdas's favorite officer, a young Roman named Gracchus, who, forced from his native city by some dark injury, had sought a shelter at Zenobia's court. The beauty and grace of Julia had at once enthralled his heart, and his young and manly bearing made him a rival to be feared by her other suitors.

Finding him thus moody Zabdas questioned him as to its cause.

"Should Zabdas fall and you wear still this lovesick character," he said, "who then will lead the soldiers of Palmyra against the foe?"

"Antiochus," answered Gracchus, moodily; "to whom, if he survives the fury of the battle, and Persia's aid should fall her, the queen has promised the hand of Julia."

The Egyptian was startled by this reply.

"You dream?" he cried, excitedly.

"Dare I trust you?" asked Gracchus, swayed by a sudden thought.

"With your whole soul, Gracchus," answered Zabdas, impressively.

"Can we hoop our hearts like mortal things?" cried Gracchus, impetuously. "Can we shut out from them their monarch, love?"

"Why ask me this?" answered Zabdas, with emotion. "Think you I—love?"

"No, Zabdas; for I know your soul hath but one mistress in the world, and that is Palmyra's glory."

"O yes—yes," returned the Egyptian, bitterly. "Well then, your love—"

"I tremble when I speak, lest you despise me, but it masters me—it is my breath, my sunlight, my religion! How I love Julia—"

"Julia!" echoed Zabdas, gaspingly.

"Like the birds love daydawn," continued Gracchus, too much absorbed in his rhapsody to heed his friend's emotion, "or the flowers the fresh rain that brings them life and beauty out of heaven. And she returns the love."

Zabdas shivered at these words.

"Returns it?" he cried, tremulously. "You are sure of that? She told you so with her own lips?"

Gracchus smiled at the eagerness of the question.

"Hath nothing else a voice but the inanimate and bell-like tongue, that answers but the will?" he asked. "A look, a sigh—it is

with these Julia declared her love, and these alone will nerve me to dispute the golden prize with proud Antiochus."

"He, Antiochus, love!" cried Zabdas, scornfully, "and such an incarnated gentleness as Julia's; and why not? the man is human. Go seek her!" he added, quickly. "I would speak with her; and if she loves you—Go, go!"

Gracchus hastened away, and the Egyptian was left to his own bitter thoughts. Still he had kept his secret—held it in, though it came spouting upward like a flood of burning lava; and he was resolved it should burn him up—consume him into ashes before it found an utterance. Now if Julia really loved Gracchus, what was to be done? Why, let them, and he would call on Heaven to bless them both. A noble heart had this same stern Egyptian!

A shriek aroused him from his sad reverie, and Julia came rushing towards him in a frantic manner. The cause of her alarm was quickly told. Gracchus had been that instant slain; struck by a base assassin in the corridor—a man muffled in a mantle. She had seen the blow, but not the face of the striker. Her brain seemed bursting, as with distracted accents she told this dreadful story.

As he hastened to the scene of the assassination Zabdas, burning to revenge his friend, briefly interrogated her.

"You say you marked not well the man who struck the blow?" he asked. "Was he tall or short?"

"In the one glance I had of him," answered Julia, "he seemed somewhere about the stature of Antiochus."

Zabdas understood it all. They reached the spot where Gracchus lay prostrate and motionless upon the marble pavement. The Egyptian knelt beside him and raised his head tenderly from the ground. He knew death's image well, for he had been familiar with his dread presence since first he flashed his falchion on the battle-field.

"Joy, joy, my Julia!" he exclaimed. "He is not dead!"

"Not dead?" gasped Julia, with delight and wonder.

"No, not dead, but yet upon the brink of the unfathomed lake that runs into eternity."

"What means this rumor of attempted murder?" asked a voice, and looking up Zabdas beheld Antiochus with a pitiless expression upon his face. The Egyptian sprang

to his feet and confronted his colleague sternly.

"See, noble Antiochus, the cursed hand of some all-sacrilegious wretch hath struck life's altar in its temple!" he cried. "But there's hope he yet may live."

"Not much," replied Antiochus, coldly, surveying the wounded man, "the blow was sure."

"Indeed! Were you far off when he was struck?" demanded Zabdas, quickly.

Antiochus changed color.

"I was," he answered, shortly.

"Nor saw the wound inflicted?"

"No."

"How know you then the blow is sure, who neither saw it given, nor were near when it was struck?"

"How? am I not a soldier—are not death and wounds familiar to me?"

"True, true," returned Zabdas, apparently satisfied. •

He summoned his soldiers and had Gracchus conveyed to his quarters, and so cheered Julia with the assurance of her lover's recovery that she withdrew with a lightened heart. A portion of the soldiers remained and, at a sign from Zabdas, closed in around Antiochus, much to his surprise.

"What means this?" he demanded haughtily—"a captive?"

Zabdas raised his finger warningly—that finger which had soon after pointed the decisive charge that brought victory.

"If Gracchus dies, Antiochus," he said, and there was a resonant ring in his deep voice, "to-morrow shall see you hanging from the battlements. Think of it—the Egyptian has always kept his word."

The baffled traitor, and would-be murderer, was led away a prisoner.

Gracchus did not die; although his wound was a severe one he soon began to mend, and Antiochus was restored to liberty, but Zabdas had a strict watch kept upon his actions. Gracchus's recovery was hastened by the glad intelligence that Julia was to be his. Zenobia, satisfied that her daughter really loved the young soldier, and swayed by the advice of Zabdas, had given her consent to their union. If the worst befell them, and they were conquered (and hope had almost deserted her), it were better that Julia died in the spring of life, with her young heart's wishes gratified, than live to share a conqueror's bed, made hateful by its shameful splendor.

The night was fixed for the nuptials, when Zabdas received startling intelligence, brought by the trusty freedman, Alcander, whom he had set to keep an eye upon the scheming Antiochus. The traitor had fled from the city and joined the emperor, and it was reported that he meditated a treacherous assault upon the city, to take Zenobia captive, and to seize the person of the princess at the very altar and force her to be his.

Zabdas took energetic means to frustrate the villain's scheme. He surrounded the temple with his choicest troops, and whilst the only woman upon earth that had ever awakened one tender emotion in his lonely heart exchanged her vows with another—the vows that, like a gulf, forever barred him from her, even as a faithful dog, he watched over her happiness.

The nuptials were celebrated and Julia and Gracchus were united, and in the bliss of that moment they were unconscious of the strife that raged without. Zabdas met Antiochus as he led the Romans to the attack, slew him with his own hand, and drove the invaders back. But this attack was only the preliminary of a grand onslaught that Aurelian had planned that night.

Soon his serried legions began to pour into the devoted city. The new-made bridegroom was forced to leave his bride and grasp his sword and mingle in the strife. Zenobia hastened to place herself at the head of her soldiers to animate and inspire them. And foremost in the battle's front towered the warlike form of Zabdas the Egyptian.

All night long the battle raged fiercely in the streets, and when morning dawned upon the ensanguined scene Palmyra had fallen and Zenobia and Gracchus were captives to the emperor of Rome. They were brought into the presence of Aurelian.

"See, haughty queen," he said, "the evil of the pride with which you turned our offerings of love forth on the winds. Palmyra is a name for something levelled with the dust of earth, and its proud queen but lacking to that power she greeted with such scorn."

"Taunt on," returned Zenobia, proudly, "were I your conqueror I should triumph over you, so say your worst."

Aurelian next addressed Gracchus.

"See the renegade to honor and to Rome," he cried, "on the road to death!"

"Aurelian," answered Gracchus, calmly,

"death is to the soldier scarce a terror. Wronged by your great predecessor on the throne, in Flavius Claudius's power mine was a life of risk, and fleeing here I found a welcome, by my land denied, and for its love I loved it as my own. Kill me—but I struck at Parthians, and the Roman mercenaries, but not upon my sword rests there one drop of fellow Roman's blood."

A number of Aurelian's officers confirmed this statement. The emperor smiled benignantly.

"It would ill become my triumph," he said, "to stain it with revenge. Gracchus, take, in place of that wrested from you by the Emperor, Claudius, pardon and honors from Aurelian."

While the young soldier remained speechless with surprise and gratitude, the emperor turned to Zenobia and thus addressed her:

"We fought against your pride, Zenobia, and it is levelled now—so ends our enmity. We who were foes an hour ago, the cause of quarrel past, are friends again. Beyond the Tiber glitter bright lands, where you shall queen it yet, honored and loved. You have a daughter—"

Zenobia interrupted him with a scream, whilst every limb seemed palsied.

"If she lives, she lives to perish!" she exclaimed.

"No; I issued orders to preserve you both at every peril."

"I have rendered null your every caution," she cried, distractedly. "Should the city fall, Zabdas is bound by solemn oath, lest she should fall into Rome's marauding hands, to kill her in the temple."

Upon inquiry it was ascertained that Zabdas, badly wounded, had last been seen bearing Julia into the temple. They hastened with all speed to prevent the needless sacrifice. They found Zabdas standing by the altar and Julia kneeling at his feet, as if in prayer. The general was wounded to the death, but he had life enough to do this act of agony. His sword was lifted when Gracchus sprang forward, caught him by the arm, and told him of the emperor's clemency. Zabdas cast away his battered sword, and like a stately oak felled by the woodman's axe, his stalwart form sunk slowly down.

"The gods bless you both!" he murmured. And with these words the brave spirit fled, and the noble heart ceased to beat.



SINK OR SWIM:

—OR—

HARRY RAYMOND'S RESOLVE.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

AUTHOR OF "LUCK AND PLUCK," "RAGGED DICK SERIES," "CAMPAIGN SERIES," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

AN UNEXPECTED PROPOSAL.

THE next week Squire Turner started for Milwaukee. He did not mention this as his destination in the village, but stated that he had business in Chicago and beyond, not caring to excite any suspicions in Vernon, which was just large enough for everybody to feel interested in everybody else's affairs. But in reality he stopped in Chicago only long enough to take dinner, and then hurried on to Milwaukee, where he proceeded at once to the office of Mr. Robinson.

"I am glad to see you, Squire Turner," said the lawyer, rising from the table at which he was seated; "the fact is, I was just thinking over your business."

"Well, what is the prospect?" asked Squire Turner.

"Excellent. The parties at first were disposed to bluff me off, and pooh-pooh our claims, but they have probably taken legal advice, and have changed their tune in consequence."

"Do they propose anything?"

"Yes; they offer five thousand dollars for the surrender of the land warrant, which will insure them a perfect title."

"Five thousand dollars!" repeated Squire Turner, slowly. "Of course, that is a good sum compared with the original value of the warrant, but—"

"Small when the present value of the land is considered. Precisely so."

"What, then, would you advise?"

"I would advise you to hold off for more. You are not in a hurry, I suppose?"

"Not if you think it will pay to wait."

"I do think so. If you are firm, it will argue a consciousness of strength, which will produce an impression on their minds."

"How much do you think I ought to get?"

"Not less than ten thousand dollars."

"Is there a chance of their coming up to that figure?"

"Yes."

"I should prefer friendly compromise to initiating legal proceedings, even if I get less."

Squire Turner had two reasons for this preference. First, he knew well enough the delays of the law, and that years might pass

before the matter could be settled, if once the law should be appealed to. But, more than this, such a course would produce more or less publicity, and Mrs. Raymond might hear of it, which was very far from his wishes. But a compromise could be effected, without any public mention of the affair, and this would be safer and more speedy.

"By the way, Turner, are you personally interested in this matter?" asked the lawyer.

"Yes," said the squire. "The claimant is a friend of mine, and I have advanced money on it, considering it a fair security. If she loses, I also become a loser."

This was not true, except indirectly, for, as the reader knows, Squire Turner could only lose by being obliged to forego his purpose of marriage.

"You have—excuse my inquiring—authority to act in the matter?"

"Yes; I will exhibit it."

The squire drew out the document to which he had obtained Mrs. Raymond's signature, as described in the preceding chapter. Mr. Robinson glanced at it.

"Quite correct," he said. "Well, then, what shall we decide?"

"Stand out for ten thousand dollars," said the squire. "I don't mind a few months' delay. In fact, for some reasons, the delay will be satisfactory to me."

"If such are your views, we shall probably gain our point," said Mr. Robinson. "It will take some time to bring up the parties to the point, but in six months I think it can be effected, if we stand firm. Will six months be too long?"

"Not at all. We will stand firm."

The conversation now touched upon matters of detail, on which we need not enter. It is enough to say that Mr. Robinson and his client agreed upon the policy advisable to be pursued, and the former agreed to keep the latter constantly apprised of the progress of the negotiation.

I must stop here to explain why it was that Squire Turner was in no hurry to bring the matter to a conclusion. Nine months only had passed since Mr. Raymond's death, and an offer of marriage on his part to Mrs. Raymond would, he felt, be considered premature, and be very probably declined. Now, if the matter were settled at once, in favor of Mrs. Raymond, she was liable at any time to be made aware of it in some unforeseen way, and if thus made peculiarly independent, the squire felt that she would prefer not to

contract a second marriage. He counted upon obtaining her consent for the sake of her child, whom he could support in comfort and afford more advantages, which otherwise the mother would be quite unable to provide. It therefore suited his purposes better that the matter should be protracted for, say six months, when a sufficient time would have elapsed, since Mr. Raymond's death, to make his proposal proper.

Squire Turner returned from his western trip, and, of course, took an early opportunity to call on Mrs. Raymond.

"Did you have a pleasant journey?" asked the widow.

"Very. By the way, I stopped at Milwaukee on my return."

"Did you hear anything of the warrant?"

"Yes; I find there is a chance of realizing seventy-five or a hundred dollars from it. It is not much, to be sure—"

"It will be a good deal to me. You are certainly very kind, Squire Turner. You must deduct any expenses which you have incurred about it."

"I couldn't think of it, Mrs. Raymond," said the squire, in a cordial manner. "It is a pleasure to me to serve my friends."

"How much I have misjudged Squire Turner in times past!" thought Mrs. Raymond, and she thanked him again.

Two months later Squire Turner received a letter from the Milwaukee lawyer, in which he stated that the parties had increased their offer to seven thousand dollars.

"Shall I accept it for you?" he asked.

Squire Turner replied that the offer was not satisfactory, and that the negotiation must proceed. He was in no particular hurry, he said.

A month later the offer was increased to eight thousand dollars.

"Tell them," he wrote, "that we will take a month to consider their offer. I am not in haste, as I before wrote, and am resolved not to accept any sum short of ten thousand dollars. Still it would do any harm to appear to consider their offer."

So negotiations continued until the six months had nearly passed. It seemed pretty clear now that Squire Turner's ultimatum would shortly be accepted, nine thousand dollars having been already offered. Mr. Robinson advised his client to come out to Milwaukee, feeling confident that if he were personally present, the matter could be satisfactorily arranged on his own terms. To this

the squirrel was not averse, but first he wished to see what were his chances of success with the widow.

Accordingly, he dressed himself with more than usual care one evening, and walked round to the house of Mrs. Raymond. He had become such a frequent visitor there of late, that his visits never excited surprise.

He was received with the usual welcome. Mrs. Raymond ushered him into the sitting-room, where she had been sitting with little Katy. Katy was reading a book which she had taken from the Sunday school library. Squire Turner looked at her and hesitated, for he didn't care to have the little girl present when he made his proposal.

"Have you heard anything from Milwaukie, Squire Turner?" asked the widow.

"Not very recently. I don't doubt, however, that matters will turn out favorably. In fact, I am so confident, that I am quite willing to advance you fifty dollars on the warrant."

"Thank you, Squire Turner, but just at present I have a little money on hand. I am glad you think I shall get it."

"I feel sure of it."

There was a moment's pause, and then he proceeded: "There is a matter about which I would like to speak to you alone, Mrs. Raymond, if you would be willing to send Katy out of the room for a few minutes."

"Certainly. Katy, you may go up stairs for a little while."

Katy left the room, and Squire Turner found himself alone with the widow. He drew his chair a little nearer and commenced:

"I am about to make you a proposal, Mrs. Raymond, which I think will be mutually advantageous, and I hope you will regard it in that light. I have had it in view for some time, but felt delicate about introducing the subject before. I hope you regard me as a friend."

"Indeed, you have been a true friend to me, Squire Turner."

"I have tried to be," said the squire, modestly. "But I will not waste time, but at once make my proposal. You have lost your husband, I my wife. I need some one to superintend my house, and look after my son, while you need a protector who is able to give you a good home. Will you be my wife?"

"Indeed, Squire Turner," said Mrs. Raymond, startled, "I never anticipated that your proposal would be of such a character."

"And yet, why should you be surprised?"

Need I recall that time, years since, when we were both younger, and I made the same offer? You see my attachment is no new thing. You preferred another, but he has been taken from you."

"I thank you very much for your kind offer," said Mrs. Raymond, "but I have never thought of marrying again since my husband's death. I do not think it would be right."

"Such marriages take place continually."

"I know they do, but all do not feel as I do."

"I think your late husband would favor it. Think of your dependent condition. You have hard work to earn a poor living, and when the four hundred dollars which remain to you are gone, you will indeed be in a different position."

"That is true."

"Consider, on the other hand, that I could give you a good home at once, and relieve you from all pecuniary anxiety. Your little Katy needs better advantages than you can give her. She seems to have a taste for music. I should have her at once commence lessons on the piano, and would take care that she should receive as good an education as money could procure. For her sake, Mrs. Raymond, I hope you will reconsider your decision."

Mrs. Raymond had often lamented her inability to have Katy properly educated, and the squire could have used no argument more potent.

"If I thought it would be right," said the widow, hesitatingly.

"Think what a difference it will make in Katy half a dozen years hence. Of course, I am personally disagreeable to you—"

"No, no, my kind friend, I do not think that," said Mrs. Raymond, hastily. "But I do not know what to say. The proposal is so new and unexpected that I cannot make up my mind at once what it is right for me to do."

"I will not ask you to decide at once. Take three days for it, and if you have any friend whom you trust, ask that friend's advice. Will you do so?"

"Yes," said the widow, "I will do as you advise. I will think of your proposal, and I will try to decide in three days' time."

"Then I will call on Tuesday to receive your decision. Let me hope it will be favorable."

Squire Turner left the cottage in a satisfied frame of mind. He felt sure that for Katy's sake Mrs. Raymond would accept him.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN WHICH TWO STRANGERS PUT IN AN APPEARANCE.

MRS. RAYMOND consulted with a friend, according to Squire Turner's suggestion, and was advised by all means to accept.

"It will be such an advantage for Katy, you know," her friend said.

"But I don't feel as if it would be quite right. I don't love Squire Turner."

"You don't need to. People don't often marry a second time for love. That will do very well for a young girl, but there are other things to be thought of now."

"Then you advise me to marry again?"

"I do, most certainly."

"If Harry were at home I would not do it," said the widow. "I don't think he would like it. As it is, it is only for Katy's sake that I give my consent."

So when Squire Turner called for his answer he found it to be favorable. He urged immediate marriage. For this he had his reasons, as he desired to be in a situation to complete his western negotiation.

"There is no use in delaying," he said. "The sooner Katy commences her musical education the better. Besides, I am lonely, and my household sadly needs a woman to look after it."

Mrs. Raymond would have preferred to postpone the marriage for six months, but she could assign no reasons for it, and so at length yielded to the squire's request, and that day four weeks was appointed for the wedding. The next day Squire Turner went to the city and selected a handsome silk dress pattern, which was forwarded by express to Mrs. Raymond, with an intimation that it was for her wedding dress. She could not do otherwise than accept it, and the village dressmaker was sent for at once to superintend its making up.

Time slipped by, and the day for the marriage had nearly arrived. The wedding dress was completed, and various other articles, which had also been sent through the squire's liberality, lay upon the bed in Mrs. Raymond's chamber.

"What a beautiful dress, mother!" said Katy. "I wish you would try it on."

More to please the little girl than herself, Mrs. Raymond consented and tried on the new dress. She was still a fine looking woman, as I have already said, and the new dress became her well. Little Katy looked

at her in admiration, and said, "How beautiful you look, mother! I wish Harry were here to see you."

At the sound of Harry's name Mrs. Raymond's face changed. She could not conceal from herself that what she was about to do would have been strongly opposed by Harry, had he been at home. Would he ever come home? That was the question which occurred to her, and if he did, what would he say to find her Squire Turner's wife?

"I wish I could put it off for six months," she thought.

They were in a room on the second floor, and there was no one in the lower part of the house. Just then the front door was heard to open.

"Go down, stairs, Katy," said Mrs. Raymond. "Somebody has come in. See who it is, and come and tell me."

Katy went down, and directly Mrs. Raymond heard a loud exclamation. She could not exactly make it out, but it sounded like "Harry!" A wild hope sprang up in her heart. Without thinking of her bridal dress she hurried down stairs. She was not deceived. There stood Harry, her Harry, taller and manlier than when she saw him last, but with the same frank handsome face, holding his little sister in his arms.

"Harry!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, in joyful suspense; and in a moment the long separated son and mother embraced.

"God be thanked for your return, my dear son!" she said. "Where have you been all this long time?"

"It will take a long time to tell, mother. I have just returned from Australia."

"From Australia!" exclaimed Mrs. Raymond, in amazement.

"Yes, mother, it's a long story. I will tell it by-and-by. But how well you are looking. And (for the first time noticing his mother's elegant dress) how handsomely you are dressed. Have you come into a fortune since I went away?"

"No, Harry," said Mrs. Raymond, confused.

"I expected to find you in poverty, perhaps in want," said Harry, puzzled more and more. "I didn't think to see you dressed like a queen."

"It's mother's wedding dress, Harry," said little Katy, who did not share her mother's embarrassment.

"Your wedding dress, mother?" exclaimed Harry, his face clouding. "Who are you going to marry?"

"I did it for the best, Harry," said his mother, uneasily; "and he has been very kind."

"Who is he, mother?"

"Squire Turner. He—"

"Squire Turner?" exclaimed Harry, vehemently, springing to his feet; "it is not possible you are thinking of marrying him. He is the worst enemy we have."

"No, Harry," said his mother, "you are mistaken there. You must at least do him justice. He has been very kind, very kind, indeed. I don't know how I should have got along in the sad days, after we lost you, but for his kindness."

"Harry, Harry, don't talk so, I beg of you."

"Mother, I have good reason for all I say. I know Squire Turner better than you."

"How can you know him so well, when you have been away for more than a year?"

"Have you any idea why I went away so suddenly? I don't mean to New York, but how it happened that I disappeared from New York."

"No, Harry, I know nothing of it."

"Then I will tell you. Squire Turner, whom you think so kind, had me kidnapped on board a vessel bound for China, and I started on my long voyage without any chance of letting you know what had become of me."



SUDDEN EXIT OF SQUIRE TURNER.

"So you think he has been kind, mother?" said Harry, with a peculiar expression.

"Very kind, as Katy can tell you," said Mrs. Raymond. "Not that this is reason enough to marry him. But it is for Katy's sake I am going to do it. Squire Turner has promised to give her every advantage, and she will begin to take music lessons as soon as we are married. I have had very hard work getting along, Harry, and it was a relief to feel that I need have no more anxiety about making a living."

"Then you don't love him, mother?"

"I shall never love any one again, Harry. My love was buried in your father's grave."

"I am glad of that, at any rate; glad that you don't love this scoundrel—"

"This is a strange story, Harry. Are you sure of it?"

"Yes. I have proof of it. I did not suspect at first that Squire Turner had anything to do with the matter, till one day, in the cabin, I picked up a letter directed to Captain Brandon by Squire Turner, which made it all clear."

"But what interest could Squire Turner have in getting you out of the country?" asked Mrs. Raymond.

"I think I know of a reason, mother," said Harry, "but I don't care to mention it now."

"You said the vessel was bound for China. How then did you get to Australia?"

"I was thrown into the sea," said Harry, "and after floating about for many hours, was

picked up at length by a vessel bound for Australia."

"You have indeed encountered great perils, my dear son," said his mother, shuddering. "Thank God, you escaped them all, and are once more restored to us."

Harry was about to question his mother more particularly respecting her trials during his absence, when a knock was heard at the door.

"I will open it, mother," said Harry.

Opening the front door he saw on the step a well-dressed gentleman, whom he did not recognize.

"Does Mrs. Raymond live here?" asked the stranger.

"Yes sir. Would you like to see her?"

"I should like to do so. I am managing some business for her."

Here he offered his card which bore the name:

FRANCIS ROBINSON,
Attorney at Law,
MILWAUKIE.

"Wont you walk in, sir?" said Harry, considerably surprised.

"This is my mother," he said, introducing the lawyer. "Mother, this is Mr. Robinson of Milwaukee, who says he is attending to some business there for you."

"Will you be seated, sir?" said Mrs. Raymond. "I had not heard your name, but I suppose it's about the land warrant."

"Yes, madam. I am glad to say that we have succeeded. I happened to be called east on business, and thought I would call in person, and communicate the favorable termination of our negotiation. I went first to the house of Squire Turner, but learning that he is out of town for a day or two, inquired you out, and have great pleasure in being the first to impart the good news to you."

"May I inquire," said Harry, "how much my mother is likely to realize for the land warrant?"

"The other party have agreed to your terms. They will compromise without an appeal to law, agreeing to pay ten thousand dollars."

"Ten thousand dollars?" repeated Mrs. Raymond, in bewilderment. "Surely there is some mistake. Squire Turner told me I might realize from seventy-five to a hundred dollars from it."

"Seventy-five to a hundred dollars!" he

repeated. "Are you sure you understood Squire Turner aright?"

"Certainly. He told me only a fortnight since that he thought I would obtain this sum, and I felt lucky to get anything at all."

"There is a great mistake somewhere," said the lawyer, significantly. "Of one thing, however, I can assure you, that the ten thousand dollars will actually be paid."

"Mother," said Harry, "have you given Squire Turner authority to act for you in this matter?"

"I have—that is, I signed a paper which he said gave him such authority."

"He showed me that paper," said Mr. Robinson.

"Can my mother revoke that authority?" asked Harry.

"Undoubtedly."

"Then she does revoke it at once—am I not right, mother?"

"If you think best, Harry."

"I do think best. It is evident that Squire Turner has not been faithful to your interests. If you wish, I will act as your agent."

"But you are so young, Harry."

"I have seen something of the world, mother, since I left home. I shall not hesitate to take charge of the business. Mr. Robinson will assist me."

"Certainly. I shall be happy to do whatever I can."

"Then, Mr. Robinson, if it would not be too much trouble, and you can spare the time, will you give me a history of the case, and explain how matters at present stand?"

"I see," said the lawyer, smiling, "that you know how to come to the point. I will endeavor to imitate you."

He made a brief and comprehensive statement, which Harry readily understood.

"Have you the warrant, Mr. Robinson?" asked our hero.

"Yes, it was committed to me by Squire Turner."

"That is all right. I was afraid he had it in his possession, and that might give us trouble."

"No; it is out of his power to affect the arrangements already made."

"How long shall you remain east, Mr. Robinson?" asked Harry. "I shall wish to see you again."

"I shall remain in New York a week, my headquarters being at the Astor House."

"I will call upon you there. Meanwhile, we leave this matter entirely in your hands."

Mr. Robinson was about to go, when little Katy, who had been looking out of the window, suddenly exclaimed:

"Mother, I see Squire Turner coming up the road. I think he is coming here."

All present looked at each other in momentary doubt as to what was best to be done. Harry was the first to grasp the situation.

"Mr. Robinson," he said, "will you be kind enough to accompany me to another room, and wait? I would like your presence by-and-by. Mother, while you are up stairs and changing your dress, Katy will admit Squire Turner, and tell him you will be down directly. Mind, Katy, not a word about my having got home, or about Mr. Robinson's being here. When you come down you must tell Squire Turner that you have changed your mind about marrying him, and if he makes any objection, call me in."

"I see you are a master of strategy, my young friend," said Mr. Robinson, smiling. "I place myself unhesitatingly in your hands."

Harry's programme was instantly carried out, and one minute later Squire Turner knocked at the door of the cottage.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CONCLUSION.

"Is your mother at home, Katy?" asked Squire Turner, as the child opened the outer door.

"Yes sir," said Katy. "She's up stairs."

"Will you tell her I wish to see her?"

"Yes sir."

Squire Turner walked in, and took a seat without ceremony, as was natural, considering that it was the house of his future wife. Katy went up stairs, and presently Mrs. Raymond, who had changed her dress, came down.

"I thought you were out of town," she said, trying to speak in her usual manner, but succeeding with difficulty, for she could not help thinking of the squire's agency in driving Harry from home.

"I returned sooner than I anticipated. By the way, I think I have found a tenant for this cottage."

"I don't think that will be necessary, Squire Turner. I shall probably continue to occupy it myself."

"How can that be?" demanded the squire, surprised. "As my wife, you will, of course, live in my house."

"I shall not become your wife. I have changed my mind."

"What does this mean?" he demanded, angrily. "Why do you trifle with me thus?"

"I am afraid, Squire Turner, you have not been so much my friend as I supposed."

"In what respect have I failed to act as your friend?"

"O Squire Turner," exclaimed the widow, impulsively, "how could you contrive such a wicked plot against my poor boy? How could you send him to sea and not tell me, when you saw I was breaking my heart at his absence?"

The squire flushed at this unexpected accusation. How in the world, he thought, could Mrs. Raymond have heard of his agency in the abduction of Harry?

"I don't know what you mean," he said, but his face belied his words.

"It was wicked," said Mrs. Raymond, "to endanger his life and rob me of happiness!"

"Who makes this absurd charge against me?" demanded the squire.

The door opened and Harry entered.

"Squire Turner," he said, "I don't suppose you are very glad to see me. Probably you did not expect me home so soon, perhaps not at all."

"Where did you come from?" stammered the squire.

"From Australia."

"From Australia—I thought—"

"Yes, you thought I was bound to China," said Harry, coolly. "But I left the *Sea Eagle*, not liking Captain Hartley Brandon very much, and went to Australia instead."

This was a surprise to the squire, who answered, doggedly, however, "You seem to be laboring under a strange mistake, Harry. What possible motive could I have for sending you away?"

"I can think of one," said Harry, significantly, "but perhaps you would not like to have me mention it."

Again the squire's face flushed, for he comprehended the allusion very well. He turned to Mrs. Raymond.

"Am I to understand, Mrs. Raymond," he said, "that you break your engagement to me?"

"I would hardly expect to marry you now, after all that has happened."

"Then," said the squire, angrily, "I may as well go; but, before going," he added, with a sneer, "I congratulate you on securing a new dress at my expense."

"How is this, mother?" said Harry.

"Squire Turner gave me my wedding outfit," said the widow, embarrassed.

"Don't let that trouble you, mother," said Harry. "Squire Turner, if you will let me know the expense which you have incurred, I shall have pleasure in paying the bill."

"I think you will have a little difficulty in paying a hundred and twenty dollars," sneered the squire.

In reply Harry drew out his pocket-book and took therefrom a hundred dollar bill and a twenty, and laid them on the table.

"I think you will find that correct," he said.

"Where did you get all this money?" the squire asked, in astonishment.

"My voyage turned out better than you anticipated," said Harry. "If you still hold a mortgage on this house, I will take it up whenever you desire."

It is hard to say whether Squire Turner was more pleased at getting back his money, or disappointed at the intelligence of Harry's good fortune, but on the whole, it is safe to say that the latter feeling predominated.

He took the bills, and again took his hat to go, when he was stopped by Harry.

"If you will stay five minutes longer," he said, "I should like to ask you one or two questions. My mother tells me that you have been trying to obtain money for the land warrant I placed in your hands."

"Yes," said the squire.

"May I ask what success you have met with?"

"Probably she will realize a hundred dollars from it."

"On the whole, Squire Turner, we will not trouble you to do anything more about it. I think I can do better than that."

"I have your mother's authority to act as her agent. You are a boy, and not competent to manage it."

"My mother recalls her authority."

"Is this true?" demanded the squire, hotly.

"Yes," said the widow. "Now that Harry is at home, I think he can attend to it."

"Then you won't realize a cent," snapped the squire. "But you can't blame me. I have been doing my best for you, and that is all the thanks I get. I shall now charge you with the expenses I have incurred in the matter, though I did not intend to do so."

"If the bill is a fair one it shall be paid," said Harry.

He went to the door and called "Mr. Robinson." That gentleman entered. Squire

Turner looked at him as if he could not believe the testimony of his eyes.

"Mr. Robinson!" he ejaculated.

"Yes," said the lawyer, "I was called east unexpectedly, and thought I would make a call on you to report progress. Not finding you at home, I inquired out Mrs. Raymond, who, by the way, I found had an entirely erroneous idea of the value of the warrant. You will be glad to know that I have succeeded in obtaining an offer of ten thousand dollars, which will be paid over within a month."

This last blow was too much for Squire Turner. Foiled at all points, he dashed his hat angrily upon his head, and rushed from the house in undignified haste. In this connection, it may be added that Harry, finding he had collected the two thousand dollars from the insurance company, forced him to return it. Squire Turner saved his reputation by stating that the man who set the house on fire had voluntarily come forward and paid the money, which enabled him to return the sum collected of the company. For this act Squire Turner was made the subject of a complimentary paragraph in the county paper, but it is doubtful if he enjoyed reading it much.

Great was Mrs. Raymond's joy over the lucky turn in her affairs. Between nine and ten thousand dollars were paid her as the proceeds of the land warrant, and this made her quite comfortable. When it was ascertained that Harry had brought a still larger sum from Australia, he became quite a great man in Vernon, and, if he had not been so young, I verily believe he would have been elected to some responsible town office.

But it was not Harry's intention to live in Vernon. He wanted a larger field for his efforts. The next summer he made a visit to England, and was cordially received by Mr. Lindsay, who wished him to remain, but Harry was unwilling to be separated from his mother. Mr. Lindsay then proposed to Harry on his return to enter a counting-room in New York, to learn business, with a view of establishing a branch of his own house in that city at a later day, to be under Harry's charge. This proposal was accepted by our hero, who felt that it would be advantageous to him. He removed his mother and sister to New York, as they were unwilling to be separated from him.

It is enough to say that in business Harry exhibited the same qualities which we have

already seen in him, and that his mastery of the details was surprisingly rapid. As I write, Harry, who is now twenty-one, is about to undertake the charge of the New York branch of Lindsay & Co., which will give him a commanding business position. There are rumors that Maud, whose early preference for him still continues, will, before very long, become the wife of her father's young American representative, and I am inclined to think the report is a true one.

My readers may like to hear how James Turner made out in life. A year since he obtained the situation of teller in a bank, his father standing surety for him. He soon developed expensive tastes, and finally disap-

peared, carrying away thirty thousand dollars of the funds of the bank. This loss his father has had to make good, and in consequence he has become a comparatively poor man, and a very sour, morose man at that. He was compelled to give up his imposing house, and he now lives in the humble cottage formerly occupied by Mrs. Raymond. So the wheel of fortune has turned, and those who were once at the top are now at the bottom. But for Harry and his mother, we hope many years of happiness are in store. But if ever reverses should come, we are sure that Harry, keeping in mind his old motto, "SINK OR SWIM," would bear up bravely, and turn defeat into victory.

TOMMY TROT'S CHRISTMAS.

BY MISS CAMILLA WILLIAN.



LITTLE Tommy Trot lived in the country, and when he was eight years old he had never seen the city. But he had seen city people, for his Aunt Sarah lived in New York, and used to come out to the Trots' farm every summer. One summer she made Tommy's mother promise she would bring him to New York the very next Christmas.

Tommy was delighted. He kept inquiring when it would be Christmas, and if the summer wasn't most gone. It seemed to him that he had never known so long a summer in all his life. But at last the leaves dried up and dropped off the trees, the flowers faded and scrimped all up, the little brooks grew too cold for him to wade in, and then froze over, and it was November. And pretty soon it was December, and then Christmas was coming in three weeks, and in two weeks, and in one week, and then day after to-morrow. And when it was day after to-morrow, then it was time for Johnny and his father and mother to start; because they wanted to be there at Aunt Sarah's the day before.

There was never a boy so delighted. He hopped round all day like a parched pea, and when his mother told him to keep still, he said he couldn't. It seemed to him just as if he had steel springs in his legs, and they jumped themselves. If he was coming into the house, the first thing he knew, his knees would kink up, then snap, and up he would go over the steps. He jumped over chairs, over tables, out of windows. If it had been possible, he would have jumped out of his skin. But he couldn't do that, his skin was on so tight.

Finally they started, first driving in a stage-coach, then riding in the cars; and Mrs. Trot had all she could do to keep her son on the seat. He bobbed up to look out the window, he turned and fidgeted, he did everything; and when she made him sit quiet a little while he kept winking as fast as he could.

"Stop winking so, Tommy!" she whispered to him. "People will think that you are a simpleton."

So he stopped winking and began to wiggle his fingers.

"Stop wiggling your fingers, Tommy!" she said, then. "People will think you are crazy."

So he stopped wiggling his fingers, and began to wiggle his toes. She didn't tell him not to do that; for he had on shoes and stockings, and she could not see. So he amused himself wiggling his toes till they got to New York.

At length they reached Aunt Sarah's; and there Tommy nearly stared his eyes out, everything was so beautiful. Such pictures, such high rooms, such wide stairways, beautiful carpets, tables, dishes, everything. He began to think that he was in a fairy palace. But there were no children at Aunt Sarah's, and Tommy was after a while rather lonesome. However, it was all right the next day when Aunt Sarah's sister Jane and her husband came to dinner, bringing their two children with them.

There were Mr. and Mrs. Trot, and Tommy, Aunt Sarah and Uncle John, Aunt Jane and Uncle William, and Jack, a big boy, and Anne, a little girl. Anne was a splendid little girl, and she sat next to Tommy, and the two ate just as much as they possibly could. Whatever was put into their plates they ate every bit of, and then looked as if they wanted more. They whispered together while the others were talking, and swapped stuffing and jelly, and helped themselves to things when nobody was looking.

"Anne," says Tommy, "my clo'se feel real tight."

"So do mine," says Anne. "I guess we're most full."

Just then Bridget came in with a plum pudding as big as a big market basket. It looked as though it had eaten so many raisins that it was almost bursting, and it steamed and gave out the most delicious smell.

"O dear! I wish I hadn't eaten so much turkey," says Tommy.

"Couldn't we get up and jump a little so as to shake down?" asked Anne. "Then we might eat ever so much pudding."

"I couldn't jump," says Tommy. "I feel like I was a punkin."

Aunt Sarah helped them to the plum pudding, and it was so good that they ate all they had. Then there were nuts, and raisins, and fruit, and ice-cream.

"O dear!" says Tommy, when these came on; "I wish I hadn't eaten so much pudding."

"So do I," says Anne.

But they ate all that was given them on their plates.

"Wont you have something more, Tommy?" asked his aunt, when all the rest had finished their dinners.

"No ma'am," said Tommy, sorrowfully. "I aint hungry."

At that everybody laughed, Tommy didn't see why. He did not feel in the least funny.



Indeed, he felt bad. He felt as if some large person were sitting on him and squeezing his breath out. It was as much as he could do to sit still in a chair and look straight before him. He could not even wink.

But by-and-by he was better; and when more cousins, and aunts, and uncles, and grandfather and grandmother came in the evening he was quite merry. There was so large a company that the front parlor was quite full, and even crowded. Tommy wondered why they didn't open the folding doors and make more room. But when he would have asked Aunt Sarah she was no where to be seen. And Uncle John had disappeared too.

Suddenly he heard his cousin Anne cry out "O!" and following her look he saw the folding doors slowly opening, and there, at the farthest end of the back parlor, stood a Christmas tree that fairly dazzled his eyes. It reached nearly to the ceiling, and was full of colored lights, and all sorts of packages tied up in pretty papers.

At first the children made a rush towards the tree; but when they were near it they stopped. Just behind the trunk was the most curious little old man, dressed in a long robe, and with a scarlet cap on his head. He had a long white beard, and an odd mustache with ends that curled up almost to the corners of his eyes. And when he spoke he had the funniest little whistling voice you ever heard.

"Tommy Trot!" he called out, peering round the trunk of the tree.

Tommy began to shake and hide behind his mother.

"Go to him, Tommy," says Aunt Sarah. "That is Santa Claus, and he has got a present for you."

But Tommy didn't dare to go alone, so they all went with him. And Santa Claus gave him a most beautiful book. That was not all. He got a package of painted pictures of birds and beasts, and a little gilt watch that didn't go, but stayed, and a box of paints and brushes, and lots of candy. And Santa Claus gave all the rest presents, too, even to grandfather and grandmother, taking all the presents out of the tree.

They had a gay time. Everybody laughed, and they had singing, and dancing, and music, and supper. But this time Mrs. Trot looked out for Tommy, and didn't let his clothes get too tight.

Still he was pretty full, so that he thought he would rather sit still a while. He got into a large cushioned chair in one corner, and sat there staring at the dancers. How funnily they did bob up and down, and how dizzy it made his eyes to look at them! So he looked past them at the beautiful Christmas tree in the back parlor. The presents were all taken off, but the colored lights still twinkled among the branches. Santa Claus had disappeared.

As Tommy stared at the little pink, and blue, and yellow, and green lights, they began

to point fingers at him—long slender fingers that came all the length of the parlors, and got close to his eyes.

"Fie, for shame to eat so much, Tommy Trot!" they said. "You are a pig, a pig, a pig, wig, wig!"

Tommy stared more than ever.

"Little pig! little pig to eat so much!" they kept saying; and the fingers pointed right into his eyes. "You are a pig!"

Then Tommy began to feel his nose grow long, and his ears grow long, and his hands and feet change to little hoofs.

"O dear me!" he thought; "I wish I had not eaten so much. I never will again, good Christmas tree! Please don't change me into a pig."

That is what he tried to say; but when he would have spoken he found that he could only give little grunts like a pig.

"Trot away, Tommy Trot, on your four legs," said the lights, sticking their fingers into him.

"O dear!" he tried to say, but he only grunted.

"O mother!" he tried to say, but again he only grunted.

The fingers shook and shook him till he was most dead, and then he heard somebody say, "Wake up, Tommy! Aren't you ashamed to be asleep and snoring in the parlor!"

Then he opened his eyes and found that he had been asleep and dreaming.

"Mother," he whispered, "am I a pig?"

"Yes, you are a pig," she said, "or you wouldn't have eaten so much."

He looked at himself in a glass near by, but saw no hoofs nor snout.

"Am I a pig-pig or a boy-pig?" he asked.

"You are a boy-pig; so come to bed," said his mother.

The next day they all went home, carrying their presents with them; but Tommy never forgot his dream. He is terribly afraid of being changed into a pig, and always stops eating when he is told to.

That's where he is right. A child should always stop eating when its clothes begin to feel tight; for if they should be changed into pigs what a dreadful thing that would be! I have often seen little boys and girls who were pigs, and it was very dreadful.

BALLOU'S MAGAZINE FOR 1871.

Messrs. THOMES & TALBOT, the editors and publishers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, in making their announcement for 1871, desire to thank their patrons and friends for contributing so liberally to the success of a publication that stands without a peer or rival in the United States, and this position they will endeavor to maintain for the coming year, by the engagement of all their old favorite authors, whose names are well known to the readers of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE, and a number of writers who are celebrated all over the country and who have applied for the privilege of addressing so large a class of readers as that which favors their Monthly.

Messrs. THOMES & TALBOT have now completed all their arrangements for the coming year, and while they do not make promises of a vague or unsatisfactory nature, yet they can assure their patrons that BALLOU'S MAGAZINE for 1871 shall be better in every respect than ever. It will be carefully edited, the engravings will be more select, the stories more varied and interesting (if possible) than ever appeared in a magazine. The mechanical part of the Magazine will be looked after by a gentleman whose taste in the arrangement of engravings and matter is second to none in the country, while the press work will be under the charge of one who has served a long apprenticeship in the best offices of Massachusetts and New York, and is, therefore, a thorough artisan.

In the January number of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE the first continued story will be called "A LEAP IN THE DARK," by Miss Frances Mary Schoolcraft. It will run through six numbers, and prove of absorbing interest, with a most intricate plot and some wonderful characters.

The story for children was written for BALLOU'S by one of the most promising young men in the country. His knowledge of woodcraft, of hunting, of children, and all that appertains to adventures on land and lake will make him loved and admired by every one who reads his "GUESS," which is the strange title MR. C. A. STEPHENS, the author, has chosen for his favorite production. If children don't like it, the publishers will be much mistaken.

The editors of BALLOU'S MAGAZINE have made arrangements so that stories and poems, during the year 1871, will be published from the pens of the following named authors, ladies and gentlemen who are well known in the literary world:

B. P. SHILLABER.
HORATIO ALGER, JR.
WM. H. MACY.
I. P. MILLER.
GEORGE H. COOMER.
N. P. DARLING.
GEORGE L. AIKEN.
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THE MASON AND HAMLIN CABINET ORGANS. TEN THOUSAND ORGANS A YEAR.—The Mason and Hamlin Organ Company have recently purchased two acres of land in Cambridgeport, and erected another factory for the making of their various styles of organs. The Grand Junction Railway, which connects the several railroads running into Boston, passes just in the rear of their Cambridgeport lot, and will lay down all the materials used in their business at their door, and so obviate the expense of cartage. The Mason and Hamlin organs have increased in excellence as rapidly as in numbers.

Each year some marked improvement has been made in style or quality. Scientific experiment and skilled workmanship have combined to make better what was at first very good, until now these organs have a most enviable reputation in Europe not less than in America, and are in large demand there as well as here. But the Company are not yet satisfied. Only this year, June 21 and August 23, they procured patents for improvements which experts pronounce very important, and which will undoubtedly add largely to the value and desirableness of these favorite instruments.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

SUGAR COOKIES.—Two cups sugar, four eggs, one cup of butter, one cup of sour cream, two teaspoonfuls saleratus, one teaspoonful cream-tartar.

ALMOND CAKE.—Take eight ounces of Jordan and one ounce of bitter almonds, blanch and pound them very fine; then beat in with the almonds the yolks of eight eggs, and whisk up the whites to a solid froth. Then take eight table-spoonfuls of sifted sugar, five spoonfuls of fine flour, a small quantity of grated lemon-peel and pounded cinnamon, and mix all the ingredients. Rub the inside of a mould with fresh butter, fill it with the mixture and bake it of a light color.

ANOTHER.—Put a gill of flour upon a pie-board, and make a hole in the middle to receive a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, a quarter of a pound of fine sugar, and six ounces of sweet almonds pounded very fine; knead the whole, and form it into a cake; bake, and glaze it with sugar and a hot salamander.

RICE PUDDING.—Boil a quarter of a pound of rice in water till it is soft, then drain it in a sieve, and pound it in a mortar; add five well-beaten yolks of eggs, a quarter of a pound of butter, the same proportion of sugar, a small nutmeg, and half the rind of a lemon grated; work them well together for twenty minutes, and add a pound of cleaned currants; mix it all well and boil it in a pudding cloth for an hour and a half. Serve with wine sauce.

RICE PUDDING, WITHOUT EGGS.—Weigh six ounces of rice, six of brown sugar, and three and a half of fresh butter; break the butter into small bits; wash the rice in several waters; put all into a pudding-dish, and fill it up with good milk; let it soak some hours. Bake it in a moderate oven for nearly two hours, and as the milk wastes, fill up the dish with more, till the rice be swelled and soft; then let it brown.

ANISEED CAKES.—Put in an earthen pan eight ounces of sugar pounded, and the yolks of ten eggs; stir them together with a wooden spoon for half an hour. In the meantime have the whites of four eggs whipped to a thick snow, and then pour in the sugar and yolks. When thoroughly mixed, add an ounce of good

aniseed, previously washed and dried, and ten ounces of flour; stir the whole gently, and then with a spoon lay it on white paper in cakes about the size of a crown-piece; sprinkle them with fine sugar, and bake. Remove them from the paper, while hot, with a knife.

APPLE CAKE.—Pare and core a dozen apples, and make them into marmalade, with the zeste of a lemon and a little cinnamon, and pass them through a bolting; put them into a stewpan, with a spoonful of potato flour, half a pound of sugar, and two ounces of butter; dry it over the fire, and when cold add to it six eggs, stir them well in, and having buttered a mould, pour your preparation into it, and bake it in a slow oven; when done, turn it in a dish and serve it.

SUET PUDDING.—Mix six table-spoonfuls of grated bread with a pound of finely-minced fresh beef suet, or that of a loin of mutton, one pound of flour, two tea-spoonfuls of salt, six well-beaten eggs, and nearly a pint of milk. Boil it in a cloth four or five hours. Serve it plain, or with a sweet sauce.

SAGO PUDDING.—Boil five table-spoonfuls of sago, well picked and washed, in a quart of water, also half the peel of a lemon, and a stick of cinnamon; when it is rather thick, add half a pint of white wine, and sweeten it with good brown sugar; beat six yolks and three whites of eggs, pick out the lemon-peel and cinnamon, mix all well together, and bake it in a dish with or without puff paste.

RICH PUDDING.—Put into a saucepan four ounces of fresh butter, six ounces of pounded loaf sugar, six of marmalade, and six ounces of eggs, beaten; stir all one way till it be thoroughly warmed; it must not be allowed to boil. Bake it in a dish lined with puff paste.

TEA CAKES.—A quart of flour, one pint of sour cream, tea-spoonful saleratus, two cups of molasses, a little cinnamon and salt, make a stiff paste, and bake it in a moderate oven.

CUP CAKE.—Take one cup of butter, two cups of sugar, three cups of flour, and four eggs. Tea-spoonful of saleratus, nutmeg and rose-water.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

The Superintendent asked me last Sunday to take charge of a class.

"You'll find 'em rather a bad lot," said he. "They all went fishing last Sunday but little Johnny Rand. He is really a good boy, and I hope his example may yet redeem the others. I wish you'd talk to 'em a little."

I told him I would.

They were rather a hard looking set. I don't think I ever witnessed a more elegant assortment of black eyes in my life. Little Johnny Rand, the good boy, was in his place, and I smiled on him approvingly.

As soon as the lessons were over, I said:

"Boys, your Superintendent tells me you went fishing last Sunday; all but Johnny here."

"You didn't go, did you, Johnny?" I said.

"No sir."

"That was right. Though this boy is the youngest among you," I continued, "you will learn from his lips words of good counsel, which I hope you will profit by."

I lifted him up on the seat beside me and smoothed his auburn ringlets.

"Now, Johnny, I want you to tell your teacher, and these wicked boys, why you didn't go fishing with them last Sunday. Speak up loud, now. It was because it was very wicked, and you had rather come to the Sunday school. Wasn't it?"

"No sir, it was 'cos I couldn't find no worms for bait."

Somehow or other these boys all turned out humbugs.

If "bundling" was ever fashionable and looked upon as innocent in Pennsylvania, it must have been played out. Lately, I chanced to visit one of the duchest of Dutch settlements, and stopped for the night with old Sourcrout himself. Of course, the table was bountifully loaded. I counted six different kinds of pickles, five of cake, and as for sweetmeats, and jams, and jellies, and marmalades, and fruit, butter and canned pears and peaches, and so forth, I can't begin to enumerate. I only know that no man's internals ever contained such an infernal conglomeration—without he has visited the interior of "Pennsylvania."

If it hadn't been for that supper I should have been perfectly at ease, though I noticed old Sourcrout was far from being so.

"I wonder" (don't ask me to give you even the faintest idea of his language; it was no more like English than H. G.'s writing is like penmanship!) "where Betsey can be all this time?" he kept muttering, aloud, or asking of his vrow, who was modelled after the fashion of a corpulent pounding barrel.

I soon learned that Betsey was the "sole daughter of his house," and that she had gone from home the previous day to attend camp-meeting, upon which they are heavy in that latitude. My modesty kept me from asking any more questions, and after I had smoked with old Sourcrout until I was sick and dizzy, and the mess I had placed myself outside of (catch me ever doing it again!) began working, and after drinking half a gallon of sour cider, I crawled off to bed. But I hadn't got fairly buried among the feathers—I wish the woman that invented them was—well, first tarred and then rolled up in one—before I heard a wagon drive up, some one—two rather—come in, and old S.'s tongue start off wagging.

"Where you come from, Betsey—you and Hans?" he asked, between a growl and a yawn.

"Camp-meeting, dad."

"Why didn't you come home last night?"

"We did start—Hans and I—but the wagon broke down, and we had to stop."

"Hans and you?"

"Yaw. It was as dark as donder, and we couldn't get on—and it was raining, and so we stayed until daylight."

"Where you stayed."

"In the red schoolhouse."

(As if every schoolhouse in the whole State wasn't red.)

"Hans and you?"

"Yaw."

"Who else?"

"Nobody."

"Only Hans and you, Betsey?"

"That's all."

"Donder and blixen?"

"But soon as it was light we drove on, got the wagon fixed, and came on to the woods."

"And the wagon broke again?"

"No; we got lost."

"And you stayed there all day?"

"Yaw; we couldn't find our way out."

"And it took you till now—Hans and you—long after midnight?"

"Yaw."

"Wall, Hans and you'll git married quicker.

After staying all night in a schoolhouse—Hans and you—and being lost all day in the thick woods—Hans and you—dat's the right thing to do—for Hans and you."

The old man didn't in the least doubt the honesty of his girl or Hans (as he told me privately), but he intended to keep them so, and if I had remained over I might have danced at the wedding. And I would have done so had my stomach been cast-iron and my digestion that of an anaconda. But I had realizing recollections of the previous night's supper, and knew a wedding one would be my death. Still for all that I came away satisfied that old Sourcrout had hit upon the "right thing to do" in all such cases made and provided—and in view of the future.

The Virginia City, Nevada, *Enterprise* gives the following account of a marriage ceremony in that city, uniting two Celestials, who desired to be married in true American style. The knot was effectually tied in the "Pigeon English" dialect:

Yesterday forenoon a gallus-looking Celestial, with a well-oiled tail hanging down to his heels, followed by a robust specimen of the Flowery Kingdom, with her hair dressed a la fan-tailed pigeon, came to Justice Ellis's court-room to be married "Melican" style.

"You have got license, John?" asked the judge.

"Yes, me hab got," answered John, "me go one cote-housee, one law man, me heap catches licensee."

"Well, you likee me marry you 'Melican fashion."

"Yes, me likee all same one 'Melican man."

"You got any wife now, John?"

John astonished:

"No; me no hab got one wifee. Me likee catches one wifee, me likee catches him," pointing to the almond-eyed female at his side.

"Are you married?" asked the judge, of the Celestial; "you got one man?"

"No; me no got one man. Me one man China country—he come die one time."

"Well, all right. What's your name, John?"

"Me name Su-u-ung Fung."

"What? Some Fun?"

"No; me name So-u-o-ng Fu-o-ng."

"O, Sing Fung! Well, what's her name—the woman's?"

"Who, him? Him name Ho-ye Go-ye."

"Hoy, Goy! All right; you stand up here. Take her by the hand, John. No; stand this way. Not that hand; this hand, John—so. Now, John, what's your name?"

"Me name Su-u-ng Fung."

"Now, John—Sung Fung, you take him woman—what you call him name, John?"

"Call him Ho-oy Go-oye."

"You take him Hoy Goy to be your wife, and promise to keep her heap good; heap plenty licee give her eatee, no kick her, be good man all time, hey?"

John—"You bet me belly good man, Judge. Me no kick him plantee."

Judge—"Now, you here, Hog Eye, or whatever your name is—you takee him to be your man, be one belly good wifee to him all time; no run away; cook him licee all time—bet your life?"

Hoy Goy—"Me one belly good woman; cookee lun licee; no lun away all time; stay housee allee time—bully wifee me."

Judge—"All rightee. Me plantee power; me big mandarin—two swordee man—me tellee you all one piecee—one piecee man, one piecee wifee. Plantee fix, all done. John, cash. John, money—sabe?"

John paid up, but was determined (so pleased to find himself married 'Melican fashion) to have a bit of a blow-out. He sent out for wine and glasses and treated all hands. After this was over the pair struck out for Chinatown, remarking, "Hi yang chin powe, sung te pin chin tow-ee ling!" as they went, which shows that they were highly delighted with the 'Melican marriage ceremony.

During a dense fog a Mississippi steamer took a landing. A traveller, anxious to go ahead, came to the unperturbed manager of the wheel and asked why the boat stopped.

"Too much fog; can't see the river."

"But you can see stars overhead."

"Yes," replied the urbane pilot, "but till the biler busts we aint going that way."

Passenger went to bed satisfied.

A snuff-taker's nose, genteelly blown, is a musical snuff box.

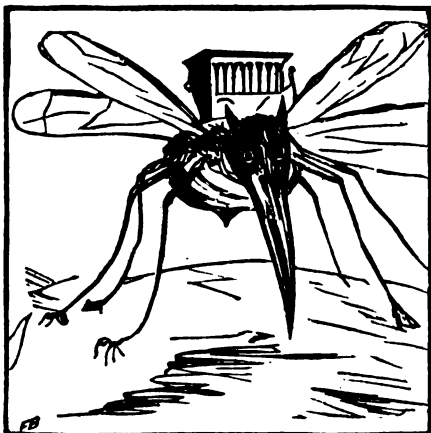
A NIGHT WITH MOSQUITOS.



Mr. Boffin returns home from the country and retires leaving his windows open. He receives visitors.



Goaded to desperation Mr. B. commences a vigorous defence.



Life size picture of one of Mr. B.'s visitors.



A ferocious pursuit.



Bitter disappointment of the mosquito that came too late.



Mr. B. as he appeared at the breakfast table.







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